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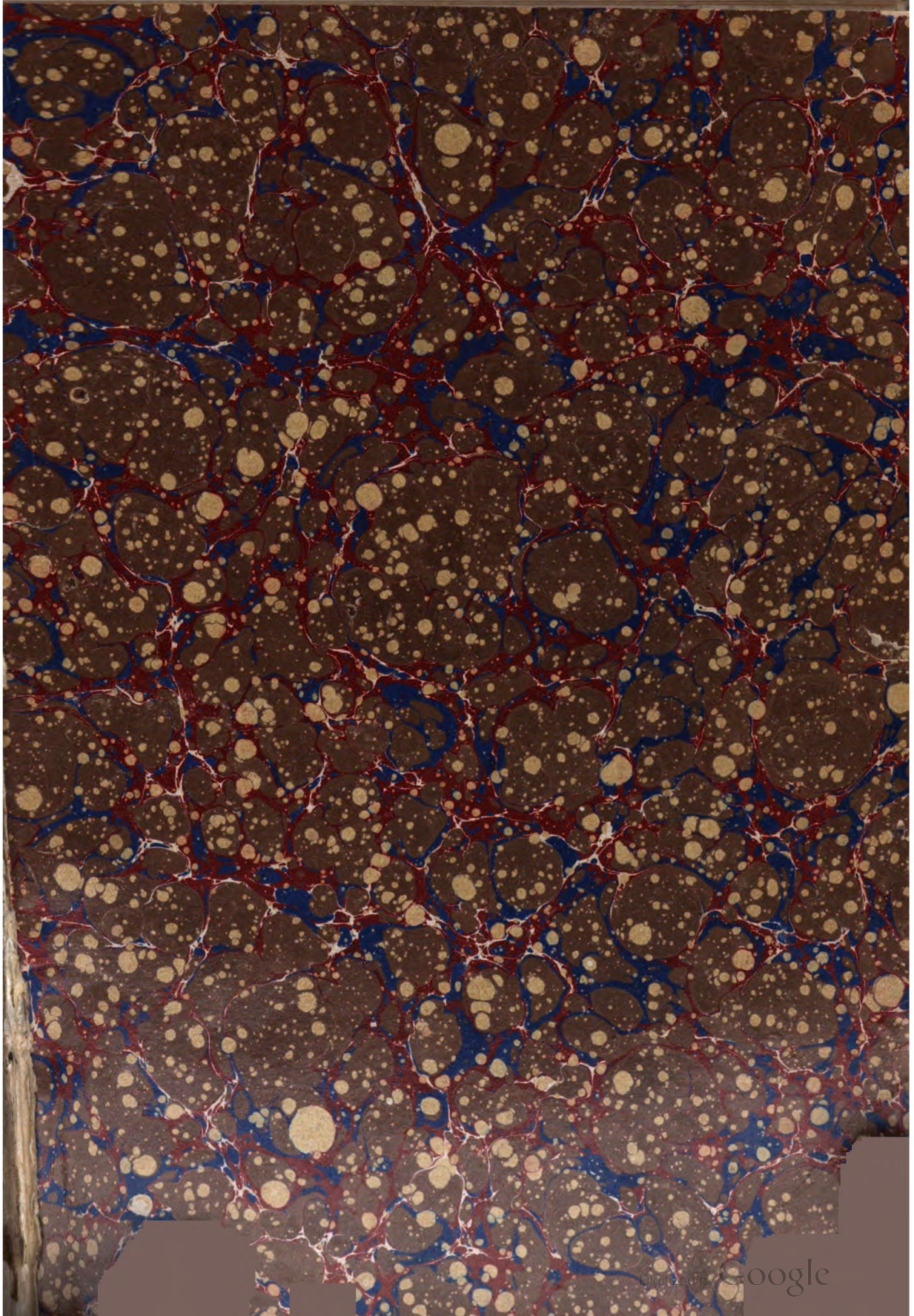
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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR MAY

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Sarah Bernhardt

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Henry Ward Beecher

EMINENT TESTIMONY

SARAH BERNHARDT HENRY WARD BEECHER

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume XV.

MAY, 1900, to OCTOBER, 1900

S. S. McCLURE CO.

NEW YORK AND LONDON

1900

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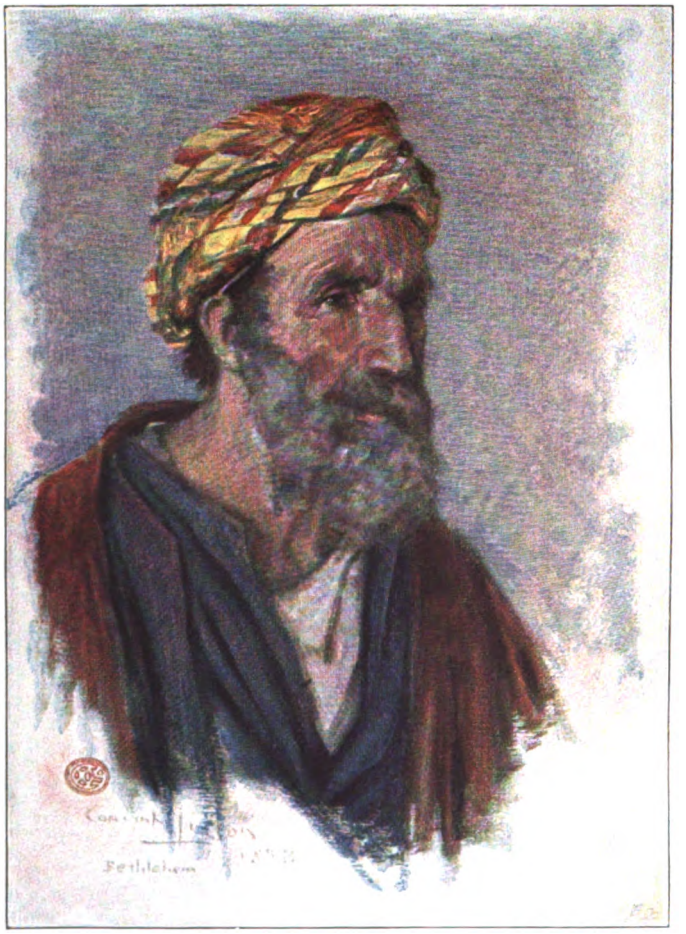

TYPE OF BETHLEHEMITE.

A painting from the life.

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McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XV. MAY, 1900, No. 1.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

Illustrated from Paintings and Drawings by Corwin Knapp Linson.

PART V.—THE RELATIONS OF JESUS WITH THE SAMARITANS AND THE PHARISEES.

IT could not be said with any truthfulness that the attitude of a Jew toward a Gentile was cordial, but it was friendly and affectionate compared with his feelings toward a Samaritan, whom he regarded with persistent and virulent hatred. As often as the Jews met for worship in the former times they cursed the Samaritans, so that they also had their creed in which uncharitableness was raised to a virtue, and a hereditary enmity was inflamed. No Samaritan was allowed to give evidence in a Jewish court of justice, and his position as a man was the position of a slave, and worse—that of a criminal. When a Jew desired to express his dislike of any man with whose theology he did not agree, he called him a Samaritan—just as religious people of our day are apt to call any teacher a Unitarian who does not hold their theory of the atonement—by which the Jews did not mean to say that the teacher had been born in Samaria, but only that he was a heretic, which was quite as bad. This nickname was the handiest (and sharpest) road metal with which to strike him; it was the most opportune name with which to bring him into contempt, and it is a supreme illustration of the principle of religious abuse, as well as a very pathetic circumstance, that our Master, who was of pure Jewish blood, and who was filled with the noblest spirit of Jewish religion, was called a Samaritan by the Jewish persecutors and was said to have a devil.

This passion of hatred on the part of the Jew against the Samaritan had two reasons; and the first, which, indeed, can only by courtesy be called a reason, appears to have been that the Samaritan was extremely like a Jew, and there is no person whom the average man so intensely dislikes as the person who is of other blood and yet claims kinship. A stranger he may regard with suspicion; this impudent neighbor he will denounce as an impostor. According to their own account of themselves, the Samaritans were the representatives of the Ten Tribes, the descendants of the few Jews who may have been left in the northern kingdom when their brethren were expatriated, and of those who found their way back from exile. Perhaps a Samaritan might not contend that his blood was absolutely pure, without any foreign admixture, but he prided himself on a strain of Jewish blood so undoubted and decided that he was entitled to call himself a Jew, and to include himself in the Mosaic covenant. According to the Jewish account, every one of his brethren of the Ten Tribes had been deported into heathendom and had disappeared, and the places of the exiles had been taken by a pack of Gentiles brought from the East; and therefore the later inhabitants of Samaria lay under this double stigma, that they had not a single drop of blood which was not base and alien, and that

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they were usurpers in the place of the seed of Abraham.

There was another and more tangible reason for enmity, and that was not racial but geographical. The Samaritans had set themselves down in the very center of the Holy Land, and in a rich and picturesque province, so that the country was split as with a wedge by these alien intruders, and its continuity was broken. The Galilean coming up to worship at Jerusalem on the great

THE VILLAGE OF SAMARIA FROM THE ROAD LEADING TO SAMARIA FROM SHECHEM.

feasts must needs go through Samaria, or make a long detour by the Jordan. As a matter of fact, the Galileans took the nearest road, and, as may be imagined, there was much friction between the Jewish pilgrims and the heretic inhabitants. The Samaritans had the power to make it pleasant or unpleasant for travelers, and it was perhaps human that they were apt to make the journey anything but pleasant for Jews. So strained indeed were the relations that the paramount Eastern law of hospitality was disregarded, and the stranger was left without food or water. One has a vivid illustration of the state of feeling when Jesus and His disciples were refused meat by a Samaritan villager, and His two hottest disciples, realizing that a good opportunity for paying back old scores had come at last, wished to call down fire from heaven on the churlish people. The sin of a strong man is tyranny, and the sin of a little man is spite; and the Samaritans did certain mean and vexatious injuries to the Jews. It was the patriotic custom of the home Jews to light a fire on a hill near Jerusalem at Passover time, and other Jews passed the signal from hill to hill, till the beacon flashed on distant cities; and distant Jews, eating out their hearts in exile, knew that the feast of deliverance was being kept in the capital and that the Dispersion had been remembered. The bitterest enemy might well have sympathized with

JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN WOMAN (opposite page).—*Jesus . . . being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water.*—JOHN iv. 6, 7. He had traveled ten or twelve miles on foot that morning, supposing Him to have rested over night at the inn at Lebonah. It was rough walking. He reached the well, and sat on its low curb to rest. He did not intend entering the town, and sent His disciples instead to buy bread. In their absence, a woman of the Samaritans (not of the city of Samaria, distant eight miles, but of the sect so despised of the Jews) comes to draw water. Her first words reveal the division and her astonishment at being addressed by a Jew, for the difference between the Mohammedan and the Christian to-day is not more marked than was that between the orthodox Jew and the Samaritan. I had the good fortune to meet the counterpart of this woman at the same spot. When my dragoman attempted some conversation with her, she drew her veil across her face, and answered warily, with the customary caution of a woman of the land in dealing with a stranger. The woman came from Sychar, a half mile from Jacob's Well.

In the picture the village is seen lying at the foot of Mt. Ebal. It was noon, if the sixth hour is calculated as usual; not the time to go for water, as the late afternoon or evening hours are most used. But it was December, when the mid-day sun was kinder, and that it was noon seems to be evidenced by the fact that she was alone with Jesus until the return of His disciples, while later in the day there would be many coming and going if the well were much used.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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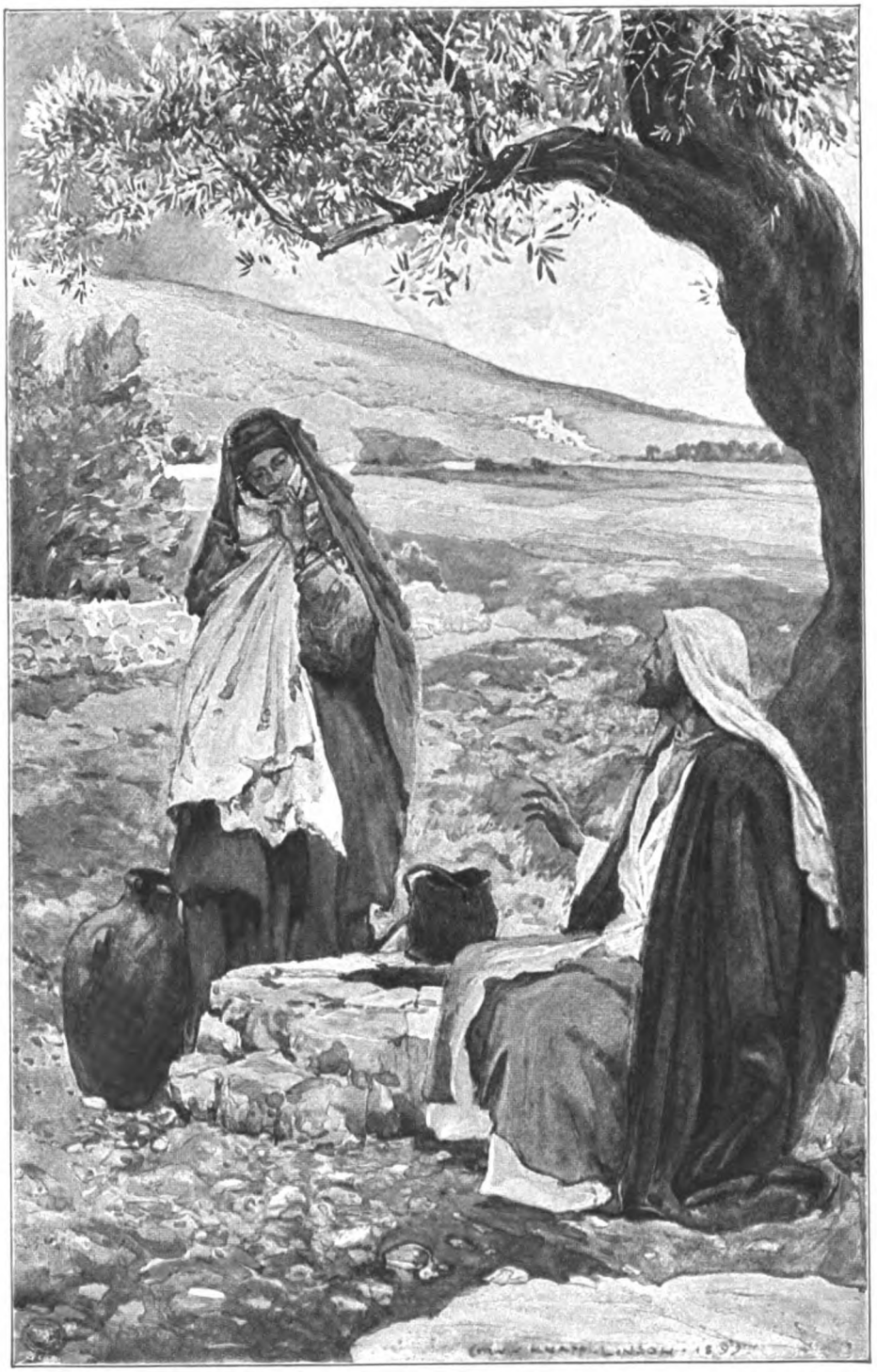

JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.

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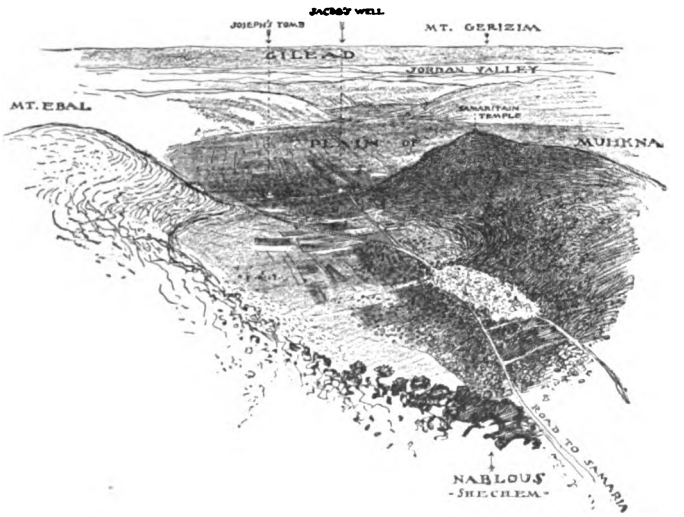
this touching act and allowed it to pass, but it was the cause of just indignation among the Jews that the Samaritans would, out of pure wickedness, light false fires on their hills and throw the anxious exiles into hopeless confusion. And so the Jew hated the Samaritan, and the Samaritan returned the hatred with interest.

When Jesus began His mission, the Samaritans were one of the problems He had to face, and His solution is an example to the Christian Church in every age. It was impossible for Jesus to ignore the Samaritans—they were too much in evidence and too insistent; it was not expedient for Him to include Samaria in His work—He must confine Himself to Israel, but it was possible and almost imperative that as a Prophet He should state His mind on Samaria, and as the Founder of the Church should declare the relation of His Church to heretics, for Samaria is ever with us. His attitude to the individual Samaritan was one of characteristic kindness; and it is to be remembered that friendliness to the heretic of your own community is, of all forms of charity, the most difficult and hazardous. Yet Jesus goes out of His way to say a good word for this detested people, and to place them higher even than the Jews; for in one of His most persuasive parables it is the priest and the Levite—classical types of Jewish orthodoxy—who pass the wounded traveler by, and a Samaritan who saves his life; and so the word Samaritan, which in the mouth of a Jew was synonymous with Devil, has by this single touch of Jesus become, through the modern world, another name for Philanthropist. So keenly did Jesus feel the scorn and contempt cast on these unfortunates that He was ever on the outlook to vindicate their character and give them credit; and so when He points out that, of ten lepers whom He healed, one only gave thanks, He is careful to add, "And he was a Samaritan." Between these national and ecclesiastical outcasts and Jesus there was indeed a pathetic kinship, for He was called by their name, and suffered more than their curse.



PICTORIAL MAP OF THE COUNTRY NORTHEASTWARD FROM SHECHEM.

Shechem (Nablus) lies in a rich and beautiful valley, with Mt. Ebal on the north and Mt. Gerizim on the south. The latter, dignified, stately, embracing the clusters of houses and their vineyards, suggests an old man with children upon his knees. For the town falls away from Ebal and huddles near to Gerizim, its gardens climbing the slopes and its people spending leisure hours about the fine spring. The vale of Shechem is rich in groves and orchards of mulberries, figs, almonds, olives. While this opulence of green climbs high up Gerizim, the sides of Ebal are bare, rocky, or overgrown with cactus. I found the people of the town none too friendly to a stranger.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

After His fashion of Divine simplicity the deliverance of our Master on the heretics of Samaria was given, as it were by accident, to a woman on whose kindness Jesus cast Himself at the Well of Sychar. He began by asking water of her from Jacob's Well, and He ended by offering her to drink of the water of life; but before they parted He had laid down two positions, which are ever to be kept in mind because they are full of light and charity. The first is this: that the Samaritans as well as the Jews are also the children of the one Father. So many of His

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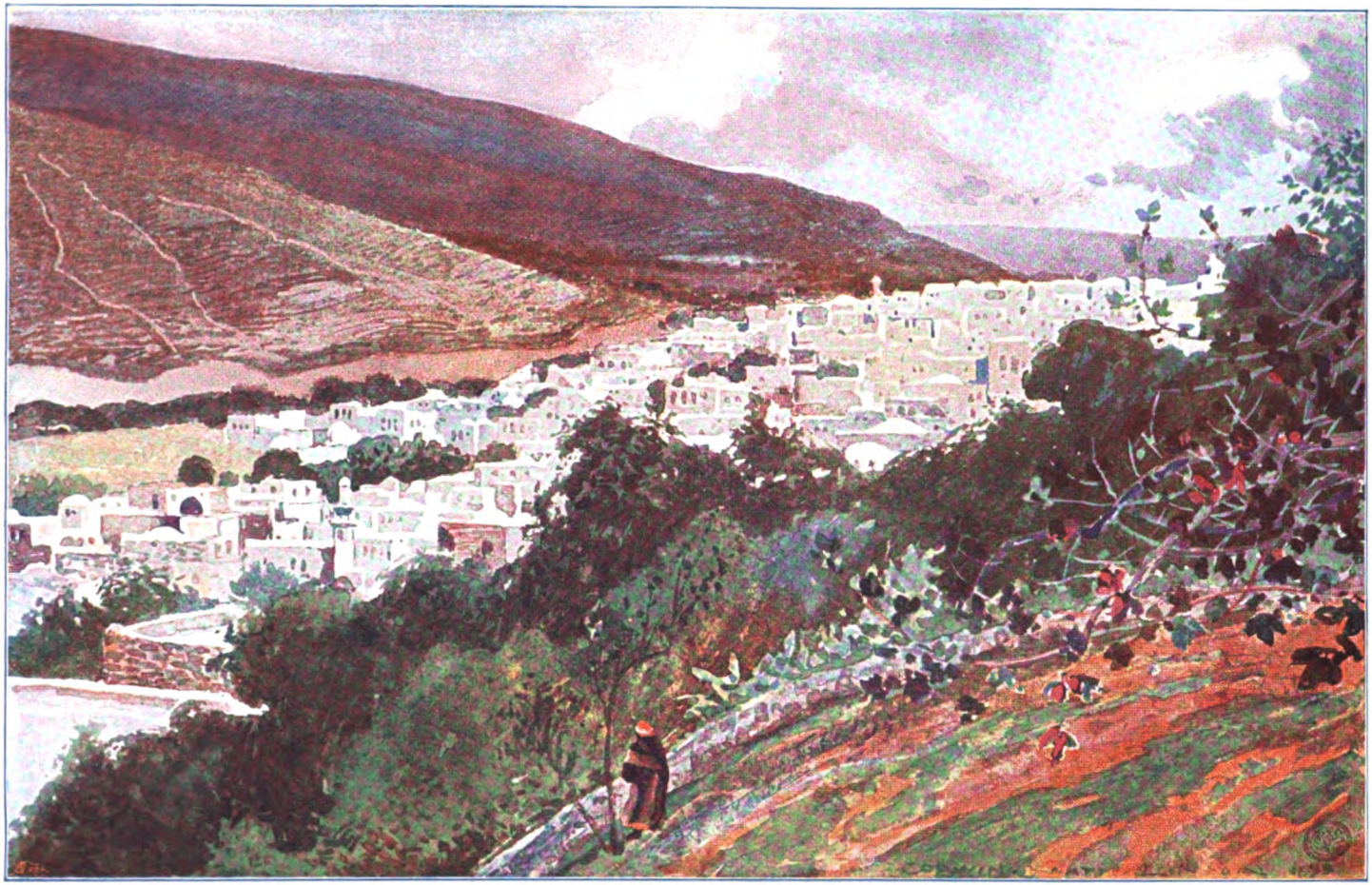

THE TOWN OF SHECHEM, ONCE CAPITAL OF THE PROVINCE OF SAMARIA.

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children worshiped at Jerusalem, and so many at Mount Gerizim; those at Jerusalem had a fuller Bible and richer privileges; but the fact that the Samaritans had not been so favored as the Jews was no reason to suppose that God was indifferent to them, and no ground on which to ill-treat them. Jesus did not despise the Samaritans because He was born a Jew—far less would He have persecuted them. His attitude was pity and help. If one has eyes to see, let him thank God. Why, in the name of God and Reason, should he rail at his poor brother who is blind? and why should he wish to push him over the precipice? After all, beneath all diversities of race and creed lies the deeper unity of the human brotherhood and the Divine Fatherhood. Very soon the slight distinctions between Samaria and Jerusalem would pass away and be forgotten in the wider faith and more spiritual worship of which Jesus was the Teacher. Jesus' own spirit was to dissolve all barriers by raising the children of His Heavenly Father to that level where men forget racial and theological feuds in spiritual fellowship with God. Like other schismatics, the Samaritans were the witnesses to some unrecognized truth, and in their case it was the comprehensive breadth of the Family and Church of God.

THE VALLEY OF MUHKNAH.

The large plain that leads into the Shechem valley is reached after crossing an elevation between it and the valley of Lebonah. From the ridge one gets the first sight of Gerizim, over the intervening treeless, rocky hills. The sketch was made on one of those white, cloudless days that make the landscape almost unbearably dazzling.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

At the same time Jesus distinctly laid it down that the Samaritans had suffered great loss in being separated from the Jews. They had the Law, and therein they were rich; but they had not the Prophets, and therein they were poor. They worshiped the true God, but they knew not what they worshiped. God the Lawgiver was theirs—the Jehovah of Moses—not God the Redeemer, the God of Isaiah. That poor unfortunate with whom Jesus spoke knew enough law to be condemned and ashamed. She knew not the Divine grace of the first and fifty-third chapters of Isaiah to be comforted and saved. In this way of it salvation was of the Jews, and it is also of the Church Catholic. This is that body of people which holds the Fatherhood of God, and the Deity of His Son Jesus Christ, and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, the victory over sin by the Cross and the Life everlasting; and the only heretics worth the name are those who somehow or other have lost the heart of this Faith. Is it not the case that the Catholic Church has had a strength of faith, a fire of zeal, and a gladness of hope not given to the others? The Jews had Mount Zion, the Samaritans had only Mount Sinai, and yet the Samaritans, without any Prophets, were waiting for the Messiah. "When He cometh," said this outcast of Samaria, "He will tell us all things;" and to her He revealed Himself as He would not to the rulers of the Jews, for He said, without veil or parable, "I am He." Truly, as the woman said, the "well is deep," and buckets of human creeds and theologies bring up little water, and often much earth, but He is at hand who giveth unto every simple soul the water of Everlasting Life.

It is among the surprises which give a relish to history that one age not only reverses the verdict of another, but that the by-word of one generation becomes the glory of the centuries which follow. The opportunist statesmen of his day despised Isaiah of Jerusalem for his Utopian dreams, but the ideal righteousness of the Hebrew Prophet has taken hold of the modern conscience. The Apostles of Jesus were considered in their own time dangerous men and disturbers of the peace, but it is now evident that they were the saviors of society and the builders of civilization. The English ruling class looked on the early Puritans as impious and

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rebellious persons, but now every one will admit that they laid the foundations of political and religious liberty; and while these noble men who contended for the abolition of slavery have won a high place in the roll of Christian service, they were counted by their contemporaries little better than anarchists. Our Master is another instance of the reversal of judgment on an appeal to posterity. Jesus was, no doubt, persecuted in His public life for various reasons, because He was indifferent to dogma, because He despised ritual, because He would not come to terms with religious society, because He did not keep the Sabbath after the Jewish way. Perhaps, however, the chief offense of Jesus was a habit and friendship which His critics could neither understand nor endure. He not only received unfortunate and disreputable people and gave them welcome, but He seemed to go out of His way to seek those miserables, and what has been His attraction since was Jesus' reproach then—that He was the Friend of sinners.

Society is not more intolerant and uncharitable than the individual, but it has always retained the right of exclusion, and, according to the idea of the day, has created its outcasts. Sometimes they are saints who are sent into the wilderness for their goodness, sometimes they are heretics who are ostracized for their error, sometimes they are politicians who are driven out for their lawlessness. About the year 30 society in Judea was intensely ecclesiastical and patriotic, and the experience of offenders reflected its spirit. If any one had openly broken the law and especially the seventh commandment, or if any one had taken sides with the foreigner, these two people were put under the ban. It was therefore to be expected that if a woman flouted morality openly by making vice a profession, or a man insulted his nation by collecting Roman taxes, the indignation of society should break on their heads. This woman has ever been as one blasted for the sins of humanity; and though it be not always the tax-gatherer, there is ever some trade to whom no mercy is shown, and in the Gospels the pariahs are the publicans and the harlots.

Between the attitude of Jesus and that of the Pharisees toward those social lepers there is a contrast so sharp that Jesus' conduct must have excited criticism, and may very

THE VILLAGE OF SAMARIA.

*Samaria occupied the summit of the hill of Shemer, which Omri bought for a site for his capital. This hill, placed in the midst of a depression among surrounding heights, is like an inverted cup in a large basin. There is a tradition that John the Baptist was beheaded here, and his tomb is shown by the Mohammedans. The town is now a collection of mud hovels, sliding down the hill, instead of crowning its top. The natives sit in the sun, yawning, dirty, indolent. The very atmosphere is that of degeneration; the ancient streets are made into vineyards, and Herod's columns protrude from the fields. "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard."—*MICAH, i. 6.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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A SAMARITAN.

well have been misunderstood. He was on such friendly terms with Levi (or Matthew), the officer in charge of the Capernaum custom-house, that He called upon him to leave his business and become one of His followers. And when Matthew, in the joy of his heart at this admittance into new associations, gave a feast to his poorer colleagues, Jesus attended and shared the gladness. If He happened to pass through Jericho and needed hospitality, He passed by the houses of respectables, where he could have been a guest, and by deliberate choice passed the night beneath the roof of Zaccheus, a chief publican. A woman who was a sinner had been so touched by His Evangel that she had crept into a Pharisee's house where He was dining and sought mercy at His feet, and He who was expected to order her forth sent her into peace. In a fit of morality or hypocrisy a gang of Pharisees brought to Jesus a miserable taken in her shame, and they covered the Master also with shame, but it was her merciless accusers who slunk out of His presence, and it was to the woman Jesus spake kindly. When He made up His College of Apostles, He chose one from the publican class, and among His dearest friends was St. Mary Magdalene.

One need not wonder that good people were perplexed and found it hard to do justice to Jesus; if they seem to us censorious, they could make a good case for themselves. A man, and much more a prophet, could be known, it would be argued, by his company, and it was Jesus' habit to avoid the Pharisees and to consort with the sinners. He was so determined, indeed, in His way, and unabashed, that He would jest on the subject, saying to His indignant censors: "How could you expect Me to associate with you? I am a physician, and a physician goes to the sick, not to the whole. You are perfectly well, as you are always telling the world: I can do you no good. Am I a prophet? Then, of course, I need not speak with you; you are wise and good; you are everything which could be desired, and you know everything: I must work with those abjects which are out of the way, to do something for them, to teach them something." With such lambent humor Jesus used to play round those dull, pompous Pharisees, and they still more disliked Him. He might be a Teacher from God, but it was strange in that case that He did not associate with God's people; He might be a good man; but why was He so much with sinners?

Sometimes His critics were so irritated that they lost all control of their tongues, and allowed themselves the luxury of sheer slander. "He is a glutton and a wine-bibber," they said in a fit of spleen, not because Jesus went to feasts, but because He dined with Levi as well as with Simon, and was more at home with the publican than with the Pharisee. Jesus felt these charges, for it is from His lips we hear them, but He did not condescend to defend Himself. There are slanders which refute themselves, and one gathers that His enemies were the angrier with Jesus because they knew, as everybody knew, that He was stainless. He could stoop so low because His soul was so high; He could risk so much because He was so strong. It is a fallacy to think that the man who has most compassion on a sinner is nearest to his sin, and that he who arraigns the sinner most mercilessly has the cleanest heart. None ever gave such gracious welcome to sinners as Jesus, and He changed them into saints; none made men into irreconcilable sinners like a Pharisee, and his heart was a sepulcher full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

When Jesus thought fit to defend, not His character but His mission, the Master at once lifted the debate to the highest level

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of reason and pathos, and offered to the Pharisees the most convincing remonstrance ever addressed to an opponent. It was not His nature to think any one who opposed Him must be dishonest or mad; He supposed that he was simply mistaken, and it was Jesus' business to correct his mistake. "You have censured and slandered Me," He said in effect to the Pharisees: "you think that My life is a huge mistake and little short of a sin. This is not because you are bad or because you desire to do Me injustice: it is simply because you and I have different standpoints. If you saw these sinners with My eyes, you would act toward them as I do, for God has given you a reason and a heart." One day, when His critics had been especially severe, Jesus seized the occasion and made His great apologia in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. "This man," they murmured in genuine horror, "receiveth sinners and eateth with them." "Yes," Jesus said, "and if you understood, so would you. What man among you?"

The controversy went far deeper than any question of expediency—whether a prophet should have social relations with sinners—it turned on two different views of God and man, and on the scheme of Divine government. According to the fancy of the Pharisees in all ages the Divine purpose is to select from the bloom on the human tree a few buds and bring them to perfection, while the rest is left to perish. It is to produce from the raw material a web of beautiful pattern and color, which means that there must be much human waste. As regards the world, one nation, the Jews, were the chosen flower, and the Gentiles were the blossom trodden under foot. As regards the Jewish nation itself, the Pharisees were God's finished work and the publicans were the waste. Within the synagogues, as in a safe storehouse, were gathered the favorites of God; outside lay the huge unsightly waste-heaps. Nothing can be done with the refuse; no one wishes to have anything to do with it. Better for the Church and for society to ignore the sinners, and if it were possible, to put them out of sight. It were a good thing for religion if they could be collected together and sunk in the depths of the sea.

According to Jesus the sinners were certainly waste and very dangerous stuff—for He never belittled or condoned sin—but it was culpable waste, the result of imperfect religious processes. Had the elder brother done his duty, the younger would not have remained so long in the far country or grown

TYPE OF WOMAN OF SHECHEM.

so desperate. Mary Magdalene was an offense to the community, but she had not been so helpless or degraded if Simon had not despaired of her and cast her forth. What Jesus implicitly denied at every turn—by His teaching and His death—was that there should or will be any necessary or final waste in humanity. Just as the progress of science is marked by the recovery or utilization of what was thought to be worthless stuff, so that out of what is most unsightly is now brought fair colors, so Jesus proposed to make lovely saints out of these forsaken sinners. As a great spiritual inventor, Jesus moved among the residuum of His day, with quick eye and hopeful heart, touching and handling it with deftness and understanding. Nothing of God's human work must be counted worthless; in the end, nothing of it will be flung away. Lost is a word with two meanings: with the Pharisees it was a description—cast away; with Jesus it was a prophecy—going to be found.

As usual, the Master made His appeal to reason, and asked men's suffrages because His view was the most fitting. Round Him gathered a crowd—hearing the Pharisees' criticisms, waiting for His defense—and He was willing to abide by their decision. First, He addressed a farmer standing in the second row—strong, sensible, prejudiced. Last

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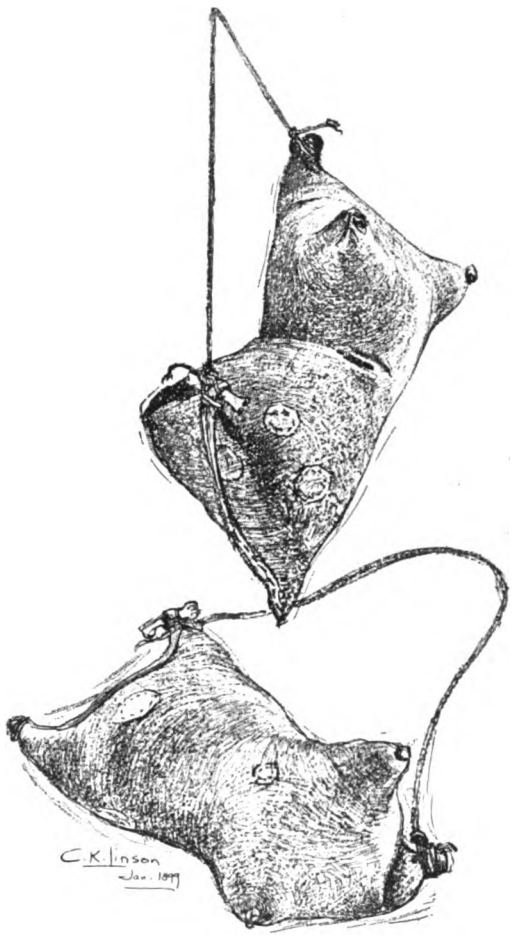
[illegible] watering mills

[illegible] flock of sheep came home one night in the even[illegible] only one lost, and ninety and nine in the fold [illegible] fact [illegible] and unsentimental man scanned the country side, not rested till his tale of sheep was complete. No one laughed at him, no one censured him. Who should [illegible]? It was his property, and was the interest of all more precious to worse [illegible] than a [illegible] Lament." But he was [illegible] about his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

and beautiful in man, He gave at the same time to the Pharisees the idea of a sinner, and it was something which never could have entered into these prosaic, frigid minds. For the Master was persuaded that a sinner was *miserable*, and the very idea was strange and almost diverting to a Pharisee. It seemed to him that the sinners were entirely happy after their kind, because they were often rich, and had a certain power, and gave feasts and lived riotously. Perhaps there were days when the saints regarded the sinners with envy because of "the roses and raptures of vice." Jesus, who knew all men, and had ever His hand on their pulse, saw beneath the poor show of gaiety and the mask of bravado. He knew the self-reproach and sated disgust, the bitter remorse and wistful regrets of the sinner. According to the Master the sinners were hungry and thirsty, laboring and heavy-laden, vagrants of the highways and hedges, a set of despairing miserables. They were as a sheep which, either through wilfulness or foolishness, has wandered from the flock, and has lost its way, and is far from the fold, rushing hither and thither, torn and bleeding, palpitating and terrified.



OLD WINE-SKINS.

"Neither do men put new wine into old bottles."—MATT. IX. 17. *By bottles are meant skins, which are of all sizes. The animal is skinned whole, save the feet and head, the holes made by these being sewed up. The skin is cured with tannin, and then soaked in water, or left filled for saturation. It is also rubbed with olive oil, and when water-tight is ready for use. The old wine-skins become spotted with patches, and finally become useless for anything as valuable as "new wine."*

The Master also believed firmly that the sinner was *precious;* and neither had this occurred to a Pharisee. The value of such a woman as washed Jesus' feet seemed less than nothing: she was a disgrace and a snare, an ulcer eating into the very vitals of society. She was a sad tragedy, with her degraded beauty and gay attire—a woman ruined, a woman ruining. Was she not also a soul made in the Divine image and intended for high ends—a coin which had passed through many unholy hands, and now lay in the mire? She was still silver, and had on her the traces of her origin. What a wealth of passionate love and unreserved devotion was running to waste in this life! Now this piece of good money shall be laid out to usury, when the eyes wherewith she tempted men's hearts to destruction shall shed tears on the Master's feet, and the hair wherewith she ensnared men's lives shall wipe them dry.

And the Master dared to think that every sinner who had gone astray was *missed* of God. It might seem that amid the multitude of His creatures one less counted for nothing; but if any Pharisee thought so, he did not know the minuteness and the breadth of the Divine Love. It had no forgetfulness: it made no omissions. As a bookman will discover in the dark the absence of a tiny volume, as a gardener will mark the empty place where a plant has been once, as a workman looks in vain for the tool among many his hand desires, so does the Divine Love have in constant remembrance him who is lost, and will not rest till he be restored.

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The Pharisees made their great mistake because they did not know God, and Jesus threw Himself in the way of sinners because He knew the Father. He was indeed the true Elder Brother, who saw the sorrow on the Father's face as He mourned for His lost younger son and could not remain in the Home; who went Himself into the far country, nor ceased from His search till by His Grace and Passion He had found His brother and brought him Home rejoicing. This was the meaning of His strange friendships: this was the secret of His unconquerable hope.

(To be continued.)

On the road from Jericho to Jerusalem.

THE TURNING OF THE WAYS.

By Clinton Ross.

A STORY OF TO-DAY IN NEW YORK.

HERE another subject entered into the talk, suggested by the arch that had been part of yesterday's pageant. "War and conquest," said Captain Trevor. "It's the same old world "

"As Cæsar's," the older man put in with an amused smile at himself, at circumstances, at the world. His was the face of the diplomatist; Carl's that of the soldier.

Carl too smiled, he did not know exactly why. "I believe in Cæsar," he said, "to the extent of 'The White Man's Burden.'"

"Oh, yes, it's true, and Cæsar now is spelt trade. But in regard to voting those shares - it's 'yes,' Captain Trevor."

"Why of course 'yes'? Your interest is mine, my advisers say. I am going to defer my own investigation of my affairs some weeks

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—a fortnight, anyway. It's very good of you to come here to explain, however. I know how valuable your time is, sir."

"Ah, Captain Trevor, I wanted to see what kind of man your uncle's heir might be, and I am pleased to know you. You are absolutely free—to have your interests not give you a moment's trouble, if you so elect; or——"

"I know, sir, I know; but I am responsible to the family now. I am going at it—after a fortnight."

"That is your uncle's nephew, Captain Trevor. Well, I must be on my way."

The great banker went out, debonair and smiling, and presently Carl saw his brougham draw into the avenue.

"He represents all the combinations, then," Carl said to himself, in a brown study for the moment. "And he wants me—for his puppet."

Yes, in this autumn, 1899, this man represented a power that, founded on trade and the combination of trading interests into a few hands, aspired to secure and to hold in the hollow of one mighty hand the whole world, making and unmaking public opinion, shaping the policy of governments, subduing all to its own ends. And as for Carl, his interest lay with that power. At twenty-seven he was at the turning of the ways, like his nation. To be rich was to be perplexed; to be free—an end some few of the moderately well-to-do and the unincumbered rich may reach—was to be liable to an abuse of freedom; to be powerful was to be a subject. In the Square he saw the passing throng. "They envy me, I suppose. I don't envy myself," Carl said.

But what of questions? At least he had a fortnight—yes, a fortnight—to think; to get out into the country—over the hills and far away—before he should turn to affairs. He would have none of the artificialities of the city to disturb him. He would try to see clearly. Here in America, and everywhere, all was changing. We were mightier and more involved. He would decide whether the life of a simple gentleman and officer should cease for something that had in it servitude.

The death of his uncle, followed closely by that of his cousin Philip, had left Trevor the head of one of the very powerful families; and now he held voting strength in railroads and other corporations, that made him sought by those at the seat of power. Turning from

"'YOU MUST GIVE ME A LIFT.'"

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this brown study, he went down into the Square and up the crowded avenue. It was the season's height, and a great many people knew him.

"That is Carl Trevor," he could almost hear them say. "Used to be in the army, and then resigned and went everywhere. Now he is the head of the family."

People nodded to him, and some stopped and shook hands with this broad-shouldered young man in deep black. Twice carriages drew to the curb, and women spoke to him, and he smiled cynically; for he knew how great a catch he was. The men in the club windows buzzed about him.

And so, nodding right and left, he passed on—a man with the might of a king—and few kings were so mighty. But what business ability had he? He had played at soldiering, and at knocking about, and at society in five capitals. For he had been free. And now he was no longer free. He paused for a moment, looking at the town house of the Trevors—his house. Its shuttered front chilled him in some way. His apartment at the hotel was more comfortable. And then he heard a voice, and, turning, he saw somebody in a landau.

She was fair to look at after all the women he had known, and she brought back his boyhood and his earlier youth. "Why, Helen!" he said.

"I could not resist speaking to you, Carl," she said. "I am so glad to see you again."

"If you are, you must give me a lift."

"I will take you about the Park," she said; and presently they were whirling on, and she never had looked fairer to him than now.

"Yes, now it's all over—the funeral and all that—I am wondering at myself," he said.

"The world is wondering about you, Carl."

"But you, little cousin? What have you been doing all these years?"

She was a far-removed cousin, but still near enough for the head of the family to feel it permissible to "cousin" her. He remembered that he never had liked Danvers, the man she was engaged to. She was about the nicest girl he ever had known, and Danvers was far from being a "good sort" in a man's estimation. "But women are queer—even the best of them," is the man's thought over such an occurrence.

"Oh," Helen answered, "some shopping, some riding and golfing and yachting and dining—oh, you know. Did you know New York yesterday? I never saw so many people—did you? But I hate the town in a crowd."

"So do I," Trevor assented. "But you know we should remember that the people's gladness over the country's might and splendor is more than our comfort," he added, with a laugh.

"Comfort," said Helen. "Why, it would be so uncomfortable to be anything but an American. But, Carl, I have often wondered why, after serving in Cuba, you did not go to the Philippines."

"I think I should, if Uncle Jack had not asked me not to."

"Poor Uncle Jack," Helen said soberly. "He was splendid, wasn't he?"

"Yes," Trevor answered; "and I don't see how he held up under the weight of all his responsibilities."

"Your responsibilities now."

"No, not yet. I am going to take a fortnight—and then——"

"Poor Carl," the girl cried, "how people envy you!"

"They don't know. But to turn to yourself. You haven't told me about the wedding."

"What wedding?"

"Yours, of course."

"Oh, mine—mine, why—" She looked at him, and seeing something in his face, laughed. "That's put off."

"Put off? You believe in long engagements?"

"That depends," said the girl. "Now, you mustn't question me too closely. A woman never will tell certain things."

"Oh, I know," Carl retorted.

"I should think you did know. And you must tell me about your affairs—after dinner; for you must break every engagement you have, and dine with us. Perkins"—to the coachman—"home!"

"And for this evening it will be my home," Trevor said, "despite every engagement you have or I have;" at which Miss Helen Thurston caught herself blushing, and began to talk rather rapidly about the parade of yesterday and to retail gossip and many matters, which brought them quite to Mrs. Thurston's house.

The avenue at this point was thronged, and the girl suddenly grew very white. "Stop, Perkins!" she cried.

Perkins stopped, and she was out on the curb before the man on the box could reach her. Then Carl, who had been too much absorbed in his companion to notice any other object, saw that a woman had been

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run down, and that she was being carried to the walk.

"Bring her in here—carefully," Helen, who had pushed her way through, was crying.

sion at Meadowbrook when a man had a nasty fall.

When the ambulance surgeon arrived, he found a faded old woman installed in a bed in a front apartment at Mrs. Thurston's, and

"THE AMBULANCE SURGEON . . . FOUND A FADED OLD WOMAN INSTALLED IN A BED IN A FRONT APARTMENT . . . AND MISS THURSTON AND A MAID BUSIED ABOUT HER."

Then Trevor was by her side. "Yes, take her in to Miss Thurston's," he ordered.

"Thank you, Carl. Help them," Helen said. "Perkins, get Dr. Benton, and then Dr. Ranford, and, if he is not in, Dr. Bronson, and—have them get a nurse." She gave her orders with a military preciseness that made Trevor remember her on an occa-

Miss Thurston and a maid busied about her. The old woman was staring at her surroundings.

"It's a bad fracture," the surgeon said. "We will take her, Miss Thurston."

"No, she is to remain here," Helen said decidedly. "I know it's dangerous to remove her."

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"Yes, I will say I think it is," the young surgeon confessed, thinking this young lady the most beautiful in the world.

The dinner was late at Mrs. Thurston's that night. When, at eight o'clock, Carl returned from his hotel, it was still waiting, and, in fact, he and Mrs. Thurston went in by themselves. "Did you ever know such an impulsive girl?" that lady remarked. "She is always taking trouble on herself. She has Dr. Benton, the best surgeon in New York, there, and a nurse, and all over a woman we don't know a word about."

"'I AM TIRED OUT, BUT—AT YOUR AGE I WAS LIKE YOU. AT MINE, YOU TOO WILL BE TIRED OUT.'"

"She would make an admirable officer," he answered. "I never knew a better head in an emergency."

"I am not sure that it's a good head that will put a woman picked up from the streets into one's best chamber," Mrs. Thurston answered.

Helen, entering, overheard. "I don't care," she cried. "I feel wicked—wicked! I never knew such poverty. She has been suffering for the necessaries of life, and she is not an impostor. There was five cents in her pocket-book; and that, she says, is all she has—an old woman, born a lady, left all alone. She expected to be turned out; she told me this."

"And you believed her, of course," Mrs. Thurston said. "But how is she?"

"Dr. Benton says she may live a week—not much longer. If she had had proper food she might have a better chance. Oh, Carl," she went on, "you must look to your affairs—your responsibilities—yourself—to-night—not to-morrow. Think of the thousands dependent on you—the thousands and thousands."

After dinner Carl was alone with her, and he said, "I will begin to-night, Helen—to-night—not after a fortnight."

The girl crossed to him. "I could love you for that."

And he said, "I love you, Helen, for all of Danvers."

She looked at him, and then turned as if to run; but he caught her. "For all of Danvers," he repeated.

"There is no Danvers—now," she said softly. "Oh, let me go."

"I never will, dear," the man answered.

That night he wrote Barton that he must withdraw his promise about voting his shares in the Industrial until he should see him. When he had finished, he walked to a window and looked out on the still city. How

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much was there—life; and life was work, or else it was death. For the nation new responsibilities; for every man new responsibilities; for himself an endless vista of business details, of demands for charity, for loans, and the importunities of poor relatives on the head of the family.

The next morning he entered Barton's office. The great man rose to meet him. "Ah, I had your note. You want to know more about it. Well, you shall—everything. But you are making yourself more trouble than your uncle ever gave himself."

"Oh, I know—I know—it's not necessary for my interest—but I want to put my brain to bear on the things themselves, because they mean so many other interests—so much."

The older man looked at him out of world-weary eyes. "I wish you were a son of mine. I don't know whether you are right or wrong. I am tired out, but—at your age I was like you. At mine, you too will be tired out. Yet I am glad you have chosen as you have."

For it has been written that for king or rich man who is a true man there shall be no rest.

GENERAL LAWTON'S WORK IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By Dean C. Worcester,

Member of the United States Philippines Commission 1898-1899; author of "The Philippine Islands and Their People."

GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON'S military career began when he was but eighteen years of age. Its earlier chapters have recently become so familiar to the public that I shall content myself with the briefest outline of them. Within three days after President Lincoln's first call for men he had enlisted as a private in the Ninth Indiana Volunteers. He served with this regiment through the Civil War, and at its close was mustered out a lieutenant-colonel, after being brevetted colonel "for gallant and meritorious services" and awarded a medal of honor for "distinguished service." He entered the regular army as a second lieutenant in 1866, serving in the infantry until 1869, and then in the cavalry until 1888. From that time until the outbreak of the war with Spain he was an inspector-general. His remarkable work in Indian campaigns on the frontier culminated in that wonderful pursuit of Geronimo, which he pushed to a successful conclusion in the face of seemingly insuperable obstacles. During this period of his service he was repeatedly commended for "vigilance and zeal; rapidity and persistence of pursuit," and "for great skill, perseverance, and gallantry."

Shortly after the declaration of war with Spain, he was made a brigadier-general of volunteers, and on the 8th of July, 1898, was raised to the rank of major-general of volunteers. It will not soon be forgotten who asked that the order to fall back at El Caney be put in writing, and improved the time thus gained to hurl his battalions against the heights and plant his country's flag upon their bloody crest.

Unfortunately the civil work which General Lawton promptly inaugurated as Governor of the Province of Santiago is less well known than are his services in the field, and his reputation in the Philippines before his arrival there was that of "a fighter" pure and simple. Certainly no one can deny that he was a fighter; a splendidly prepared, determined, persistent, dauntless, and invariably successful fighter—quick to detect his enemy's weakest point, and to reach it with a blow so well directed and so crushing as to insure prompt and decisive victory. But those who think that he was *only* a fighter are in grievous error. He was an organizer and administrator of the first order.

My acquaintance with him began at Manila, on the morning of March 13, 1899, when I clambered up the side of the transport "Grant," which had brought him and his family into the Bay three days before. Five minutes later I was doing my best to answer keen and exhaustive questions about the islands, their people, the causes of the existing insurrection, and the means best calculated to terminate it. I saw at once that General Lawton was an extremely well-informed man, who had availed himself to the full of exist-

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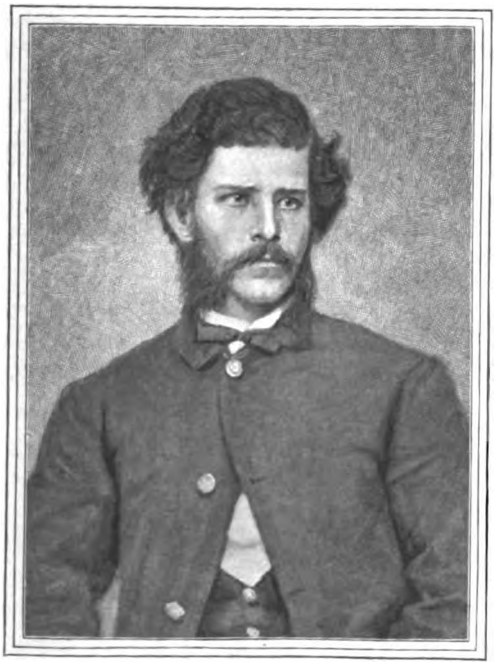
HENRY W. LAWTON IN 1860. AGE 17.

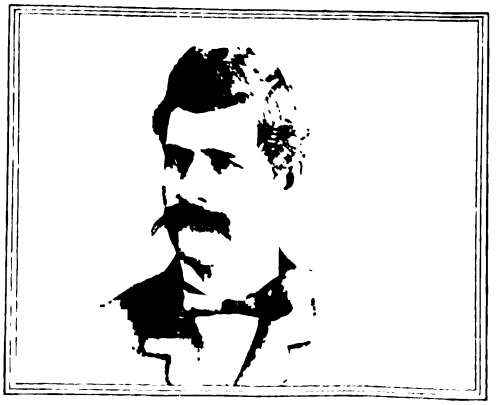
From a daguerreotype now in the possession of Mrs. Lawton.

FIRST LIEUTENANT IN THE THIRTIETH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS. AGE 20.



FIRST LIEUTENANT IN THE TWENTY-FOURTH U. S. INFANTRY. AGE 27.

From a photograph taken at Piedras Negras, Mexico, January 27, 1870, now in the possession of Major George E. Albee.



CAPTAIN IN THE FOURTH U. S. CAVALRY. AGE 37.

HENRY W. LAWTON.

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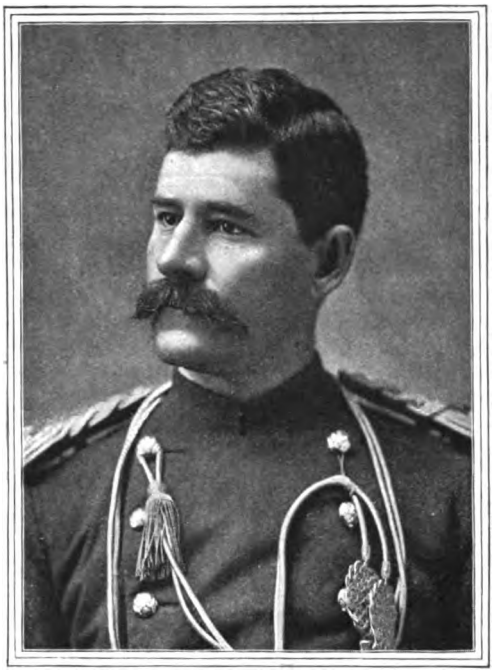
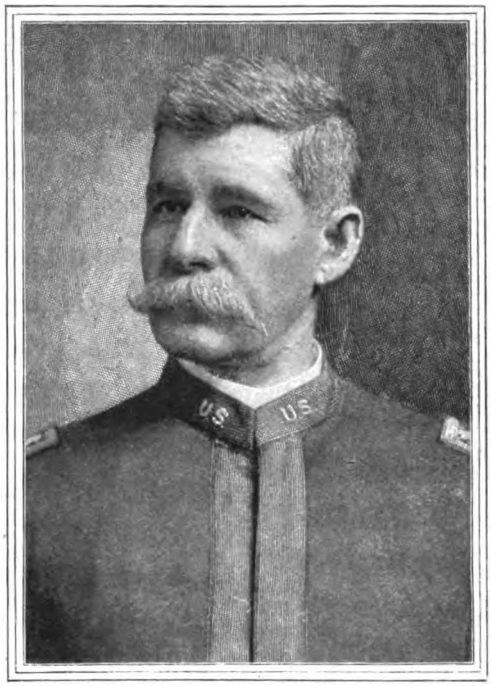


LIEUT.-COLONEL AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL. AGE 45.
From a photograph loaned by Major G. E. Albee.



MAJOR-GENERAL OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS. AGE 55.

ing sources of information concerning his new field of operations, and who would take up his difficult task, not only with a clear comprehension of the fact that something more than bullets and bayonets was necessary in order to bring honorable and lasting peace, but with a determination to avail himself of every legitimate means to promote that end.

Instead of the impetuous military commander, firm in his conviction of the sufficiency of brute force and eager to crush all opposition by the exercise of it, which, I confess, popular rumor had prepared me to expect, I found a modest, quiet, moderate gentleman, who, in spite of his well-deserved reputation for striking quick and hard when he found it necessary to strike, nevertheless at once made it evident that he preferred to employ gentler methods where they would suffice. This attitude he steadfastly maintained to the day of his death. How much the country owes to him for his splendid services in the field during his Philippine campaigns can never be generally known until the detailed history of those campaigns has been written and read. In my judgment, it owes him a still heavier debt of gratitude for the admirable tact, the even-handed and prompt justice, and the open-hearted frankness and cordiality which characterized him in all his dealings with the natives. No other officer learned to know them so well, and the confidence which he inspired in the friendly and peaceable Filipinos was, and will remain, no less an honor to him and a potent factor in the restoration of peace than was the fear which he soon aroused in all who attempted to oppose him in battle.

In the course of our first interview General Lawton told me frankly that, in spite of the opportunity which active service brought him, he detested war. He added that he doubted the justice of the struggle in which we were then engaged; in fact, I remember distinctly that he characterized it as "unholy." I did not at that time attempt to discuss the point with him, feeling sure that the first-hand acquaintance with facts which he was certain to gain would suffice to set him right. This belief was fully justified. He sought, and obtained, the truth from every available source. How completely he changed his mind as the result is a matter of common knowledge. I can only echo his wish, made solemn by the fact that he had given up his life ere the letter in which it was expressed had reached its destination, that those of his countrymen whose misguided efforts have so long fed the flame of

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revolt in the Philippines might learn to understand the situation as well as he understood it.*

General Lawton's civilian friends saw little of him for many weeks after he landed. On March 18th, he assumed command of the first division of the Eighth Army Corps. He was at first fully occupied in familiarizing himself with his new command and with local conditions in general, and very soon entered upon active operations in the field.

On April 10th, he attacked and captured Santa Cruz, an important insurgent stronghold at the eastern end of the Laguna de Bay. This movement was admirably planned, and was carried out under his personal direction. Lawton was not a man who believed in fighting battles in an unknown country at the far end of a telegraph wire. The attack was completely successful. During its progress he displayed that conspicuous personal gallantry for which he is famous, and at its close he risked his own life in emphasizing the fact that he would not allow the firing of a needless shot, a principle which guided him in every engagement he went into. A heavy loss was inflicted on the insurgents at Santa Cruz, and all of their steam transportation on the lake was captured. Hardly had the city been taken when it was put under guard. There was no burning nor looting. Friendly natives who had remained in their homes were granted the fullest protection, and the conduct of our troops was such that those who had fled in fear soon began to return. They were quick to note and appreciate the difference between the treatment accorded them by the Americans and that which they had received at the hands of their own armed forces.

The abandonment of this important place, which was ordered a few days later from headquarters, and the resultant leaving of natives who had shown their friendliness toward us to the mercy of our enemies, was a sore trial to General Lawton. Without presuming to express an opinion as to the military necessity of this step, I cannot forbear to add that to my certain personal knowledge the effect of it was most unfortunate throughout the entire lake region.

No sooner had General Lawton returned to Manila than he was ordered to begin the formation of a force of approximately 4,000 men, with which he was to operate on the right flank of the insurgent troops opposing General MacArthur at the north. It should be borne in mind that in no one of his important movements did he have anything like an organized brigade placed at his disposal. He had to pick up a company here, a battalion or possibly a regiment there, in order to make up a command, which was sure to be broken up and scattered again as soon as the work assigned to it had been completed, a fresh force, differently composed, being brought together for each new undertaking.

With characteristic energy and promptness, Lawton concentrated and organized his command, and on April 22d began his northward march. The territory through which he moved was known only from maps which proved utterly unreliable, showing roads where no roads existed. He was soon compelled to haul his guns, ammunition, and supplies over steep hills, and through dense and pathless thickets, muddy swamps, and unbridged streams, without so much as a trail to guide him. No obstacle could stop him. He inspired his men with his own indomitable energy. When the intense heat killed the draft animals, officers and soldiers bent to the yoke in their places, and the expedition moved on. In one instance a terrible day's work resulted in a gain of but three miles.

The enemy was promptly encountered, and persistently opposed his advance. Engagements varying from mere skirmishes to severe fights were of constant occurrence. Lawton continually outflanked the opposing forces, thus inflicting heavy losses on them with a minimum of casualties among his own men. The insurgents were driven in quick succession from one strong position to another, and were eventually thrown into confusion by the rapidity and persistency of his pursuit. With so small a force, no line of communications could be maintained. He buried his dead at the nearest town or village, and carried his wounded forward.

At first the insurgents annoyed his outposts. Always ready for each new contingency, he organized scouts, taking five picked

* The letter from General Lawton to the Hon. John Barrett, former United States Minister to Siam, referred to above, contains the following:

"I would to God that the whole truth of this whole Philippine situation could be known by everyone in America as I know it. If the real history, inspiration, and conditions of this insurrection, and the influences local and external, as well as the actual possibilities of these islands and peoples and their relations to this great East, could be understood at home, we would hear of no more talk of unjust 'shooting of government' into the Filipinos or hauling down the flag in the Philippines. If the so-called anti-Imperialists could honestly ascertain the truth on the ground, and not in distant America, they, whom I believe to be honest men misinformed, would be convinced of the error of their statements and conclusions, and of the unfortunate effects of their publications here. If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it may as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observation, confirmed by captured prisoners, that the continuance of fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America." – ED. MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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men, including a non-commissioned officer, from each company, and giving the command of the body thus formed to a civilian named Young, whom he personally selected for this important and dangerous honor. From that time on the enemy ceased to molest our outposts. They had work nearer home. Young eventually died of wounds received in battle, but the system thus inaugurated was continued with excellent results.

Novaliches, San José, Norzagaray, Angat, San Rafael, and Bustos fell in quick succession. At Baliuag the insurgents had made preparations for a strong stand, but Lawton, through his tact and skill in dealing with the natives, had kept himself fully informed of their operations. He never lacked for spies or couriers who would serve him faithfully.

Strong lines of intrenchments protected the town from attack in the direction of Bustos on the one side, and the railroad track on the other. By a quick movement Lawton passed around and attacked the position unexpectedly from the rear. The fight, which opened at a range of 2,000 yards, had hardly begun when a flag of truce was shown. Captain Case and an orderly were sent forward to meet it. When they had approached to within 250 yards of it, a heavy volley was fired at them. Throwing themselves from their horses to the ground, they worked their way back toward our line, which of course instantly reopened on the enemy. The town was promptly captured.

In spite of the shameful and irritating misuse of the white flag, perfect order was maintained, and when it was found that the command was to remain there for a short time, General Lawton, true to his belief that civil affairs should always be in the hands of civilians when practicable, promptly held an election and organized a municipal government with native officials. A similar course was followed at Angat, and, in fact, wherever conditions made it at all practicable. The effect of this action was far-reaching, and news of it was received at Manila, from native sources, with almost miraculous promptness.

GENERAL LAWTON IN FIELD UNIFORM. THE WHITE HELMET WAS WORN BY GENERAL LAWTON IN ALL OF HIS CUBAN AND PHILIPPINE ENGAGEMENTS.

The advance to the northward was soon resumed by way of San Ildefonso, Maasin, and San Miguel de Mayumo, and it ended in the capture of San Isidro, the new insurgent capital. The enemy had long since found that, to use Lawton's own expression, he could "go to bed with them at night and get up with them in the morning," and they

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rapidly wearied of his constant companionship. Not only did his resistless and rapid advance utterly demoralize them, but his splendid personal bravery, and his protection of the lives and property of non-combatants, no less than the considerate kindness which he showed in all his dealings with them, won for him a unique place in the hearts of the common people—a place which he never lost.

Meanwhile General MacArthur was pressing forward along the line of the railway, and as a result of the combined movement, which threatened the complete destruction of the insurgent army, commissions were being sent to Manila in rapid succession. Unfortunately they were not empowered to do anything practical, but came only to inquire as to our intentions and to beg for time.

After San Isidro fell, Lawton was eager to press on to Tarlac. On May 17th, he wired headquarters that his provisions could be made to hold out until the 30th. He was well supplied with ammunition. Nevertheless he was ordered to fall back, and there began a retrograde movement, dispiriting to our men and full of encouragement to the enemy. Commissions ceased to arrive at Manila, and the scattered insurgent forces reassembled and attacked our columns as they withdrew through Cabiao, Arayat, and Candaba. A permanent garrison was left at Baliuag. The proximity of the rainy season has been assigned as a reason for the abandonment of the forward movement. Lawton always contended that he could operate in the rain better than could the insurgents, and later in the year he proved it.

GENERAL LAWTON'S ONLY SON, MANLEY LAWTON.

Of this expedition it may be said, in general, that it inflicted heavy losses on the enemy, demoralizing them, and thereby aiding General MacArthur's advance, and that it destroyed or distributed among the common people immense quantities of insurgent stores; that its effect on the peaceable inhabitants was admirable, convincing them as it did of the falsity of the vile slanders which had been diligently circulated in regard to our troops; and, finally, that its moral influence on the insurgent army, up to the time of the withdrawal from San Isidro, can hardly be overstated. For that withdrawal General Lawton certainly cannot be held responsible. His position, with the rainy season at hand, may not have been strong, but he desired to strengthen it by *advancing*, not by retiring.

No sooner had he returned to Manila than he was directed to gather a force and drive off the insurgents under Pio del Pilar, who were committing indescribable crimes against the inhabitants of Morong and the neighboring towns. On June 3d he attacked this force from three directions. Not only did the movement succeed in its object, but had not General Hall's column been unexpectedly delayed, it would have resulted in the capture of Pilar's entire command.

For many weeks there had been a tacit truce along the south line, and negotiations had been in progress which at one time promised to end in the peaceable submission of the hostile forces in Cavite province. Unfortunately this fact became known to the insurgent leaders. General Trias, who was in command south of the Pasig River and Laguna de Bay, was accordingly removed from his post, and Baldomero Aguinaldo, a cousin of the dictator, was appointed in his stead. As a result of this change, the insurgents in Cavite province again became aggressive. On June 7th, Lawton was instructed to concentrate a force of approximately 4,000 men, and begin active operations against them.

An attack was made on the morning of the 10th. It had been planned that parallel columns under Generals Wheaton and Oven-

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shine should pierce the insurgent line near San Pedro Macati. Wheaton was then to swing toward the lake, and Ovenshine toward the bay, taking the strong insurgent works at Parañaque and Las Piñas in reverse. The day proved to be the hottest of the year. No drinking water was found along the line of march, and a considerable number of the troops were fresh from the United States, and had not become acclimated. The number of heat prostrations resulting was so great that it became necessary to abandon the original plan of operations and concentrate the two columns. This was done under the personal direction of General Lawton, and the movement toward Las Piñas was then continued in the face of determined opposition. The command camped for the night close to the town. Under cover of darkness the enemy withdrew, retreating to a strong position along the southern bank of the Zapote River.

GENERAL LAWTON'S DAUGHTERS, FRANCES, CATHERINE, AND LOUISE, AGED, RESPECTIVELY, ELEVEN, NINE, AND SEVEN YEARS.

At this very place a small insurgent force had inflicted a severe defeat on a vastly superior body of Spanish troops during the revolt of '96, and they therefore considered it sacred ground. Before leaving Las Piñas they went before the native priest of that town and took a solemn oath to hold the Zapote River or die in their trenches. On the afternoon of June 12th, General Lawton reconnoitered their position from the fighting-top of the gunboat "Helena," and later, after landing, went forward with a small detachment, endeavoring to exactly locate their left. During this reconnoissance several Mauser volleys, as well as a number of shrapnel shells, were fired at his little party at short range from across the river.

On the following day occurred the famous battle of the Zapote River. Before it opened General Lawton took two companies, and moving along the beach, forded the stream at its mouth, passing around the left of the enemy's line, and, under the direction of a native guide, reaching a position well in his rear. One company was left behind as a support, in order to prevent the advance from being cut off, and the other pushed on until within less than 200 yards of the only

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road along which the insurgents could retreat, when a determined Remington fire was encountered, to which the pop of the Mauser was soon added, showing that the small American force had compelled a vastly superior body of the enemy to hurry up reënforcements. A single company was opposed by at least a thousand men, and it is difficult to see why it was not annihilated. The enemy closed in until the range was but little more than a hundred yards. As it seemed desirable to hold the position, and thus permanently weaken the insurgent force along the river, the reserve company was brought up, and a slightly sheltered spot was found for our troops, which they determinedly held. During all this time General Lawton was exposed to a fearful fire at short range. Conspicuous as he was, not only on account of his commanding stature, but because of the light uniform and white helmet which he invariably wore in battle, it is little less than a miracle that he escaped alive. The effect of his splendid example on the men can hardly be overestimated. At one time Captain Sage, in command of the advanced company, was left with nine men to face the enemy, the remainder of his force having fallen back through misunderstanding an order. Under a very hot fire, delivered at a range of but forty yards, Sage held his position, picking up the rifle of a wounded man, and himself dropping five insurgents with it.

Having stationed these companies as above indicated, General Lawton then returned to the river to direct the general attack, which was promptly delivered and completely successful. An attempt to rush the bridge developed the fact that the wooden planking with which a broken stone arch had been repaired was burned out, so that it was impossible to cross. Our end of this bridge was but thirty-four yards from the insurgent trenches; nevertheless, the guns of a battery took position on it and opened, while our troops occupied the bank, and coolly picked off every man on the opposite side who showed his head. So deadly was the fire that it was impossible for the insurgents to serve their artillery. I afterward found four bullet marks on the muzzle of one of their guns.

Meanwhile our men had crossed the river between the bridge and the bay, and outflanked the trenches, which were then rushed, the enemy retreating in great disorder, closely pressed by our troops. Just beyond Bacoor they made a final stand, but were again routed within twenty minutes, and fled in confusion toward Imus.

In his official report of the engagement General Lawton said, "The bearing of officers and men throughout this battle was magnificent. The conduct of officers whose names are mentioned . . . should be entitled and characterized distinguished gallantry in the presence of the enemy at the battle of the Zapote River. . . . This is probably the first time in history that a battery has been advanced and fought without cover, within thirty yards of strongly manned trenches." He forgets to mention the fact that this gallant advance was made under his own eye, and that he stood calm and impassive beside the guns while they were being served. How much of the splendid intrepidity displayed by his officers and men on this and other occasions was due to the magnificent example of their dauntless leader?

He was the most modest of men, and would never talk of himself or his exploits, but he kept a keen eye on those who served with him, and gave them the fullest credit for all that they did. Even when exposed to hot fire, he would dictate to his aide memoranda of the brave acts of others, in order that he might forget nothing. Although he spared neither his men nor himself when duty called, he was nevertheless most considerate of those who served under him, and he was loved and implicitly trusted by his troops. No matter how difficult or dangerous the task, his men never shrank from it, for they felt that under his leadership success was certain.

The moral effect of the victory at the Zapote was tremendous. The insurgents knew that, having failed to hold this river, there was no position in Cavite which they could hope to maintain.

On the morning after the fight, the General and his staff rode into Bacoor. The insurgent troops had conducted themselves shamefully before abandoning the town. One family of women and girls had suffered especially. After shooting into their house, the native troops had broken in and plundered it, even going so far as to search the persons of the unfortunate occupants for concealed jewelry. The latter had passed the remainder of the night on their knees, in constant fear of their lives, and they welcomed the General as a deliverer. They were so demonstrative in their joy that, in speaking of the occurrence afterward, he dryly remarked that only his height had saved him from having them literally fall on his neck.

On the following day, the *presidente* of

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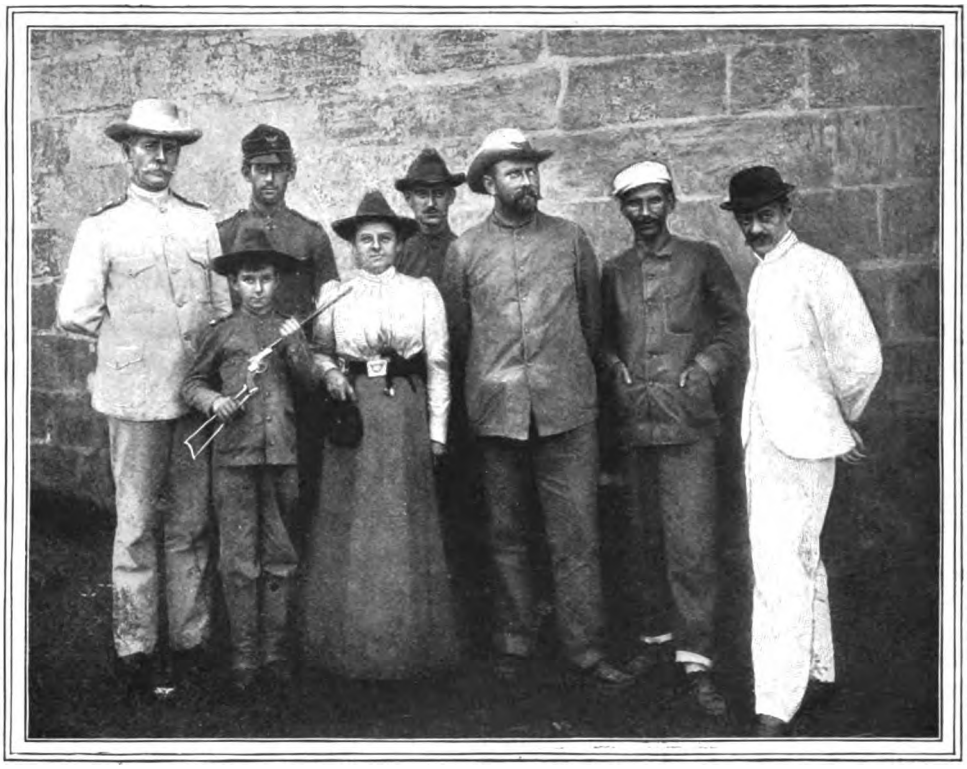
General Lawton. Captain King. Garvin Denby. Felipe Calderon.



Manley Lawton. Mrs. Lawton. Dean C. Worcester. Benito Legarda.

GENERAL LAWTON AND PARTY AT CALAMBA. A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THE MORNING AFTER THE CITY WAS CAPTURED.

Imus came in to announce the voluntary surrender of his town, and to invite the Americans to garrison it, which was done.

General Lawton's attention was immediately turned to bettering the condition of the inhabitants who remained in the captured cities. They had been plundered of their belongings by their own troops, and were in a pitiable condition from lack of food. At Lawton's request, they were supplied with meat and rice from Manila until again able to provide for themselves. As a result of this kind and humane course, those who had fled soon began to return to their homes.

At this time I made a tour of inspection through Parañaque, Las Piñas, Bacoor, and Imus, with a view to ascertaining the feeling of the natives toward us and their needs in general. I found everywhere the heartiest appreciation of the kindly treatment which they had received, and a willingness to cooperate with us against what they were learning to consider a common enemy; but without organization they were helpless to act, and there was a universal and strong desire for the establishment of some form of municipal government.

Having first consulted General Lawton, and found him most heartily in sympathy with my views as to the desirability of attempting such organization, I then laid the facts before General Otis, who promptly instructed Lawton to attend to the matter. At the latter's request, I had a simple form of municipal government prepared in outline by a good Filipino lawyer. This was submitted to Señor Arrellano, president of the Manila Supreme Court, and after being slightly amended by him, was translated and given to Lawton. He made an order of it, without changing a word, and invited me to accompany him to the various towns within his jurisdiction and aid in putting that order into effect. On the morning of July 1st, we started on our mission in an army ambulance, protected by a cavalry escort, and accompanied by Señor Felipe Calderon, a Filipino who understood both Spanish and Tagalog, and who had a wide acquaintanceship among the people of Cavite province.

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Parañaque was the first town visited. The *principalia*, or "headmen," had assembled, and when we entered the house where they were awaiting us, I saw at once that they were literally quaking with fear. I asked them the reason, and was informed that when a Spanish general called the headmen of a town together, under such conditions, some of them usually got shot. I explained the situation to General Lawton, and he was on his feet in an instant. He spoke straight from the heart, simply, earnestly, and to the point, showing an understanding of native character and methods of thought which many men would not have gained in years. I translated his words literally into Spanish, and Calderon repeated them in Tagalog. Their effect was wonderful. We held a successful election on the spot. Before leaving, Lawton shook hands cordially with each of the newly chosen officials, and gave him a kindly word of congratulation and advice. When we took our departure there was a perfectly spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm, and the natives cheered him to the echo.

THE PRESIDENTE OF IMUS AND NATIVE PRIESTS.

This Presidente came in and surrendered his town to General Lawton, thus preventing bloodshed. The priest on the right rendered important service in the restoration and maintenance of public order.

Bacoor, Imus, and Las Piñas were then organized in the order named, two days being consumed in the work. Wherever we went, the General made the people his friends. He returned the humble salute of every poor native whom we passed by the wayside. He accepted the friendly hospitality of the people in the towns that we visited, breaking bread with them, and sleeping in their homes. There was full and instant justice for all who came to him with reasonable ground for complaint.

Although not himself a Catholic, he accepted the invitation of the native priest at Imus to attend mass on Sunday morning, and I accompanied him. The week before, when on my preliminary tour of investigation, the fine native band at Imus had turned out in my honor, and thinking that it would promote good feeling between the people and our soldiers if they would learn to play the Star Spangled Banner, I had taught their leader the air. We were surprised and touched when that beautiful hymn was feelingly rendered as a part of the sacred music during the service. Afterward the priest told us that on account of the course which the Americans had followed in his town, our national air would continue to form a part of the sacred music in that church so long as he remained in charge of it.

The system of civil government thus established proved so successful that we soon extended it to Pandacan, Santa Ana, San Felipe Nery, and Malibay, the General personally conducting the work in every case. To be sure, our native officials were, as Señor Calderon remarked, "like children with new shoes on." They were either incapable of applying simple general principles or unwilling to assume the responsibility of doing so, and constantly flocked to Manila for instructions, occupying much of the time of Calderon, the General, and myself. Lawton always gave them a kindly welcome. His patience in dealing with them seemed endless, and I know that they soon learned, not only to respect and admire him, but to love him. He inspired an almost incredible amount of loyalty among them. We had ex-

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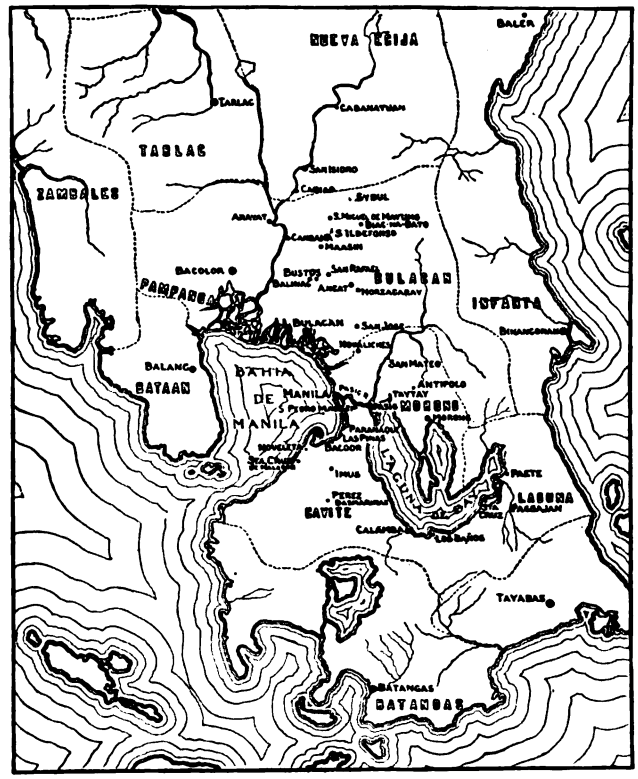
pected dishonesty and treachery, but up to the time of my departure only one man had proved unworthy of the trust imposed in him.

On the whole, the troops which garrisoned our new municipalities behaved extremely well. Lawton's orders as to the maintenance of public order were severe, and he enforced them to the letter whenever occasion arose. It was of course inevitable that there should be some clashes between the soldiers and the natives, and my relations with the latter were such that abuses were almost certain to be brought to my attention. I went straight to the General with them, and I speak from personal knowledge when I say that he was tireless in his efforts to bring evil-doers to justice.

One instance I recall with especial clearness. A poor native was assaulted near Mariquina by a couple of drunken soldiers, who wounded him in the arm and robbed him of a large sum of money. Two women witnessed the occurrence, but were at first afraid to testify against white men. At Lawton's request I sent messages to them again and again, in order to persuade them to come in and bear witness. We were at last successful in getting their evidence, which proved sufficient to convict. The plaintiff went his way rejoicing, after receiving a sum equivalent to the one he had lost, the necessary amount having been deducted from the pay of his assailants. The latter were sentenced to long terms in Bilibid, while the witnesses, to their utter amazement, received proper compensation for their services. A few days later I heard all about this case from natives away to the northward in the province of Bulacan, and I know both that the fame of it spread far and wide, and that the people marveled. They had never heard of such a thing, and could not understand it.

Lawton was a thorough believer in the natives, and was very anxious to utilize them as soldiers, by forming a mixed body of scouts composed of Americans and Tagalogs. After much difficulty he succeeded in obtaining authorization to do this. He then told me that he wanted half a dozen of the worst men in Cavite province, by preference leaders of the bands of *tulisanes*, or professional bandits, which have infested that district from time immemorial. With the aid of Calderon, I got them. The General said that he would make good citizens of them, and he did. Other men were secured for him by Captain Lara of the native police force, and about this little nucleus yet others soon gathered. The force as finally organized numbered some forty white men and fifty-two natives. It was commanded by Captain Castner. I am indebted to Captain King, of General Lawton's staff, for information as to the result of this interesting experiment. He tells me that it was a complete success. The native scouts were brave, efficient, and loyal. Not a gun was lost, nor did a man desert.



MAP OF THE SECTION OF LUZON IN WHICH GENERAL LAWTON CARRIED ON HIS OPERATIONS.

When the final campaign opened in the north, they accompanied Lawton's advance, sometimes even going a full day's march ahead of it. On one occasion sixteen na-

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tives and two white men were given insurgent uniforms, and armed with captured Remington and Mauser rifles. Thus equipped they were sent into a village garrisoned by three riflemen and fifty bolo men, which force they captured entire, after first gathering valuable information. The white men of this command soon learned to regard their dark-skinned comrades with the respect which one brave man feels toward another.

The General was also keenly interested in the enlistment of a strong force from among the Macabebes, who were eager for an opportunity to fight their enemies, the Tagalog insurgents. I remember well his satisfaction when he could at last inform me that the organization of three companies had been authorized. Captain King tells me that this number was eventually increased to five. The Macabebes were armed with cavalry carbines and put into the field at once. They did magnificent work, fighting bravely and moving very rapidly. They sometimes even kept up with the cavalry on quick marches. It should be remembered that they served under the most trying conditions. Rushed into service immediately, as they were, there was little opportunity for the establishment of discipline. The companies had but one white officer each. They were in the country of their mortal enemies, and rations were short, yet they did not loot. They proved very loyal. On two occasions they wanted to kill men whose taking off could hardly have been justified, but their officers restrained them without difficulty.

They yielded to the fatigues of that terrible campaign more quickly than did the white troops, however, and as they sickened they were left behind at different towns, thirty or forty in a place. Under these trying conditions a few of them gave evidence of their lack of discipline and attempted to commit abuses, but they were promptly and vigorously punished. General Lawton considered the experiment a pronounced success, and he was in a position to know.

It is not my purpose to attempt to describe even in outline Lawton's last campaign, which, as the Secretary of War has well said, "was the chief factor in the destruction of the insurgent power, and was the crowning achievement of his arduous life." He conclusively demonstrated the fact that American troops, under such a leader, can operate successfully against native forces in the Philippines in spite of the most trying climatic conditions. Floods of rain and seas of mud were powerless to check his impetuous advance. He kept the enemy so busy running that they had little time to fight. When he could no longer move his transportation, he abandoned it, living off the country, but never forgetting to pay for what he took. Toward the end of the campaign his hungry and war-worn soldiers lay down night after night on the water-soaked ground, without protection of any sort, only to rise in the morning and push on again. His presence and example inspired them to deeds of bravery and endurance which will make one of the brightest pages in the history of the American army. His reputation had preceded him, and the common people welcomed him, but the insurgents complained that his troops seemed to rise out of the very ground.

In spite of the exhaustion which he must have felt after such arduous duty, he remained in Manila but a day on his return from the north, and then took the field again, riding all night through the rain in order to personally direct the ill-fated operations against San Mateo, arriving before that town in the early morning of December 18th.

Always thoughtful of his officers and men, and forgetful of himself, it is characteristic of him that he should have given up his life while trying to aid another. The fight had hardly opened when Lieutenant Breckinridge of his staff was severely wounded. The General, aided by Captain King, Lieutenant Fuller, and Major Rogers, carried him to a ditch grown full of bushes, which seemed to promise shelter, but it was found that the insurgent fire came directly down it. The General set out to search for a safer place. He had found one, and was returning when met by Captain King. At that instant he raised his hand and brushed his coat over the left breast, uttering a low exclamation. King said, "What is it, General?" He replied, "I am hit." King asked, "Where, General?" "Through the lung," came the answer. Those were his last words. He wavered, made a desperate effort to recover himself, and sank into the arms of King and Fuller. A surgeon was at hand, but in less than a moment from the time he was struck life had flown. So he died, as I know he would have preferred to die, quickly, painlessly, at the post of duty, his face toward the enemies of his country and his flag.

There are those who say that he was reckless. This is far from the truth. He was too brave a man to expose himself needlessly; but if he felt that a thing ought to be done, he would do it, no matter how thick the bul-

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lets flew. In order that he might the better perform his whole duty, he took the best possible care of his physical well-being. I know that during his entire stay in the Philippines he never allowed a drop of alcoholic stimulant to pass his lips under any circumstances whatsoever. He did not use tobacco in any form, nor would he touch coffee or tea.

It is true that he often exposed himself. He told me that the Zapote River fight was the twenty-seventh occasion on which he had been under hot fire in the Philippines, and he added that he knew his turn would come sooner or later, if the war continued, on the mere law of chances. When he sat on his great horse where the bullets were thickest, it was not because he was reckless, but because his was that higher courage which can look death in the face without blenching. He felt that, with the force at his disposal and the work which he was called upon to do, his personal presence on the firing line was often a necessity. He was unwilling to take the chance of a little delay, or of a mistake on the part of a subordinate, which might lead to a reverse. The distinctive costume which he always wore in the field was intended to make his presence known to his own men. He believed that when they knew he was with them, sharing their hardships and their dangers, they would never fail him, and he was right.

On the night that I bade him good-by, he told me that his one anxious thought was for the devoted wife who had followed him to the Far East to make a home for him, and for the children that gladdened it. His friends take untold comfort in the fact that the only fear which ever touched the heart of Henry W. Lawton has been forever banished by the generosity of his countrymen.

Who can fittingly sum up, in a few words, the character of such a man? Simple in all his ways; true as steel; a born leader of men; ever successful, yet modest as a girl; always seeking to give credit to others and forgetful of self; loyal to his superiors; patient under hostile criticism and unjust suspicion; loved not alone by his comrades and friends, but by the natives with whom he came in contact—one cannot put it all in words. He was Lawton, and "only a regular."

It is needless to say that his death brought deepest sorrow to his countrymen. But they were not the only ones to mourn his loss. Native women came to mingle their tears with those of the wife and mother who was left desolate. The spokesman who tried to say a few words in behalf of the officials of the towns which he had organized broke down completely and cried like a child.

As I stood the other day beside his bier in the National Cemetery, and saw lying on it the wreaths that dusky hands had placed there in far-off Manila, I felt that I had lived to see the first-fruits of the great work which America has undertaken in the Far East—a work which General Lawton prosecuted with all his boundless energy, ennobled by his example, and consecrated with his life's blood. Surely it cannot be said that he has died in vain.

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HEAD OF "OLD JIM." DRAWN FROM LIFE BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN.

THE OLD JIM HORSE.

By J. Lincoln Steffens.

THE Superintendent of Horses in the New York Fire Department sent a substitute to Thirty-three engine one day a year or two ago, and took away a big roan horse which had served there for eighteen years and nine months. "Horse registered No. 60, unfit," is the way this act was reported officially. But the men, passing the news around the house, and thence from company to company all over town, said:

"They've taken the old Jim horse. They're going to sell Thirty-three's old Jim."

Now the firemen all knew that the old Jim horse was unfit for duty. Captain Nash, the foreman of Thirty-three, had been watching secretly for two or three years the growth of a film over the animal's big, intelligent eyes. No expert superintendent of fire horses was needed to see that Jim was going blind. But what of that? There wasn't a horse in the service that knew the business so well as Jim. There wasn't a fireman who loved a big fire more than the roan that ran in the middle of Thirty-three's team of three.

"He learned what he had to do in five minutes after he was bought and delivered here," said Captain Nash. "He caught on the first time they showed him. We never locked him in a stall. It wasn't necessary; for he never left it without permission, except to get a drink or to respond to an alarm of fire. At the first tap of the gong, he sprang forward to his place. Sometimes he came so fast that he had to slide to stop himself under the harness; and when we let him out in the street to wander around, he'd run at the call of the gong, stop on the sidewalk, turn about, and back into his place at the pole. Why, we used to put boxes and chairs in his way from the stall, but he jumped over them and would still be first in the collar. They oughtn't to have condemned Jim. He never cost the city a cent

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for doctor's bills. Once he fell down on the way to a fire and was dragged a block over the Broadway cobbles; but he got up without our stopping, and though he was pretty sore, we never reported him, and he got over it. Sometimes a hose would burst, but Jim didn't care if only he could turn his head out of the way. Many a shower of falling glass he has stood without flinching, as the scars on his back show, but he was never laid off a day. Half a dozen horses that were mated to him have lived their day and died, trying to pull up even with old Jim. It isn't so long ago they sent us up a spare horse to take the place of one of Jim's mates that was off being shod. There was one run, and Jim chewed the young horse's neck to make him keep up his end, afraid we'd lose first water. He was a great fire horse, was Jim. The only trouble he gave was at meal times, which he knew like a clock; and if his feed wasn't set down before him on the minute, he made a fuss, pawing at the side of his stall and starting all the other horses to kicking."

Possibly Captain Nash was prejudiced. He and Jim had served together in the same house for eleven years. But if there was anything so very wrong in concealing Jim's aging weaknesses, the captain was not the only one to blame. Hugh Bonner, the Chief of the Department, had his down-town quarters in Thirty-three's house, and he knew all about Jim, and all about Captain Nash, too, for that matter. Yet he kept mum. Then there was the Superintendent of Horses: why didn't he do something before? It is true he had condemned Jim five years ago. This, however, is the way he did it. After inspecting the horse, he walked up to the captain and said:

"Nash, the old Jim horse is getting unfit. I guess I'll have to send you a substitute."

Captain Nash did not say anything. The substitute came, and he accepted the new horse, but he didn't send Jim away. He handed over another horse. Now the stableman did not know the difference, perhaps, but the Superintendent did. He must have found that he had been fooled; and the captain, liable to punishment for disobeying orders, worried for a week. But nothing came of it. Possibly the Superintendent reported the case to the Chief. If he did, it is curious the Chief never mentioned the matter to Captain Nash. At any rate, the Chief must have known that the Jim horse had been condemned, and he certainly saw the Jim horse afterwards first at many a fire.

A year or two later, the Superintendent condemned Jim again, and he did it rather sharply this time. He did not say, "Nash, the old Jim horse," and so on. He commanded Captain Nash to deliver "registered horse No. 60;" but after he was out of the door, he paused, turned half around, and said:

"He isn't fit to run to fires, Nash. You better trade him off to me for a good, strong, young horse. Anyhow, I'm going to do my duty, and if you want——"

The rest was nothing but a grumble which no one could be expected to understand. The new horse arrived. The captain hesitated, till at last he thumped on his desk, and shouted down to the man on watch to transfer to the training stables the worst horse in the house. The fireman who received the order grinned, and delivered the next to the oldest horse, an animal that "never was no good, nohow." And when the trampling of the departing hoofs had died away, the men up-stairs who heard the order stopped the game of cards while one of them went below. He walked around the engine to Jim's stall, told him to get back, though the horse was not more than half a foot over the line, then returned to the game. He did not report anything verbally, but the others looked in his face, and resumed the play in great good humor. Just as they were forgetting the incident, the captain came out of his room and passed downstairs. He had to get something out of the feed-room, which is back of the horses. Old Jim tried to attract the captain's attention, but the captain wouldn't notice him.

The third time the Superintendent acted, he did not give the captain a chance for any of his tricky horse-trading. He had "registered horse No. 60" removed without talking about it, and Captain Nash was at a loss.

"I knew what it meant," said the captain afterwards. "We had a horse here once, the Buck horse. He was a good fire horse, too; nothing like Jim, but he served faithful for years, and then went lame in his off hind leg. We did what we could for him till the inspector got onto it and took him away and sold him at auction. About a year after that, when we were all standing out in front of the house one day, an old, broken-down, lame horse came along the street, pulling one of those carts that go around collecting clam-shells. He balked right opposite the door. We thought at first he was tired, and I guess he was. Maybe some of

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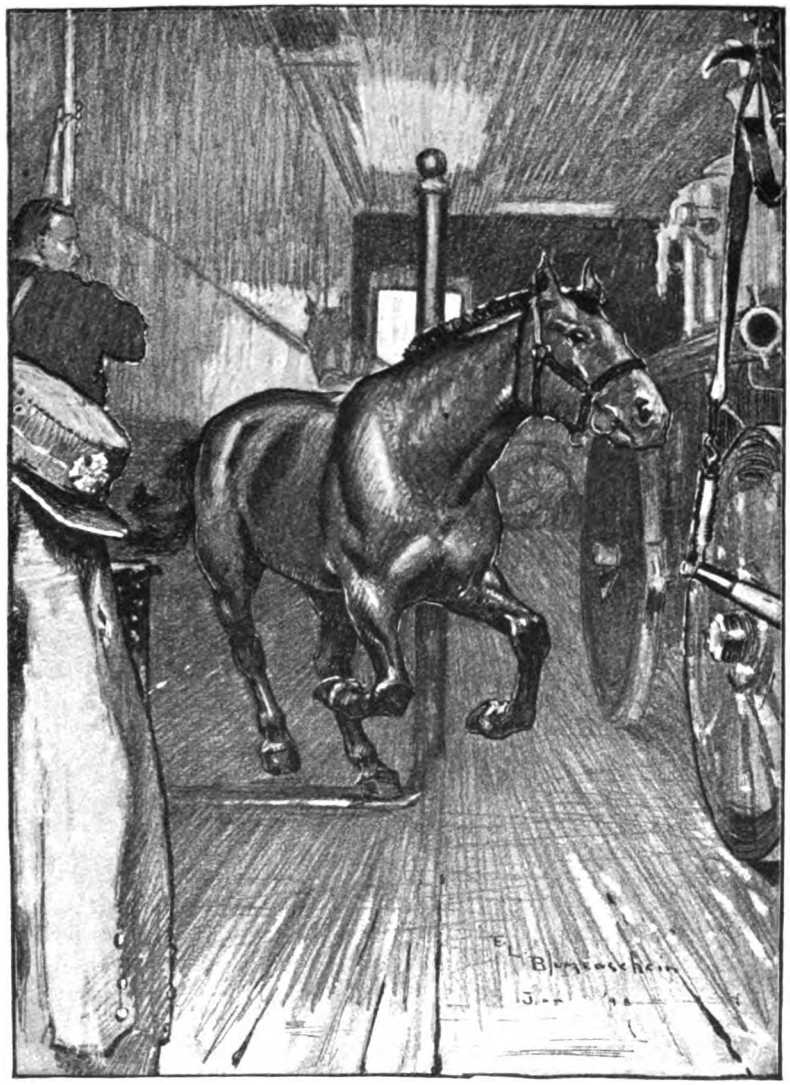

"AT THE FIRST TAP OF THE GONG, HE SPRANG FORWARD TO HIS PLACE."

the younger firemen laughed when the crazy old driver licked his horse. But all of a sudden we took notice of the horse's sore leg, and somebody said:

"'It's the old Buck horse, boys.'

"And it was. He had stopped because he wanted to come in home, the old Buck horse did. And his leg was worse."

So Captain Nash remembered the Buck horse when they took away the Jim horse. He waited till the Chief came to the house.

Then he told him. "Chief," he said, "they've come and got the old Jim horse at last."

The Chief did not answer.

"I'd just as lief keep him, Chief," the captain continued. "He's the best horse I had. A little film over his eyes, and pretty old, but he's—he's the old Jim horse, Chief."

Another pause.

"They'll sell him into some old ash-cart or to a Polish peddler. And Jim's served long enough to have a pension."

Then the Chief answered:

"Why don't you write his record up to the Board? I'll endorse it."

"I ain't much on the write," said Nash, "but I'll try it, if you say so."

That was on a Saturday. Captain Nash

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took Sunday for the job, and here is his formal report to the Board of Fire Commissioners:

"I respectfully forward a brief history of the roan team of horses formerly used in the engine of this company. Of the original Jack horse I have not much to write, he being killed while responding to an alarm for fire at station 236 on May 30, 1881, by colliding with the shaft of Engine 13 tender. The point of the shaft entered his breast. . . . As to the horse Jim, who was received at these quarters on January 14, 1879, and performed duty therein until November 4, 1897, a period of eighteen years and nine months, the first eleven years of which Jim and his mate had to draw a heavy first-class engine, when the runs were more frequent and much longer than those of the present day, when the same identical engine is drawn by three horses. The Jim horse, in the opinion of all the officers and members ever connected with this company, and the many distinguished persons who visited these quarters, was such that they expressed the belief that there never was a horse that showed more intelligence than the Jim horse."

Here followed a recital of Jim's distinguishing traits in much the same language as that already quoted from Captain Nash.

Chief Bonner wrote something, too:

"I take great pleasure in transmitting for your consideration the history of the Jim horse of Engine 33, for a period of nearly twenty years. . . . He was about seven years old when purchased, which would make him nearly twenty-seven years of age. I appeal to the Board in behalf of this faithful animal, that he be retained in the service of the department, and assigned to some company where the duties will be light, and that the Superintendent of Horses be directed to not include in his sale registered No. 60, which is the number assigned to this faithful animal."

"This worked," said the captain. When these communications were read at the Board meeting, the commissioners were silent a moment. Then the president said that he thought Jim had earned his pension and should be retired. No one objected; so the Superintendent of Horses was directed to keep Jim for such light work as might turn up, if there was any such. At any rate, he was not to be sold. This was the first time in the history of the department that a horse was retired like a fireman; but it paid. For example, it put a stop to Captain Nash's grumbling about the new middle horse that runs now with Thirty-three engine.

THE PASHA'S PRISONER.

By Robert Barr,

Author of "Within an Ace of the End of the World," "The Gift of Abner Grice," and other stories.

A STORY OF MODERN TURKEY.

FEW objects on this earth are more beautiful than a consular kawass. His wages may be small, but that is more than compensated for by the gorgeousness of his clothes. His outer garment unites the merits of an Inverness coat, a lady's cloak, an Arab aba, and an ulster. Sometimes it is short and comes only to his waist; often it is long, reaching down to his heels. It is wonderfully embroidered with threads of silver and of gold, and also threads of silk colored green, crimson, yellow, blue, and purple. There are wings attached to this garment at the shoulders, which give the kawass the appearance of a huge bird of tropical climes as he hurries down a Turkish street. And as if this were not enough glory, there is worked on his back the coat-of-arms of the country he represents. The emblems of some countries suit the back of a kawass better than the devices of others. There is Austria, for instance, whose double-headed black eagle stands out strongly in contrast with the rainbow splendor of the coat, and an eagle's head standing out on each shoulder blade makes the balance perfect.

When the consul drives abroad in his carriage, the kawass mounts upon the seat with the coachman, and has his hands crossed over the hilt of a broad semi-circular scimitar—that new-moon-shaped sword which we see the executioner in Eastern pictures wiping on the tail of his coat after he has rolled off a few heads on the pavement. As the kawass usually has great, sweeping black mustaches, the addition of the sword gives him an appearance of great blood-thirstiness, which is most impressive. As a matter of fact, however, he is a harmless individual who runs errands for the consul and

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conducts tourists to mosques and places of that sort, accepting with thankfulness a small gift in recognition of his services.

Mr. Turner's kawass knocked at the door of the consular room, and, on being told to enter, displayed to the consul a face laboring under some powerful agitation.

"Well, what is it?" asked Consul Turner.

"Excellency, the man who disappeared has come back."

"What man who disappeared, Selim?"

"The cold-water man, Excellency."

"Oh, McSimmins. He didn't disappear; he went home, you remember. He sent his papers to me about a month ago, with a request for a permit to leave the country, which was quite unnecessary. You brought me the papers, and I gave them back to you."

"Yes, Excellency," said the kawass nervously.

"So he has returned, has he? What does he want?"

"Yes, Excellency, and he demands to see you; but I thought it better not to let him in."

"Why, Selim?"

"I think he is insane, Excellency."

"Oh, that is nothing new; I thought it from the first."

"He held his open hand tremblingly before him."

"He is here, Excellency, in a Turkish pasha's uniform, and he will not go away. Then he acted very strangely, and it may not be safe to let him in."

"Oh, nonsense. Let him come in. McSimmins wouldn't hurt anybody."

The kawass departed with evident reluctance, and shortly after, an extraordinary figure presented itself to the consul's view. He wore the costume of a Turkish pasha, and had stuck on his head a red fez with a long silken tassel. He came in stepping with caution, as if walking on thin ice. He held his open hand tremblingly before him, as if anticipating a fall, and his head bobbed about in an erratic manner that threatened to dislodge the fez, and kept the silken tassel swaying to and fro.

"I—I—I—I'm afraid," he said, with a stammer, "that you don't recognize me, Mr. Turner."

"Oh, yes, I do," replied the consul; "you are Mr. McSimmins, who came over here to convert the Turk by means of a daily bath, quite ignoring my suggestion that the Turk already performed his ablutions five times a day."

"Ah, yes, Consul, quite true, quite true; but only his hands and feet; and I still hold that, if you submerged the Turk once a day, he would prove a different man."

"Well," said the consul, "I have often thought that if the whole country were submerged for twenty minutes, it would be, on the whole, an improvement; still that is an opinion that must not be mentioned outside the consular residence. But, as I suggested to you before, if cleanliness were your object, the Turkish bath is not altogether unknown even in our own country, and is supposed to be reasonably efficient."

"It is warm and enervating," said McSimmins, speaking with stuttering hesitation, which seemed to show that his theory was not perfectly grounded. "I advocate cold water, you know."

"Yes, I remember you did," began the consul; but he was interrupted by McSimmins suddenly precipitating himself on the floor and clutching wildly at the carpet. The consul sprang to his feet with an exclamation of dismay.

"It's all right," cried McSimmins; "don't be alarmed. The room is spinning round, but it will steady down in a minute; then I'll get up. Just wait till things come to a stand-still again."

Presently the groveling man rose to his

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knees, and then tremulously to his feet. "You will excuse me if I sit down?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the consul, also seating himself. "What is the trouble; Saint Vitus's dance or anything of that kind?"

"Something of that kind," echoed the visitor. "I don't really know what the trouble is, but I'll tell you what it feels like. It feels as if my brain had become loosened from the inside of my skull, like a ripe kernel in a nut; then, if I walk hurriedly, it turns over, and the whole world turns with it, and I have to get down on my hands and knees and shake my head till my brain gets right side up again. Do I make myself clear?"

"Oh, perfectly clear," said the consul, edging his chair back a little. "Will you excuse me, Mr. McSimmins, while I call in my kawass? I have some business for him to do, and you can tell your story with perfect freedom in his presence, for I make a confidant of him anyhow," and the consul reached his hand toward the bell.

McSimmins smiled grimly. "You needn't be afraid, Consul; I am not going to touch you. Of course no man makes a confidant of his kawass, and you think now that I am crazy. I don't blame you at all; and if you are really afraid of me, draw your chair near the door, and I'll stay over in the remotest corner of the room. But I should like you to listen to what I have to say; officially, that is what you are here for, you know."

"Oh, I am not afraid at all," replied the consul, thinking it, however, worth while to add, "I never think myself in danger, because I keep my loaded revolver in the drawer here before me." Saying which, he took the weapon out, and placed it on his table.

"A most sensible precaution," rejoined McSimmins, nodding his head. The nodding seemed to be unfortunate, for he paused breathlessly, put his two open palms up to the side of his face, gave his head a few jerks this way and that, and then murmured, with a sigh of contentment, "That's all right."

The consul thought it well to ignore the re-turning of the brain which was evidently taking place under McSimmins's manipulation, and so he said, as if nothing extraordinary had happened: "When did you return, Mr. McSimmins?"

"Return; from where?"

"You sailed for home about a month ago."

"Oh, no, I didn't," corrected the visitor.

"Well, you sent your papers here, and asked for a permit to leave the country, and I wrote a note to you saying that a permit was not necessary, and not hearing from you again, I took it for granted that you had sailed."

"Ah, I see," mused McSimmins, about to nod again, which motion he suddenly stopped by putting his hand to his forehead. "I have never left Turkey; in truth, I have been the guest of Zimri Pasha for the last month."

"Really," said the consul. "Well, the pasha is a most excellent man, and I wish there were more officials like him. He told me he took a great interest in your cold-water scheme and was doing his best to help you, and seemed surprised to hear that I didn't take much interest in it myself."

"The consul sprang to his feet."

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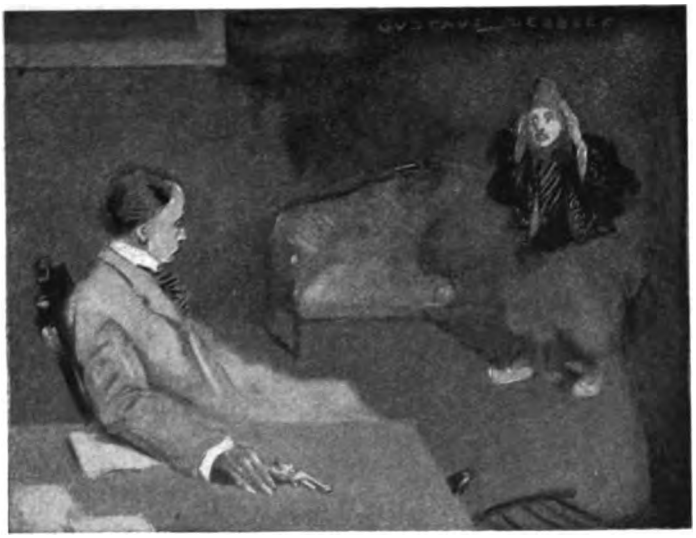

"He took the weapon out, and placed it on his table."

"Yes, I think I converted him," said McSimmins; "but only this afternoon. About a month ago he sent a messenger to me asking me to bring my papers to him, and added that he would be glad to learn something further of the scheme I had in hand, as he was inclined to believe in it and wished for more information."

"That's what he told me," remarked the consul, "and he expressed his regret at your early departure."

"Very well. I called on him at the hour named, which was after dark. You know the pasha's house perhaps, Consul?"

"Yes; I have visited him somewhat frequently. He is, as I have said, the most intelligent Turkish official I have yet met, and seems to have a sincere desire to elevate the people."

"That describes him exactly," agreed McSimmins. "He delights in the elevation of the people, and is very successful at it too."

"I shouldn't go so far as to say that," demurred the consul. "I have never observed any practical results from his endeavors in that line."

"Ah, there you do him wrong," pleaded McSimmins earnestly. "You see I know the pasha better than you do, for I have been his guest for a month. But to go on with my story. On entering I was led past the semi-public room in which the pasha transacts his business, taken across the first court, in which the palm trees grow, into a smaller room beyond, a room along the three sides of which were divans covered with rich Oriental rugs, and here, asking me to be seated, the attendant disappeared between the heavy curtains which hung over the doorway. Presently that obsequious secretary of the pasha came in, followed by a servant bearing a tray on which were two tiny cups of coffee. The secretary saluted me with that groveling deference of which he is the cringing master, and asked me to be good enough to give him all my papers, so that the pasha might scrutinize them. The pasha, he added, would have pleasure in meeting me socially after the business was transacted. I had my passport and other papers in a blue envelope, reposing in my inside pocket, and this envelope I handed to the secretary. He then bade me, in his master's name, regale myself with the coffee, which I did. I imagine the coffee was drugged, for shortly after taking it I became sleepy, and remembered no more until I found myself securely pinioned in the Court of the Great Fountain. Have you seen the Court of the Great Fountain?"

"No," replied the consul, "I have never been admitted further into the residence of the pasha than the Court of the Palms."

"The pasha's house is an enormous conglomeration of buildings, somewhat resembling a stone-walled city. Beautiful as the Court of Palms is, it does not compare with the magnificence of the Court of the Great Fountain. The pavement is a mosaic of various colored marbles, all the rest is of the purest white. Arabic arches are supported by slender glistening pillars, which seemed to me to be made of onyx, or some rare white stone. The arches themselves are of marble, looking like carved virgin snow; these form a broad, cool veranda that completely surrounds the court. The floor of the veranda is elevated perhaps six inches above the tesselated pavement, and is almost covered with rich Persian rugs. But the striking feature of the court is the fountain. The water, I imagine, is obtained from some stream or lake in the neighboring mountains, and the fountain consists of one huge jet as thick as a man's thigh, which shoots straight

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up into the air like a liquid palm tree. It falls back musically into a deep, broad pond, which is bordered by a heavy coping of marble. The convolutions of this coping form a margin to this pond that is amazingly irregular, and which, the pasha told me, spells out in Arabic his favorite text from the Koran."

"What an excellent idea," interrupted the consul.

"Isn't it?" agreed his visitor. "Perhaps I didn't appreciate it at the moment as much as I should have done, for I found myself in a most cramped and uncomfortable position. A stout stick had been thrust under my knees, and my arms had been drawn under the projecting ends of this stick until my knees struck against my breast. My wrists were strapped together, and the straps fastened in some way behind my back. My ankles were united by fetters, and I lay thus in a helpless heap like a trussed fowl. The pasha sat cross-legged on a pile of rugs and pillows under the veranda, peacefully smoking a water-pipe, of which the hubble-bubble was drowned by the musical plashing of the great fountain. He sipped now and then some coffee from a little cup on a table by his side, and regarded me placidly with that serene, contemplative gaze which you may have noticed in his dreamy eyes when he is inclined to converse on philosophic subjects. Standing near him were four stalwart Nubians, black as ebony, whose tongues the pasha afterward informed me he had been compelled to order removed, as irresponsible gossip among his menials was irksome to him.

"I became sleepy."

"After a time the pasha was good enough to address me. He expressed in choice phrase his pleasure at seeing me a guest under his humble roof, although at the moment the roof above me was the sky, besprinkled with brilliant stars. He added that he had been much interested in my cold-water scheme, and would be pleased to learn from my own lips how I was getting on since I had honored his district with my presence.

"I replied, with a glance at my bonds, that just at the moment I was not getting on with any degree of rapidity. The pasha was condescending enough to smile at this and bow toward me. Then, after a few whiffs at his pipe and a sip of coffee, he proceeded with the utmost suavity: 'I have been giving some attention of late to the cold-water problem, and have determined to make some practical experiments that will test its value. The marble coping round the fountain at your back was constructed by a Greek slave whom I once possessed, and who, although he had most artistic hands, labored under the affliction of a flighty head, which I was compelled to remove. Under my directions, he did his work well, and the coping spells in Arabic the phrase, *If you meet a friend in the desert who lacks for water, give him of your store plenteously*. I now propose to vivify this motto by following its counsel on your behalf.'

"'Indeed, Pasha,' said I, 'there is a sufficiency of water about me already, and my clothes are even now wet through.'

"'My Nubians,' returned the pasha calmly, 'were reluctantly compelled to dip you in the fountain, so that you might return to the full enjoyment of your senses, which had seemingly departed from you. This submersion has happily had the desired result, and thus I have the privilege of holding converse with you. But my bounty does not stop so meagerly. The adage says *plenteously*, and upon that adage I purpose to act.'

"'I beg to call your attention, Pasha, to the fact that I am a citizen of a country at peace with the government of the Sultan. With the utmost respect toward your authority, I hereby protest against my present treatment, and warn you that if you contemplate further indignity, you will carry it out at your peril.'

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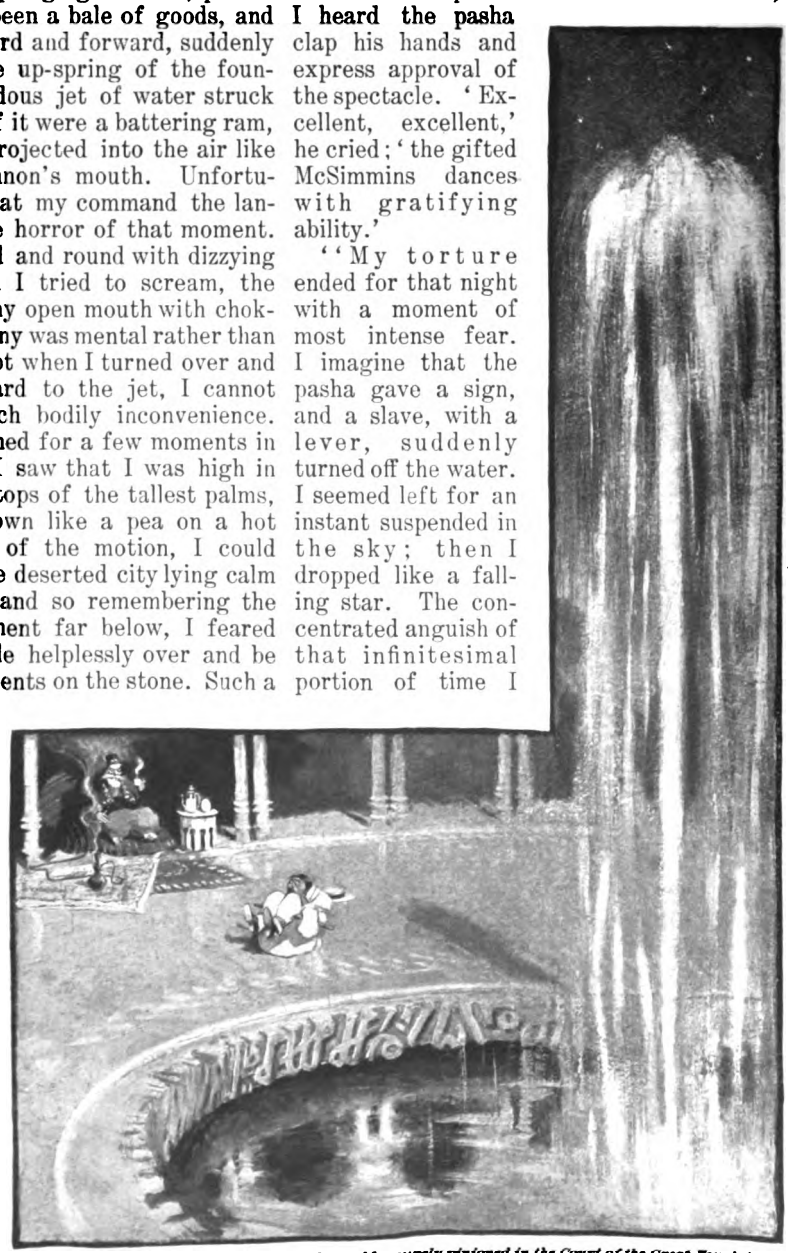
"The pasha stroked his beard, and acknowledged my remark with a courteous bow. 'That introduces the elements of an international discussion into our conversation,' he said with a reproachful tinge in his tone, 'and in social intercourse I think anything of a political nature is apt to prove a disturbing subject. Let us confine ourselves to your cold-water theories.'

"With this he made a sign to his Nubians, and two of them, springing forward, picked me up as if I had been a bale of goods, and swaying me backward and forward, suddenly heaved me into the up-spring of the fountain. The tremendous jet of water struck me on the back as if it were a battering ram, and I felt myself projected into the air like a shot from a cannon's mouth. Unfortunately, I have not at my command the language to depict the horror of that moment. I was whirled round and round with dizzying rapidity, and when I tried to scream, the water dashed into my open mouth with choking force. My agony was mental rather than physical, for, except when I turned over and lay mouth downward to the jet, I cannot say there was much bodily inconvenience. Once when I remained for a few moments in a sitting posture, I saw that I was high in the air above the tops of the tallest palms, popping up and down like a pea on a hot griddle. In spite of the motion, I could easily recognize the deserted city lying calm in the moonlight, and so remembering the hard marble pavement far below, I feared that I would tumble helplessly over and be smashed into fragments on the stone. Such a catastrophe, however, did not happen, and by and by I realized that it was quite impossible to escape from the influence of the water jet. The great danger was of being smothered in the spray—drowned in mid-air. I had the peculiar sensation of sinking into a watery cushion from which the rebound dandled me as if I were a baby. Sometimes, when the powerful fountain gave me an extra fling aloft, I turned over and came head downward with sickening swiftness into what seemed to be a hollow tube of water. Then I came near to suffocation; but at once the heaving column would reassert its power and toss me aloft again, when I could breathe once more. Now and then I caught a glimpse of the full moon in the cloudless blue sky, and it appeared to be dancing a hilarious jig with me. In spite of the noise of the water, I heard the pasha clap his hands and express approval of the spectacle. 'Excellent, excellent,' he cried; 'the gifted McSimmins dances with gratifying ability.'

"My torture ended for that night with a moment of most intense fear. I imagine that the pasha gave a sign, and a slave, with a lever, suddenly turned off the water. I seemed left for an instant suspended in the sky; then I dropped like a falling star. The concentrated anguish of that infinitesimal portion of time I



. . . "I found myself securely pinioned in the Court of the Great Fountain."

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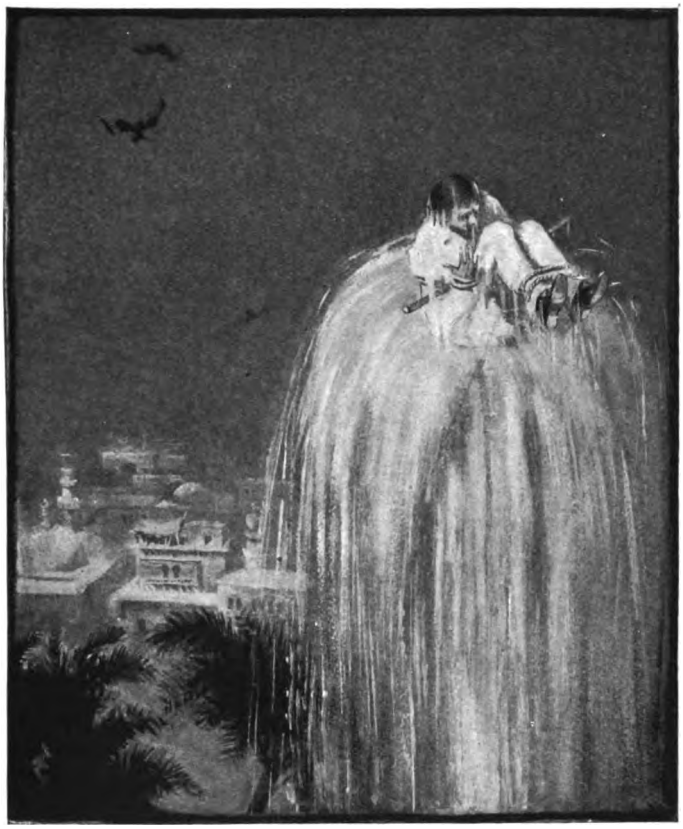

"I cannot say there was much bodily inconvenience."

shall never forget. It was in my mind that the pasha intended to impale me on the stand-pipe from which the jet issued, but such was not the case. The water was turned on again before I reached the level of the veranda, and such was the terrific force of the impact, it rising and I falling, that I became instantly insensible; and when I woke to consciousness, I found myself stretched on some rugs under the veranda, my wet garments removed. But perhaps I weary you with this lengthened recital?"

"On the contrary," said the consul, "I was never more interested in my life."

The visitor nodded, and having disturbed his brain by doing so, readjusted it by manipulating his head with his hands.

"I was taken to a cell in which there was no light and very little air, and there I lay all night unable to sleep, sprawling round on the floor, which seemed to be heaving under me. Next evening I was taken out again, and once more flung into the fountain. All the while I anticipated that dreadful drop again; but the pasha, fearing probably that he would kill me outright, amused himself by modifying the torture. The slaves gave periodical jerks at the lever, cutting off a little water at a time, and lowering it a few feet, so that I descended by stages until almost on a level with the veranda; then I would be shot up into mid-air again. Night after night of this gave me that loosening sensation in the brain of which I complained to you, and the result of which you saw when I fell on the carpet. I sometimes got a little sleep in my cell during the day; but my rest was always broken, for the moment I began to dream I was tossing in the fountain again. At last I saw that insanity was bound to intervene, so I resolved on suicide. One evening, being more loosely bound than usual, I turned, by a great effort, a kind of somersault, and flung myself free of the column of water. I hoped to strike the marble pavement, but I fell instead into the pond, and was instantly fished out by the Nubians. I told the pasha I was determined to kill myself, and so for several nights I was not brought out from my cell. Sometimes I thought that he had relented; but when I reviewed the situation carefully, I saw that he dare not let me go, for if I could get my government to believe the extraordinary tale I had to tell, it would be bound to bring him to book for his conduct. When again I was dragged into the Court of the Great Fountain, I found that in the interval he had built a sort of basket around the stand-pipe. This was made of springy steel or iron, and it opened like a huge flower, upward, something like a metal calla lily, if you understand what I mean.

"'I should be delighted, Mr. McSimmins,' said the pasha most blandly, 'if you would favor me again with your vault from the top of the column.'

"I favored him, and fell into the network of the basket, and was hurled instantly into the jet, and aloft again almost before I realized that I had dropped. This amused the

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"I . . . projected myself into the air."

pasha very much, and he was loud in his praise of the feat. Wishing to test still further the efficiency of the basket, he had the fountain gradually shut off, and let me come down into the receptacle; then the Nubians took me out of it, undid my bonds, and set my limbs free. When this was done, at a sign from the pasha, they flung me sprawling into the basket. I clasped the network and shrieked, while they pushed me farther in, until at last the water caught me, and once more, breathless with its force, I found myself aloft; but this time with arms and legs loose, sprawling like the wings of a wind-mill gone mad. I was amazed to find after a time that, because of this freedom of the limbs, I could somewhat balance myself, and before the night had passed I was able to stand upright and tread water, as it were, keeping my position for some time by the exercise of great care. Of course every now and then all my calculations were overset by the sudden ceasing of the fountain, which, removing my support and instantly undermining my confidence, left me floundering helplessly in the basket, until the stream resumed its play.

"After the basket had been constructed, the pasha, apparently selfishly, wished to enjoy the spectacle alone, and accordingly sent his slaves away, and they remained absent until the clapping of his hands brought them into the court again, when I was lowered and taken to my cell. And now, Consul Turner, you see how I have been treated. I have no complaint to make, and do not intend to give you any trouble in this matter at all, but I am fatigued with talking, and if you will charitably allow me a bed in your house to-night, I will be deeply grateful to you."

"Certainly, Mr. McSimmins, certainly. But how did you escape?"

"If you will permit me, Consul, after the manner of the Arabian Nights, to leave the remainder of the story untold until to-morrow morning, it will be a great kindness to me in my present state of fatigue."

"But it won't take you long, Mr. McSimmins, to give me the climax. Do you mean to say that this treatment of you lasted the whole of the past month?"

"Up to this very evening, Consul. I have my own reasons for wishing to postpone the culmination of my narrative until to-morrow morning, if you will be so good as to indulge me. You see that I am in a shattered condition, my nerves are wrecked, and although I do not know that I can sleep, I should like very much to go to bed."

"You are perfectly safe here," said the consul, "and need have no further anxiety. I will make my kawass sleep outside your door to protect you."

"No, no, Consul. I don't want a Turk near me, and I distrust your kawass and all the rest of them. Would you mind to-night, if you have a double-bedded room, being in the same room with me?"

"I can do better than that," said the con-

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sul. "There is a room opening off mine, and I will have a bed put in it; then no one can come near you without passing through my room."

"That will do excellently," said McSimmins, seemingly much relieved.

"The difficulty in obtaining redress," continued the consul, "will be in proving what you say; but somehow I find myself believing your story, incredible as it seems, and I also believe the pasha's secretary gave your papers to my kawass, which, in a way, is direct proof. I shall call the pasha to account to-morrow morning."

"No," said McSimmins, "I do not wish redress, nor do I ask you to take the slightest trouble on my account."

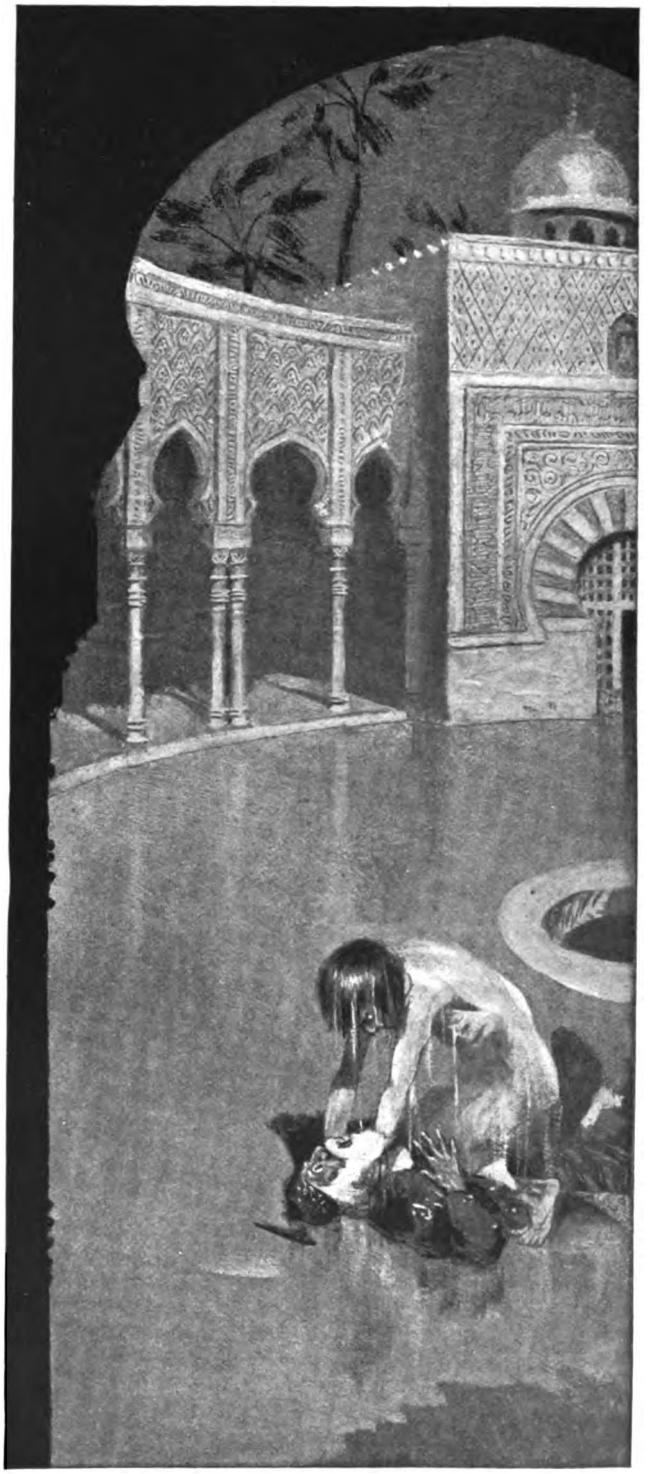
"But such treatment of a free citizen of a friendly country is intolerable, and we must at least attempt to obtain justice, although I am not confident that you will get any satisfaction."

"Well, if you don't mind, we will discuss that to-morrow morning. I really feel unable to cope with even the simplest problem to-night. Remember, I spent the fore part of this evening at the top of that fountain."

The consul, without more ado, led McSimmins to his chamber, and several times that night heard him thumping round the room on the floor. Early next morning, when he entered his guest's room, he found him lying awake. "I am afraid," he said, "that you did not have much rest last night."

"Oh, indeed, I feel quite refreshed, thank you; although I precipitated myself on the floor several times during the night. I hope I did not disturb you."

"Not at all," replied the consul. "And now will you excuse my curiosity and tell me how you escaped?"



"In a moment I was at his throat."

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"That was, after all, a very simple matter. I don't know whether I told you that, latterly, to save themselves trouble, they got into the habit of flinging me into the fountain stark naked; but, as I think I mentioned, I became quite expert at balancing myself on the top of the jet. Last night, when the slaves had departed, I put my hands over my head and projected myself into the air, endeavoring to fall clear of the basket, which I did. In a moment I scrambled over the marble coping, and I think the pasha was dozing, for he made no motion either to stop me or to call his slaves. I was afraid my brain would play me a trick, and so I acted with intense celerity. In a moment I was at his throat, and had him pinioned and helpless on his back. Gripping his windpipe with my left hand, I undid his scarf with my right, and soon had it bow-stringed round his neck——"

"You surely did not strangle him?" cried the consul horrified.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't think of doing such a thing. I have a great respect for the position of pasha. I gagged him so that he could not cry out, and tied his hands so that he could not clap them together. Then, with some difficulty, I stripped him, and dressed myself in his clothes. He seemed stunned very much by the suddenness of my onslaught; and seeing that he was too panic-stricken to cry out, I ungagged him, and unbound his hands. Then picking him up—all the time I was struggling with him, remember, I saw three pashas, my brain wobbling about like loose nails in a rolling barrel; but I steadily concentrated my attention on the middle pasha, and resolved to attend to the other two afterwards if they should be still there—picking him up, then, as I say, I flung him, back downward, into the basket, and before you could snap your fingers, he was dancing on the water-spout high above the palm trees. The other two pashas had gone up with him; and so, folding his robes around me, I walked calmly down the passage, through the Monkey Court, along the other passage, through the Court of Palms, and so out into the street, unimpeded, the watchman opening the gate for me and closing it behind me without a word. That is the beauty of having well-trained servants, unaccustomed to question any act a man does. From there I came directly to your residence, and here I remain until you can get me on shipboard."

"But, McSimmins, you don't mean to say you have left the pasha there all night?"

"I have but followed his own Arabic text, which you will find engraved around his fountain. I have given him water, and plenty of it. It was not for me to interfere further. I did not tell you last night, fearing you might consider it your duty to intervene. If the pasha likes his position at the top of the fountain, he has doubtless remained there; and I can assure him, from experience, that it will take him several days to learn to make the dive I made."

"Oh, but this is most serious, McSimmins, taking the law into your own hands in that way and endangering the person of the pasha."

"I took the pasha into my own hands, but there *is* no law in his caravansary, and I didn't like to trouble my government over a small personal matter like this, knowing they would talk a great deal and do nothing. And, after all, one cannot pay a greater compliment to his host than to follow his example."

"I must send down at once and see what is the outcome of this."

"Certainly," returned McSimmins; "it would only be a neighborly thing to do."

But at that moment the gorgeous kawass rapped at the consul's door. "Excellency," he said, a thrill of fear in his quivering voice, "news has come that the Pasha Zimri has been found drowned in his own fountain. Mysterious are the ways of Allah, the good pasha is gone."

"Ah," said McSimmins grimly, "every situation has its compensations. If he has had too much water in this world, it is not likely that he will have to complain of an over-supply in the next."

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THE COMING TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

By Professor Simon Newcomb.

WHAT ASTRONOMERS HOPE TO LEARN FROM THIS ECLIPSE.—WHAT THEY HAVE LEARNED FROM PREVIOUS ECLIPSES.

How an image of the sun may be thrown on a screen with a small telescope or a common spy-glass.

A TOTAL eclipse of the sun is one of the most impressive sights that nature offers to the eye of man. Such a sight will be witnessed by dwellers along a certain line in Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, and the Carolinas on the 28th of May. To see it to the best advantage, one should be in an elevated position commanding the largest possible view of the surrounding country, especially in the direction from which the shadow of the moon is to come. The first indication of anything unusual is to be seen, not on the earth or in the air, but on the disk of the sun. At the predicted moment, a little notch will be seen to form somewhere on the western edge of the sun's outline. It increases minute by minute, gradually eating away as it were the visible sun. No wonder that imperfectly civilized people, when they saw the great luminary thus diminishing in size, fancied that a dragon was devouring its substance.

For some time, perhaps an hour, nothing will be noticed but the continued progress of the advancing moon. It will be interesting if, during this time, the observer is in the neighborhood of a tree that will permit the sun's rays to reach the ground through the small openings in its foliage. The little images of the sun which form here and there on the ground will then have the form of the partially eclipsed sun. Soon the latter appears as the new moon, only instead of increasing, the crescent form grows thinner minute by minute. Even then, so well has the eye accommodated itself to the diminishing light, there may be little noticeable darkness until the crescent has grown very thin. If the observer has a telescope with a dark glass for viewing the sun, he will now have an excellent opportunity of seeing the mountains on the moon. The unbroken limb of the sun will keep its usual soft and uniform outline. But the inside of the crescent, the edge of which is formed by the surface of the moon, will be rough and jagged in outline.

A few minutes before the last vestige of the sun is to disappear, the growing darkness will become very noticeable. It is a curious fact that the darkness does not seem to come on uniformly, but like a series of shadows, following each other at intervals of a few seconds. The cause of these seeming shadows has been the subject of some discussion; but there is reason to believe that they are an optical illusion, caused by the unequal rate at which the eye accommodates itself to the diminution of light.

A short time before the fading crescent is to disappear, the observer should look toward the point from which the shadow is to come —commonly not far from the west, say between southwest and northwest. If the air is quite clear, the shadow will first be seen on the distant horizon, advancing at the rate of a mile in every two, three, or four seconds, according to circumstances. The nearer the time is to noon, the slower will

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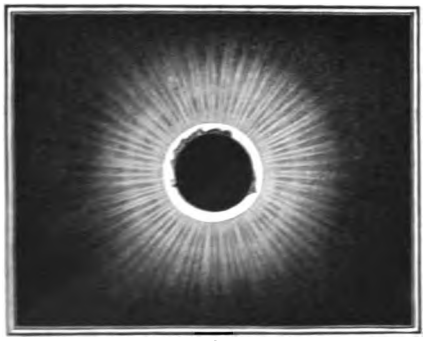
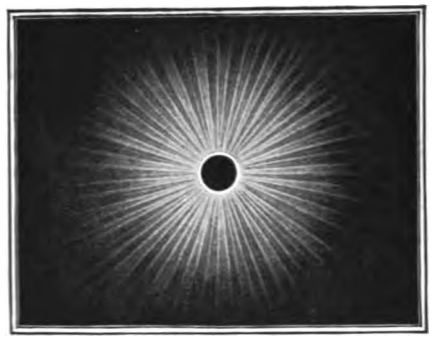


Eclipse of June 24, 1778.



Eclipse of June 18, 1806.

VIEWS OF THE SOLAR CORONA DURING TOTAL ECLIPSES.

be the advance, and the more impressive the sight. On it comes. In a moment the spectator will be enveloped in it. The advancing mountains on the rugged surface of the moon have reached the sun's edge, and nothing is seen of the latter except a row of broken fragments or points of light, shining between the hollows on the lunar surface. They last but a second or two before they vanish.

Now is seen the glory of the spectacle. The sky is clear and the sun in mid-heaven, and yet no sun is visible. Where the latter ought to be, the densely black globe of the moon hangs, as it were, in mid-air. It is surrounded by an effulgence radiating a saintly glory. This is now known as the "corona." Though bright enough to the unaided vision, it is seen to the best advantage with a telescope of very low magnifying power. Even a common opera glass may suffice. With a telescope of high power only a portion of the corona is visible, and thus the finest part of the effect is lost. A common spy-glass, magnifying ten or twelve times, is better, so far as the splendor of the effect is concerned, than the largest telescope. Such an instrument will show, not only the corona itself, but the so-called "prominences"—fantastic cloud-like forms of rosy color rising here and there, seemingly from the dark body of the moon.

The darkness during the height of an eclipse is not so great as it is sometimes supposed to be. The sun still illuminates the atmosphere outside the region of the shadow, casting into the whole dark interior a "disastrous twilight," as Milton calls it, strong enough to enable the astronomer to read the time by his chronometer without difficulty. It may be likened to the actual twilight about half an hour after sunset.

Under any circumstances the observer will have but a short time to enjoy the scene. In a minute or two, perhaps three, four, or five minutes, according to circumstances, sunlight will be seen coming from the same direction as that from which the shadow advanced. A few seconds more, and it flashes upon the observer. The glory disappears in a moment, and, except for the partially eclipsed sun, nature assumes her usual aspect.

Much has been written about the effect of such an eclipse upon animals. Quite likely these descriptions have been exaggerated. But it has not always been thus in the case of men. Arago tells of a girl in the south of France who was tending cattle in the fields during the eclipse of 1842, which was total over the region in which she lived. Filled with alarm at the black object which had usurped the place of the sun, she ran forward crying. When light returned and the sun reappeared, she dried her tears with the exclamation, "Oh, beautiful sun!"

Of late years a powerful aid has been lent to astronomy by photography. With the sensitive chemicals now used in the photographic art it is possible to photograph celestial objects which are invisible to the eye. Millions of stars are now being charted in the sky, and thousands of faint nebulæ discovered, which the human eye would never have seen, even when aided by the most powerful telescope. Now it is hoped that our astronomers will apply some method of photographing the sky around the sun during the coming eclipse. If there is any object or any group of objects there of which the attraction would produce any effect, we hope that it may be discovered.

The eclipse will in some of these particulars be fortunate and in others unfortunate. It is rare indeed that such a phenomenon occurs in a climate where there is so little cloud as in the region of Georgia and North

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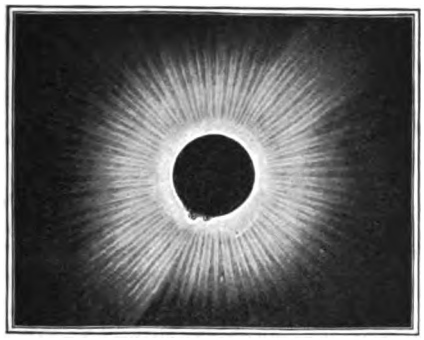
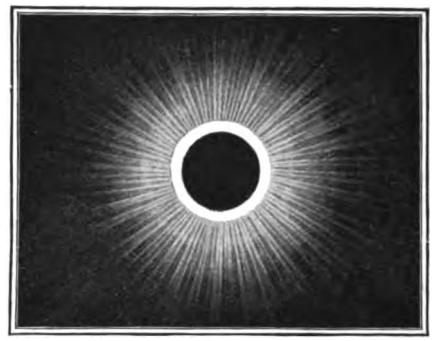


Eclipse of July 8, 1842.



Eclipse of July 28, 1851.

VIEWS OF THE SOLAR CORONA DURING TOTAL ECLIPSES.

Carolina, over which the shadow of the moon will pass. On the other hand, the duration of totality is very short, little more than a minute near New Orleans, and less than a minute and a half in North Carolina. This compares very unfavorably with the six-minute duration of the eclipses of 1868 and 1883. But we may rest assured that our astronomers will make the best use of the brief moments at their disposal; and if anything is to be learned, they will undoubtedly find it out.

Eclipses of the sun are of such general interest to the public, as well as to the astronomer, that the reader will perhaps not be wearied if I say something more about them. A sort of dramatic interest is given to them by the fact, so familiar to all of us, that the sun and moon are almost exactly of the same apparent size. Each of these bodies is at certain times a little nearer to us than at others. When the moon is nearest to us, it seems a little larger than the sun, and when farthest away, a little smaller. It makes all the difference in the world in the character of an eclipse which of these two is the case. In the first case, the moon will entirely hide the sun; in the second it cannot.

To see to the best advantage what will happen, the observer on the earth must choose such a place that the center of the moon will pass exactly over the center of the sun. What he then sees is called a central eclipse. If the moon is a little larger in apparent size, it hides the sun, and the eclipse is total. But if it is smaller, the extreme edge of the sun will be seen all around the dark edge of the moon, forming a ring of sunlight. The eclipse is then annular. Such an eclipse does not offer the same advantage in the study of the sun that a total one does, and is therefore of less scientific interest. But it must be very instructive to any one who has the opportunity to see it. On the average the apparent size of the moon is smaller than that of the sun, so that annular eclipses occur a little oftener than total ones. In 1865 an annular eclipse was visible in the Southern States, and another will pass through the Gulf of Mexico and across Florida on June 28, 1908. During the latter the sun will be almost covered.

It is remarkable that, though the ancients were familiar with the fact of eclipses, and the more enlightened of them perfectly understood their causes, some even the laws of their recurrence, there are very few actual accounts of these phenomena in the writings of the ancient historians. The old Chinese annals now and then record the fact that an eclipse of the sun occurred at a certain time in some province or near some city of the Empire. But no particulars are given. Quite recently the Assyriologists have deciphered from ancient tablets a statement that an eclipse of the sun was seen at Nineveh, B.C. 763, June 15th. Our astronomical tables show that there actually was a total eclipse of the sun on this day, during which the shadow passed 100 miles or so north of Nineveh.

Perhaps the most celebrated of the ancient eclipses, and the one that has given rise to most discussion, is that known as the eclipse of Thales. Its principal historical basis is a statement of Herodotus, that in a battle between the Lydians and the Medes the day was suddenly turned into night. The armies thereupon ceased battle and were more eager to come to terms of peace with each other. It is added that Thales, the Milesian, had predicted to the Ionians this change of day, even the very year in which it should occur.

An eclipse of which we have a very explicit statement in the writings of the ancients is now generally known as the eclipse

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of Agothocles. Agothocles was tyrant of Syracuse, and was long engaged in war with the Carthaginians. In B.C. 310, the latter were blockading his fleet, of which he was in personal command, in the harbor of his own town. He availed himself of a momentary relaxation in the blockade to sail away for the Carthaginian territory. The second day of his voyage, which lasted six days and nights in all, he saw a total eclipse of the sun. This observation would have been of great use to the astronomers of our time in correcting their tables, were they sure of the locality of Agothocles at the time he made it. But it has been an open question whether he sailed directly toward the south or went toward the north, making the circuit of the whole Island of Sicily. The result would be quite different in the two cases. The probability now seems to be that he passed to the north, and this accords with the conclusions from our most recent investigations on the motion of the moon.

In modern times, since it became possible to predict the path of an eclipse along the earth's surface, and the time at which it would begin and end at any given place, the principal interest which astronomers at first took in the phenomenon grew out of the test which it afforded of the tables of the moon's motion. In 1715, the shadow of the moon passed over the western and southeastern parts of England, including London in its range. Halley, who had just been made astronomer royal, planned a more extended and careful series of observations on this eclipse than had ever before been made. Men in various towns near the edge of the shadow noted carefully whether the sun was totally eclipsed or not, and where it was, how long the total phase lasted. In this way it became possible to lay down on a map, from observations, the limits of the moon's shadow without an error of more than two or three miles. The times of beginning and end of the total phase were also carefully noted in London and its immediate neighborhood.

The French astronomers had a different method of observation, which could be equally well applied whether an eclipse was total or not. They did what any of us can do with the aid of a spy-glass: they pointed a telescope at the sun, and then, instead of looking into the telescope, held a screen at some little distance behind it, on which an image of the sun was thrown. By looking at this image the progress of the eclipse could be noted more easily than by looking at the sun itself, because no dark glass was necessary and the observer could sit down and watch the affair at his leisure. The diameter of the sun on the screen was marked off into twelve digits, and the time by the clock at which the sun was eclipsed one, two, or three digits, and so on could be recorded.

It was not until after the beginning of the nineteenth century that men began to avail themselves of total eclipses to make observations of the sun's surroundings, with a view of throwing light upon the question of the physical constitution of our great luminary. The corona and the prominences had been observed since the seventeenth century, and drawings and descriptions of the appearances made; but it does not seem to have occurred to any one that questions respecting the nature or cause of these objects could be answered. Even now the reader may inquire how it is that we can learn anything about the sun by hiding him from our sight, and, if we can, why a chimney would not answer the purpose as well as the moon. The answer is not far to seek. In the daytime the whole air around the sun is so brightly illuminated that it is impossible to see anything in the immediate neighborhood of that body. We may cut off the sunlight from our eyes by a chimney, but we cannot cut off the illumination of the air except by an object far above the air. The size and distance of the moon are such that it cuts off a great deal of light for hundreds of miles around us, and enables us to see the region close around the sun through an almost dark sky.

Even when curiosity as to the corona and prominences began to be aroused, it was long before any answers to questions about them were apparent. Any one could look into a telescope, describe what he saw, and, if a good draughtsman, make a picture of the scene. But what could he learn from such a picture? So much in the dark were even the most advanced astronomers on the subject up to the middle of the nineteenth century, that it was not established whether the corona belonged to the sun or to the moon. If, as might be the case, the latter was surrounded by a very rare atmosphere, even one so rare that we could not see it on ordinary occasions, its bright illumination by the rays of the sun might show as a corona around the moon. In 1851 a total eclipse was visible in Northern Europe, which enabled the question of the whereabouts of the red prominences to be settled. It was found that, as the moon traveled along over the sun, she traveled over the prominences also, advanc-

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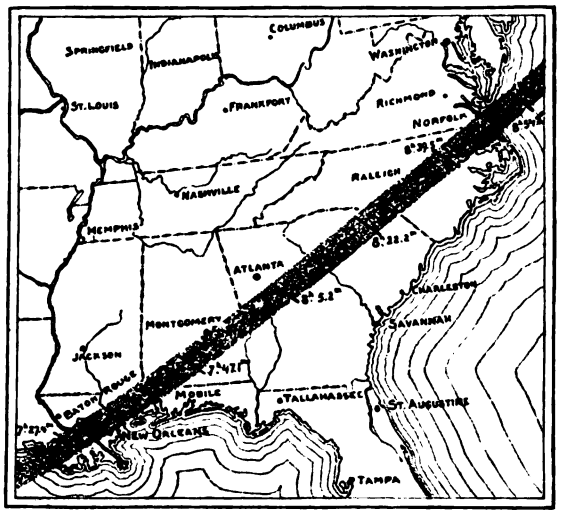
ing on those in front, uncovering those behind. This showed that these objects certainly belonged to the sun and not to the moon. The same would probably be true of the corona, but in this case it was difficult to reach so positive a conclusion.

About 1863–64 the spectroscope began to be applied to researches on the heavenly bodies. Mr. (now Sir William) Huggins, of London, was a pioneer in observing the spectra of the stars and nebulæ. For several years it did not seem that much was to be learned in this way about the sun. The year 1868 at length arrived. On August 18th there was to be a remarkable total eclipse of the sun, visible in India. The shadow was 140 miles broad; the duration of the total phase was more than six minutes. The French sent Mr. Janssen, one of their leading spectroscopists, to observe the eclipse in India and see what he could find out. Wonderful was his report. The red prominences which had perplexed scientists for two centuries were found to be immense masses of glowing hydrogen, rising here and there from various parts of the sun, of a size compared with which our earth was a mere speck. This was not all. After the sunlight reappeared, Janssen began to watch these objects in his spectroscope. He followed them as more and more of the sun came out, and continued to see them after the eclipse was over. They could be observed at any time when the air was sufficiently clear and the sun high in the sky.



MAP SHOWING THE PATH OF THE COMING ECLIPSE (MAY 28, 1900), WITH THE EXACT TIME IN THE MORNING AT WHICH THE ECLIPSE WILL OCCUR AT VARIOUS POINTS DESIGNATED.

By a singular coincidence this same discovery was made independently in London without any eclipse. Mr. J. Norman Lockyer was then rising into prominence as an enthusiastic worker with the spectroscope. It occurred independently to him and to Mr. Huggins that the heat in the neighborhood of the sun was so intense that any matter that existed there would probably take the form of a gas shining by its own light. The spectrum of such a gas is composed of bright lines, which are but little enfeebled to whatever extent the spectrum as a whole may be spread out by the prism through which it passes. But the sun's light reflected from the air is more and more enfeebled the more it is spread out. Consequently, if a spectroscope of sufficient power were directed at the sun just outside its border, the brilliancy of the light reflected from the air might be so diminished that the bright lines from the gases surrounding the sun would be seen. It was anticipated that thus the prominences would be made visible. Both of the investigators we have mentioned endeavored to get a sight of the prominences in this way; but it was not until October 20th, two months after the Indian eclipse, that Mr. Lockyer succeeded in having an instrument of sufficient power completed. Then, at the first opportunity, he found that he could see the prominences without an eclipse!

At that time communication with India was by mail, so that for the news of Mr. Janssen's discovery astronomers had to wait until a ship arrived. By a singular coincidence his report and Mr. Lockyer's communication announcing his own discovery reached the French Academy of Sciences at the same meeting. This eminent body, with pardonable enthusiasm, caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the new method of research, in which the profiles of Lockyer and Janssen appeared together as co-discoverers. Since that time the prominences are regularly mapped out from day to day by spectroscopic observers in various parts of the world.

Up to the present time the question of the corona is an unsettled one. There appears to be some yet unsolved mystery enveloping its origin. Everything about it shows that it cannot be an atmosphere of the sun, as

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was once supposed. Were such the case, it would, unless composed of some substance vastly lighter than hydrogen, be drawn down to the sun's surface by the powerful attraction of that body. It could not rise hundreds of thousands of miles from the sun, as the corona does; and even if it did, its light would be smooth and uniform, whereas the coronal light has a sort of hairy or fibrous structure. This may be seen on most of the good photographs of the corona.

Professor F. H. Bigelow has noticed a remarkable resemblance between these seeming fibers and the curves which iron filings scattered over paper assume when we place a magnet under the paper. He has thus formed a theory of the corona based on some action of the sun akin to magnetism. The coincidence between the results of this theory and the general figure of the corona, especially the direction of the fibers, is, to say the least, very curious. Some sort of polarization in the direction of the sun's axis seems to be clearly indicated. But we have here no explanation as to how the matter forming the corona is kept from falling into the sun by the powerful attraction of gravity, which is there twenty-seven times what it is on the earth. Quite likely this is brought about by some form of electrical or other repulsion, similar to that which is seen to act in the tail of a comet.

Another mystery is the nature of the long streamers, sometimes extending far beyond the outer parts of the corona. Some analogy has been suspected between these and the streamers of the aurora. The view has thus arisen that the corona may be an aurora around the sun. More observations and studies must be made, both upon the aurora and the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, before we can reach any decided conclusion on this question.

The composite nature of the spectrum of the corona shows that the substance which forms it is not all in the same state. Most of the light which it emits gives an unbroken spectrum, seemingly without dark lines. This shows that it emanates partly from hot particles, and not wholly from diffusing gases. It is likely that this matter shines partly by its own light and partly by the reflected light of the sun. But there are also bright lines in the spectrum, one of which has particularly attracted the attention of investigators ever since its discovery in 1868. It seems to be emitted by some gas not known to exist upon the surface of the earth, and to which the name *coronium* has been given. It is interesting to remark in this connection that the solar spectrum shows at least one other substance in the sun which was formerly not known to exist on the earth, and which was therefore called *helium*. But, only a few years ago, this substance was found in clevite, a somewhat rare mineral of Norway. Possibly we may yet discover coronium somewhere on the earth.

We may consider it as certain that the corona, considered as a mass of matter, is a very flimsy affair. When we recall that its extent is to be measured by hundreds of thousands, nay, millions of miles, and that it surrounds a globe of more than a hundred times the diameter of the earth, and therefore having more than ten thousand times the earth's surface, we might think of it as a very massive structure. But we should be deceived. A few quarts of water condensed in the air will make a very respectable-looking fog or cloud. Such a cloud in the immediate neighborhood of the sun would shine with a hundred thousand times the light which any terrestial cloud ever shone with in the brightest rays of the sun. Quite likely, if we should surround the earth with a corona like that of the sun, we should never be able to see it, or to detect its existence in the air or above the air, by any research we could make. But an observer on the moon would see it plainly. It would be the same with the tail of a comet, which is so tenuous that we can see a small star through a million miles of its thickness. Fifty miles' thickness would not suffice to make it visible in the brightest rays of the sun.

Perhaps the most interesting object which the spectroscopists have examined during total eclipses is known as the "reversing layer." This was first discovered by Professor Young, during the eclipse of 1870, which he observed in Spain. He was noticing the changes in the appearance of the spectrum given by the sun's light when the moon was nearly cutting it off. At the very last moment, when no part of the sun was visible except its extreme edge, the dark lines of the spectrum were changed to bright ones. As the last ray disappeared, all the bright lines of the spectrum flashed out. This showed that the substances which compose the sun exist at its immediate surface as a layer of glowing gases, all substances being vaporized by the fervent heat which there prevails. This heat is more intense than anything we can produce by terrestrial means.

The questions that relate to the sun are

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not the only ones that total eclipses enable the astronomer to attack. Such of our readers as have specially interested themselves in celestial science are doubtless aware that the motion of the planet Mercury shows a minute deviation which might be produced by the attraction of a planet, or group of planets, between it and the sun. This deviation was first discovered by Le Verrier, celebrated as having computed the position of Neptune before it had ever been recognized in the telescope. His announcement set people to looking for the supposed planet. About 1860, a Dr. Lescarbault, a country physician of France who possessed a small telescope, thought he had seen this planet passing over the disk of the sun. But it was soon proved that he must have been mistaken. Another more experienced astronomer, who was looking at the sun on the same day, failed to see anything except an ordinary spot, which probably misled the physician-astronomer. Now, for forty years the sun has been carefully scrutinized and photographed from day to day at several stations without anything of the sort being seen.

Still, it is possible that little planets so minute as to escape detection in passing over the sun's disk may revolve in the region in question. If so, their light would be completely obscured by that of the sky, so that they might not ordinarily be visible. But there is still a chance that, during a total eclipse of the sun, when the light is cut off from the sky, they could be seen. Observers have, from time to time, looked for them during total eclipses. In one instance something of the sort was supposed to be found. During the eclipse of 1878, Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor, and Professor Lewis Swift, both able and experienced observers, thought that they had detected some such bodies. But critical examination left no doubt that what Watson saw was a pair of fixed stars which had always been in that place. How it was with the observations of Professor Swift has never been certainly ascertained, because he was not able to lay down the position with such certainty that positive conclusions could be drawn.

The Pickerings, of the Harvard observatory, have devised a special combination of four photographic telescopes, to take the region on each side of the sun during the total phase, and see whether any new objects are found on the negatives.

There is a curious law of recurrence of eclipses, which has been known from ancient times. It is based on the fact that the sun and moon return to nearly the same positions relative to the node and perigee of the moon's orbit after a period of 6,585 days, 8 hours, or 18 years and 12 days. Hence, eclipses of every sort repeat themselves at this interval. For example, the coming eclipse may be regarded as a repetition of those which occurred in the years 1846, 1864, and 1882. But when such an eclipse recurs, it is not visible in the same part of the earth, because of the excess of eight hours in the period. During this eight hours the earth performs one-third of a rotation on its axis, which brings a different part under the sun. Each eclipse is visible in a region about one-third of the way round the world, or 120° of longitude, west of where it occurred before. Only after three periods will the recurrence be near the same region. But in the meantime the moon's line of motion will have changed so that the path of its shadow will pass farther north or south.

A study of the eclipses of the series to which the present one belongs will illustrate the law in question. The first one that we need mention is that of 1846, April 25. The middle point of the shadow-path, that is, the point where the total phase occurred at noon, was then in the West Indies, among the Bahama Islands. This was the first eclipse of the series that was really total, and here it was total only near the middle of the path. The path passed from the Pacific Ocean over northern Mexico, touched the northern end of Cuba, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean to the African coast of the Mediterranean. The central point was in 25° north latitude.

The next recurrence was on May 6, 1864. The shadow swept over the Pacific Ocean, and the middle point of its path was in 32° north latitude. After the lapse of another period, the eclipse returned in 1882, May 17. The shadow swept across the great desert of Sahara, passed through Egypt and the continent of Asia, leaving the earth in the Pacific Ocean south of Japan. The middle point was now in 39° north latitude.

Next we have our present eclipse of May 28th. After passing from New Orleans over the Gulf States along the line shown on our map, the shadow will enter the Atlantic Ocean at Norfolk, cross over to the Spanish Peninsula, and pass along the Mediterranean into Northern Africa. The central point will be in the Atlantic Ocean, in 55° north latitude.

During the three periods of recurrence the changes in the respective positions of the sun and moon have been such as to throw

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the shade some seven degrees farther north at each recurrence, or about twenty degrees in all That is, it will now pass twenty degrees farther north than it passed in 1846.

The next period of 6,585 days will bring us to 1918, June 8. The shadow will then pass from near Japan over the northern part of the Pacific Ocean, strike our Pacific coast near the mouth of the Columbia River, and travel over the United States in a southeasterly direction, through Oregon, Idaho, southwest Wyoming, Colorado, Arkansas, and the Gulf States and Florida. Somewhere in Mississippi or Alabama it will cross the path of the present eclipse. At the point of crossing the inhabitants will have the pleasure of seeing two successive total eclipses of the series. Their fortune, however, will not be so remarkable as that of the inhabitants at a point in the Northwest who saw both of the total eclipses of 1869 and 1878.

The series will continue at the regular intervals we have mentioned until 2044, August 23, when the shadow will barely touch the earth in the region of the North Pole. After that it will skip our planet entirely.

There are two series of eclipses remarkable for the long duration of the total phase. To one of these the eclipse of 1868, already mentioned, belongs. This recurred in 1886, and will recur again in 1904. Unfortunately, at the first recurrence, the shadow was cast almost entirely on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, so that it was not favorable for observation by astronomers. That of 1904, September 9, will be yet more unfortunate for us, because the shadow will pass only over the Pacific Ocean. Possibly, however, it may touch some island where observations may be made. The recurrence of 1922, September 21, will be visible in Northern Australia, where the duration of totality will be about four minutes.

To the other series belongs the eclipse of 1883. This will recur in 1901, on May 18th, when the moon's shadow will sweep from near Madagascar and cross the Indian Ocean, Sumatra, Borneo, and Papua. Unfortunately, this region is very cloudy, and however carefully the preparations for observations may be made, the astronomers will run a great risk of not seeing the eclipse. But hope springs eternal in the human breast; and it is not likely that observers will be deterred from an heroic attempt by any threats of the weather.

At the successive recurrences the duration of totality will be longer and longer through the twentieth century. In 1937, 1955, and 1973 it will exceed seven minutes, so that as far as duration is concerned our successors will have a more remarkable opportunity than their ancestors have enjoyed for many centuries.

The question may arise as to the degree of precision with which the path of an eclipse can be predicted by the astronomer. It is sometimes supposed that he can determine a hundred years in advance, and to the exact second, when such a phenomenon will begin or end. This is a great exaggeration of his powers. One entertaining such an idea may have a very high opinion of the power of modern mathematics, but he has no conception of the difficulties of the problem of the moon's motion. The pull which the sun exerts on the earth and moon by its gravitation second after second, minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day, and year after year must be known, and its effect continually added up by a mathematic method of which man had no conception until the time of Leibnitz and Newton. The changes in the positions of the two bodies caused by the pull of the sun continually changes the action of that pull, because, as one will readily see, the latter depends upon the relative positions, while the positions are continually changed by the pull. This is what makes the problem so complicated.

If we had only the sun to deal with, we might hope to get along. But the planets, especially Venus, come in, and insist on having their little pull also. Before their action was found out, there were some deviations in the motion of the moon which are now attributed to the action of Venus. To compute this action is the most complex problem which the mathematical astronomer has to deal with, and he has not yet succeeded in solving it to his satisfaction. And when he has solved it, he is by no means at the end of his trouble. There are several indications that the rotation of the earth slowly changes from time to time, our planet turning on its axis sometimes a little faster and sometimes a little slower. The change is, indeed, very slow; not more than two or three thousandths of a second in a day. But, if it takes to rotating faster even by this minute amount, it will get ahead of its calculated place by a second in a year and a minute in sixty years; and then the astronomer who fixes his point of observation so that he will be carried to exactly the center of the moon's shadow, according to calculations made sixty years before, may find himself out of the way by several miles.

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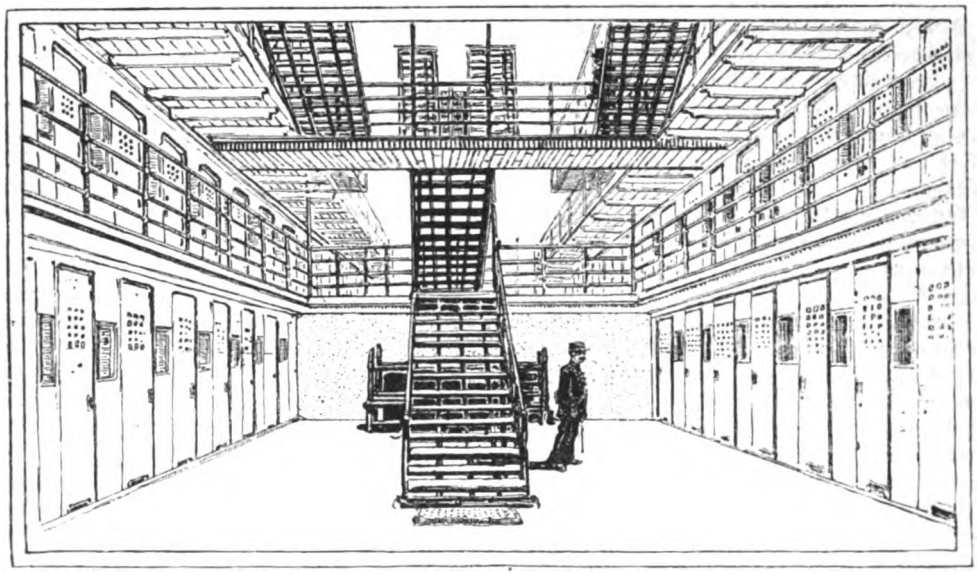
What makes the matter difficult is that these changes in the earth's rotation cannot, so far as we have yet learnt, be exactly observed, or even predicted; they probably arise from changes in the position of ice around the North Pole, changes in ocean currents, and perhaps in the movement of the winds. The reason that they cannot be directly determined is that we cannot make any clock which will keep time year after year without the error of a second. The rotation of the earth on its axis affords the astronomer the only measure of time he can use in his work, and if it goes wrong, he is, for the time being, left at sea. But his motto to-day is always forward; he has not lost one particle of enthusiasm because his science has been progressing for 2,000 years. He will leave no device untried to learn everything that is to be learned about the motions of the earth and heavenly bodies, confident that if he must fail, his successors will carry on his work to perfection. If to-day he cannot tell his successors of the year 2000 when to expect an eclipse within one minute by the clock, he of the year 2000 may do it for his successor of 2100.

MISS CULLENDER'S LAMB.

By Tighe Hopkins,

Author of "The Master-key of Newgate," "As It Fell Out," "A Tale of a Tub," etc.

THE STORY OF A SINGULAR PRISON FRIENDSHIP.



"I'M very sorry to see you back again, Bone," said the wardress.

"Don't you go gittin' your hair off about me, Miss," returned the prisoner imperturbably.

She was getting her own hair off, not in the sense of metaphor, as she spoke. It may be superfluous to observe that the rules do not allow a prisoner to address an officer in this style; but when the officer is a little bit of a thing, and the culprit an impenitent giantess, it is not well to be always thinking of the rules.

"You promised us you were going to live quietly; you know you did."

"Changed me mind."

"And I'm really afraid, Bone, that you have not learned better manners."

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"Come back to get a hextra polish on 'em, p'raps. Oh, it's a rare shop for manners, ain't it, Miss? An' I reckon you've about took enough off of me."

"I shall finish sooner if you will sit still. Well, now that you *are* back, I do hope, Bone, you are not going to be very troublesome."

"Ah! That depends, Miss. I'm goin' to be'ave accordin'. If they comes any of their tricksy-wicksies, if they don't let me wear me cap same as I fancies it, if they gits messin' of the vittles, if they puts me to live next a party what prays at night, if they keeps back my letters to the 'Ome Sekkatary, if they don't jolly well let me have my little smash when I feels like it, if they reports me more than once a week, if they starts me schoolin' agen with a spellin'-book, if——"

"There, Bone, I think that will do. You know quite well the rules about talking."

"An' *hif*," continued the prisoner, with asperity, "I ain't never to be allowed to finish me little say same as any other lady——"

"Bone," said the mild-voiced wardress, "do you remember what you promised Miss Cullender the day you went out?"

"Lor' bless me, Miss, if I hadn't clean bang fergot her! Fergit Miss Cullender? Well, I'm a black bad un, an' no error! Miss, my dear, how is me angel Miss Cullender?"

"I'm sorry to tell you she has gone, Bone. She left us a month ago. Now, do try and behave as you used to do when she was over you!"

But the entreaty was ill-timed. "What!" cried the giantess. "I don't believe it! Where is she? Where's Miss Cullender—me own Miss Cullender?"

"Hush, hush! Be quiet, Bone, do! The matron will be here, and I shall have to report you on your very first night."

"Rip-port me!" with a scream of contempt in crescendo. "*Go* and report me, you low little hussy! A lot I care! Ain't I made 'em report me and report me till they was sick on it? Where's Miss Cullender? Fetch the men in, and run me into the darks.* Put the waiskit on me, and the darbies too. If Miss Cullender's gone, I lay I make a smash of it to-night, an' it'll take more than the—lot of you to stop me. I'll——"

The great swarthy creature was upright now and bellowing, her hair lying in black wisps about her feet. The little wardress, not a bit afraid, was considering her course. She knew that Bone would very likely fall to biting when she had finished barking, but on the female side they are more familiar with parleyings than on the male side, where the "cat" is always under the governor's coat-tails; and the wardress, although very angry now, was still for a *via media*. A door at the end of the long bare room opened, and Madam Bone wheeled about, flaming, for a rencounter with her old enemy the matron. But the matron did not appear.

Instead, there drifted in two wardresses, carrying between them the placid figure of a young prisoner in a swoon. Like Bone, she was evidently a fresh arrival, for her light brown hair was still untouched under the prison cap.* She seemed not above twenty years of age, small and slender, with rather pretty, irregular features; and the brown serge dress under the blue check apron seemed maliciously to mock a virginal soft outline. There were tear stains on the face.

"There's a cruel sight for you!" said Bone. "Started on the pore young thing already, have you? Send her 'ome to her mother."

"Hold your tongue!" said the first wardress. "If you speak another word you'll be reported, as you deserve to be. Why have you brought this girl here?" she inquired.

"She just passed through reception," said one of the two wardresses. "I was bringing her to have her hair cut, and she fainted in the corridor. Miss Bromston helped me to carry her in."

The first wardress—herself such another little countrified slender thing as the fainting prisoner—glided across the room, and stooped over the unfortunate with a sister's face of pity, not noted of the defiant Bone.

"She must not stay here. You must please take her up to the infirmary, and let the doctor see her at once."

The other two wardresses raised their weak burden again, the door closed behind them, and the interruption was at an end.

"Give us quite a turn, Miss, didn't it?" observed Bone, but no answer was accorded. "Ho! Leastways it give *me* a turn," continued Bone; "but I expect I'm kind of soft. We ain't all built the same, an' that's a fact. An' now, Miss, if you've done makin' a show of me, I'll withdraw to me apartment,

* Officers from the male side are occasionally summoned to the female side, to take a violent woman into charge. "The darks" are the old-fashioned punishment cells, the use of which has been entirely discontinued.

* It is as well to state that the horrid practice of cutting off the hair of female prisoners has been quite discarded.

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if you please; and just a slice of buttered toast an' a kipper to me tea."

There was a moaning in the officers' mess-room upon the word of Bone's return. It was two years since she had gone out in a mood of elegant humility, taking with her a prayer-book, the gift of her good genius Miss Cullender. Where was that prayer-book now? Or, what was more to the point, where were the fruits of Miss Cullender's ministrations, which, dating from her first black eye, closed in the hour of grace that saw the gates shut on Bone, with infinite promises of good on her part?

"Oh!" said a wardress, dipping into the jam which made a treat on pay-day, "if only Miss Cullender would come back!"

"Well, that's no use, because she won't," from the other side of the table. "You don't give up being matron to come back and play angel to Bone. Has any one seen the brute?"

"It's enough to have heard her for the present. Miss Aylmer was cropping her hair, and she roared out she'd make a smash of it to-night because Miss Cullender had gone. I vote we keep her in the darks all the time. Do you remember the fashion she set in suicides?"

"Do I remember?" cried a chief wardress at the head of the table. "I had her hall. Tied her stay-lace round her neck, and sat down to wait the next comer. The night after, just as I had come off duty, I was called down again, and there were thirty-five idiots sitting on their beds, their eyes out of their heads, half-throttled in their stay-laces. Ugh! I wish I was out of it."

A young wardress entered the mess-room in a flurry, and took the nearest chair. "There's a beast just come in from reception," said she, "thirty feet high, as big as a town hall, and as black as blacking. She's on her back in the cell, pounding the door with her feet, and yelling for Miss Cullender. Who's Miss Cullender?"

"This was Miss Cullender's lamb, my dear," replied somebody. "Miss Cullender was the only one on the staff who could put a ribbon round her neck, and Miss Cullender's gone."

But in the course of the evening Bone had once more forgotten her Miss Cullender, and was vociferating a new grievance. The tenant of a neighboring cell had voiced a shrill protest against the uproar, and Bone, having recognized the voice, had promptly demanded the ejection of its owner.

"It's that Tib!" she shrieked. "Put her out of it. D'ye 'ear, some on you screws? Put that convick somewheres else. I won't *'ave* the toad next door to me. Where's the screw that should be sneakin' this ward? You're there right enough when you ain't wanted. Shove that Tib in the darks, an' gag her! Ain't I goin' to get no sleep? *I'll* show you!"

A new demonstration followed against the door of Bone's cell, which those soles of brass hammered and battered until the prison seemed in danger of collapse. The whole hall was now aroused, and the defeated, weary wardress went up and down vainly entreating quiet.

The matron was fetched from bed. It was clear that such a breaking-out was imminent as is known only upon the female side. The ringleader must be put away, for the din was spreading, and a hall in revolt on the female side means, sooner or later, a prison in riot. The matron gave the word, and the signal-bell was rung for help.

In less than a minute two warders presented themselves at the light iron gate of the hall, and were passed in. The cells here were furnished with two doors, the outer one an iron grating, the inner solid. As the wardress on duty passed her hand through the grating to draw the bolt of the second door, Bone rose exultant from the floor.

"Said I'd make a smash of it, didn't I? Have the boys come? That's all right. Ain't set eyes on one of 'em this two year. I 'ope they're pretty fresh, 'cos I means business with 'em. Lor', Miss Stewart, ma'am"—to the matron—"to think that there 'orrid Tib should ha' fetched you out of bed! Such rubbish as comes here, I never!"

"Take this woman to the punishment cells, please," said the matron.

Nothing liked Bone better than to get a warder under one arm and use him as a weapon of offense upon his fellow, a scenic feat without its parallel in that theater. But one of the knights in waiting that evening was old Master Makewell—Johnny Makewell—who had an asthma on his chest and a heart passing weak; and Bone knew him very well.

"It's never Johnny?" says she. "Well, Johnny, I always did say, and always shall, that the woman as would lay a hand on you—and who's your pal, my dear? I couldn't never set about one pore chap by hisself; there must be a pair on ye, or it ain't fair. So come along, we'll go a little quiet walk together."

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And yielding herself up, Bone went forth like Miss Cullender's lamb to the darks. Her cell, finely disarrayed, was locked; the matron returned to bed; and the tired wardress gave herself to the task of soothing the raging tenants of the other dens.

This is what it is sometimes like on the female side. Over the way, where the shorn-heads of the other sex abide, it is seldom if ever thus. The rules are alike, or pretty nearly alike, on both sides of the wall; but whereas on the male side rules are framed for most inevitable observance, the same rules on the female side are for somewhat other and looser application, by those who must

Construe the times to their necessities.

On this side, ribs of steel; on that side, bands to draw tight or to relax at need.

Madam Bone, with the strength of two ordinary men and the passions of the jungle, could flout and spit upon authority, and at the last reduce it to a mock, being a mere woman. Little crazy Benjamin Cudd could be scourged red till he spelled authority like his primer, being a lord of creation.

In the ward from which Bone had been escorted there lay that night a murderess whom the commotion had greatly moved. It was her first evening in prison, and she shook and sobbed under her coverlet. Within an hour or two of her arrival she had given Bone what that wicked beauty called a "turn," by being carried inanimate into the hair-dressing department. Her own light brown locks had been taken from her since then, and she thought this was a punishment added to the sentence of the judge because she had killed her baby. She was twenty-two; her name was Meadows; and the lover who had left her to the law had called her Elsie. There is always an Elsie Meadows in some ward of the prisons. Sometimes she is witless, sometimes flinty and phlegmatic, sometimes very pleased and gay at having missed the gallows, and sometimes listening day and night for the bells of childhood.

For a fortnight Belle Bone kept the strictest seclusion of the darks, whereby the staff got a little ease of her. For the darks were a dwelling apart, in a kind of lobby shut off from the prisoners' wards, and though the officer on duty there could and generally did have a dour time of it, echoes of the explosions which burst at intervals or incessantly from the little black caverns had but a narrow range, for the walls were thick and the doors were thickly padded.

Bone's energy and invention in the darks would sure have

. . . got the voice in hell for excellence.

She worked incredibly to entertain herself and harass all her keepers. Fed almost entirely on bread and water, she must have nourished herself from within, for her strength abated nothing from day to day. An hour together she would use her head as a battering ram against the concrete wall, and would spend an hour or two afterward springing from the floor to the grating above and wrenching at the bars. She played football with her tin pint, and maintained a running comment on the game in bolted language. Punctually once a day she hanged herself in her garters or a strip rent from her gown. Fresh bed stuff must be passed in to her every night, for in the morning she made ribbons of it. She rehearsed in her biggest voice memoirs of the matron in which that overwrought and sober-sided woman was credited with above a dozen gallant pasts. In the same style, and that all might hear who would, she arraigned herself before the visiting director, an elderly magistrate, at once the fear and the butt of the female side, who wore a cherished lock of reddish hair on the summit of a thinly covered scalp. Bone played her own part and the director's in tones that would have filled a colosseum, turning the tables on him at the fall of the curtain with this invariable tag: "An' that's what I think of you, old Ally Sloper with a top-knot!"

These vociferous and studied efforts, issuing from the total dark of the penal cell at all hours of the day and often in the dead middle of the night, had an evil effect on the nerves of a listener, and were not calculated to make the artist remembered in her orisons by the scapegoat who chanced to be on duty.

Nearly all of these wardresses were overworked, and many of them had their nerves continually on edge. It was a fifteen or sixteen hours' day three days a week, and a twelve hours' day the rest. The female side holds all the vices that are, and others; and the vehement savage who was always ready to fling a stool, a pint, or a pair of scissors at the convenient head of her officer, had her parallel in the sullen, quiet schemer who would plot for days to bring trouble or disgrace upon the wardress that had been her steady friend. Lying, lewd, cruel, and full of all uncharitableness—of such

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gifts compacted were the animals who kept the darks in tenants and the staff upon the rack.

They have not to use on the male side that variety of effort which is needed to discipline the female side. On the male side the day goes mostly, as it were, by clockwork; no departing from the rules; and very curious it is that the criminal man, who can by no means discipline himself in freedom, becomes in prison a very model of obedience and self-restraint under the harshest code our social system knows. But the fallen, lawless woman, who by all history's showing is closer "in Belial's grip" than the most wicked man, is often worse in prison than ever she is out of it. The silent cell, the ordered workroom, the drear, walled yard where she must trudge with even steps along a measured strip of asphalt—these are settings of the life of prison which teach her, not patience, but revolt; and one day she makes what they call a smash of it, after which it is the mischief and all to cajole or coerce her back to steadiness, for she has learned that she can give worse than she can get.

Hence, on the part of the staff, that ceaseless sounding of the depths of compromise, those efforts to win over, to interest, to humor, to appease, to tame, to make the rules apt to the case; for on the male side they govern masses by a word, and on the female side they seek to lead the individual. They tell me that the little pension—so long to wait for—is rarely able to be earned in full in this dreadful service.

At the end of a fortnight's "solitary," Bone expressed herself ready to join the other ladies. There were times when she announced her intention of going to the darks, to "have it out with herself," and it was usually politic to let her go; and if, when sent there in disgrace, she thought to put a period to her penance by the promise of behavior, it was, in general, the part of wisdom to release her. So, on a Sunday morning, there marched to chapel with about 600 other daughters of the night—thieves, burglars, shop-lifters, murderesses, swindlers, and beautiful harpies who had put off their furs in the reception-room—Belle Bone the Magnificent, Miss Cullender's lamb, with her cap trimmed in defiance of the rules and her gown fixed quite in the style of fashion. She swept to her place, very big and fine, ignoring the frown of the matron, and heeding as little the prisoners' titter of delight. The wardress who sat beside the gigantic woman did not cease to regard her with apprehensive sidelong glance, but Bone's conduct was exemplary.

Right in front of her was the little fragile Meadows, whose face never lost its look of fear, and who was evidently very close on tears during the hymns. Bone, rejoicing in her thews, and in the knowledge that she could do almost as it liked her in the prison, eyed the frightened neophyte with a measured glance. Bone had never been frightened in prison, and had never felt in the least like crying, but she had come as near to being shocked as was possible with her when she had seen this girl carried in fainting on the night of her arrival. As a class, prisoners on the female side are without kindness for one another, but when friendships are made, these storm-tossed creatures are sometimes quite demonic in their jealousies. As they filed out of church Bone whispered to the girl, "Don't think you ain't got no friend, honey. There's one a-watchin' you."

The girl, who seemed to draw her breath in terror, neither looked up nor answered, and probably did not know who had spoken to her; but as Bone went in front she started with new alarm at the back view of that colossal convict.

On Sunday evenings the wards showed a curious sight, when the women sat at the doors of their cells in a dim light and heard prayers read. Bone had observed with a satisfied sniff that the enemy Tib had been removed, and she was now to scheme for the company of the *protégée* who did not know her. But the girl was far away at the other end of the ward, her eyes, as usual, chained downward.

Bone was an adept at scrawling on a bit of paper called a "stiff" an ungrammatical challenge to an enemy or a fierce protest of affection to a friend, and with all the vigilance of the wardresses, it was not difficult to get such messages conveyed from one end of prison to the other; but she was shrewd enough to guess the risk of trying this kind of communication with that little shivering Meadows.

There was yet another plan. Prisoners of approved behavior were allowed sometimes to share a cell during certain working hours; and now and then a woman of gentle ways (many such on the female side) was sent to use them in the cell of some poor distracted or passion-riven sister. Bone was going to be good, that she might have that white-faced little Meadows to live with her. Bone would call her by her Christian name.

But Bone's aspirations toward a nice con-

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duct were so much interfered with. The next day, at exercise, it was the enemy Tib who had prepared a surprise for her. It was December, and the women were muffled up for their hour's sodden tramp, and the wardress was shaking in her bear-skin cloak. Presently Tib, a squat-framed vixen with a mouth like a crater, produced something from beneath her cloak and held it up. It was a rag doll, which a lenient fancy might accept as an effigy of Bone. Down the ranks it went from hand to hand to the tune of a guffaw, until it stayed with Miss Cullender's lamb.

Then was that lamb transformed, oh, terribly! She bounded from her place, gathered the doll-maker in her arms, rushed with her across the yard to where the snow had drifted deep, flung her in there, and then set about her with two efficient hands. The wardress blew her whistle, and others came running; but this was eminently Bone's morning out, and they could not drag her from the prey. Last of all came the men, and it was a pity that the one with a beard had not stayed to shave it, for Bone's grip was fatal to those appendages.

But as the procession fared tussling and tossing through the corridor, who should be encountered shrinking fearfully against the wall but Elsie Meadows. Bone looked full on her, and grew silent; but the girl remained cowering, with her hands over her face. The lamb went lamb-like to the darks. More than that, when the bolts of the door were shot she was just as quiet, and the astonished wardress doing sentry-go at that usually harassed outpost heard not a sound to fret the dragging hours. Night came, and the silence night should own was felt throughout the darks.

It was reported in the wardresses' room, where they thought it more ominous than reassuring. "She's saving it up for a bit later," one of them remarked. "I'm glad I'm not on there to-night."

"She may have gone and hanged herself, you know," observed another, and there was a visible brightening of faces, until the wardress who had come off duty in the darks stated that the prisoner was "all there."

The officer on night duty in the penal ward must knock every hour at every cell in occupation, and if the inmate will not answer, she must put her arm through the outer grating and open the trap in the second door, to make sure that nothing awkward has happened. Sometimes the lamp in the wardress's hand showed a prisoner hanging by the neck; most often the victim in the darks was snug on her plank, and ignored the challenge merely to give the wardress the trouble of opening the trap, when she would be ready with her, "Sold again!"

But Bone this night answered her challenges as sentry to sentry, and it was a thing most unaccountable and quite irregular.

At one in the morning, when the soft "Good-night, Bone," came again, and the prison was uncommonly reposed, the answer passed through the doors, "That you, Miss Aylmer, my dear?"

"Yes, Bone."

"Jest shove the trap up, my dear, and put your hand in. I ain't a-goin' to hurt you." Up went the trap, and through it the hand of the wardress.

"Law!" said Bone, as she took it in her own two, "I could pull you up off your feet, honey"—the trap was high in the door—"an' hold you there till you bloomin' fainted. I done it once with a screw I'd got me knife into."

"I'm not a bit afraid of you, Bone. What do you want?"

"I'm all right, Miss."

"Can't you go to sleep?"

"Ain't botherin' about sleep, my dear. My, what a teeny little soft hand you got! Like Miss Cullender's. Feel mine. You can sleep any whiles in the darks; leastways I can. Ain't never heard of Miss Cullender since, have you, Miss?"

"She's matron of a prison in the north."

"Ah! I'll do me next stretch there."

"Do you think Miss Cullender would like to see you there, Bone?"

"If you don't talk like her! I give that Tib a good come over, didn't I?"

"What has made you so quiet since?"

"Law, if you don't git at me jest like Miss Cullender! Well, I'm good 'cos I'm comin' out."

"But you know you're in for another fortnight, Bone?"

"Yes, an' it might be a bloomin' month; but when I feels like comin' out, my dear, out I comes."

The statement made waste paper of the rules, for Bone had received sentence of another fourteen days in the darks; but Miss Aylmer's experience whispered it to her as the raw, humiliating truth. "Of course you won't come out, Bone," she said; "and now you must please go to sleep. I'm glad you have been so quiet to-day."

"An' when I comes out, Miss, I'm goin' to have that little cotton-faced Meadows in

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me cell with me. I'm goin' to do her a sight of good; an' good-night, Miss, an' bless you."

Now, even as Bone had predicted, and as Miss Aylmer had foreseen, discipline and the rules went by the board again; for the next afternoon as ever was, Bone's mighty inches were uplifted in her proper cell, and over against her sat Elsie Meadows.

Bone was sewing, and the same was, for a sign and signal of grace, most strange. Those unapt, indocile digits got pricked, and Bone execrated, but went on sewing. Every now and then she looked hard and long at her fellow-worker, as though by strength of will she would force some impression on her, which the girl could or would by no means receive. Elsie's face, straw-colored and haggard, showed the old fear, but over it was laid a look of wonderment. "An' now," said Bone, "you ain't a-goin' to tell me agen that you done it?"

"I did," said the girl slowly.

"It's a lie!" responded Bone, jabbed her thumb with the needle, uttered a parenthetic imprecation, and repeated, "It's a lie!"

This crisis had been approached by coaxings, questionings, and threats on the part of Bone, who sat now in full possession of the case, the greater part of which she had already known.

It was a case in which an element of doubt had proved the girl's salvation—so far, at least, as the gallows was concerned. The judge had clearly thought her guilty, but the prosecution was half-hearted, and the jury would not convict on the capital charge. The little broken-hearted murderess had gone out convicted of manslaughter only; but the prison, where every one was kind to her, was doing her to death more cruelly than the hangman would have done.

Bone, who could gauge the effects of prison upon any one, gave her six months of life. The judge, believing she was guilty, had given her "ten years." Bone was in for twelve months. It happened that she had been living in the same tenement with the girl—one of those barracks for everybody, on the Surrey side of the Thames—and this fact she had laid stress upon to Meadows, working up to her ungodly climax.

"Look at me, my gal," she said, and fixed her with an awful glance. "I'm a-goin' to tell you truth, an' you better believe me. It was me that done it!"

As the splendid purport of the lie broke slowly in on Meadows she gasped, and her eyes strained at Bone with an expression terrible to watch: the pitiful hunger-look of a thing in a cage that sees the door held open just a little way. Then a better look, though not constant, and a wail from the weak, striving heart: "Oh, don't tempt me so! Don't do it! I shall die here, and soon; but I deserve it, for I did it."

"You listen to me," began Bone again; and one overhearing her might have sworn she spoke truth, so fixed and cool her voice. "I'm a-goin' to say agen I done it, and I'm a-goin' to stick to it. It's easy. Look here: you was out of the room for a bit before eleven o'clock that night, wasn't you? Yes. All right. There come along another party, drunk maybe; stumbles into your room drunk, mind you; goes flop on the bed in the dark, the drunken rubbish, an' stifles the child. That's how I done it."

"It's false, there isn't a word of it true," moaned the girl; but the wild longing for escape was in her eyes again. "I wasn't away ten minutes, and when I came back he was——"

"He was dead," said Bone, and blacker lie could ring no truer.

The wretched girl was utterly convulsed, and cowered moaning on her stool. The black angel went on, always in the same smooth, compelling tone: "I goes before the guv'nor. I straightens things out along of him. The guv'nor writes to the 'Ome Sekkatary. It's easy. The 'Ome Sekkatary, he gits you a free pard'n. It's easy. You ain't bin in trouble afore; they thinks it's me, natural. Me an' the guv'nor an' the 'Ome Sekkatary fakes it afore you can turn round. The 'Ome Sekkatary says: 'W'at Bone! Belle Bone! W'y, a-course she done it!' an' the guv'nor says, says he: 'We might ha' knowed it all along!'"

"But you didn't, you didn't, you didn't."

"An' you goes out agen, FREE."

"Oh, yes, yes, I will! Let me go! Only let me go!"

The face of Bone blazed triumphant, majestic even. "You're a-goin', my gal," said she.

The door was unlocked, and a wardress entered to take Meadows back to her own cell. "She says I shall go free!" cried the girl. "She says I shall go free!" then flung out her arms, and fell prone on the floor of the cell.

The doctor was just going his rounds, and he came in. His examination ended, he drew the coarse sheet of the bed over the girl's face.

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THE DÉBUT OF BIMBASHI JOYCE.

By A. Conan Doyle,

Author of "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Refugees," "A Duet," etc.

A STORY OF BRITISH ARMY LIFE IN EGYPT.

IT was in the days when the tide of Mahdism, which had swept in such a flood from the great lakes and Darfur to the confines of Egypt, had at last come to its full and even begun, as some hoped, to show signs of a turn. At its outset it had been terrible. It had engulfed Hicks's army, swept over Gordon and Khartum, rolled behind the British forces as they retired down the river, and finally cast up a spray of raiding parties as far north as Assouan. Then it found other channels to east and west, to Central Africa and to Abyssinia, and retired a little on the side of Egypt. For ten years there ensued a lull, during which the frontier garrisons looked out upon those distant blue hills of Dongola. Behind the violet mists which draped them lay a land of blood and horror. From time to time some adventurer went south toward those haze-girt mountains, tempted by stories of gum and ivory, but none ever returned. Once a mutilated Egyptian and once a Greek woman, mad with thirst and fear, made their way to the lines. They were the only exports of that country of darkness. Sometimes the sunset would turn those distant mists into a bank of crimson, and the dark mountains would rise from that sinister reek like islands in a sea of blood. It seemed a grim symbol in the southern heaven when seen from the fort-capped hills by Wady Halfa.

Ten years of lust in Khartum, ten years of silent work in Cairo, and then all was ready, and it was time for civilization to take a trip south once more, traveling, as her wont is, in an armored train. Everything was ready, down to the last pack saddle of the last camel, and yet no one suspected it, for an unconstitutional government has its advantages. A great administrator had argued and managed and cajoled; a great soldier had organized and planned, and made piasters do the work of pounds. And then, one night, these two master spirits met and clasped hands, and the soldier vanished away upon some business of his own. And just at that time Bimbashi Hilary Joyce, seconded from the Royal Mallow Fusiliers, and temporarily attached to the Ninth Soudanese, made his first appearance in Cairo.

Napoleon had said, and Hilary Joyce had noted, that great reputations are only to be made in the East. Here he was in the East, with four tin cases of baggage, a Wilkinson sword, a Bond's slug-throwing pistol, and a copy of Green's "Introduction to the Study of Arabic." With such a start, and the blood of youth running hot in his veins, everything seemed easy. He was a little frightened of the general. He had heard stories of his sternness to young officers, but, with tact and suavity, he hoped for the best. So, leaving his effects at Shepheard's Hotel, he reported himself at headquarters.

It was not the General, but the head of the Intelligence Department, who received him, the chief being still absent upon that business which had called him. Hilary Joyce found himself in the presence of a short, thick-set officer, with a gentle voice and a placid expression which covered a remarkably acute and energetic spirit. With that quiet smile and guileless manner he had undercut and outwitted the most cunning of Orientals. He stood, a cigarette between his fingers, looking at the newcomer.

"I heard that you had come. Sorry the chief isn't here to see you. Gone up to the frontier, you know."

"My regiment is at Wady Halfa. I suppose, sir, that I should report myself there at once."

"No, I was to give you your orders." He led the way to a map upon the wall, and pointed with the end of his cigarette. "You see this place. It's the oasis of Kurkur—a

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little quiet, I am afraid, but excellent air. You are to get out there as quick as possible. You'll find a company of the Ninth and half a squadron of cavalry. You will be in command."

Hilary Joyce looked at the name, printed at the intersection of two black lines, without another dot upon the map for several inches round it.

"A village, sir?"

"No, a well. Not very good water, I'm afraid; but you soon get accustomed to natron. It's an important post, as being the junction of two caravan routes. All routes are closed now, of course; but still you never know who might come along them."

"We are there, I presume, to prevent raiding."

"Well, between you and me, there's really nothing to raid. You are there to intercept messengers. They must call at the wells. Of course, you have only just come out; but you probably understand already enough about the conditions of this country to know that there is a great deal of disaffection about, and that the khalifa is likely to try and keep in touch with his adherents. Then, again, Senoussi lives up that way"—he waved his cigarette to the westward—"the khalifa might send a message to him along that route. Anyhow, your duty is to arrest every one coming along and get some account of him before you let him go. You don't talk Arabic, I suppose?"

"I am learning, sir."

"Well, well; you'll have time enough for study there. And you'll have a native officer, Ali something or other, who speaks English and can interpret for you. Well, good-by; I'll tell the chief that you reported yourself. Get on to your post now as quickly as you can."

Railway to Baliani, the post boat to Assouan, and then two days on a camel in the Libyan desert, with an Ababdeh guide, and three baggage camels to tie one down to their own exasperating pace. However, even two and one-half miles an hour mount up in time, and at last on the third evening, from the blackened slag-heap of a hill which is called the Jebel Kurkur, Hilary Joyce looked down upon a distant clump of palms, and thought that this cool patch of green in the midst of the merciless blacks and yellows was the fairest color effect that he had ever seen. An hour later he had ridden into the little camp, the guard had turned out to salute him, his native subordinate had greeted him in excellent English, and he had fairly entered into his own.

It was not an exhilarating place for a lengthy residence. There was one large, bowl-shaped, grassy depression sloping down to the three pits of brown and brackish water. There was the grove of palm trees also, beautiful to look upon, but exasperating in view of the fact that nature has provided her least shady trees in the very spot where shade is needed most. A single widespread acacia did something to restore the balance. Here Hilary Joyce slumbered in the heat, and in the cool he inspected his square-shouldered, spindle-shanked Soudanese, with their cheery black faces and their funny little pork-pie forage caps. Joyce was a martinet at drill, and the blacks loved being drilled, so the Bimbashi was soon popular among them. But one day was exactly like another. The weather, the view, the employment, the food, everything was the same. At the end of three weeks he felt that he had been there for interminable years. And then at last there came something to break the monotony.

One evening, just as the sun was sinking, Hilary Joyce rode slowly down the old caravan road. It had a fascination for him, this narrow track, winding among the boulders and curving up the mullahs, for he remembered how in the map it had gone on and on, stretching away into the unknown heart of Africa. The countless pads of innumerable camels through many centuries had beaten it smooth, so that, now unused and deserted, it still wound away, the strangest of roads, a foot broad and perhaps 2,000 miles in length. Joyce wondered as he rode how long it was since any traveler had journeyed up it from the south, and then he raised his eyes, and there was a man coming along the path.

For an instant Joyce thought that it might be one of his own men, but a second glance assured him that this could not be so. The stranger was dressed in the flowing robes of an Arab, and not in the close-fitting khaki of a soldier. He was very tall, and a high turban made him seem gigantic. He strode swiftly along with head erect and the bearing of a man who knows no fear.

Who could he be, this formidable giant coming out of the unknown? The precursor possibly of a horde of savage spearmen. And where could he have walked from? The nearest well was a long hundred miles down the track. At any rate, the frontier post of Kurkur could not afford to receive casual visitors. Hilary Joyce whisked round his horse, galloped into camp, and gave the

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alarm. Then with twenty horsemen at his back he rode out again to reconnoiter.

The man was still coming on in spite of these hostile preparations. For an instant he had hesitated when first he saw the cavalry, but escape was out of the question, and he advanced with the air of a man who makes the best of a bad job. He made no resistance and said nothing when the hands of two troopers clutched at his shoulders, but walked quietly between their horses into camp. Shortly afterward the patrols came in again. There were no signs of any dervishes. The man was alone. A splendid trotting camel had been found lying dead a little way down the track. The mystery of the stranger's arrival was explained. But why and whence and whither?—these were questions for which a zealous officer must find an answer.

Hilary Joyce was disappointed that there were no dervishes. It would have been a great start for him in the Egyptian army had he fought a little action on his own account. But even as it was he had a rare chance of impressing the authorities. He would love to show his capacity to the head of the Intelligence, and even more to that grim chief who never forgot what was smart or forgave what was slack. The prisoner's dress and bearing showed that he was of importance. Mean men do not ride pure-bred trotting camels. Joyce sponged his head with cold water, drank a cup of strong coffee, put on an imposing official tarboosh, instead of his sun helmet, and formed himself into a court of inquiry and judgment under the acacia tree.

He would have liked his people to have seen him now, with his two black orderlies in waiting and his Egyptian native officer at his side. He sat behind a camp table, and the prisoner, strongly guarded, was led up to him. The man was a handsome fellow with bold gray eyes and a long black beard.

"Why," cried Joyce, "the rascal is making faces at me!"

A curious contraction had passed over the man's features, but so swiftly that it might have been a nervous twitch. He was now a model of Oriental gravity.

"Ask him who he is and what he wants."

The native officer did so, but the stranger made no reply save that the same sharp spasm passed once more over his face.

"Well, I'm blessed!" cried Hilary Joyce. "Of all the impudent scoundrels! He keeps on winking at me. Who are you, you rascal? Give an account of yourself! D'ye hear?"

But the tall Arab was as impervious to English as to Arabic. The Egyptian tried again and again. The prisoner looked at Joyce with his inscrutable eyes, and occasionally twitched his face at him, but never opened his mouth. The Bimbashi scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Look here, Mahomet Ali, we've got to get some sense out of this fellow. You say there are no papers on him?"

"No, sir; we found no papers."

"No clew of any kind?"

"He has come far, sir. A trotting camel does not die easily. He has come from Dongola at the least."

"Well, we must get him to talk."

"It is possible that he is deaf and dumb."

"Not he. I never saw a man look more all there in my life."

"You might send him across to Assouan."

"And give some one else the credit. No, thank you. This is my bird. But how are we to get him to find his tongue?"

The Egyptian's dark eyes skirted the encampment and rested on the cook's fire.

"Perhaps," said he, "if the Bimbashi thought fit—" He looked at the prisoner and then at the burning wood.

"No, no; it wouldn't do. No, by Jove; that's going too far."

"A very little might do it."

"No, no. It's all very well here, but it would sound just awful if ever it got as far as Fleet Street. But, I say," he whispered, "we might frighten him a bit. There's no harm in that."

"No, sir."

"Tell them to undo the man's galabeeah. Order them to put a horseshoe in the fire and make it red hot."

The prisoner watched the proceedings with an air which had more of amusement than of uneasiness. He never winced as the black sergeant approached with the glowing shoe held upon two bayonets.

"Will you speak now?" asked the Bimbashi savagely.

The prisoner smiled gently, and stroked his beard.

"Oh, chuck the infernal thing away!" cried Joyce, jumping up in a passion. "There's no use trying to bluff the fellow. He knows we won't do it. But I can and I will flog him, and you tell him from me that if he hasn't found his tongue by to-morrow morning, I'll take the skin off his back as sure as my name's Joyce. Have you said all that?"

"Yes, sir."

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"Well, you can sleep upon it, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you!" He adjourned the court, and the prisoner, as imperturbable as ever, was led away by the guard to his supper of rice and water.

Hilary Joyce was a kind-hearted man, and his own sleep was considerably disturbed by the prospect of the punishment which he must inflict next day. He had hopes that the mere sight of the koorbash and the thongs might prevail over his prisoner's obstinacy. And then again he thought how shocking it would be if the man proved to be really dumb after all. The possibility shook him so that he had almost determined by daybreak that he would send the stranger on unhurt to Assouan. And yet what a tame conclusion it would be to the incident! He lay upon his angareeb still debating it when the question suddenly and effectively settled itself. Ali Mahomet rushed into his tent.

"Sir," he cried, "the prisoner is gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, sir, and your own best riding camel as well. There is a slit in the tent, and he got away unseen in the early morning."

The Bimbashi acted with all energy. Cavalry rode along every track. Scouts examined the soft sand of the Wadys for signs of the fugitive. But no trace was discovered. The man had utterly disappeared. With a heavy heart Hilary Joyce wrote an official report of the matter and forwarded it to Assouan. Five days later there came a curt order from the chief that he should report himself there. He feared the worst from the stern soldier who spared others as little as he spared himself.

And his worst forebodings were realized. Travel-stained and weary, he reported himself one night at the General's quarters. Behind a table piled with papers and strewn with maps, the famous soldier and his chief of intelligence were deep in plans and figures. Their greeting was a cold one.

"I understand, Captain Joyce," said the General, "that you have allowed a very important prisoner to slip through your fingers."

"I am very sorry, sir."

"No doubt. But that will not mend matters. Did you ascertain anything about him before you lost him?"

"No, sir."

"How was that?"

"I could get nothing out of him, sir."

"Did you try?"

"Yes, sir; I did what I could."

"What did you do?"

"Well, sir, I threatened to use physical force."

"What did he say?"

"He never said anything."

"What was he like?"

"A tall man, sir. Rather a desperate character, I should think."

"Any way by which we could identify him?"

"A long black beard, sir, gray eyes, and a nervous way of twitching his face."

"Well, Captain Joyce," said the General in his stern, inflexible voice, "I cannot congratulate you upon your first exploit in the Egyptian army. You are aware that every English officer in this force is a picked man. I have the whole British army from which to draw. It is necessary, therefore, that I should insist upon the very highest efficiency. It would be unfair upon the others to pass over any obvious want of zeal or intelligence. You are seconded from the Royal Mallows, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have no doubt that your colonel will be glad to see you fulfilling your regimental duties again."

Hilary Joyce's heart was too heavy for words. He was silent.

"I will let you know my final decision tomorrow morning."

Joyce saluted, and turned upon his heel.

"You can sleep upon that, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you."

Joyce turned in bewilderment. Where had those words been used before? Who was it who had used them?

The General was standing erect. Both he and the chief of intelligence were laughing. Joyce stared at the tall figure, the erect bearing, the inscrutable gray eyes.

"No, no!" he gasped.

"Well, well, Captain Joyce, we are quits," said the General, holding out his hands. "You gave me a bad ten minutes with that infernal red-hot horseshoe of yours. I've done as much for you. I don't think we can spare you for the Royal Mallows just yet awhile."

"But, sir—but——"

"The fewer questions the better perhaps. But, of course, it must seem rather amazing. I had a little private business with the Kabbabish. It must be done in person. I did it, and came to your post in my return. I kept on winking at you as a sign that I wanted a word with you alone."

"Yes, yes, I begin to understand."

"I couldn't give it away before all those

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blacks, or where should I have been the next time I used my false beard and Arab dress? You put me in a very awkward position. But at last I had a word alone with your Egyptian officer, who managed my escape all right."

"He! Mahomet Ali!"

"I ordered him to say nothing. I had a score to settle with you. But we dine at eight, Captain Joyce. We live plainly here, but I think I can do you a little better than you did me at Kurkur."

THE BIGGEST STEAMSHIP AFLOAT.

By Earl Mayo.

A GOODLY CITY, WITH ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, THAT FLOATS BETWEEN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

TEN thousand tons of steel beams and braces and plates, forming a framework one-seventh of a mile in length, and carrying a mass of ponderous machinery of almost equal weight—that is the biggest of ocean steamships in rough analysis. It is easy to forget that she is a ship. When she is lying at a pier her vast form towers up like a great building; and her construction is more akin to that of a modern "sky-scraper" than to that of any of the craft of earlier days. A skeleton of steel girders, rising tier above tier to the height of five stories, is the frame of the "Oceanic's" great body; and over this is a skin of steel plates. These plates vary from an inch to an inch and three-eighths in thickness; they weigh above two tons apiece; they were fastened together by the largest riveting machine ever built; and they make the "Oceanic" the strongest as well as the largest ship of her kind.

She is an ocean city—nothing less—a modern, driving, twentieth century city, teeming with all the occupations that man has devised for himself; an epitome of the two continents that she helps to unite. Her ordinary population is upward of 2,000 persons. Set up on land her steel timbers would provide the framework of dwellings for all of them. Her plates would surround the town with a solid wall five feet high and eight miles in length. Her bunkers would supply all the coal required by the community for two years. Her stores would stock all its shops. Her electric plant would light all its streets. Her engines would drive machinery sufficient to employ all the inhabitants. What she could do on land she does in more wonderful ways at sea, for there this city must be not only self-contained and self-supporting, but must, in addition, propel itself across 500 miles of ocean waste every day, in storm or calm. To do this—to rise superior to all stress of wind or weather or ordinary misfortune—requires not only vast power, but a vast reserve power.

In length the "Oceanic" surpasses any other vessel by more than fifty feet. A mere look at her, especially a walk along her decks, reveals in some measure her immensity. But to get a really adequate impression of her greatness you must descend to that region, unknown of passengers, which lies below decks, and see the ship's heart and lungs and muscles stirring her great body to life and action—watch the nice interplay of forces beside which human strength is too insignificant for comparison.

To move a body so vast—with cargo aboard the total weight is upwards of 25,000 tons—and to keep steel muscles as thick as a man's body up to their work, requires a deal of nutriment. One mouth is not enough to admit the 500 tons of coal which are the "Oceanic's" daily consumption. She has ninety-six. And into these ninety-six mouths, or furnaces, a solid ton of the Welsh or Pennsylvania hills disappears every three minutes. A ton and a half an hour must be burned beneath each of the large boilers to keep it up to its full energy—an energy that will suffice to turn seventeen tons of water into steam every hour. There are fifteen boilers. The larger ones develop 2,000 horse-power each, and are of such huge dimensions that three men standing one on top of another could scarcely span the diameter of any one.

Of like proportions are the giant's nostrils—the funnels through which are breathed out the smoke and gas that cannot be consumed.

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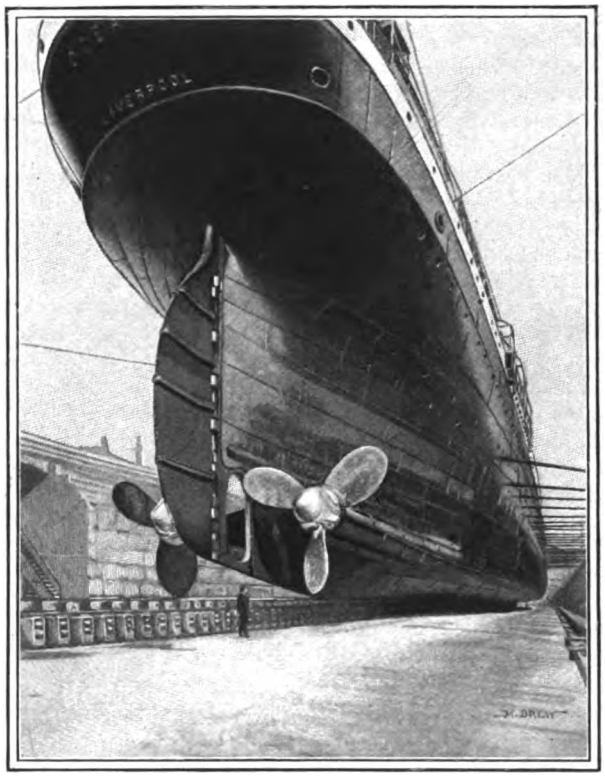
They rise straight away from the fire-bars a distance of 128 feet; and if they were laid on the ground, a double line of trolley cars could be run through each, with room to spare. Then the two great engines (the ship's heart) beat with a steam pressure of 192 pounds to the square inch—seven and a half tons bearing upon the space covered by a man's hand. Gleaming pistons of solid steel, a foot and a half thick, convey this power to giant crank-shafts more than two feet in diameter. As a pure display of power there is nothing in any other mechanism to compare with the operation of these engines. One does not comment upon it; he holds his tongue and looks. The motion is not rapid. The stroke is six feet, and the revolutions of the crank-shaft are seventy to the minute. It is the deliberation of a giant who knows full well that nothing can stand against him. The impressiveness of the movement is heightened by the fact that we do not see it in its final application to the propulsion of the ship. We see it travel from the engines down the driving-bars. We see it take hold of the giant shafts and set them in motion. Then the shafts, thicker than a man's body, hollow, of the finest steel, disappear toward the stern of the ship. We know that they terminate in the propellers, that each revolution drives our 25,000 tons' weight over a distance of about thirty feet. But we know this because the chief engineer tells us so. All that we see are the great tubes of steel stretching away interminably, revolving ceaselessly.



A STERN VIEW OF THE BIGGEST STEAMSHIP AFLOAT.

The rudder of the biggest steamship weighs fifty-three tons. The two propellers weigh thirty tons each. They each have three blades of manganese bronze, and each blade cost $6,000.

At the engineer's suggestion, we follow along one of the shafts. Every few feet it is clamped down by great steel collars, stronger than itself, so that it shall not tear the ship apart. The walls of the passageway grow more and more narrow. We have come so far that the sound of the working engines is subdued and distant. At length we reach a bulkhead beyond which we cannot go. We have come 190 feet from the engines; thirty-five feet farther on, the shaft terminates in the propeller.

"How much does it weigh?" I ask, naturally enough.

"You can figure it out for yourself," says the engineer. "For convenience in forging and handling, the shaft is made in nine sections. Each section weighs twenty-four tons."

More than three-quarters of a million pounds of steel simply to convey the energy from engines to screws! It seems a lavish use of power.

"If one of these shafts should break, the ship would be disabled, wouldn't she?" I ask. The suggestion that such shafts as these could break seems almost preposterous; but still we have all read of such accidents.

"Hardly," says the engineer in his matter-of-fact way. "Look there!"

I look down beside the section of revolving shaft at my feet, and see a mighty buckle of steel bent to fit it, and ready with bolt-holes and bolts to be fitted on in an instant.

"Unless the break was very bad," the engineer adds, "that piece would be clamped into position, and we should be all right again

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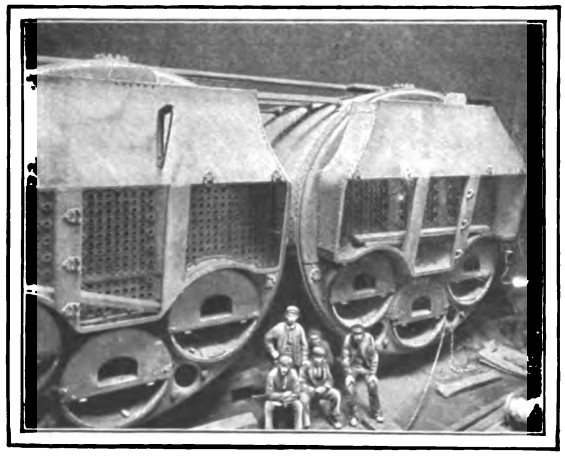
in the course of an hour or so. There is one of these beside each section of the shaft."

It is the same way in every part of the ship. Ingenuity has done its utmost to prevent a break-down; but if a break-down should occur, the means of repairing it are ready at hand.

It is impossible to get a fair view of the two propellers of the mammoth ship. If you look at them when the ship is in dry-dock and they are fully exposed, they seem ridiculously small for the work they do. Small, in fact, they are not, except in comparison with the bulk of the ship. They weigh thirty tons each, and are as tough as anything can be. Every ounce of metal that went into them was carefully tested. Even steel was not trusted here. It is possible for steel to break, and the propellers had to be unbreakable. Therefore, they were made of manganese bronze—manganese bronze, too, at $600 the ton, which is a matter of $6,000 for each of the six blades (three to each propeller), or $36,000 in all.

The "Oceanic" has no wheel. Her rudder weighs fifty-three tons; all the seamen on board could not control it by mere strength of hands. The ship, however, answers to the navigator's will as perfectly and as quickly as a thoroughbred horse responds to the jockey's rein. The work is all done by a pair of engines provided for this especial purpose and placed in the stern of the ship. Attached to the rudder and facing forward is a quadrant, the arc of which is notched into heavy cogs. These cogs fit the gear of the steering-engines, and to change the course of the ship becomes simply a matter of moving a lever that controls the engines. Only one of these engines is in use at any one time. The second one is for emergencies. Should the one in use break down the other stands always ready to take its place; a single movement of a lever will throw it into gear, and it would take up the work in an instant. Should both steering-engines break down, the quadrant could be connected with a capstan engine that is placed near by in order to be so used at need; and should the rudder itself give way, the ship could be controlled by a system of drags.



TWO OF THE BOILERS.

There are fifteen boilers in all, and the larger ones each consume a ton and a half of coal an hour.

In addition to the two great engines that supply the propelling power, the "Oceanic" carries a hundred other engines, all of them smaller than the two mentioned, but many of them still far from small. Each of them has its individual function, and operates independently. There are warping engines fore and aft, and capstan engines and cargo hoists and steam-winches. In the stern there is the double set of engines described which operate the rudder, and there is another set forward to handle the giant anchors. When the "Oceanic's" mud-hooks "take the ground" the "thunder of the hawse-pipes" is the reverberation of chains each link of which weighs 200 pounds. Then there is an electric plant larger than many an enterprising town can boast. It lights the ship, operates fans, hoists ashes and provisions from below, heats the staterooms on the upper deck, boils water, revolves the brushes in the ship's barber shop, and turns the spit on which joints are roasted in the kitchen. There are ten feed-pumps, and five circulating-pumps, and four ballast-pumps, and three fresh-water pumps, and four brine-pumps, and two auxiliary pumps, and two evaporating-pumps, and one filtering-pump, and six sundry pumps, according to the engineer's own statement. There are twenty steam fans to keep the air in circulation throughout the ship. There are two refrigerating plants: one to supply the cold-storage rooms, and one to make ice for the passengers' use.

It is small wonder that fifty gallons of oil a day are required to keep all this machinery running smoothly. It does run smoothly. Just as the symmetry of the great vessel's lines dulls our perception of her true size when we view her lying in mid-channel, so the perfect ad-

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justment of her mighty organs retards our realization of the immense power that they exert. The different parts labor together without jar or disturbance. The little noise

trolling some distant piece of machinery. By moving a lever, communication is had with the engine far abaft which controls the steering-gear. It is thus possible to swing the

THE "OCEANIC" AT THE MOMENT OF LAUNCHING.

The picture shows the spray thrown up by the ship's first contact with the water. Notwithstanding her enormous weight and bulk, she was stopped within thirty seconds after leaving the ways. From a photograph by Lafayette.

that attends their operation is harmonized to a single low monotone.

Up a narrow stairway leading from the promenade deck and bearing the prominent warning, "Passengers not allowed," forty feet above the water-line, is the captain's room. And on the platform just outside, all the complex and intricate mechanism of the vessel is brought together under the captain's eye and under the possible direction of his hand. Here is a row of instruments—automatic devices—each one con-

ship as easily as one might guide a canoe by paddle. Here is a dial on which you read, "Full speed ahead;" "Half;" "Slow;" "Full speed astern." It connects with the engine-room. Move the indicator to any one of these designations, and the ship answers with a corresponding movement as readily as the hand follows the impulse of the will. The control is perfect. In three seconds, by directions of voice and hand, the officer stationed here can reverse the engines, divide the ship into eighteen separate

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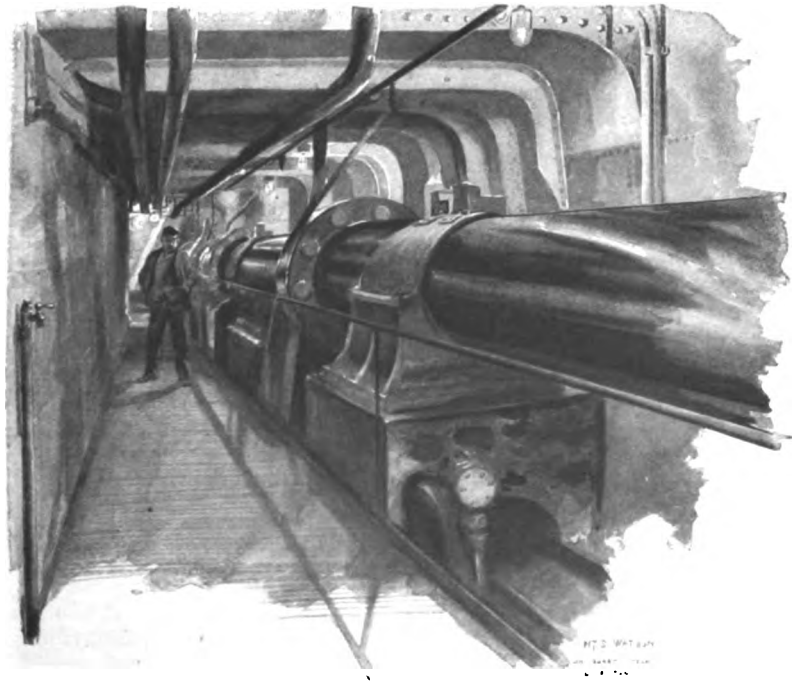
and water-tight compartments, and summon the men to their emergency posts, whether these be at the fire-hose, beside the life-boats, or in charge of the auxiliary machinery.

How soon can the ship be brought to a standstill if danger looms ahead? That is a question that readily occurs to one as he looks out from the bridge when a thick Atlantic fog bank shuts down all about. The captain shakes his head when the query is put to him. "That is a question we have never had occasion to answer," he says. "It would depend upon speed and weather conditions. The screws could be set to revolving the other way almost instantly, but it would take a few minutes for them to overcome the forward impetus. She would halt perhaps in two lengths and a half." Two lengths and a half of the "Oceanic" means a third of a mile. That is none too small a margin.

There is no more beautiful illustration of modern seamanship and the perfect adjustment to conditions which dominates all the operations of a modern steamship than you have in observing the warping of the "Oceanic" into her dock at either end of her trans-Atlantic journey. Obviously, the landing of a vessel 700 feet long is not a mere matter of steaming up alongside the pier. Many more accidents occur in bringing a steamship to her dock than in sailing her on the high seas; and with the "Oceanic" the task is especially delicate. She is longer than the pier itself; there is, perhaps, no more than two feet between her hull and the bottom of the channel in the spot where she is to lie, and less than that on either side; and exact allowance must be made for the run of the tide. Hence the distance which each revolution of the propellers will carry her must be very nicely calculated. And yet it is all done as easily and quietly as a girl sets down her biggest doll in a row with its smaller mates. The captain stands silently on the bridge, whence he can survey every yard of the space in which the ship is to be manœuvered. Near by, at the top of a signal tube, a junior officer is stationed. At the other end of the tube, alert for every signal, is stationed the chief engineer. At exactly the point where the ship's accumulated en-



A SECTION OF ONE OF THE TWO PROPELLER SHAFTS.

We see the heavy collars and immense rivetings which hold the different parts of the shaft in place. The shaft is 225 feet in length and more than two feet in diameter, and is composed of nine sections each weighing twenty-four tons.

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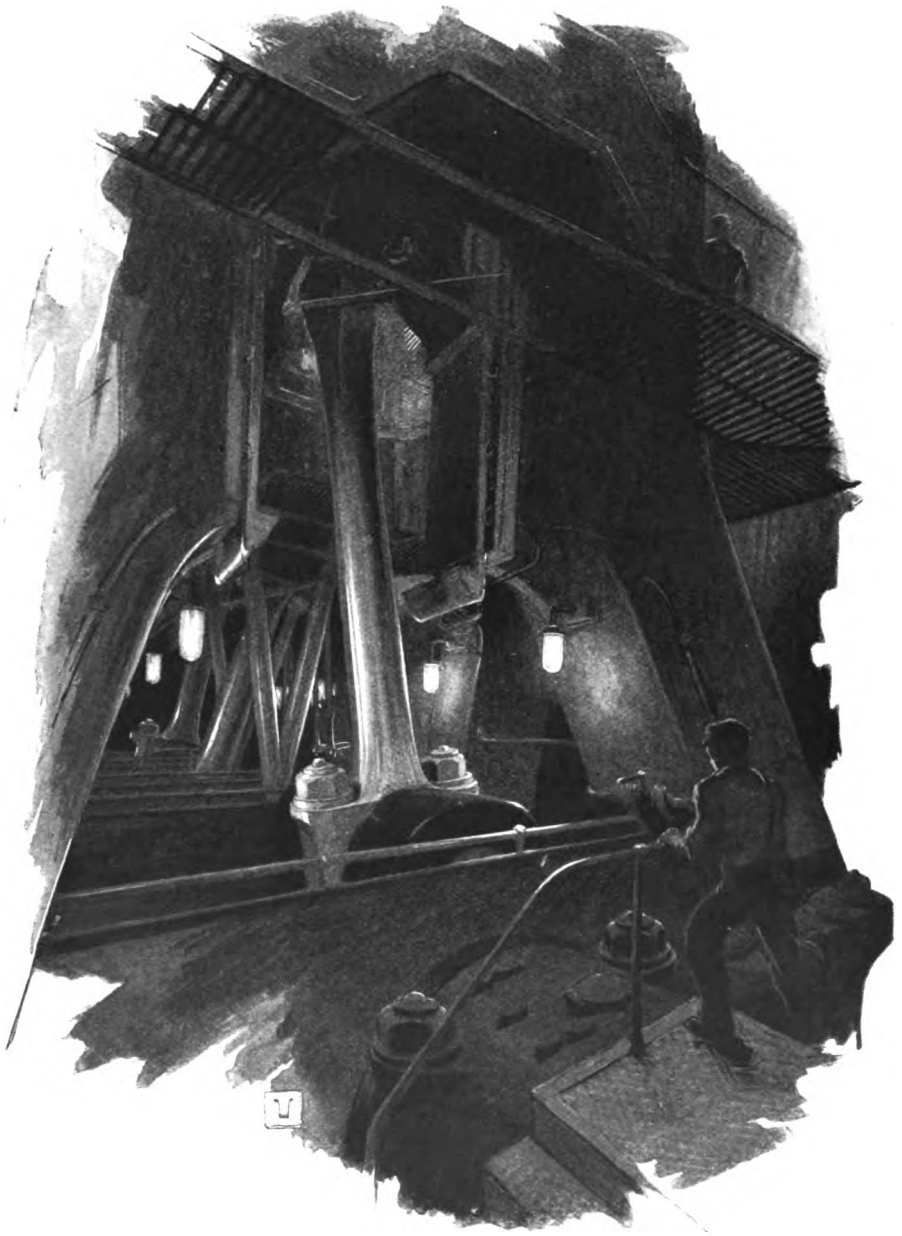

IN THE ENGINE-ROOM.

The enormous driving-bar, which is well shown here, revolves one of the shafts. Normally the shafts each make seventy-four revolutions a minute, and each revolution of the two shafts drives the 25,000 tons' weight of the ship about thirty feet.

ergy, the set of the tide, and the other factors in the ship's movements will serve to set her opposite her crib, the captain gives an order. At once the great engines hold their breath, and the giant ship slows down like a runner at the end of a race. Two snub-nosed tugs run alongside, one on the forward port quarter, one astern on the starboard side. Quietly, almost invisibly, they turn the mammoth hulk, against which they themselves look to be little more than futile toys; turn her until she faces her berth.

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And then, perhaps, the engines throb again, a few quick inhalations; and softly, as a tired child slips between the covers at night, the ship glides to her moorings.

Improved to the last degree as is the "Oceanic's" machinery, it still will not operate itself. To attend to all the various activities that go on aboard, and to attend to the wants of 1,500 or more passengers, requires a crew of nearly half a thousand men. Of this number not more than sixty are classed as sailors, and their work includes little that we have been taught to associate with Jack Tar. There is still the duty of standing watch; there is still the boat-drill and the fire-drill and the Sunday review. Aside from these few cherished survivals, the sailor on board the biggest steamship spends his time chiefly in scrubbing decks, in handling cargo, and in working the auxiliary machinery. His lot is not without honor, but his old glory has departed. As the men behind the big guns are the important factor in the modern naval battle, so the important factor in the navigation of the great ship is the men behind the engines.

On the "Oceanic" the engineer's department includes close upon 200 men. Of these, the larger body are the firemen, consisting of what are called stokers and trimmers. The work of a trimmer is to bring coal from the bunkers and deposit it at the furnace door. On shipboard the space allotted to coal is that which is not available for other purposes. As a consequence, the coal may be at a considerable distance from the furnaces. To move the 500 tons consumed each day by the "Oceanic" requires the constant labor of twenty-five men working, as do the whole engine-room force, in eight-hour shifts. Then, to serve the coal to the ninety-six furnaces occupies thirty men, two to each boiler. Each man handles twelve tons of coal during the time he is on duty. This, with the work of making the fires and keeping them at top heat, constitutes the most arduous labor that man performs anywhere on or within the earth or on or under the waters that cover it. A third class of engine-room workers is the greasers, thirty-five in number. Their work is described in their name. They go about their tasks shining with oil and armed with big handfuls of cotton waste.

Numerically, the largest of the three departments into which the operation of the biggest steamship is divided is the one employed in looking after the wants of passengers. It is presided over by the purser, who, with the chief steward, is directly at the head of 200 men. This number includes nearly a hundred dining-room stewards, half a hundred bedroom stewards, nine stewardesses to look after the wants of women passengers, cooks, scullions, and galley employees of all sorts, store-keepers, linen-keepers, and half a dozen bootblacks.

The list of stores required for a single voyage reads like the requisition sheet for an army. Here are a few of the items, copied from the order-book of the chief steward: 31,000 pounds of fresh meat (beef, mutton, and lamb), 2,000 head of chickens and ducks, 1,000 head of game (varied according to season), 25 tons of potatoes—tons, mind you!—150 barrels of flour, 6,000 pounds of ham and bacon, 10,000 eggs, 6,400 pounds of sugar.

These seem immense quantities; but they are, in most of the items named, the supplies for a single voyage, and this at a season of the year when travel is not at its height. With such things as fresh meat, poultry, game, eggs, and potatoes it is not practicable to stock for more than one voyage; but of salt meats, flour, and such supplies an overplus is carried, to guard against want in case the ship should be delayed. In the ordinary way, it is as certain as human ingenuity can make it that the "Oceanic's" voyage will end on the sixth day after it began; but on any voyage she could remain at sea for twenty-five days before an actual famine would begin.

In the old days it was customary to carry along a number of cows to supply the passengers with fresh milk. To supply the "Oceanic" with dairy products in this way, at least with any such abundance as now prevails, would be to turn her into a cattle-ship. Her cold storage compartments contain, at the beginning of each voyage, 3,000 quarts of milk and cream, 5,000 pounds of butter, and 3,000 pounds of ice-cream.

No less than twenty meals are served each day on the "Oceanic." There are three full meals—breakfast, luncheon, and dinner—for the first cabin, for the second cabin, for the steerage, for the officers, and for the crew. In addition to these, the first and second cabin folk have bouillon in the morning, tea in the afternoon, and supper at night, if they care to impose so great a strain upon their stomachs. The first step in the preparation of a day's bill of fare is taken in the afternoon, when the chief steward retires to his cabin and makes out the menu for the following day for each of his numerous families. These are handed to the

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ship's printer, who prints the menu cards on a little hand-press. Then each of the chief cooks receives a copy, and makes out a list of the supplies that he will require for his own department. This list is submitted to the chief steward, and after he has approved it, it is valid as an order upon the storekeepers for the indicated amounts of the articles named in it.

Each chief cook has a little workshop to himself and a corps of assistants. The galleys in which their concoctions are prepared for the table are fitted out as completely as any kitchens in the world. In the main galley, the range upon which a large part of the cooking is done weighs seventeen tons, and it is only one of many pieces of kitchen furniture. There is a special oven for baking bread, kept always at a certain temperature. There is a special compartment in which joints are roasted, and where the spits are kept constantly and evenly revolving by a special electric motor. There is a separate compartment for cooking vegetables; and there is a device for boiling eggs by which the eggs, after remaining in the water just the desired length of time, are brought automatically to the surface. The soup is prepared in three great caldrons, each of a capacity of thirty gallons. On all of the

TAKING ON A SUPPLY OF FOOD FOR A TRANS-ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

Gangs of men work day and night to get on board the hundreds of tons of supplies required for a voyage.

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cooking appliances are sure devices for regulating the heat and keeping it constant, so that it is next to impossible, except through sheer inattention, to either over-cook or under-cook.

To serve so many meals a day to so many people naturally requires an immense number of dishes. There are 2,500 of each of the several varieties of plates, cups, and saucers most in use on the "Oceanic"; and of silver knives, forks, and spoons there are 1,500 each. In the course of a voyage about 3,000 pieces of china are broken. The washing of so many dishes is, of itself, a considerable business. For the most part it is done by machinery. Large baskets full of the heavier dishes are lowered into tanks of boiling water, which cleanses them thoroughly. But they are all wiped by hand; and the silver and the more fragile china are washed by hand, a task that keeps fifteen men busy through the entire day.

The "Oceanic's" laundry-bag accumulates 50,000 pieces in the course of a voyage. The laundry work is not done on board; on the ship's arrival at Liverpool, the pieces are sent to the company's general laundry there —a large establishment in which a force of eighty-five washerwomen and seamstresses are kept busy in washing and keeping in repair the linen of all the ships in the company's fleet.

The whole work of the steamship and her crew is ordered by a system of discipline military in its exactitude. The record of each man is kept from the time he enters the company's employ, and all promotion is on the basis of service. The heads of the various departments win their places only by service in the ranks. Under this system an *esprit de corps* prevails which is seldom found among the employees of purely commercial concerns. To promote discipline, as well as to increase efficiency, there is a daily drill; and twice each day the ship and the ship's crew undergo a thorough inspection. The morning inspection is the more elaborate, and is conducted by the commander, the purser, the surgeon, and the chief steward. Promptly at half-past ten the ship's bugler sounds the "Three G's." At the signal every man of the crew, except the members of the engine-room force, who are never taken away from their particular work, moves to an appointed post. The water-tight doors throughout the ship are closed within twenty seconds, and the men stand by silent and at attention. As the officers approach each post, the men salute, throw open the doors, and stand by until the inspection of that division is completed. They then resume their ordinary duties. The inspection is no mere formality or ceremony. The officers look into every passage-way, room, and compartment. First cabin, second cabin, steerage, forecastle, galley, store-rooms—every portion of the ship from promenade deck to the hold itself is carefully examined, and it goes hard with any man whose quarters are not in perfect order, or who has left so much as a soiled napkin lying out of place. It is a further indication of the immensity of the "Oceanic" that two hours of rapid walking are required to complete the inspection. At half-past nine in the evening the purser and the chief steward make the same rounds again. This thorough oversight and constant supervision secures scrupulous cleanliness and order throughout the great ship, of which the best evidence is, perhaps, the fact that the passenger seldom gives the matter a thought.

It will be imagined that the operation of a vessel such as this, and the maintenance of such an army of employees, is a matter of no little cost. The men themselves are not highly paid. The stokers, who do the hardest work, receive $25 a month. Trimmers and greasers get $22.50, and the sailors are paid about the same. The stewards, who have valuable perquisites in the form of tips from passengers, receive from $15 to $20. The officers are paid by the month, and receive salaries a little larger than those of naval men of equal rank. In comparing these wages with those of land labor, it is to be borne in mind that the men also have their board and lodging. Even at such seemingly modest rates, the salary bill of the "Oceanic" is not less than $10,000 a month—that is, for each round trip. Her daily coal bill is about $1,600 a day at sea. For food and other items of outfitting there is paid out three-quarters of a million dollars every year. The cost of overhauling the ship in preparation for each voyage is not less than $1,000. Each round trip represents a complete business transaction. By the English law, the members of a ship's crew must be paid off within twenty-four hours of the vessel's return to her home port, and must sign new articles for each voyage. Similarly, all accounts of passenger and freight receipts, and expenditures for wages, supplies, and repairs, are balanced at the end of every completed voyage.

The maximum earning capacity of the biggest steamship is about $90,000 a month.

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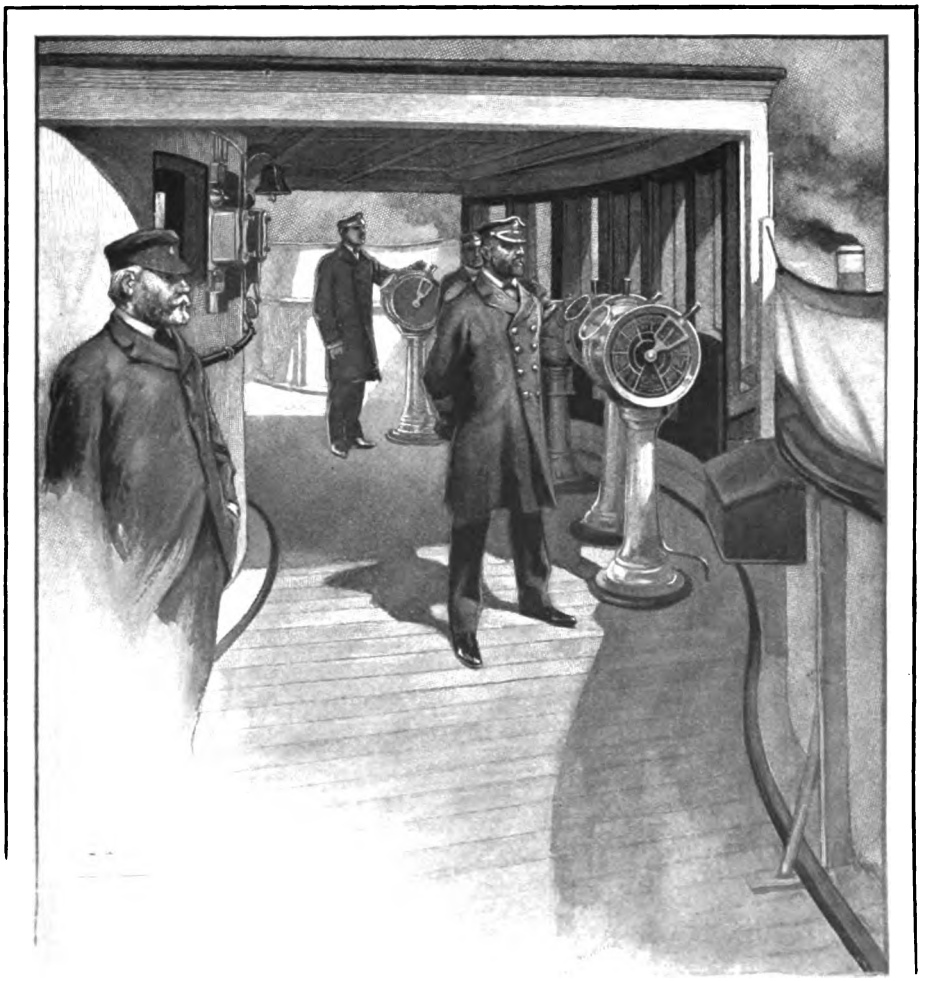
But the period of high tide in ocean travel —and it is only during this period that she can earn so much—lasts rather less than one-third of the year. Considering this fact, and taking into account the cost of operation, repairs, and insurance, and the deterioration in value of the ship itself, it will be seen that the income from the greatest of ocean vessels is no more than an ordinary return on the investment of $4,500,000 which she represents.

"All this wealth of skill and money," says the penny-wise observer, "lavished in order that a few persons may be carried across 3,000 miles of ocean in the greatest possible comfort and luxury!" But there is a larger view. The "Oceanic" carries man's subjection of the ocean to his daily business and use one degree farther; he has it now just so much the more under his sure control. And in the necessary affairs and things of life, as well as in its luxuries and pastimes, it means much if a man embarking at New York can make an engagement in London for the sixth day thereafter and be certain of keeping that engagement. Indeed, in the final import, it means a closer union of the Old World and the New, a step toward the realization of that fond dream—the final brotherhood of all mankind.

ON THE BRIDGE—FORTY FEET ABOVE WATER.

When the big ship is in the delicate operation of entering or leaving a crowded harbor, the scene on the bridge is wonderfully impressive. Only the captain, the pilot, and one or two junior officers are there, and hardly a word is said or a gesture made. Almost the only sound is the occasional sharp clink of the instruments that communicate with the various parts of the ship. In this quiet way the movements of the ship, in spite of her 25,000 tons, are directed with the utmost accuracy.



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An Indian Mother Song

by Willis Irwin

SLEEP, little Love Flower, sleep; the Day Chief goes to rest—
The watch-fire blazes brightly by his wigwam in the west.
Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.
The Night Chief cometh out the east, with spirit warriors in his train;
Their plumes are black above the hills, their shadows fall across the plain;
Their purple arrows vein the air, the shafts around us thickly fly,
They come, and lo, the council fires are lighted in the sky.
Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.
Sweet be thy sleep, and sound, on slumber's happy hunting ground.

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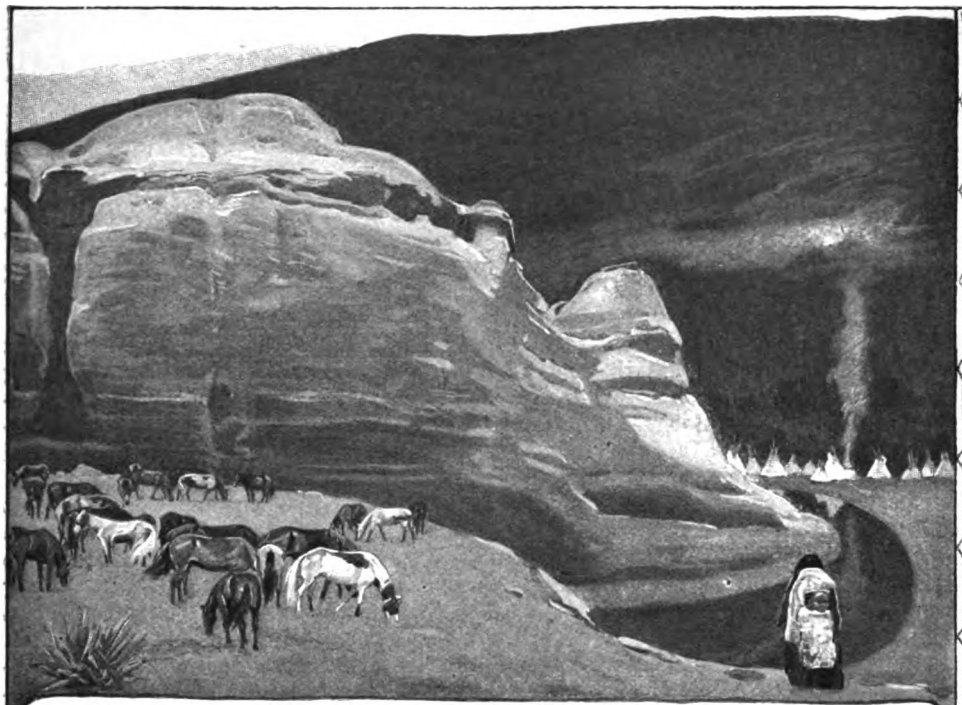
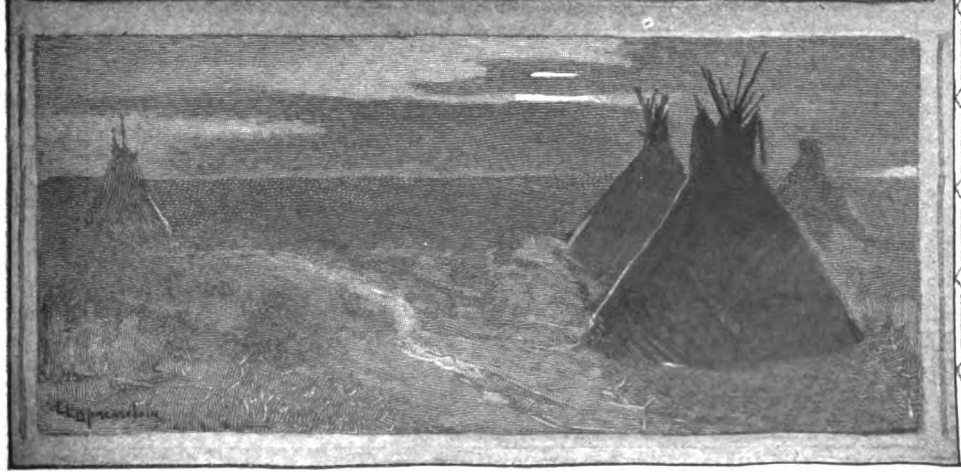


SLEEP, little Love Flower, sleep; the Day Chief lies at rest —
The watch-fire burneth dimly by his wigwam in the west.
Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.
The marsh-bird pipes unto her mate, the answering note comes from afar;
Wierd voices 'mong the sachem pines are murmuring tales of tribal war;
The night-wind calleth from the north, the wood-folk wake with hungry cry,
The fire-flies hang upon the trees to light the Night Chief passing by.
Sleep, little Love Flower, sleep.
Sweet be thy sleep, and sound, on slumber's happy hunting ground.



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THE GOVERNOR'S REHEARSAL.

By Charles Warren,

Author of "A Manufacturer of History," and other stories.

A STORY OF PUBLIC LIFE.

MARK SPENNER had made up his mind to kill the Governor. That was the reason why Mark Spenner had been crouching for nearly two hours, in the dark, in the farthest corner of a seldom used rubbish closet leading from the private secretary's office. He had come up that afternoon to the State House from Belltown for this express purpose.

About four o'clock he had entered the private secretary's room, and had been assigned his seat at the foot of a line of chairs filled with impatient visitors awaiting their turn. The private secretary had looked at him searchingly, struck with the old man's wildness of eye and intensity of speech. One by one the men ahead of Spenner saw, with a sigh of relief, the door into the Governor's room open, and the visitor hurry out looking happy, disappointed, angry, or puzzled, according to the degree of success in his mission. One by one the line lessened; and Spenner nerved himself for the coming test. Suddenly a tall, sturdy figure appeared at the door. It was the Governor himself. He bowed to the waiting men, and, crossing the room with a vigorous step, he stood talking in an undertone to the private secretary, not six feet away from the last man in the line.

Mark Spenner's breath came quick, and the blood rose in his head. He felt behind under his coat, where his hip-pocket was distended in a knobby lump. As he made the motion, the Governor happened to glance at him, and nodded courteously, as if to an old acquaintance. Spenner withdrew his hand,

"IN ONE DART MARK SPENNER HAD REACHED THE CLOSET DOOR, FLASHED BEHIND IT . . AND CROUCHED . . . IN THE DARKNESS."

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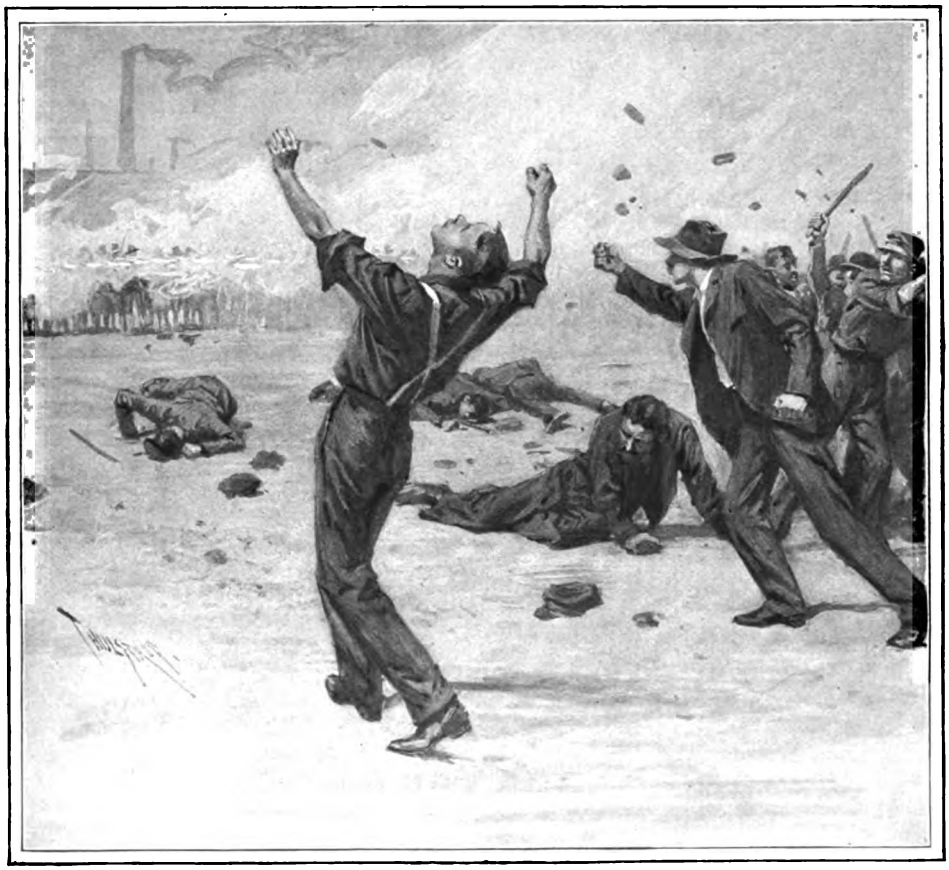
and sat hesitating. Just then he caught the last words that the Governor was saying to his secretary, and he trembled with excitement. "Mr. Porter, you and the clerks need not wait after five o'clock to-night. I shall see no one after then, and every one may leave. I am going to Dolliver to-night to declare my position on this strike question, and I want to stay here until half-past six to finish writing out my speech."



"THE TROOPS HAD FIRED . . . AND NOW ELEVEN MEN LAY DEAD IN BELLTOWN."

As he heard these words Mark Spenner suddenly changed his plan. He would not kill the Governor now, suddenly, publicly. He would wait until after five o'clock, when the State House would be quiet, and then he could kill him easily and peaceably.

He looked around the room. At the lower end he perceived a door partially open. He rose, and walked down toward it. No one noticed him. The door led into a deep closet. He stood looking out of the window near it. Outside it was growing dark. He heard the private secretary call to his stenographer, who sat at the end of the room, to go to the outer corridor and answer the telephone. Then the door to the Governor's room opened again, a man emerged, and the private secretary went in to announce to the Governor the next visitor. Now was the time, thought Spenner. No one was in the room except the two men still ahead of him in line, waiting their turn. He glanced slyly and rapidly at them. One was reading his newspaper; the other was looking eagerly at the half-open door in which appeared the private secretary's back. In one dart Mark Spenner had reached the closet door, flashed behind it into the closet, and crouched in the farthest corner in the darkness. No sound had been made. One moment he had been outside, waiting impatiently like any other visitor. The next moment he was gone.

The private secretary showed the first man in to the Governor, and came back to his desk. The stenographer returned from the

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telephone. The man with the newspaper still sat waiting. On the surface, that was all. It came the newspaper reader's turn. The private secretary looked for the pale, wild-eyed man with the rumpled hair; but did not see him. "Where is that other man, Jim?" he asked of the stenographer.

"I don't know," said Jim. "He must have got tired waiting and gone out. I didn't notice."

"The Governor'll be glad of that. There's been a perfect procession of callers this afternoon. Tell them outside to admit no one else. It's a quarter of five, and I'm going home."

"I've got about twenty minutes' dictation to write out," said Jim. "Good-night."

Mark Spenner waited, trembling, to see if any one would come to the closet. No one did. He heard Mr. Porter leave. The typewriter clicked uninterruptedly, and then stopped. The stenographer left. A cab rattled by outside. The clerks in the outer corridor chatted a few minutes. There came a sound of doors shutting with a click and of keys turning in the locks. The sound of steps grew fainter. Then all was very quiet.

After a time he heard some one come into the room humming a tune. It was the Governor. The steps approached the closet door. Mark Spenner shook, and breathed hard. The steps went away. Then he heard the door of the Governor's room close, and it was very quiet again outside. And Mark Spenner crouched in the closet, determined to kill the Governor and knowing that his time had come.

The facts which had led Mark Spenner to that decision are part of the well-known history of the tragic political State campaign of that year.

Although the Governor had received a second renomination in the State Convention three weeks before, his party managers did not underestimate the strength of his opponent, Charles Fondridge; and they realized that the campaign was to be so close that the result might hinge on the slightest change of votes. So it happened that a brief telegram brought into the midst of a meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Committee ten days ago had produced an excited change in their plans, and spread a look of cheer around the committee room. The telegram was from the chairman of the City Committee in Belltown, and read, "International Mills employees voted this noon to strike."

Belltown was a large manufacturing city that had always cast a heavy vote against the Governor's party. For some months there had been a more or less active struggle going on there between the directors of the International Mills and their 3,000 employees. The causes of the struggle have nothing to do with this history. No one had believed, however, that there would be any open outbreak. Indeed, Fondridge's political managers had been most active in appealing to the directors and to Jerome Barton, the president of the company, to yield. Barton had, in fact, been a former treasurer of the party's State Committee. Hence he was so closely connected with the party, that a strike in his mills would inevitably become a political issue; and real live State issues were the last thing that the managers wanted in this so-called "national" campaign.

The news that the strike had come caused, therefore, a corresponding depression in the party ranks of the Governor's opponent. The recusant president and directors of the International Mills were called all manner of names, and every argument was employed upon them to bring about a settlement of the strike. But as President Barton said to the committee that waited on him, "Why, gentlemen, we're not running these mills for our health or for politics. We're running them to make money for the stockholders. Personally, I'd like nothing better than to see Charley Fondridge governor. I'll make you a campaign subscription myself of $5,000, and you can have my personal check when you want it; but what you're asking me to do is impossible. You are practically asking the stockholders of this corporation to make you a campaign subscription out of their profits, not of $5,000, but more nearly of $500,000; for that is what this strike, unless successful on our side, would mean to us."

The committee returned to headquarters discouraged.

Meanwhile others were becoming discouraged. The fathers of four or five young children, with small credit at the stores and no deposits in the savings-banks and little food in the house; the children who had earned enough to help support the rest of the family; the young men and young women who had hoped to be married soon—they, too, were beginning to grumble, down in the streets of Belltown. When all went well and they were working hard, they had no time to think about politics; and they had voted—those who had a vote—almost instinc-

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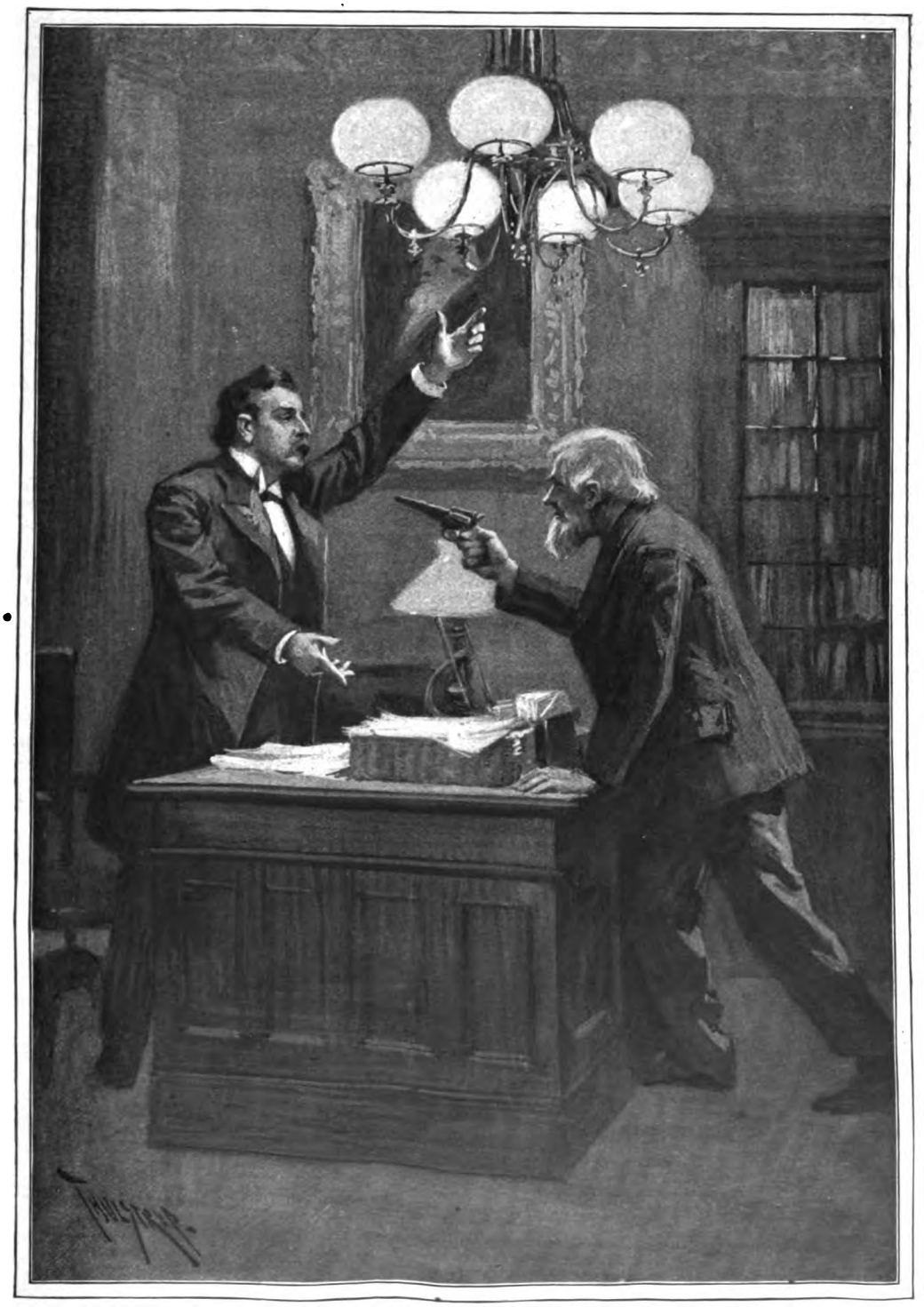

"THE GOVERNOR'S WHOLE FRAME SEEMED IN MOTION WITH THE INTENSITY OF HIS WORDS."

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tively according to habit, tradition, or their father's vote. Now they had time to think for themselves, and they were asking each other whether they had not been deceived; whether the party to which such a hard-hearted monster as President Barton belonged could possibly be the party for which the workingman should vote. And while these questions were flying round, the Governor's party managers, who had hoped for this situation, sent down into the midst of the rising dissatisfaction thousands of campaign documents.

Then, one night, the rumor came that the mills were to start up the next day with "scab" labor. Men clustered, pale and excited, on the street corners. Women grew terrified, and tried to keep their sons and their husbands at home, foreseeing that trouble was coming. The non-union men arrived the next day, and in less than an hour large bodies of strikers were gathered along the road leading to the mills and around the gates. There was no violence as yet; but there were hardly suppressed oaths and savage looks and searches of the pawn shops for revolvers. During the next day regular processions of strikers carrying banners paraded up and down the road past the mill grounds, which stretched along for nearly a mile in the open country outside the city proper. As the non-union men went into the gates they were greeted with every kind of threat and hard name, but no one was molested physically by the strikers.

The outburst was precipitated before its time by the careless act of a small boy who, more in fun than anything else, threw a stone at a window in a shed on the mill grounds. As the glass broke, suddenly the air was thick with stones, bricks, sticks, and iron bolts. The next morning the police were lined up along the road running by the mills. A non-union man was pulled from their hands, and disappeared through the crowd yelling for help. That night the news spread over the city that the directors of the mills had obtained an injunction against Matthew Spenner, James Conlon, Peter Lachaude, and fifteen others, active union men. At the meeting of the union, the injunction was brought in and read. It restrained them "and their agents and servants or any person in connection, association, or combination with them" from "interfering with the management and operation

"IT WAS THE FINAL SCENE IN THE BELLTOWN TRAGEDY."

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of said mills by their owners or those operating them, either by menaces, threats, force, or any character of intimidation used to prevent the employees of said mills from going to, or from, or working in, said mills." And, further, "the defendants" were "restrained from entering upon the property of the owners of the International Mills Corporation, or assembling in the roads leading to and upon said property, for the purpose of interfering with the employees of said corporation either by threats, menaces, or violence."

Head and front of all in wild oratory against the courts was young "Mat" Spenner. "We're enjoined off the face of the earth!" he shouted. "We must resist or lose all our liberties! Haven't we a right to walk on the streets as well as those bloated monopolists?"

Along toward the early dawn, after an excited debate, it was determined that the arrest of Spenner, Lachaude, and their fellow-martyrs must be prevented.

Meanwhile, that same evening, there was discouragement and cursing at Fondridge's State headquarters when the news came that Barton had secured an injunction. "This caps the climax," said the secretary of the committee. "We might have made a fair showing on the strike question; but if they are going to be allowed to bring up the injunction issue, it knocks Fondridge's campaign completely."

"I see they've persuaded the Governor to go on the stump at last, too," said the chairman of the Executive Committee. "He's billed for a speech on this labor business down at Dolliver on Saturday, and I suppose that from now until then he'll be gathering hot shot for us."

"It was hot enough for us last year," said the secretary. "Rollins, what do you think about this wretched mess Barton has got us into with his injunction?"

Rollins, the corpulent, shrewd-faced chairman of the State Committee, had been sitting for some time silently rubbing the scowls from his forehead. "I think," he said, "that the Governor may be in a tighter hole next Saturday than we are now."

"That sounds well. What does it mean?" asked the treasurer.

"Did it ever occur to you," Rollins replied, "that the Governor might be called upon to order out the troops? And if he did send the troops; if any—well, we'll say any—accident happened, would that help him with the Belltown voters?"

The secretary whistled. "Not so bad, not so bad, Rollins. There may be something in that for us."

On Tuesday night Rollins's prophecy was fulfilled. Spenner and his comrades, against the protests of the soberer and wiser men in the union, put into operation their plan of defiance of the injunction, and its enforcement was openly resisted. The sheriff and his posse and the police were unable to take possession of the violators. They were driven back with torn clothes, bruises, and even with serious wounds. Several non-union men also were wounded by missiles, and dangerous bonfires were built in lots adjoining the mills. The sheriff was obliged to read the riot act. Finally the mayor of the city, vigorously urged by President Barton to call on the Governor for troops, decided not to wait any longer. A delay of a few hours might mean the destruction of the mills. Then, too, the Mayor was not of the Governor's political persuasion, and he was not at all sorry that some part of the responsibility for the condition of affairs should be shifted to the Governor's shoulders.

On Wednesday morning, the Governor received the Mayor's telegram asking for the aid of the militia to put down the growing riot. He was not a man who hesitated when he saw his duty plain before him. But this was too serious a matter to decide at once without fullest knowledge of the facts. Two members of his staff and the Adjutant-General of the State were sent immediately to Belltown, and meanwhile the Governor summoned his campaign committee. A sight of their faces, when they were told the news, would have made Rollins and Fondridge laugh in glee.

"But, Governor," said the chairman, "you can't think of ordering out the troops! This is all a political game of the other side. Things aren't so serious as all that down at Belltown. Rollins is trying to put you in a hole," he continued, unconsciously using Rollins's own words. "It will be the worst and most unpopular thing you could possibly do," he added.

"That isn't the question," said the Governor. "The only question is, is it really necessary? I don't choose to play into Fondridge's hands. But, much as I am in sympathy with the cause of the strikers, the mills shall have the protection that the law gives them. If the troops are needed at Belltown, the troops shall go there."

"But hold on, Governor," said Jim Blakely, the editor; "here it is Wednesday. Election

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comes next Tuesday. I don't believe there's such a terrible rush about this. If, after Tuesday, Barton needs any soldiers to help run his mills, why let him have all he wants. But, Governor, don't be fool enough to throw away your election until it's really necessary!"

"What can you say at Dolliver Saturday night if the troops should—should—should make any trouble?" groaned the chairman.

The Adjutant-General returned, and reported that violence was increasing in Belltown and that protection was needed at once. In two hours a part of the Seventeenth Regiment of the National Guard was on its way thither. The State Committee waited for the news from that city, discouraged and fearful.

The news came late that very afternoon. The strikers, led by the very men against whom the injunction had been issued, had attacked the troops. The troops had fired, first into the air, but on the second volley into the mob. And now eleven men lay dead in Belltown and twenty-four wounded.

Old Mark Spenner and his daughter, Mary Spenner, lived not far from Central Avenue. Toward dark they had heard the ominous rattling crash echo down the street, and had seen the smoke rise above the low houses opposite. And then in less than half an hour an ambulance came rumbling round the corner, followed by a confused group of men. As old Mark Spenner went to meet them, they were lifting out a dark mass. Terrified at their sullen looks, he called out, "It isn't Mat. It isn't my Mat." They nodded; and then Mark Spenner did not know for hours what was taking place about him. His Mat—his one boy, whom he had trained to take his place in the mills—whom he had seen go out that very morning, young and vigorous! It was not possible. And yet there in the front room lay something that had been, but was not any longer, Matthew Spenner; and outside in the city of Belltown men in blue uniforms were tramping slowly up and down; the streets were half deserted, and lights shone in the mill windows, showing that the International Mills were working overtime to make up for lost work.

From that moment Mark Spenner began to form his project. For two days he thought of nothing else, until he felt as if all his blood was collecting in his head. His brain seemed to be bursting as this one refrain beat against it: "Who killed my son? The soldiers. Who sent the soldiers? The Governor." There was no question in Mark Spenner's mind as to the justification for the Governor's act. Very likely the strikers, his son even, may have been wrong. But the fact still remained, his son lay dead, and the Governor had killed him. Therefore he, Mark Spenner, must kill the Governor.

The Governor sat writing intently on his Dolliver speech. Every now and then he rose, and walking toward the window, leaned his head against the cool pane. Once he wandered restlessly into the private secretary's room, humming. Since Wednesday night he had been living under great pressure. The deep lines in his face and the tired black look around his eyes showed how heavily the responsibility for the Belltown tragedy was weighing on him. It was only the inner sense of complete justification for his share in that event that kept him from flinching before the torrents of abuse and denunciation which had ensued after the terrible results of Wednesday night. The pendulum had swung violently; and those workingmen who had forsaken Fondridge because of the strike were now flocking back, enraged at the Governor's action, which they regarded as treachery. So it was that his speech at Dolliver, instead of being an attack on Fondridge and his party for their position on the labor question, must now be a defense of his own action; and the Governor realized that it must be an all-powerful and all-convincing defense if he was to make good, in the three days which remained before election, the loss of the votes of those workingmen who now entirely misunderstood his position.

It had been with the greatest sense of relief that he had watched the last visitor leave and had heard his private secretary give orders to admit no one else. He had listened to the steps of the departing clerks as the sound died away down the corridor. Then, left to himself in the quiet of the empty State House, he had set himself to embody in his fateful speech all the eloquence, the passion, and the clear-cut reasoning which had so often before made friends for him out of his ardent foes.

It was after six o'clock when the Governor drew in a long breath, pushed his manuscript away from him, and, clasping his hands behind his head, tipped wearily back in his chair. His speech was finished at last, and he felt very well content with it, for he knew that it was as true and real and sincere a thing as he had ever written. But how would it strike home to the workingmen of Dolliver and of the State? That was the

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question which could not be answered, perhaps, until their votes had been counted. The Governor almost wished that he had not let his private secretary go home. He should like to know how the words he had just written would impress some one else.

He leaned forward again, and, taking up his manuscript, began to read it carefully over. So intent was he that he did not notice the door to the Executive Chamber open very slowly and silently, and close just as slowly and silently. Nor did he see a figure slip cautiously into the room and creep toward him. In reaching forward for his pen to make a correction in his speech the Governor looked up. Directly before the flat, square desk stood an elderly man, with a pale face and rumpled hair, holding a revolver pointed straight at the Governor's head. In a flash he recognized the peril in which he was placed; for, like all governors, he had had many an experience with insane persons. They were always drawn like a magnet toward the head of the State, whom they considered the head of all their troubles. He looked very calmly at the man, and replaced very deliberately his manuscript upon his desk. "Well, my friend," he said, "what is your name, and what can I do for you?"

Mark Spenner still felt the blood flooding up into his head, and it was with difficulty that he could control himself, as he shouted, "I am Mark Spenner, and I've come to kill you."

The Governor's face became somewhat pale and rigid, yet his mouth broke slightly into a suave smile. He knew that the only way to deal with an insane man was to humor him. "Very well, my friend; but will you not tell me why you want to kill me?"

Mark Spenner had not expected this kind of reception, yet he did not lose sight of his prey for a moment. "Because you murdered my son; because you sent the soldiers to Belltown to murder my son, Mat Spenner."

The Governor gave a little breathless gasp. He had caught his cue, for he remembered the name and its connection with the Belltown tragedy. "Let me see; you accuse me of murdering your son. And you think, therefore, that you should condemn me to death instead of having me tried by the courts. Very well, we won't discuss that. You may be right."

As his lips uttered these words, the Governor's brain was considering more things in a short flash of time than had ever driven through it before. Could he reach the side of the room where the electric bell was placed, connecting his room with the watchman's office? Could he, in some way, get at his desk telephone? Could he make a sudden dash for the door or for the window? Could he overpower the aged but burly man holding the weapon? While swiftly running over these possibilities in his mind he glanced down at his desk, and noticed in a hazy kind of way the speech in which he had been so enwrapped. Suddenly, like a cool northwest wind driving the heat and fog before it, an idea came to him. Now was the moment for the supreme test of his powers of eloquence and persuasion. A few minutes before he had supposed that it was to be later in the evening, at Dolliver. He saw, however, that the time was now, and more than that, if not now, then probably never again in this life.

"I will agree, Mark Spenner," he said, "that you shall be my judge and my jury; but you will surely grant me what is allowed to the vilest, lowest murderer or thief. I suppose you have served on a jury some time in your life?" He looked inquiringly at Spenner, and the latter nodded. "Well, then, you must know that before a poor fellow is condemned to imprisonment or—to death, if it must be so, the judge always gives him a chance to say a word for himself. I ask you, therefore, to hear what I have to say for myself before you execute me. This you owe me as one man to another. I don't ask it because I am a governor, but because I am—or, rather, because you say I am—a murderer."

Spenner's eye glittered. "Go on," he said roughly; "but cut it short. You've got to die whatever you say."

The Governor arose, and straightened his tall body to its most commanding height. "Don't you move; sit down!" said Spenner, advancing his revolver.

The Governor smiled, and remained standing. "Don't you remember what the judge says, 'Prisoner, stand up. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced according to law?' You remember that, don't you?"

Again Spenner nodded in a dazed fashion, evidently not understanding the Governor's tactics.

Then the Governor began in almost the same words which he had intended for his Dolliver audience, at first very quietly, but becoming more and more powerful in his appeal. He showed how he had been in sympathy with the strikers and their cause at the beginning. He indignantly denied the accusations made against him—that he was

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out of sympathy with the working classes. Then he went on to describe the causes of the Belltown strike.

"Had I had the right and power, I would rather have driven this great corporation—this International Mills Company—out of the confines of this State, than to have had one employee treated as unjustly as I believe the company in its demands did treat them. I would rather that this splendid commonwealth of ours should have lost every cent of the taxes which that corporation pays, than that one cent should have been stricken from the wages of one of its workingmen. Yet, that is not the question. I had no legal right or power in the matter. I could not compel the International Mills Company to pay just wages. I could not prevent them from enforcing unjust rules so long as they kept within the law as laid down by the courts. You and I know that every man can conduct his business mildly or harshly, as he pleases, if he does not break the law laid down by the courts or the law made by the Legislature."

The Governor went on to point out what rights the law gave to the mill-owner.

"Now what does the law permit to you or me or any one else, union or non-union man, who seeks work? It says, 'You may seek work or quit work wherever and whenever you please, provided you don't break any existing contract. You may persuade any other person to quit work, if you don't try to make him break his contract out of pure malice.' On the other side, what does the law forbid you to do? It forbids you to try to keep the bread out of another's mouth by the use of force or threats against him or his employer. I am in favor of organized labor. So is the law. Yet I cannot but recognize, and you must recognize, that a non-union man is a human being. He is an American citizen, free and equal. He is entitled to earn his living in peace. He has sons and daughters and a wife, as you or any of us may have."

Spenner, who had been standing stiffly and grimly silent, broke in upon the Governor's appeal. "I have no son. Cut your talk short. I cannot wait any longer."

The Governor looked into the mouth of the barrel of the revolver without a tremor. "I say the non-union man has the same rights that you or I have, and one of those rights, the law says, is to try to get work from any man he pleases, and when it is obtained, to continue to work with his life safe and free from the fear of threats or violence or intimidation used by men trying to throw him out of his job. And since the law gives him that right, the State must protect that right for him."

Then the Governor, gazing straight into Spenner's eyes, explained in simple and eloquent language how one of the ways of enforcing this right to protection was the thing of which the very name was odious to the laboring man—an injunction. He showed how the workingmen's hatred of injunctions came largely from their ignorance as to what they were and what they restrained.

"Do you realize how important for the protection of each one of you is this same power of the courts to issue injunctions? Suppose a powerful railroad or telephone company attempts to encroach on your little, hard-earned piece of land; how can you stop it? Go to any judge, and you will, and can, obtain this hated injunction. Suppose with great difficulty you pay a few dollars taxes, and you see the city's money wasted and stolen by corrupt officials, and your tax-rate going up and up; how can you stop it? Go to the judge whom you have just called an 'ally of entrenched wealth,' and you will have given you this thing 'oppressive of labor and of the poor man'—this injunction. Suppose you are working for a railroad which carries mails and goods from State to State, and which seeks to discharge you and your fellow-men because certain other men will not work for the railroad unless you are discharged. Go to that very abused and despised judge of the United States Court, and he will issue in your favor an order which you call 'government by injunction.'"

Then the Governor explained exactly what the Belltown injunction did. It restrained from trespassing, and from interfering with others by force or by threats—that was all.

"All this injunction does is to try to keep you from breaking the law of this State. Now I don't say that I agree with the law. It makes no difference to you whether I agree or not with it. All I am Governor for is to enforce the law. I cannot make it, no matter how much I desire to. I cannot change it if I will. The constitution of this State—the great binding force on all of us—tells me expressly what I can and what I cannot do. It says"—the Governor rolled forth the grand old language in a voice like the deep roar of a cataract—"'In the government of this commonwealth, the legislative department shall never exercise the executive and judicial powers or either of them; the execu-

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tive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers or either of them.' If the law is wrong and hard, it is for you to change it. Send your representatives to the legislature. Make them pass a bill changing the law; and if the change is a proper one, I will sign it when they send it up to me.

"But what would happen in this State if its citizens could break the law simply because they felt it to be unjust? Why, you would not be safe for a minute. Your property, your life, would be at the mercy of any crank or evil-doer. Your wife, your children, would not be safe"—Spenner gave an angry murmur at the word "children," but continued to listen intently, for the Governor was not to be stopped. The Governor's whole frame seemed in motion with the intensity of his words; and Spenner could not keep his eyes away from the glowing face. —"Would not be safe for a second. The law must be obeyed until it is changed. And no good or honest men can believe otherwise."

The Governor then described in the saddest and most pitying voice what had happened at Belltown; how an appeal had been made to send the troops, and how he had taken extra precautions to be sure that they were necessary. Spenner still listened, growing paler and paler. The Governor moved to one side of his desk; but Spenner made no motion except to follow him with wildly fixed eyes, and he seemed to be unaware of anything. With arms flung out in a well-known gesture, the Governor spoke on. He, too, seemed almost to have forgotten where he was or under what conditions he was speaking. In tones of earnest conviction and of tumultuous feeling, he spoke of the tremendous struggle that had gone on in him, between his horror at the results which might follow his despatch of the troops and his sense of duty and fealty to the people of the State.

"I ask you, Mark Spenner, you yourself, to answer me this. What would you do if you had hired a servant, had entrusted him with the care of your goods, your house, your honor, your wife's honor and safety, and that servant, hearing outside a party of men trying to get in to rob and possibly to kill, had let in these lawbreakers rather than make himself unpopular with them? And then suppose that, besides merely trusting him, you had made him solemnly swear to protect you and yours, and he broke his oath, what would you say, Mark Spenner, to that servant? Answer this! And I know that as you are an honest man, you can only answer it one way. Answer this, I say."

As the Governor flung these words at him, he noticed that Spenner was growing nervous. The hand that held the revolver shook a little, while the muzzle of the revolver turned slightly down toward the table. "I am that servant, hired and trusted. I took that oath to protect you and yours, your neighbor and his, the men and women of Belltown, the men and women all over this State. I swore solemnly to enforce the law of this State, whether I believed in it or not, against any man breaking that law. Standing in that legislative hall, in the midst of hundreds of men who represented your rights and interests, I placed my left hand on the Holy Bible, and, raising my right hand to heaven, I said, 'I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to this commonwealth, and that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent on me as Governor, agreeable to the rules and regulations of the constitution and the laws of this commonwealth, so help me God.'

"What is it you would have asked of me? Not to send the troops to Belltown? But the law said that it was my duty to do so. The safety of tens of thousands depended on my doing my duty. Would you have had me do otherwise? No, Mark Spenner, no. You would have said to me, 'My servant, servant of my fellow-people, enforce the law you swore before God and man to enforce. The consequences of your act are not to rest on you. The responsibility for what may happen shall rest on none save upon all the people of the State who made the law, of whom you are the servant. Though some may die, others will be saved. But you, personally, neither kill nor save. Whatever may happen, you have no choice. You must not be a scoundrel and a perjurer.' And so, Mark Spenner, I say to you, even if I am to be killed the next minute, so help me God, I have done but my sworn duty."

The Governor stopped very suddenly, throwing his head back with a superb air. At the same time he stepped closer to Spenner. The latter appeared confused for a moment, seemed to wish to speak, and faltered. Then he began to recover his self-possession, and the revolver rose once more. Before he had time, however, to bring it up fully, the Governor, with a great leap, threw himself against him, plunging to obtain hold of the weapon. Spenner uttered an enraged yell, and fell back against a low bookcase, with the Governor almost upon him. A shot rang out, and a drift of smoke clouded the air of the room.

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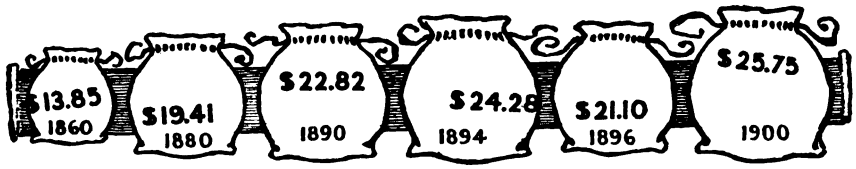
Something tumbled heavily to the floor, and lay quite still. The smoke slowly floated away from around where a man stood breathing hard and quick. It was the final scene in the Belltown tragedy.

When the watchmen, aroused by the shot, came dashing up the stairs, down the outer corridors, and through the door of the Executive Chamber, they found the Governor leaning against the end of his desk and holding a revolver. Something black lay at his feet, and there was a disagreeable, pungent smell of powder in the air, while the lights in the room seemed to be burning dimly.

"I have killed a man," the Governor said. "Send for the police and an ambulance. Do not let one word of this event be made public to-night. Order a carriage for me at once. I go to Dolliver at half-past seven. No, I don't need any aid. I am not faint. I shall be all right."

That night at Dolliver the Governor delivered his famous speech on the strike question. People noticed that he looked very white, and seemed sad and serious; but never had an audience in that State been so impressed by the words of any man. It was not until the next morning, when they read their newspapers, that they learned how near death had come to silencing those eloquent lips and leaving the speech unpublished to the world. No one knew even then, or for long after, that the speech had been spoken once already, before it was delivered to the voters of Dolliver on that Saturday night. And it is possible that it was due to poor old Mark Spenner that the Governor was elected for his third term.



Increase in per capita circulation of money in the United States from 1860 to 1900.

THE NEW PROSPERITY.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

A WESTERN writer, summing up the marvels of growth, expansion, and prosperity of the year 1899 in the United States, added: "And every barn in Kansas and Nebraska has had a new coat of paint."

For any one who knew the West of 1895 and 1896, with its bare, weather-stained houses, its dilapidated barns, its farm machinery standing out in the rain, its ruinous "boom" towns, its discontented inhabitants crying out for legislation to relieve their distress, this bit of observation raises a picture of improvement and smiling comfort such as no array of figures, however convincing, could produce. The West painted again: how much that means! The farmer has provided himself with food in plenty and the means for seeding his fields for another year; he has clothed himself and his family anew; he has bought an improved harvester, a buggy, and a sewing-machine; and now, with the deliberation which is born of a surplus and a sturdy confidence in himself and in the future, he is painting his barn. Paint signifies all of these preliminary comforts. And after paint comes a new front porch, a piano, and the boys off to college.

But the painting of the West is merely the surface indication of fundamental changes in the commercial and industrial conditions of the United States that make the years 1898 and 1899 in many respects the most remarkable in the history of the nation. It was in 1898 that the United States exceeded Great Britain for the first time in the value of domestic exports. In the following year—1899—the total foreign business of the United States passed for the first time in our history beyond $2,000,000,000, and the profits—that is, the excess of exports over imports—were nearly $476,000,000. In less than three years—that is, between 1897 and 1900—so great were the trade balances in our favor that over a billion dollars of American indebtedness was wiped from the ledgers of Europe, and in 1899 we beheld the spectacle of London buying money in New York with which to conduct her South African war; of

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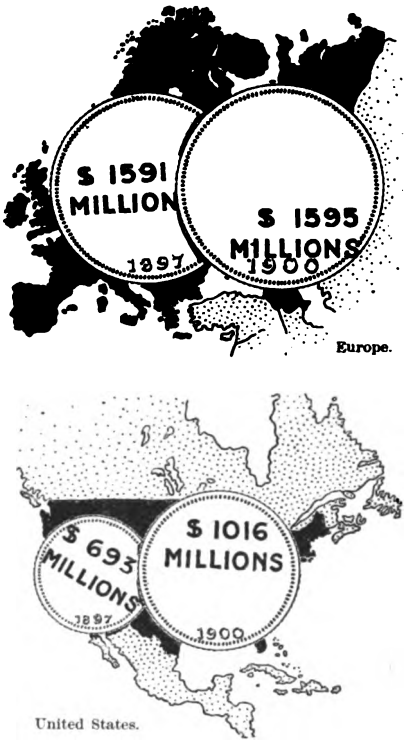
the exportation of gold to Europe, not because the United States owed it, although many American securities are still held abroad, but because we could spare a little of our plenty to relieve the financial stress abroad.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine was a year of extraordinary records also in the domestic business of the United States, which has long been of greater volume by millions of dollars a year than that of any other nation. The bank clearings, one of the surest indications of the volume of the country's business, were billions of dollars greater than they had ever been before in the history of the nation. In the five years from 1894 to 1899 they more than doubled, and increased in 1899 thirty-seven per cent. over what they were in 1898. The railroads never before experienced such prosperity, 1899 showing fewer receiverships than any year since 1882, and larger earnings than any previous year. Wages for labor increased rapidly in every part of the country, and never before was there such a sudden, and yet substantial, expansion in the various manufacturing industries. Steel rails doubled in price between February and August; cotton suddenly became a profitable crop; copper made unprecedented rises. And never before was there so much money in circulation in the country, either in volume or in per capita distribution; and never before were the totals of the people's savings in the banks so enormous. It was also a year of extraordinary coal, gold, iron, lumber, copper, and corn production; the year of the most extensive and profitable lake and coastwise shipping traffic since the Civil War, and by all odds the greatest year of business and profits on the stock exchanges.



The gain of gold between 1897 and 1900 by the European banks of issue as compared with the gain in the United States during the same period.

The suddenness of the business revival is one of its most singular features. No branch of industry is more sensitive to the delicate variations of the times than the steel and iron business. In February, 1899, the owners of the great iron mines at the head of Lake Superior contracted nearly their entire output for the season at prices twenty-five per cent. higher than those of 1898, only to find, within a few months, the price of pig-iron almost doubled—rising from $10.50 a ton in February, 1899, to $20.25 in August, 1899. In the same way the steel men and the coal men, not realizing the tremendous advance then about to begin, contracted large quantities of their products at prices which now look remarkably low. Yet there were a few manufacturers who, by shrewdness or good luck, foresaw what was coming, and reaped a rich reward.

Adversity has its value in the development of a nation or a commercial system as surely as it has in the hardening and refining of a man. The panic of 1893 followed a period of great prosperity and expansion, in which ambitious men extended their credit more rapidly than the growth in the business of the country would warrant. During this period, the country had become, as a Western orator expressed it, vigorously, if not beautifully, "rotten with mortgages." The Baring failure of 1890 in London shook the temple of credit until it trembled, but the crash did not come until 1893. In that single year there were no fewer than 15,242 failures in the United States, with liabilities reaching the enormous total of nearly $347,000,000, the greatest in any one year in the history of the nation. In each of the two succeeding years, 1894 and 1895, more than 13,000 business houses went into liquidation, and in 1896, the year of the Presidential campaign, the number increased again to more than 15,000.

In order, therefore, to do any business whatever, it became necessary for manufacturers, wheat-growers, miners, and business men generally to use their wits as never be-

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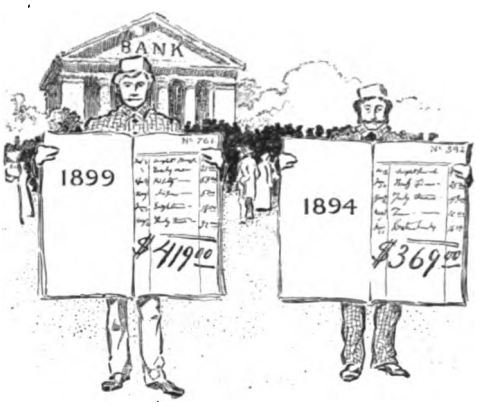
fore. Profits being small, and competition sharp, they sought for greater economies in production. At the height of the hard times in 1894, iron was manufactured in the South at six dollars a ton, whereas it had cost a few years before from eight dollars to nine dollars a ton, an enormous percentage of saving. Similarly, the great packers of Chicago, finding that there was no longer any paying profit in selling the ordinary products of their slaughter-houses—the beef and the hides—used greater efforts to abate the waste of parts of the animal theretofore discarded as valueless. In the report of a single concern for 1899, it appears that these former "waste products" of the packing-house were made to yield 4,000,000 pounds of neat's-foot oil, 105,000,000 pounds of fertilizers, 6,250,000 pounds of glue, 12,000,000 pounds of material used in making artificial butter, and more than 31,000,000 pounds of crude fats, for all of which there was a ready sale. Indeed, one of the officials of this company asserted that its dividends for the year 1899 were paid entirely from the sales of by-products which formerly went to waste.



Increase in the average individual deposit in savings banks between 1894 and 1899.

In the same way that the manufacturers reduced the cost of production by ingenuity and economy, the farmers and stock-raisers reduced their expenses to the lowest possible degree. Singularly enough, men are apt to go into debt in good times and get out of debt in hard times. There were millions of dollars of mortgages in the West in the early nineties, held by Eastern capitalists at ruinous rates of interest. With the crash of 1893, capital, suffering its own hardships, began to withdraw its investments, and the farmers were forced to pay off their loans or else surrender their land. And pay they did, by the hardest kind of economy. In the single State of Kansas the farm mortgages, which in 1890 amounted to the sum of $240,000,000, much of it bearing the exorbitant interest of twelve per cent., had been reduced in 1899 to less than $41,000,000, certainly a remarkable evidence of the paying capacity for a period of hard times. And the rates of Kansas farm loans are lower now than they ever were before.

Finally, in like manner, weak, unstable, and inflated railroads were forced to reorganize on a rational business basis. Fixed charges were generally reduced, and there was a general healing of financial sores. All fictitious valuations were remorselessly wiped out, and although the country was poor, it was honest again, and it was ready for prosperity.

Prosperity must always begin with the producer. Something must be obtained from the soil which can be sold for money, and this money must start the wheels of commerce. It so happened that in 1896 the price of wheat in the United States began to rise, although the crop of that year was small. Then came 1897 with an enormous crop, the largest by all odds in many years. At the same time the wheat crops of Russia and India were short (to the verge of famine in the last-named country), and the great consumers of Europe, England especially, were compelled to turn to America for food to a much greater extent than usual. Consequently, the price of wheat went booming upward, assisted by wild speculation on the Chicago Board of Trade, in which much of the money of a famous millionaire was unintentionally distributed among the wheat producers of the West. The average price per bushel on the farm in 1897 reached nearly eighty-one cents, whereas in 1894 it had been only forty-nine cents; in 1895, less than fifty-one cents; and in 1896, seventy-three cents. Here was not only the largest crop of years, but the highest price per bushel. Foreign money and the money of our own great population centers began at once to flow into the great wheat States of the Middle West. The farmers had pinched along for years, and they needed every sort of commodity; but clothing, food, and farming tools first of all. When they began to spend money, the local merchants, who had allowed their stocks to run to the lowest, began to order goods of the wholesalers; and this set the factories to going more rapidly, and increased the freight business

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Private gifts to public institutions in the United States in 1899—gifts of less than $1,000 are not included in these totals.

on the railroads. All this expansion, though it was slow at first and noticeable only in the special lines of clothing, food, and farm machinery, compelled the employment of more men; and thus the wheels of general commerce, lubricated by the money of the wheat farmers, began to turn a little more rapidly.

It is curious and wonderful to see how exactly the industries of the world tread in lock-step, and how the man of the soil, the farmer, towers huge and powerful at the head of the line. When his tread is slow and heavy, the iron-master, the transporter, the miner, the manufacturer, must also tread slowly, and depression and hard times are abroad in the land. But when the man of the soil increases his speed, those behind him move more rapidly; for he represents the world's primary need—food. Indeed, this farmer is a wonderful and a powerful force in the United States. There are upward of 8,500,000 of him as against 5,000,000 manufacturing workers and only 386,000 mining producers. So much is heard of the immensity of America's manufacturing industries, and yet the farmer has an invested capital nearly three times that of the manufacturer, and more than twelve times that of the miner, although the manufacturer produces a greater value of commodities per capita than the farmer.

Total charities of the American in 1898 and in 1899.

The march toward prosperity was already under way when the "Maine" was blown up in Havana Harbor and war with Spain was declared. The war did not work wholly in one direction in its effect on the business of the country. On the one hand, it withheld timid capital from expansive enterprises: capital always waits until there is no bogy near, before it ventures far from its strong box. On the other hand, the Government paid out within a few months more than $150,000,000 to the producers, manufacturers, and wage earners of the country. It also drew on the labor of the country for thousands of unemployed men, because some 250,000 men in gainful pursuits went into the war—all within a few months, thus relieving, at least partially, one of the direst distresses of hard times—that of want of employment. And then the war had the interesting and powerful psychological effect of diverting the mind of the American from his own woes, his currency troubles, his tariffs, his hard times; it was efficacious as a mind cure. He began to think of glory and patriotism and expansion; he went into the throes of hero-worship over Dewey, Sampson, Roosevelt, Wood; and when the war was over, he returned to business in a cheerful, confident frame of mind, believing himself to be quite the bravest and most successful man on earth. Perhaps this very feeling had more to do with the suddenness of the arrival of the "boom" in the early months of 1899 than most people imagine.

After the war was over, business continued to improve, though somewhat slowly for a few months. Then in the fall of 1898 came another amazing wheat crop, more than 675,000,000 bushels, the largest wheat crop in the history of America. There were also large and richly profitable corn and oats crops, and the South raised its greatest crop of cotton. Along with these great crops there came, most fortunately, a very large increase in the production of gold, not only in the United States, but all over the world, thus enabling the nations to maintain large stocks of currency. The Klondike had been discovered, as well as, later, the American mines at Cape Nome; and the South African gold mines produced at a rate theretofore unequalled. In the United States the production of 1898 exceeded that of 1896 by nearly $11,000,000, and reached the enormous total of over $64,000,000. The production of the world rose from $202,000,000 in 1896 to over $287,000,000 in 1898.

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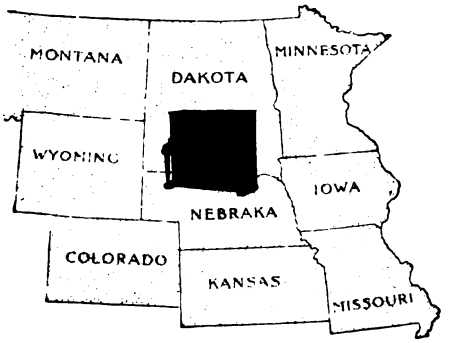
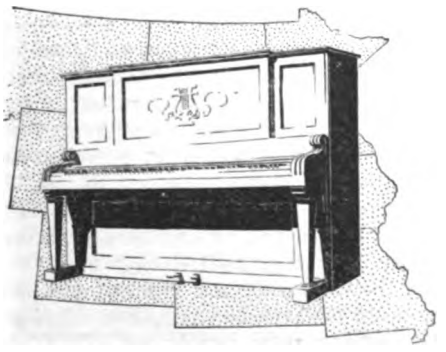
This immense production of gold and the enormous sums of money which foreign countries paid to the United States for exported commodities during 1898 and 1899 have very greatly increased the money in circulation. The total money of the United States on February 1, 1900, had passed to the two-billion-dollar mark, by all odds the greatest total of money that the country has ever had. In less than three and one-half years—that is, between July 1, 1896, and December 1, 1899—the increase was over $476,000,000, or 31½ per cent. Europe has not been able to keep pace, even distantly, with the United States in gold accumulation. All the banks of issue in Europe, taken together, gained only $4,000,000 between 1897 and 1900, and in 1899 they suffered an actual loss. The United States, on the other hand, gained the enormous sum of $323,000,000, which made the total stock of gold only one-third less than that of the combined banks of issue in Europe—certainly a condition quite the reverse of stringency.

And the circulation has been increasing considerably faster than the population. Back in 1860, if the money in the United States could have been divided up, giving an equal share to every man, woman, and child in the country, there would have been $13.85 for each. By 1880, this per capita share of the circulation was $19.41, and in 1890 it was $22.82. It rose to $24.28 in 1894, and then it began to fall, reaching $21.10 in 1896, during the currency agitation. Then it went up again, until on February 1, 1900, it reached $25.75, the highest in the history of the nation. Our greatest commercial rival, England, has a per capita circulation of only a little more than $17.05; Germany, also highly prosperous and progressive, has only $19.84. Of all the great nations, France is the only one that exceeds the United States; she has a circulation of $36.15 to every inhabitant, but France uses cash in trade much more than this country. Our recent great increase in money has been an important factor in the return of prosperity, although it is as much a result of prosperity as it is a cause.





More pianos were sold in the Northwest in six months, in 1899, than during the previous six years.

It is difficult to give a consecutive narrative of the progress of the prosperity wave. Beginning with the winter of 1898–99, all at once the entire country seemed to revive; a hundred industries began almost simultaneously to flourish; and by April, 1899, the country was ringing with stories of growth, expansion, and progress.

With the hint of returning confidence the banks had begun to loan money at very low interest—two and three per cent. Speculators, finding that they could borrow at such rates, began to trade more freely, and their confidence stimulated capital owners, who had long been without profits, to invest. That curious and potent microbe of a rising market had begun its work, and there was a tremendous rush to buy before prices went any higher. Wall Street, feeling confident that the time for a "boom" had come and that the profits would be immense, loaded up with stocks of every description. But still there were not stocks enough to supply the demand, and idle capital still sought investment. It is easier to manufacture stocks than it is to build a steel-mill, and the profits from this industry, while they are not as certain as the profits from a steel-mill, may possibly be much more quickly gained. Stocks now began to be manufactured to supply the rabid speculators. And these stocks were the "industrials," the "trusts," the birth of which caused such a ferment during the winter of 1898–99. In the first seven months of 1899, hundreds of these huge corporations, or "trusts," were authorized in

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the State of New Jersey alone, with a total capitalization of more than $4,000,000,000. These inflated combinations are the natural flowering of hard times. Following the panic of the late seventies came the railroad combination in which Jay Gould, "Jim" Fiske, and other great speculators played such important parts. It is easy to effect such a combination after a period of depression. There has been little money in business, and discouraged competitors are easily bought out or forced into a combination, for there is much plausibility as well as reason in the argument that a single great corporation can conduct a business more cheaply than many smaller ones, and therefore earn larger profits. And the fact that the combination may be a monopoly with the power of raising prices arbitrarily, if it chooses, appeals to greed and cupidity. Thus came the "industrials," many of them merely inflated stock-jobbing combinations, and the stocks were dumped in enormous quantities on the market, and they, too, were bought up with tremendous avidity.

The record of the stock market during 1898 and 1899 tells a graphic story of the progress and effects of the wave. In 1894 the number of shares of stock bought and sold on 'Change in New York was a fraction over 49,000,000. In 1895, the number crept up to 66,000,000, fell to 56,000,000 in 1896, and rose to 77,000,000 in 1897. Then came 1898, with a record of 112,000,000 shares, and 1899, with 175,000,000. Although the business of 1898 reached the unprecedented total of 112,000,000 shares, the prosperity wave did not really affect the stock market in New York until August of that year. It reached its climax in January, 1899, the most remarkable month in the history of the stock exchange. The figures for that month showed the phenomenal aggregate of 24,143,610 shares, which was almost one-fourth of the entire business done in the previous twelve months, nearly 15,000,000 shares greater than that of the corresponding month in 1898, and more than double that of any month in that year.

But while all this excitement was fermenting on the exchanges, the legitimate manufacturing industries of the country were rising slowly and quietly, but mightily, and demanding money with which to meet the increased calls of expansion. In the winter of 1898 the West wanted money also to move its huge crops. In poor times the money of the country gathers in New York, but with new activities everywhere this money began to drain westward and southward. Many of the capitalists who had been playing with stock speculation withdrew for more substantial and not less promising enterprises, and Wall Street suddenly realized, in the spring of 1899, that the public was not biting at its "industrials" as eagerly as it had been. Moreover, the rates of money, owing to a sharper demand, had been creeping up. In the great speculation month of January, 1899, the lowest rate for call loans was two per cent., with six per cent. for the highest rate. By March the highest was nine per cent., in April sixteen per cent., and then came the first break of the season—a little rift in the lute—a warning to the wise ones that the pace set was too fast. During the summer of 1899 the rates were comparatively low, and still other millions of "industrials" were poured into the market, and still there were crazy buyers. In October, however, when there came considerable demands in the West for money to move the crops, and a demand for gold in England to conduct the Transvaal war, call money in New York reached forty per cent. In December, money demanded the extraordinary call loan interest of 186 per cent., and a panic followed. This high rate was only for speculation loans; mercantile paper at the same time ranged about 6 per cent. Speculators who had been carrying immense quantities of stock on margins could not get any more money to advance and were compelled to sell. Much selling reduces prices just as much buying advances them. As a result, down went the price of stocks. The "industrial" balloon was pricked, and in falling it carried with it the stocks of really stable and powerful corporations which were in a highly prosperous condition. It was that anomaly, a prosperity panic.

Perhaps the most notable thing about the recent upward wave is the manner in which it has swept the entire country, scarcely a single locality or a single industry having escaped its welcome stimulation. Nothing will give better proofs of this than the bank clearings of the various American cities. It was to be expected that New York, the national money center, would show enormous increases, although not such an increase as it really did show (from $42,000,000,000 to $60,000,000,000 in the single year from 1898 to 1899); but people were not prepared for the astonishing showing made all over the country. Only six cities in the Union showed losses from 1898, the highest of these being less than seven per

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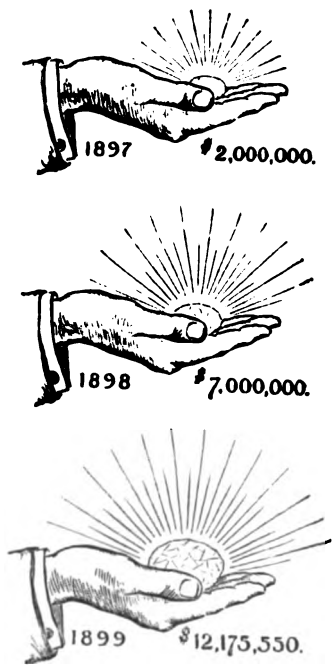
cent.; and in the country as a whole there was an average gain of thirty-six per cent. over 1898 and sixty-three per cent. over 1897.

Another proof that the returning prosperity is general as well as great is found in the marvelous showing for 1899 of the savings and State banks of the country. The savings banks are patronized for the most part by the poorer classes of people—the working woman with her bank-book, the laborer, the miner, the manufacturing employé. On June 30, 1899, there were over 5,200,000 depositors in savings banks in the United States, compared with 4,800,000 in 1894, and 3,800,000 in 1889, a gain of 1,400,000 in ten years. And each of these depositors had, in the average, more money to his account than ever before, the average amount on deposit rising from $369 for each person in 1894 to $419 in 1899. The deposits in all the banks, national and State as well as savings, representing upward of 13,000,000 individual depositors, actually doubled in ten years, amounting in 1899 to the enormous sum of $7,514,000,000. Of this great total the savings banks and the State banks, the depositories of the poorer people, held nearly one-half of the total, leaving to the national banks and the trust companies the other half.



Value of diamonds imported into the United States in 1897, 1898, and 1899.

If the laboring people have been prosperous, have been laying up money and paying off debts, we may be sure the business men, bankers, manufacturers, railroad owners, have not been less fortunate. More than fifty public companies in the United States declared their first dividend in 1899; a score increased their rate of dividend, and thirty made extra dividend payments to their stockholders. The banks of New York never had a more generally profitable year than 1899. The railroads of the country, mine-owners almost without exception, steel and iron men, many other manufacturers, and wholesale and retail merchants also have been large profit-earners. On the other hand, the number of commercial failures shrunk from over 15,000 in 1893, with total liabilities of nearly $347,000,000, to only 9,337 in 1899, with liabilities of less than $91,000,000. Remarkably enough, the average liability of the failed concerns also decreased sharply. In 1893 every failure meant liabilities of nearly $23,000, while in 1899 the average was only $9,733, which is much the lowest ever reported in this country.

An interesting feature of the situation, and one that furnishes an especially striking proof of the unusual volume of the home business—the business between the small buyers and the retail store—is the remarkable demand on the national Treasury for the smaller denominations of coins and bills. George E. Roberts, Director of the United States Mint, told me that never before was the demand for them so great. A few figures furnished by Mr. Roberts will show this condition exactly. In 1879, when specie payment was resumed by the Government, the vaults of the Treasury at Washington began to fill with dimes, quarters, and half dollars, some of which were sent back from foreign countries whither they had been driven in the paper-money days of the Civil War. The Government's store of these coins kept increasing until 1885, when many big vaults in the Treasury building were full of them, and they amounted to nearly $32,000,000. By September, 1899, there was only a little more than $2,000,000 of them remaining in the Treasury. That is, the working people of the United States were handling and using $11,000,000 more of dimes, quarters, and half dollars in September, 1899, than they had been using in September, 1897—two years—a most remarkable and quite unprecedented record. And the use of nickels and pennies increased in proportion.

Not only has the use of small currency thus greatly increased, but the postal business of the country, which also indicates much as to the financial condition of people at large, reached an unprecedented volume in the year 1899. The Government money-order department transacts the banking business

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of people who do not maintain accounts with banks and have no occasion to remit money frequently. Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith furnished me with a number of significant facts in regard to this business during the past few years. The increase of the money-order business for the year ended June 30, 1899, over that of the year 1895 was more than 7,000,000 orders issued; and the increase in amount was $55,000,000. Not only this, but the average amount of money sent by money orders was increased in the one year 1899 by forty cents. For some time previous to 1899 the average had been $7 to an order; in 1899 it was $7.40. The increased volume of the money orders sent to foreign countries indicates the increased prosperity of Americans of foreign birth, many of whom belong to the humblest class of day laborers. In a single week preceding Christmas, 1899, the aggregate amount of orders sent by Americans to their friends in Europe and elsewhere was over $2,500,000. And there was a remarkable increase in the amount of money sent from the United States in this manner in the three years ending in 1899. For the fiscal year of 1897, the total business done amounted to nearly $108,000,000; in 1899 the amount rose to over $122,000,000, an increase in two years of over $14,000,000.

Value of hats and bonnets imported into the United States in 1897 and 1899.

The general business revival showed a most notable effect in the rise of the prices of many commodities in 1899. The breadstuffs —wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, flour—which are the food of the poor, together with mutton, tea, eggs, rice, and tobacco, decreased in price, according to Bradstreet's report, although the decrease was small. With other food stuffs, such as beef, pork, butter, coffee, sugar, and vegetables, there was an advance, although so small, except in the case of beef and pork, that many consumers probably failed to notice it. But fuel and all kinds of clothing, including shoes, were considerably higher. Wages advanced and employment was steadier, however, in nearly all the great industries. The farmer, on the other hand, although his wheat and corn went down in price in 1899, was well able to stand the change, because the crops of 1896, 1897, and 1898, all of which had sold at high prices, had left him in excellent condition; and, besides, his cattle were bringing him more money than ever before. The greatest rise in prices was in the commodities for which the foreigner and the great corporations paid their money, notably in building materials, including iron and steel, in which the advance was about forty-four per cent. Metals came next, with a gain of forty per cent.; then coal and coke, with a gain of 39½ per cent.; then hides and leather, twenty-six per cent. Raw cotton and wool made specially noteworthy advances, and, from being among the most depressed of industries, the textile manufacturing trades are now among the busiest. It is significant that, while the average increase in the price of commodities in America in 1899 was seventeen per cent., the British gain in prices was only twelve per cent.—a conclusive showing that while England, and indeed the whole world, was extraordinarily prosperous in 1899, the United States was at the summit of the wave.

It is especially interesting and instructive to consider what may be called the moral, or rather collateral, effect of such an upward movement in the business of a great country. A nation is wondrously like a man. Adversity purifies it and hardens its character; a period of adversity is a time of good resolutions, economy, development. It was to be expected, therefore, that when expansion came again to business, it would also come to many other departments of human activity. And this, indeed, happened in 1899. Take, for example, the matter of donations and bequests for public causes and institutions. The year 1899 shows a record in this quite as extraordinary as in the bank clearings or the railroad earnings. While Wall Street was frantic with stock speculation and steel

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was doubling in price, the big, comfortable, benevolent American was giving away over $79,000,000, which exceeded the gifts of 1898 by the astounding sum of over $55,000,000, a gain of nearly fifty per cent., and gifts under $1,000 are not counted. In that single year Andrew Carnegie established no fewer than twenty-one libraries in various parts of the country, his donations exceeding $2,582,000. Thirty-four persons made donations ranging from $100,000 to $28,000,000. Indeed, it seemed as though every millionaire in the country, once good times had come again, opened his heart and purse-strings. To charities there was donated or bequeathed during the year a total of $13,036,676. Churches received $2,961,593. The museums and art galleries of the country were the gainers by the year's liberalities to the extent of $2,686,500. To the libraries was given a total of $5,012,400. The amount donated or bequeathed to universities, colleges, and academies surpasses all the other items combined, being $55,581,817. Moreover, never before was there such a tide of students to the colleges as in 1899, and the same tendency appeared even in the district schools.

More curious still, reports from various States show that crime everywhere decreased. Take, for instance, the showing in the single State of Illinois. For the year ending September 30, 1895, during the hard times, 927 convicts were sent to the State penitentiary. In the year ending September 30, 1899, the number was only 506, or hardly more than half. The decrease unquestionably is due to lessened idleness. The army of the unemployed is no longer an army and no longer unemployed; and there is, in consequence, less drunkenness and less tendency to crime. Prosperity also brings with it a feeling of hope. Things must improve, there is money to be made, and comforts to be gained. The legitimate means of acquiring fortune have suddenly become easier than thieving.

Prosperity is expansive; it loves its comforts, its fine china, its music, its theaters, its rich wines, its fine tobaccos, its jewelry, its silks, and its satins. After six years of pinching and saving, is it any wonder that the country takes a long breath and buys the new top-buggy, the necklace, the piano, upon which it has been building its desires? The year 1899 brought unexampled prosperity to all of those trades which lie just beyond the borders of hard necessity over against luxury. Last fall a railroad manager in St. Paul told me that more pianos had been transported to the Northwest during the six months ending July 1, 1899, than during the preceding six years.

Then there are the items of diamonds and top-buggies—diamonds being a standard of luxury to the East and top-buggies to the West. I haven't the exact figures on top-buggies, but I was told by a manufacturer that more business in buggies was done in 1899 than ever in any year before, twice over. As for diamonds, in the fiscal year of 1897 the total value imported into the country was only about $2,000,000; in 1898, the amount had increased to $7,000,000, whereas in 1899 the diamonds imported had a value of over $12,000,000. And, finally, in the supreme luxury of fine foreign bonnets and millinery materials, the value of the importations for 1899 was $2,644,000, an increase of $400,000 over 1898, and of $533,000 over 1897. Like increases appeared in the importation of pictures and works of art, the value for 1899 being $2,800,000, compared with only $2,300,000 in 1898.

In short, in almost every article of life, whether luxurious or essential, as in almost every way of life, the heightened prosperity shows itself decisively; and all the present indications are for its substantial continuance.

Per capita circulation of money in four leading nations in 1899.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE SUGGESTION CONTEST.

IN McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for March, 1899, the following editorial announcement was made:

One thousand dollars will be paid for subjects or ideas for twelve articles for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. The suggestions may be for a series of articles or for single articles. The only condition is that they prove available to the editors of the Magazine and are not on subjects already under consideration. The prize-winners will be given the first opportunity to write the articles. For a smaller number of successful ideas a pro rata sum will be paid.

S. S. McCLURE.

Perhaps no magazine ever made another offer of this kind to which there were so many responses, and the great number of the responses has caused an unavoidable delay in making and announcing the awards.

The offer of $1,000 was for the twelve best suggestions, and not, as some assumed, for the best twelve from any one person. Many persons sent a score or more each, and our task has been to select the best twelve from all the thousands submitted. In only one case did more than one of the suggestions submitted by the same person prove to be available. This was in the instance of Dr. W. C. Mitchell, two of whose suggestions share in the award. The award has been made on the basis of $83.34 for each suggestion accepted. The following are the names and addresses of the persons submitting the twelve finally accepted:

Dr. WILLIAM C. MITCHELL (2),	Denver.
Mr. H. H. BRIMLEY,	Raleigh, N. C.
Mr. JAMES BARNES,	New York City.
Rev. CYRUS T. BRADY,	Philadelphia.
Mr. SAMUEL T. CLOVER,	Chicago.
Mr. CHARLES A. DANCY,	New Orleans.
Mr. ADACHI KINNOSUKÉ,	Los Angeles.
Mr. W. J. LAMPTON,	New York City.
Mr. SAMUEL E. MOFFETT,	New York City.
Mr. CHAUNCEY THOMAS,	Denver.
Mrs. MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS,	New York City.

We have worked for many months with the greatest care over the suggestions submitted, in order to be perfectly just to all concerned; and as, after all, the Magazine itself was to be the final gainer or loser by the choice, it will be seen that there was no partiality possible. For business reasons, it is thought best not to announce the suggestions themselves at present. As they are wrought out into completed articles, our readers will make due acquaintance with them in the pages of the Magazine.

Although this announcement completes the formal contest, we wish it known that there is a perpetual competition for good ideas, and that we will gladly pay any correspondent for original ideas available for magazine articles, according to their worth. It should be remembered, however, that articles are planned months and sometimes years ahead, and that consequently subjects may not always be new to us even when they are so to those who submit them.

THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY'S NEW BOOKS.

WE have the privilege of announcing from our Book Department three attractive volumes for immediate publication.

CONAN DOYLE.

As shown by "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Dr. Doyle is at his best in short stories. "The Green Flag, and other Stories of War and Sport" will be published at once by the S. S. McClure Company in connection with the two books noted below. The collection includes the author's most important recent work.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

During a career which continued for nearly forty years, the late Dwight L. Moody brought a spiritual uplift to thousands of homes in this country and Great Britain. The consecration of strong common sense and organizing ability made him the greatest evangelist of his time. Such a man as Henry Drummond had no hesitancy in saying, "He is the biggest human I have ever met." Some little time before his own death, Professor Drummond wrote a series of articles which the closest friends of the evangelist characterized as "the best appreciation of Mr. Moody ever written." As a young man Professor Drummond first met Mr. Moody during the wonderful revival in Great Britain in 1873-75, and from that time remained in close touch with him. The words of the distinguished Scotch-

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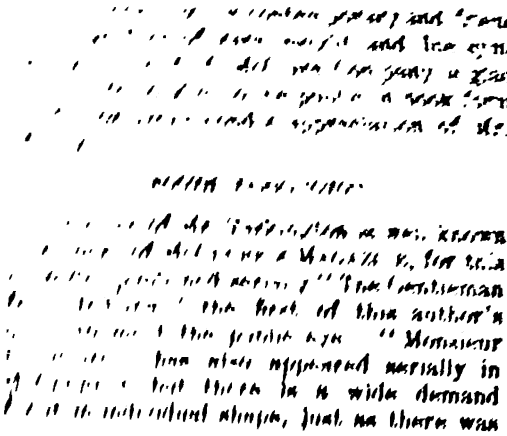

[illegible] company will therefore put the story out in book form handsomely printed, and illustrated in two tones. "Monsieur Beaucaire" differs widely in conception and treatment from "The Gentleman from Indiana," but the author seems as much at home in the regions of London fashion during the eighteenth century as he has shown himself to be in the county-seats of Indiana. The old friends of the story will welcome it in its permanent form, while new friends will certainly not be slow to find it out.

In the near future announcement will be made of books by many other well-known writers.

DEATH IN BATTLE.

By Alfred Ollivant,

Author of "Bob, Son of Battle."

[illegible] hand upon th' Impregnable, he blunders
Headlong in the Cataract of War,
Blasted on by flaming-throated thunders,
Founders in the Deluge; sinks to soar,
Hugely borne upon Jehovah-handed surges,
Whose crests out-tower the bulwarks far of Mars,
Thro' bellowing abysses, till he emerges
In the still sweet silence of the stars.
From the riot of rutin'd firmaments and riot,
He slides into his sleep,
As a ship into the haven's sudden quiet
From the clamour of the hungering outer deep.

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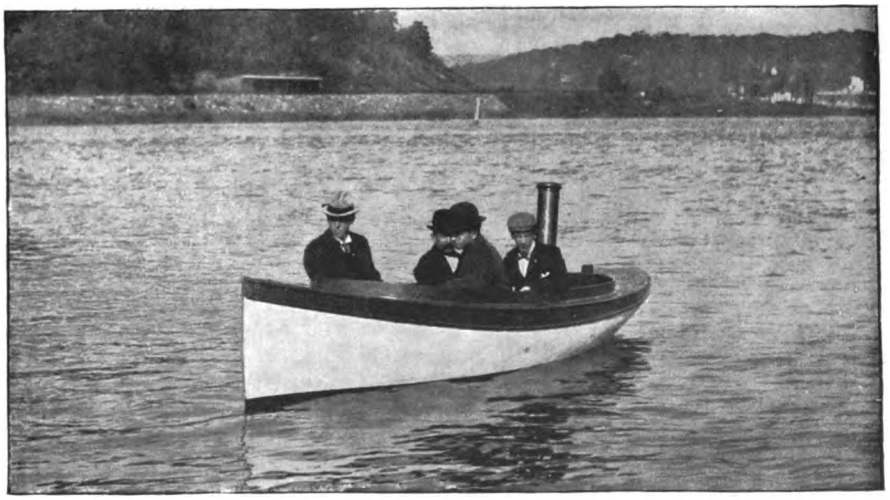

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JUNE, 1900
VOL. XV. NO. 2

10 CEN

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE

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EVERY TABLET

OF

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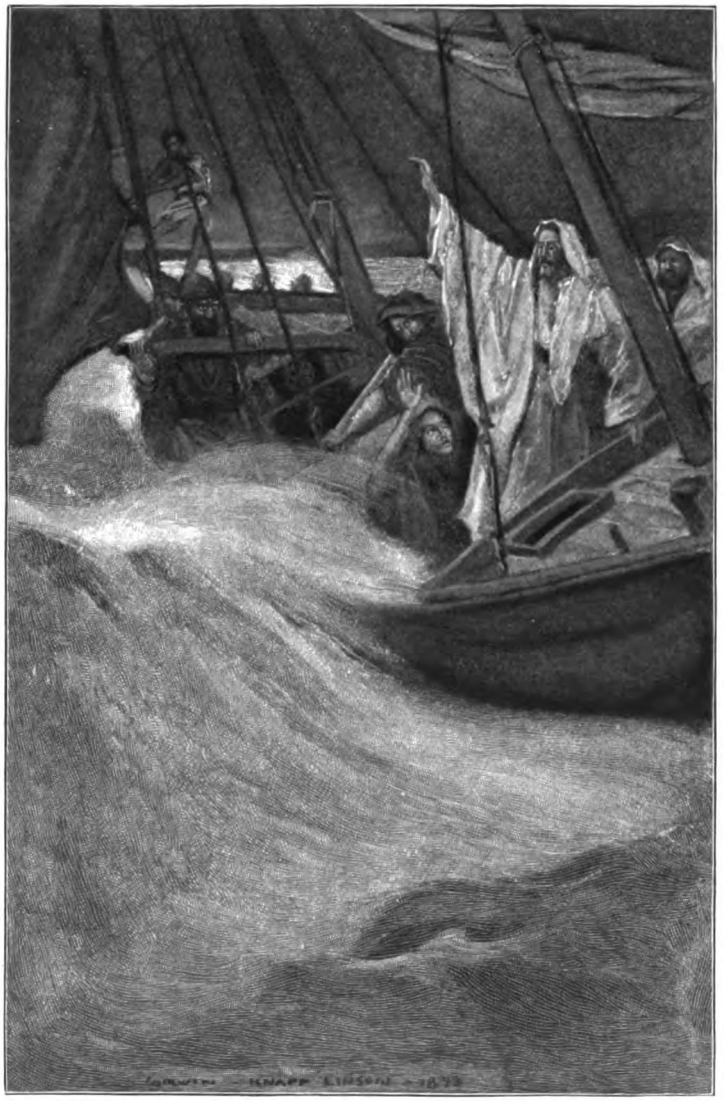

SEE PAGE 177.

STILLING THE TEMPEST.

Then he arose, and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water.—LUKE, viii. 24. Jesus and His disciples, desiring to reach the other side of the Sea of Galilee, "went into a ship;" and as they sailed, "He fell asleep: and there came down a storm of wind." Such storms are common to the region, especially in the autumn, when this event probably took place. During the night I spent by the Sea of Galilee a hard east wind came up, and sleep was out of the question. My tent swayed and flapped; the thrumming of the stays mingled with the sound of the men pounding in the tent-pegs, their whacking blows accenting the noise of the tempest, while their voices were blown about most oddly, now reaching my ears in full volume, and now seeming to come faint from various far-away quarters. I breakfasted early in the morning, three hours before sunrise, the waning moon shining in a cloudless, starry sky. From the cooking-tent I could hear heated argument, fierce outbursts, sounding in that wild turmoil like the quarreling of goblins. It was well in harmony with the moment. By dawn, the tempest subsided into a zephyr.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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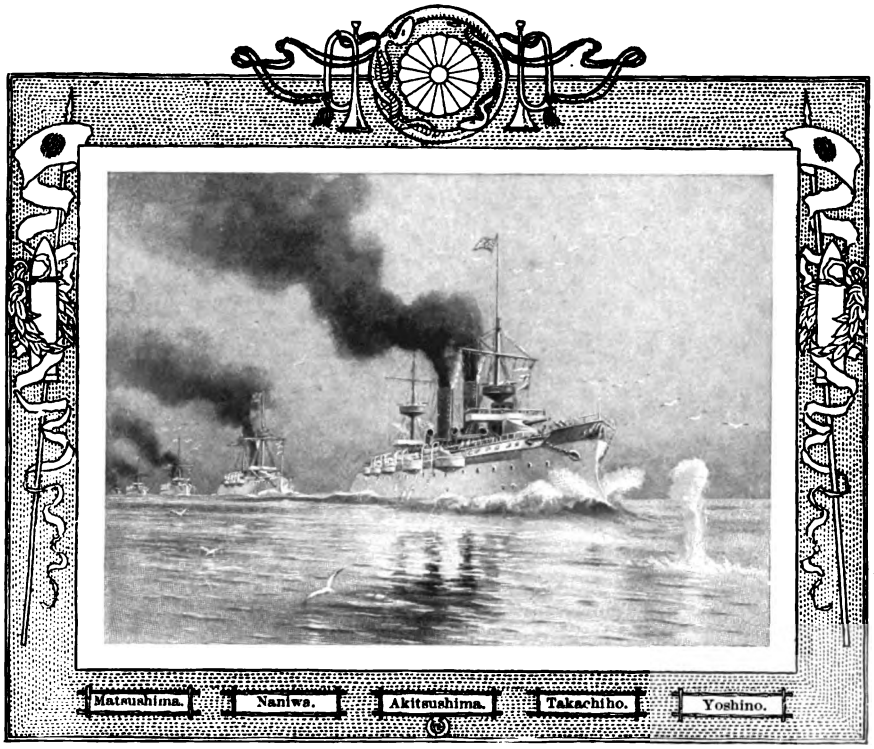
McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XV. JUNE, 1900. No. 2.



The Japanese Flying Squadron and the leading ship of the Principal Squadron in line ahead.

A CADET AT THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

By Adachi Kinnosuké,

Author of "Iroka: Tales of Japan."

A STORY OF THE JAPANESE-CHINESE WAR.

AR away on the horizon, from beneath the purple and dream-like bed-quilts, it woke and opened its large, blue eyes, the 17th of September, 1894. Ah! I see the very mention of it affects you. True, it's a darling of History now, but then we couldn't tell it from any other fine day. Beautiful! Well, yes, in that it was utterly unlike all other days.

The sea—older than tradition—is a little maid after all. All her girlishness was on her dimpling face that morning. She laughed, giggled, and sang: according to the humor of breezes, changeful as the heart of man.

"*Shikataga nei* (Can't be helped)!" He

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was laughing. "They have misplaced their tails. And I don't wonder at all that China's august braves cannot come out straight—with their heads in front. Ha! ha! ha!"

"A-ha-ha-ha!" I laughed heartily with him.

How tired we were, looking for the Chinese forever and forever! The Japanese squadrons were steaming leisurely out of a harbor of the Hai-yang Island "in line ahead." The "Yoshino" was leading the Flying Squadron, and the flag of Rear-Admiral Tsuboi Kozo, languid on the halyard, was flirting gently with the winds. My eyes—as they generally are when I am dreaming—were wandering afar. On the port bow, far down the horizon, there was something which made my eyes jump. Smoke! And sure enough there was a signal on the "Yoshino."

"Look! look! look!" I exclaimed.

There was a pause—stormy, silent, dead.

"*Tei-koku banzai!* Nihon's navy ten thousand years!" Yamaji shouted.

A minute—and aboard every ship the "officer's call" and "action" flew out merrily and away from the bugles.

They fairly flew, the "Yoshino," the "Takachiho," the "Akitsushima," the "Naniwa." The Japanese impatience was their speed. "At full speed," so reads our official report; at "perhaps twice our speed," so says Commodore McGiffin, who commanded the "Chen Yuen." The Principal Squadron heeled the Flying Squadron closely. What a sight that was from our military top!

"The twelve Japanese ships," wrote a gentleman who fought against us, "forming apparently a single line, and preserving station and speed throughout most beautifully, could not but excite a feeling of admiration." This same man had said—it may be interesting for some of you to know—not many weeks before the day of battle: "We are now on our way with six good ships to meet the enemy to-morrow, and I hope we will sink the dogs!"

All is but a memory now, and yet, laugh as much as you please, I can hardly write about it. Nervous, you ask?—well, you see me tremble—that is right. The faintest dream of it swells my heart right up into my throat and chokes me. Whether I close my eyes, or keep them wide open, it is all the same. The picture—just as I saw it from the military top of the "Hiyei" and by his side—is before me, every detail of it. The huge slices of snow-spray which the cut-waters plowed in the emerald field, the turbulent fountains at the rudders, the boiling streams flowing therefrom between the banks of foam, and those ships, trim in their new Sabbath coats of paint, ribboned with the signal flags of many colors, and over all, high up in the sky, at the mast-heads, the national ensigns waving and flapping their greetings to the unseen spectators (perhaps on the star-worlds far away), and the sea laughing all about us, and the autumn sun winking saucily from every dimple of a ripple and all! A wedding march of sea gulls, one might have said, watching our ships in line ahead. And a bridal party they were, to be sure! We were going to meet the groom, the formidable Pei Yang Squadron. Everybody had heard the name. Mothers had used it to scare the babies into a more philosophical frame of mind.

How jolly they were, those Chinese whales, in their fresh buntings, under the new yellow flags! A blunt wedge in formation to the eyes of distance, they steamed out to meet us, those gay gallants, with black plumes of smoke swaying gracefully to the lee. Did one ever see a rendezvous more gala-like?

"Sixty-five hundred yards . . . sixty-three hundred . . . sixty-one . . . sixty . . . fifty-nine hundred!"

12:22 P.M.—"Fifty-eight hundred yards!"

A huge cotton-like cloud, pierced with a lightning flash, belched out from the "Ting Yuen's" starboard barbette. It thundered. Not very far ahead of the "Yoshino" a geyser was born, all of a sudden. A white column of water stood against the skies. The other Chinese ships followed suit—a perfect fury of roar. What a thunderous reception for the bride—white and silent!

For five minutes, under the incessant Chinese fire, the Japanese were perfectly silent. Maybe you, chatting by the side of your Mary in the kindly gloaming, this Sunday evening, think it a rather short time. Time passed a little differently with those impatient Japanese gunners. The distance was fast being eaten up. "Thirty-three hundred yards!" The longer hand of a clock was just approaching 12:30. Then the Japanese guns opened their iron throats and spake. When they did reply, there seemed to be a great deal of conviction in their voice.

"Look yonder!" shouted I, my eyes strained on the "Ting Yuen" through the dense smoke, my fingers signaling my exultation and surprise to the universe at large.

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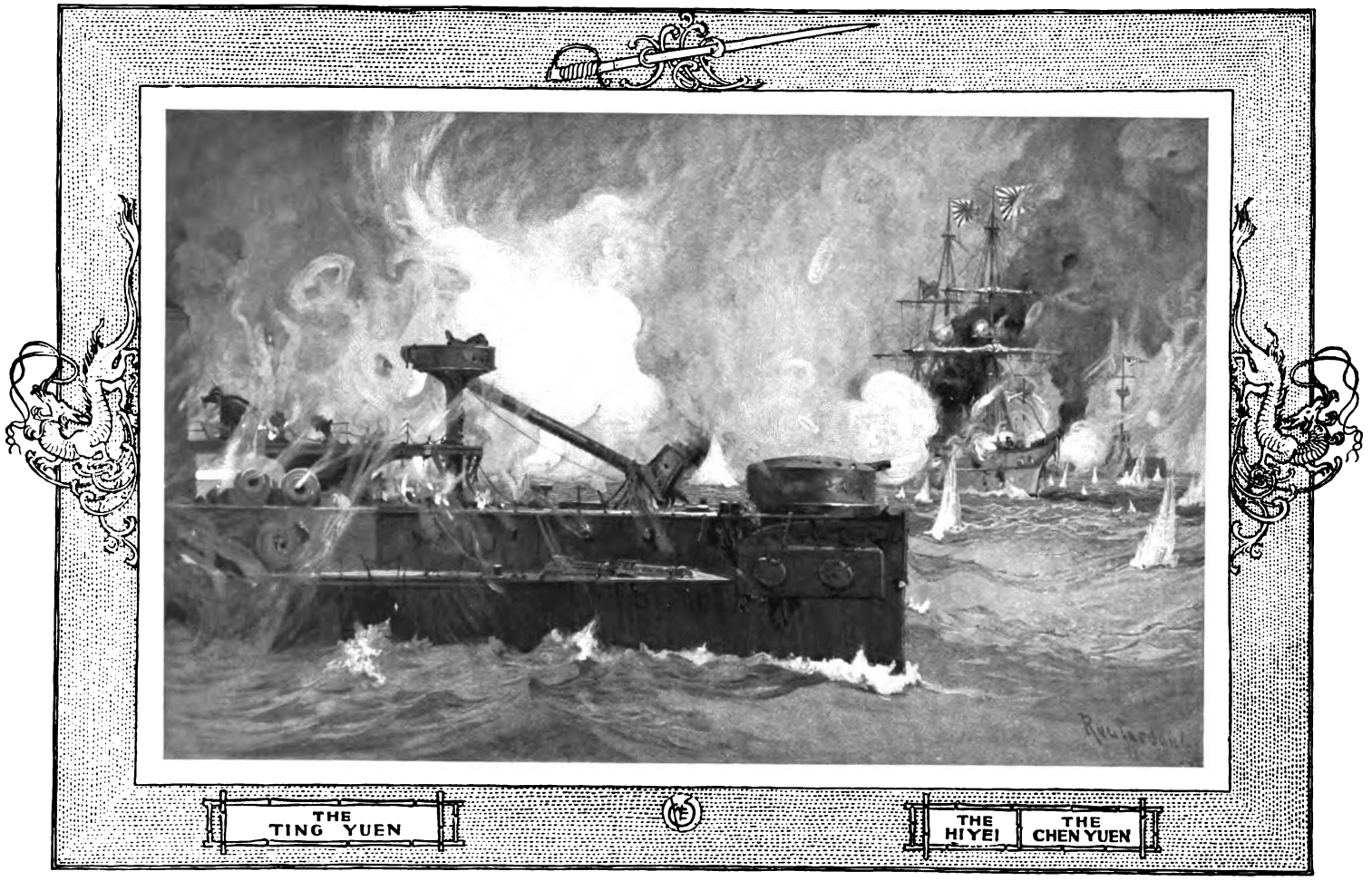

" Then it was that we entered into the queer place over the gateway of which, Dante tells us, is the warning to leave hope behind."

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The upper part of the "Ting Yuen's" largest mast was gone. The 32-centimeter from the "Matsushima" had paid a very jarring visit to it.

Time, 12:58. The Chinese fleet looked for signals at the flag-ship, the "Ting Yuen." In place of commands, the sad stump of the mast was weeping in ashes. How could the Chinese act in concert and keep their formation when no chicken with its head chopped off is expected to walk straight?

"What, the head gone? So early!" remarked he, solemn and dry as a commencement sermon, my friend Yamaji.

The Wakamatsu Castle was proud of Yamaji's father now of old. His Majesty, the *Ten-nō*, in those days, was courting flowers and poetry behind the purple curtain in the quiet of the Kyoto palace, far away from the markets and war. The *shôgun*, the military regent, was the captain and helm of the country. Eighteen hundred and sixty-eight came, and with it one of the most radical of revolutions. We, sitting cross-legged in the lap of the New Japan, look back at the year, and call it *O-ji-shin*, "great earthquake." The feudalism in Japan was a pale mirage of a dream; the Tokugawa shôgunate was a straw pagoda caught in a storm all of a sudden. Those were sad days for some of the clansmen.

They fought under the same flag, Yamaji's father and mine, under the flag of the *shôgun*. They died in the same castle, in the same twilight of that same unkindly day, which fell upon them in benediction from the patriarchal pines. They were *samurai*, and *samurai*-like they committed *hara-kiri* and paid their last debt of gratitude.

Sang a Chinese poet, once long ago: "When the snow is heavy on the boughs, then, for the first time, we know the color of the pine." The Wakamatsu Castle was one of the evergreens. The imperial arms, under the royal "brocade banners," turned northward. Castle after castle fell. "The wind was on the rice-field," wrote the historian of the time. The thirst for conquest is a sort of fire, and no amount of oil poured upon it will quench it. And the imperial victories were the most combustible of oil.

Many said: "What is the use? Resist that avalanche of the imperial army? You are joking. Shed the blood of so many noble *samurai* for nothing? What nonsense! Does not His Majesty offer the most liberal and honorable of terms? Those who surrender—mark the words of his august edict! —shall go unmolested and without penalty of any kind. More than that, does not His Majesty decree that the officers of his new government shall be chosen irrespective of their past fidelity to the Tokugawa Bakufu, and solely on the basis of merit?"

All of which was true. And yet, there were *samurai* who, like a faithful wife, were too truly wedded to the course of the shôgunate to see two paths where duty led them. Call them misguided, and you may be right. Foolish, if you please, and many other names, my clever friends; but one thing was certain: ingrates they never were. Neither did they perjure themselves. Had not the Tokugawa *shôgun* clothed, fed, trained, dignified, honored them; and for over two hundred and fifty years, them and their ancestors? They did not, could not, forget that. Did they not swear at the altar of *samurai's* honor that they would spell out their gratitude to their *daimyo* and *shôgun* with letters, not of ink, but of their best blood, ruddy and warm with their life? Japanese history had been proud to record many a name of *samurai* who had sacrificed his wife, his children, his own life, and all for the cause of loyalty. And they, the *samurai* of 1868, bore the same proud names.

Remember also, however much they might be in error, they had a firm conviction—and sincere as truth in it, too—that right was on their side. They never lifted their swords —that is to say, as they looked at it—against His Majesty, the *Ten-nō*. They were fighting against the foul advisers who "tacked His Majesty under their arms and dictated to the world" in his august name; that was all.

"I offer this to you," said the last breath of my father, as he handed me his sword; "draw and honorably look at it. Are there any stains? None? And so is my soul and my conscience and my honor."

The sword was as pure as the heart of a god!

The Wakamatsu Castle fell. And in that chamber of Karasu where his father committed *hara-kiri* Yamaji was present—a witness of the scene of tears and blood, even an actor in it—in his mother's arms. He was three months old.

The act was committed. His blood was on the snow-white of his ceremonial robe. A perfect stoic, calm, and as much above pain and death as the Fuji's snow is above the stains of the sewer! That, then, was the last and the greatest conquest of a *sa-*

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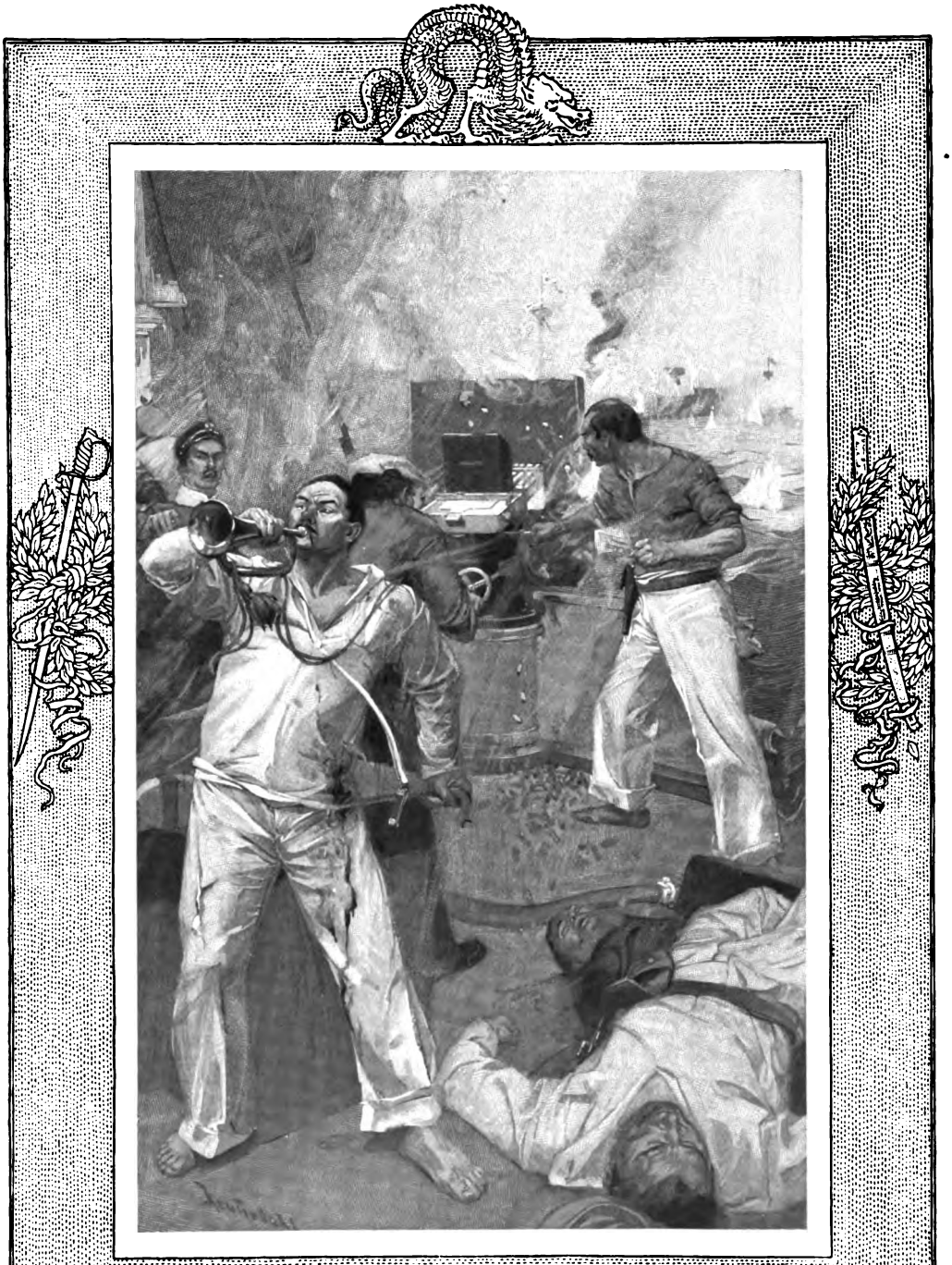

"He . . . raised his bugle to his lips and blew . . . signal after signal."

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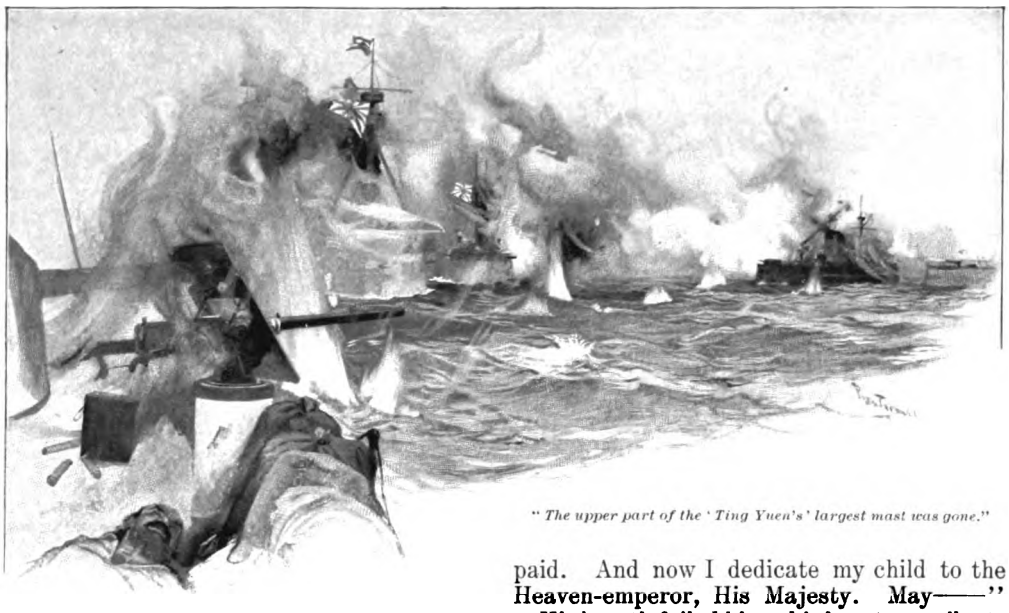

"The upper part of the 'Ting Yuen's' largest mast was gone."

murai, victory over death and pain. And am I placed under the necessity of defending this flower-act of a brave soul, who scorned death and rewards alike and was mindful only of duty and of the honor of a *samurai* —of defending such an act—a "barbarous" act? There are some, so they tell me, who, when they are butchered like dogs under the sabers of their enemies, shriek, groan, and cry, as if death were the most unexpected thing on a battlefield. And, moreover, I am told that they wear the soldier's uniform. There are some also, I have heard it said, who congratulate themselves—aye, receive the congratulations from their friends with beaming faces, too—on their lucky escape. "Lucky!" Just think of it—and strut about through the streets the rest of their lives doing nothing but write "Colonel" or "General" bigger and bigger, and sound it louder and louder still on top of their names. And if my ears deceive me not badly, there are a lot of people who call these gentlemen the heroes of the battle of so and so! And certainly they may be right. But I digress.

"Nearer—nearer," whispered the dying *samurai* to his wife.

"Taro," he said, as she approached him closely and presented their child to the dying husband. "Taro" is the given name of Yamaji. The father placed his blood-stained finger on the baby's forehead.

"I die for and with Bakufu—in order to answer for its gracious favors. The debt is paid. And now I dedicate my child to the Heaven-emperor, His Majesty. May——"

His breath failed him; his heart was silent.

The silent tears from his mother's eyes did not erase the blood seal on the baby's forehead.

When he was about five years of age his mother took him to the shrine of the Ujigami (local deity), and within hearing of the solemn hymns of the sacred cataract dedicated him anew, in the presence of the god, to the cause of His Majesty.

Ten years later, on a moonlit, silver night, the metal mirror peeping through the open work of the shrine of the local deity saw a young man near where the mother had dedicated her five-year-old Yamaji. The mother discovered—and it must have been about that time—that her son held a daily converse with the mortuary tablet of her husband, as if he were talking with the living. When she happened to catch him as he came out of the family shrine, she noted plain traces on his face and in his eyes of tears, which he could not wipe away.

The Japanese Flying Squadron had steamed past the Chinese right flank. They were respectful enough to all the Chinese ships, the polite Japanese that they were, but especially so to the "Chao Yung" and the "Yang Wei." The Japanese compliment was a little too warm for the poor "Yang Wei." And yet it is not in the nature of some Chinese—so they, the naughty-tongued, tell me—to refuse anything when it is given them. She was in flames. We could see her—a picture hung against the wall, of some

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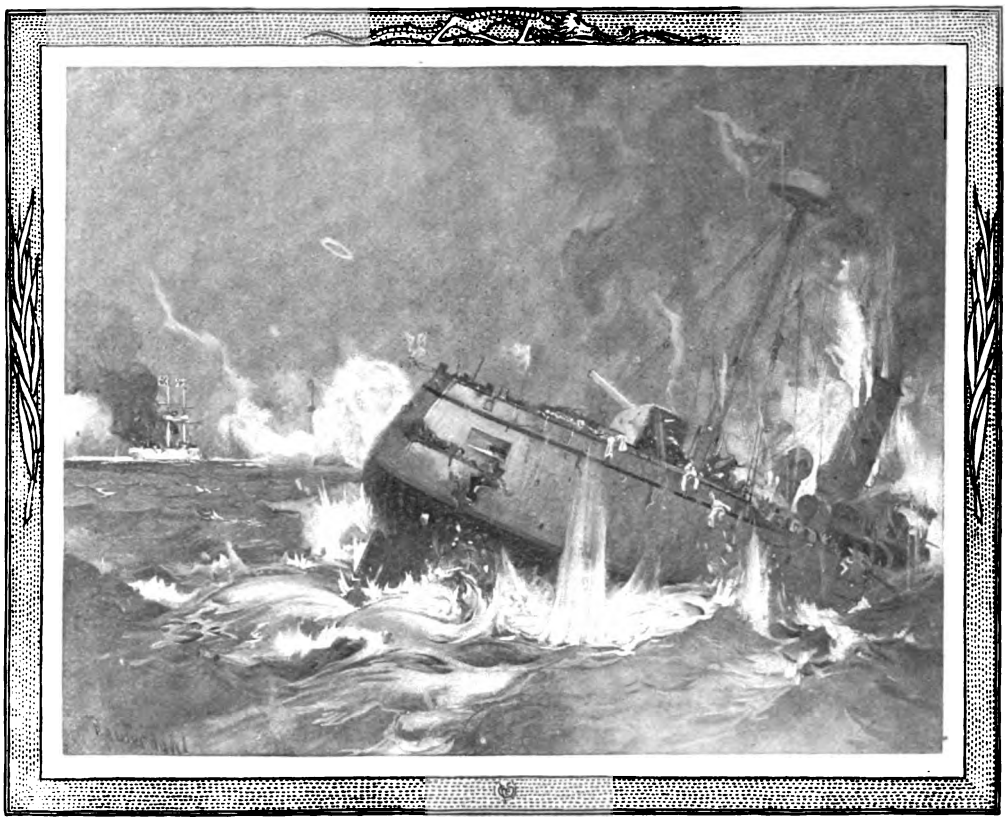
misty hue—over the sea. The smoke veiled it. The smoke framed it. She was a beautiful, appetizing sight, was that ship. That was the finest bonfire I have seen in all my life, and I have seen a few thousands of them, more or less.

They were already porting, those four vessels of the Flying Squadron—thundering, lightening, smoking like volcanoes, under the huge black umbrellas stretched from their smoke-stacks, and the graceful mass of



"A thick column rose from the quarter-deck and poop, genie fashion. . . . The ship was on fire."

lace-like smoke trailing court-lady fashion at their heels.

The "Matsushima," at the head of the Principal Squadron, reached the Chinese right, and was just flanking it. And a gay treat of a heavy cross-fire that was to which she was treating the "Chao Yung." It was, in all conscience, too much. Had not the Flying Squadron treated her politely enough? She appreciated the attentions rather warmly, and her enthusiasm burst out in blazing, towering smoke—on fire!

Our ship, "Hiyei," was the last in the Principal Squadron, the slowest in speed (thirteen knots) except the "Akagi," a gunboat of 615 tons. We had engaged the "Chen Yuen" and other ships of the Chinese left. We were just ahead of the Chinese flag-ship, the "Ting Yuen." The distance between us and the rest of the line was increasing. Rather than invite the fire of the two ironclads, the "Ting Yuen" and the "Chen Yuen," and of the "King Yuen" and the "Ching Yuen"; rather than, after all that, risk failing to join the squadron, as she surely must, for there was no tempering the speed of the rest of the ships in line ahead; rather than be sunk in an ignoble running-away fight; rather than——

Pierce the Chinese line—and why not?—save the ship, if possible, and join the Principal Squadron on the other side!

Captain Sakura Kikunosuké stood on the bridge. Off to the starboard quarter the two Chinese ironclads were bearing down upon us. He pointed at them. "Between them!" he cried.

The din of the few hundred cannon, so demonstrative of their affection; the dense

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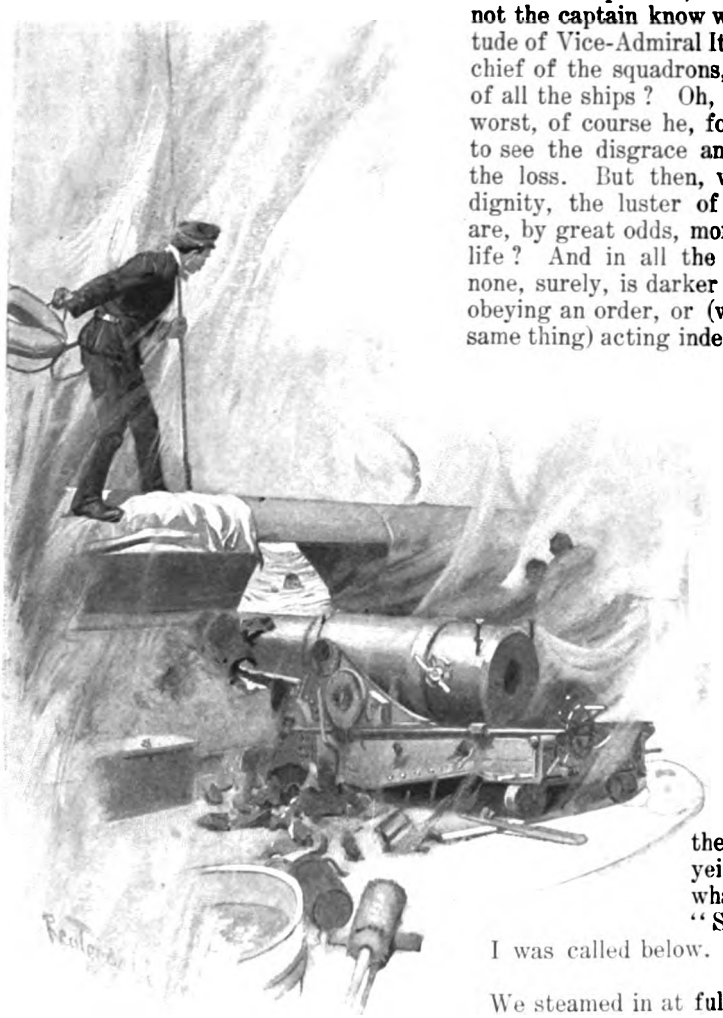

"With all my might I threw it toward him."

smoke, in volume enough to make a decent pall for a good-sized genie; the frequent, and so often sudden, shower-baths of shot and shell which you had to take whether you would or no these and the ghastly sight of the human butcher-shop all around are not the most suitable things to keep a man's head clear. To run the gauntlet of the Chinese line between those ironclads! That, at least, was not a coward's programme. To follow the chord of the arc, and join the Principal Squadron—the only way of salvation for the "Hiyei"—on the other side! That, say what you please, was no vision which a slow-witted muddle-head would see.

Did the flag-ship signal the "Hiyei" to follow any such course? Suppose she should be blown to powder, or sunk outright! Does not the captain know well enough the solicitude of Vice-Admiral Ito, the commander-in-chief of the squadrons, for the preservation of all the ships? Oh, if things come to the worst, of course he, for one, would not live to see the disgrace and suffer the pang of the loss. But then, what of the national dignity, the luster of the Sun-flag, which are, by great odds, more important than his life? And in all the black list of crimes none, surely, is darker for soldiers than disobeying an order, or (which amounts to the same thing) acting independently on a course so critical as that! Few, very few others had done anything of the kind before him. Nelson was one of them. Captain Sakura's name will enter the catalogue of the names of the few.

When Yamaji noted the change in the course of the "Hiyei" and understood what it meant, he said, "Sons of *samurai!*"

I was called below.

We steamed in at full speed, letting loose the very fury from our broadsides as we went, by way of an applause to the memory of the good old chop-me-up-and-I-will-split-you-open, gallant days when the line of battle was a series of duels of ships battering away at each other till one of them struck its flag. What a *mêlée* that was! That beautiful sheet of water, which scarce an hour before was as smooth and transparent as the brow of my lady, how it was churned, dug, whipped, and scarred! We could hardly believe our own eyes. There never was a worse small-pox than the hailstorm of projectiles. I acknowledge those Chinese knew how to pay respects that were due from them and return the compliments paid them. They fired at us point-blank. And as the commander of the "Chen Yuen" writes, "It was utterly impossible to miss."

"Eleven hundred yards . . . eleven hun-

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dred . . . nine hundred and ninety yards!" The voice was resonant, deep, and rose above the din, and was clear as the wedding-bell. Yamaji was shouting down from the top.

Much depended on him, on the correctness of his mathematics, on the clearness of his head. Let his calculation run off at a tangent, and a pretty mad riot there would have been among the shot and shell!

"Eight hundred and eighty yards . . . seven hundred and seventy . . . five hundred and fifty . . . five hundred and fifty!"

Then it was that we entered into the queer place over the gateway of which, Dante tells us, is the warning to leave hope behind. The beautiful autumn day, dreamy on the historic Yellow Sea of the poets, was suddenly hurled into the primordial chaos where the sun had not yet been born. I came upon a bugler. He was pulling out a jagged piece of an exploded shell from his body. His uniform was dyed, and it did not take a doctor to tell how painful and dangerous was the wound. "Below! Go down below!" said I, pointing to the surgeon.

Judge my surprise when he, ignoring my orders altogether, raised his bugle to his lips and blew, actually blew, signal after signal. I was speechless. The blood gushed out with every breath. A minute later, as I passed him, I saw a surgeon's assistant by his side. "Come this way," the man was saying.

"Thanks," said the bugler in answer to the invitation, "but my duty is to stand right here at my post, and therefore——"

He had no time to say more. A shell struck his head from behind, and flung it into the sea. A curling smoke of spray, a tiny whirlpool, and then expansive circles of eddies on the slope of a swelling billow—they were all, the only monument left of the memory of the heroic unknown. And even these, a few seconds afterward, as the line shots kicked up a stupendous wall of spray and foam—even these very transitory mementoes which, if one might call them such, marked, tomb-like, the last spot whence the bugler took his leap into the infinite beyond—even these eddies, I say, were stormed out of sight.

I thought that my arms, both of them, were pretty well occupied, especially just at that time. But a steel shot thought otherwise, and, kindly and thoughtfully enough, it came and relieved me of one of them. A shell burst just then on the other side of the mainmast from where we stood. A piece struck my comrade on the back. I caught him as he fell in my remaining arm. And with him and with the bleeding stump of my left arm, I dashed down into an officer's mess-room, which, for the time being, was converted into a surgeon's ward.

As I almost tumbled down into the room, I jerked myself into a dead halt. What a sight that was! A shell had entered. There was a good-sized lake in the center of the room that had red water in it. And the whole medical staff (yes, to a man) lying there with the wounded who had been carried in, all heaped in piles, made an embankment for the ruddy lake of respectable thickness and height. I forgot to unburden myself of the almost lifeless body of my comrade, and stood there, stone-like, for a few seconds.

I heard a sound which was not exactly a groan. It came from a heap in a corner, a monstrosity of mutilation. The fire had stripped his head and eyebrows clean naked, and one could by no means tell where his nose might have been. What an appalling rag of flesh did he wear for his face! "There is the medicine you want—there." That thing could speak! But that hand of his which he raised to point out the place of the medicine!

The unhappy man thought, it was very evident, that he was the only survivor of the entire medical staff. He must serve his fellow-comrades. He alone could direct, none else. So he tottered to his feet. Why, in the name of all good sense, didn't he lie quiet and make himself as comfortable as possible, in a dream, at least, if not in solid expectation, of getting hauled safely out of that hades and healed by and by, and of sitting comfortably there on the green sod under the shades of a pine on Maiko Beach, or some other kindly place, and of spending his remaining days in affluence on his pension and under the glorious gold-corded uniform of a captain? Why get up in that horrid condition? Didn't he have sense enough to know that his veins would be all empty of blood within five minutes at most?

Just then Lieutenant-Commander Sakamoto Toshiatsu stepped into the room. The officer recognized the man, by his uniform, of course, not by his face, to be the medical attendant of the first class, Miyashita Sukejiro.

"Sukejiro," the commander called out to him, "your words and deeds show that you are truly a valiant man. I see what a loyal subject of the Emperor you are. If you die, your name shall never die. Be assured, I will take care of that."

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"Are you the staff commander? As the Honorable Presence sees, that shell almost finished me. I regret that my hands and feet obey my bidding no longer. I truly regret that I can do no more for the Sun-flag and His Majesty."

Out of the surgeon's ward and scarcely three steps on the starboard quarter, I was rushing back to my post, when something like a bloody moon burst right over my head, a thunder roared, and chaos followed. Another shell! That was all—and who can spare time to notice such a trifling matter?

Then I heard the commander exclaim: "Look, look at him! He acts as if the eyes of the eight million gods were upon him! Would that all Japan were witnessing him!"

Eyes were turned to the military top. A shell struck a corner of it, and my friend Yamaji was hoisted out of it as if the top were a petard. He was a terrible sight—his hair singed, his coat smoking. He alighted on the shroud just below the top. Well, you ought to have seen him then! Agile as the professional monkey of a juggler, he leaped back again into the top.

"Five hundred and fifty yards!" he shouted down. Oh, nothing had happened to him; that is to say, to his way of thinking. Something robbed him of his signal flags and a lump of flesh from his left shoulder.

"Blaze away!" he shouted to the gunners still remaining in the top. One might have thought from the strength of his voice that he was waking from the dead.

There was a hearty laugh below, on the bridge. And how utterly ill-timed did it sound amid that tremendous concert of shots, in that pandemonium of fire and blood.

Yamaji did look mirth-provoking. But with that steadiness of nerve, that presence of mind, that utter indifference to the hot-breathed threats of the whizzing shells passing and repassing an inch ahead of his nose and through the bodies of his comrades—ah, what a sublime sight he was, if you could but stop long enough to think of it!

Let the truth be told. The commander was right when he remarked that the boy was acting to spectators: only it was not the eyes of the eight million gods. The eyes he felt burning on every action of his were those of a man—then dead a long time, whose name even was being forgotten by some of his own clansmen—his father. What seemed to observers intrepidity and daring gone mad, was nothing but a prayer in Yamaji's heart. What seemed a miracle to the officers below on the bridge, was a mere translation of that little sentence, spoken some twenty-four years before, within a doomed castle, under the shadow of defeat and by a man bowing down on his sword and committing *hara-kiri:* "I dedicate my child to the Heaven-emperor, His Majesty."

I said that his mother's tears did not erase the blood seal upon the baby brow; neither did those twenty-four years.

"Six hundred and sixty yards . . . six hundred and sixty yards . . . seven hundred and seventy yards . . . eight hundred and eighty!"

Slow and old as the ship was, she was running at her topmost speed. She had passed and was astern the Chinese line. She was under a heavy cloak of smoke. A thick column rose from the quarter-deck and poop, genie fashion. It rolled clear up to the mizzen-top, swelling, belching, fatter and fatter. The ship was on fire!

The Chinese wanted to know whether we were done for or not; and, by way of ascertaining it, they sent a deadly messenger. The shot crashed through our upper works.

I was fighting the flames instead of the Chinese at that time. And down, right in front of me, rained a heap of flesh, apparently out of the clear sky. An unsightly mass of jelly—and that was all that was left of a gallant gunner. The shot tore almost half of the top away, and carried it into the sea.

There was no occasion, really, for me to get irritated. Surely I have lived in this funny world long enough to find out that smoke is the most contrary-souled nuisance in the world. But I wanted to see the remaining part of the military top. How about Yamaji? Was he there, that miracle of luck who flew in the face of Providence every chance he had? I was anxious; I wanted to see; but the smoke said no. And thereupon, how furiously mad I got.

At last I spied the ruin of the top. Not a shadow of anything living or dead. Naturally enough my eyes shot at the spot where the half of the top jumped into the sea and so foolishly drowned itself. There rose out of the water, a little beyond the spot, a head, then the shoulder, of a man. It was Yamaji!

Frantic, forgetful even of my duty, of the fire I was fighting, of the battle, of my life, of everything, I rushed to a life-buoy. I cut it, and with all my might I threw it toward him. But the ship was passing fast.

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In a corner of Aoyama Cemetery, on a plot where the sod is ever green, fenced in with a rail of iron taken from the wreck of a Chinese man-of-war, there stands a marble shaft. No one sleeps under it. Cut into the sheen of that stone, white as a *samurai's* honor, is the name of one of my friends. Beneath the name you can read (whenever you would like to go there, I will show it to you) this:

"Dedicated by his father to His Majesty, the Emperor of Japan."

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT—AS AN EXPERIMENT.

INCIDENTS OF CONFLICT IN A TERM OF PRACTICAL POLITICS.

By J. Lincoln Steffens.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S career is a practical experiment in politics. He is aiming at success. If he were content to be good, he would not stand out as he does among the honest men who are known in political life, but who for the most part maintain their personal purity by holding aloof and exerting only so much influence as is possible by arousing or directing public opinion. Mr. Roosevelt always has recognized that he had not only to keep clean himself, but to get things done.

He hesitated once when he was an assemblyman. He became a leader in the House during his first term, and he put through several reform laws by forcing or persuading the party to take them up. In a subsequent term he was so influenced by his many Mugwump friends that he stood out alone, with a few followers to fight; just to fight. This lasted only a few weeks, however. He saw that he could accomplish nothing by personifying a universal protest; so in he went again to get things done, to put through all that it was possible to force upon his party, and his record in this legislature was a good one.

When he returned from Cuba, the old question arose in no very new form. Should he stand out with the comparatively few so-called independents and fight everything, or should he join with the machine and as Governor do things? I told that story in the May, 1899, number of this magazine; and the decision to accept the regular Republican nomination and make his fight within the party was recounted there with some of the differences which were bound to come between such a man and an organization. The question raised then was, "Would Mr. Roosevelt succeed in doing the right thing always and carrying the organization with him?" The experiment was going on. It is still going on. The first term of his governorship is about over. What is the result? To tell what laws were passed would not signify, from my point of view; that is a matter of mere local interest. It is the success or failure of the man that is significant, because, not alone that he is honest and practical, but because people believe he is honest; and especially the politicians know this. The only man I ever heard question it was a notorious Tammany legislator; this is the way he put it:

"Say, do you know the Governor's got the best lay I ever seen in politics? I don't see why nobody thought of it before. It's dead easy. He just plays the honesty game, and see how it works!"

Thus even he did not really doubt Mr. Roosevelt's honesty. He simply could not rise to a point where he could grasp the idea of sincerity. Life was a game, and honesty was a pretty good trick to play; that was all.

The two years at Albany have been a severe trial. There were no great pieces of legislation up to attract popular enthusiasm and help the Governor carry his will over the machine's. Neither was there any important executive act to give his position the force of public feeling. It was a commonplace term, and the fights were all quiet contests. All the better for the present purpose. They were within the organization, practical politics.

For there were fights. The Governor and the organization clashed with dangerous frequency; and two or three times Mr. Roosevelt and the leaders looked red into one another's faces, lips tight and jaws set, separating as if for good and all. But each time the Governor won, the party leaders submitted, and coöperation was resumed without any unpleasant recollections. Two of these dis-

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agreements, or "splits," as they were called, will do here to tell the whole story.

Louis F. Payn was Superintendent of Insurance when Mr. Roosevelt was elected. He was a Republican grown old in the party; a friend of Senator Platt, the State leader, from the days when the Senator was a novice in politics; and he had been appointed by Governor Black, Mr. Roosevelt's Republican predecessor. Mr. Payn had been a lobbyist who did business on a grand scale, but his friends said for him (he never speaks for himself), that no matter what his past had been, his administration of the Department of Insurance was above reproach. He wanted to stay. His term in office expired on January 1, 1900, and he was glad the end came in the middle of Mr. Roosevelt's term, because he would like to have had the stamp of approval which an honest man could put upon the honest end of his life. The man with a past seemed to be really proud of his virtuous present.

The Governor laughed in a merry way he has, and said that Mr. Payn would have to go. Mr. Payn declared he meant to stay. He didn't laugh, and the Governor didn't laugh so much after that. It is known that Roosevelt is a fighter. So is Lou Payn. He is a surly, vindictive man, who knows no limitations. There is a story that Senator Platt tried once to persuade Payn to "let up" on an enemy of theirs. Mr. Platt showed that it was good politics in this case to forgive; the enemy was a man of power in his district. "No, sir," said Payn, "I won't quit on that cuss while he stands above ground." The Senator looked in the angry face, and saw that this was true. "That," he said, "is the reason you are the leader of only a small section of the country, Lou."

Payn fought at first very fairly. A flood of petitions from the insurance companies poured in asking the Governor to retain the superintendent. They all endorsed his official conduct. This did no good. The Governor began to ask men to take Payn's place. Payn saw the leaders. The leaders remonstrated with the Governor, who answered simply that Payn had to go. The Senate would not confirm any successor, was the answer. Payn had the Tammany senators, and he had had personal relations with enough Republican senators to make them stand by him. Very well. The Governor answered that he would name a man whom the Senate could not fail to confirm, an ex-senator or some good party man. This would have been hard on the Senate, but he was told to go ahead. He asked an ex-senator, and the Payn men hustled around for a day; they laughed in their sleeves. The ex-senator declined the nomination. The party was squarely with Payn, who felt safe enough to say to the Governor that, if he would renominate him, "old Lou Payn" would stand by the Governor when, when—well, when Tom Platt had thrown Teddy Roosevelt over into the ditch.

The Governor sounded the Senate. The Senate was sound for Payn. He spoke plainly to the leaders. They were plainly for Payn. It was a solid front the enemy was showing, but there was one weak place.

All right. The Governor said that if the Senate wouldn't confirm a man in Payn's place, he would wait till the Senate adjourned; then he would bring charges against Payn, and put him on trial. What could he charge? What did he know—"know" meaning prove?

Well, for example,—about that time two big Wall Street men were quarreling, and one of them in a huff got some information about a trust company his rival had a remote interest in. The facts had been laid before the Governor. Among the items was a very large loan to Lou Payn by a prominent corporation officer. It appeared that if charges were made against Lou Payn quite a large lot of miscellaneous trouble would be kicked up for many more beside the Superintendent of Insurance.

That was enough. The leaders asked for that list of names the Governor had. He brought it out again, unchanged, and the first man on it was chosen, nominated, confirmed, installed. Mr. Payn said things privately about interminable war, but this fight was won.

The next was less personal and far more important. It brought the Governor into conflict with the corporations, and only very wise men can foresee the end; some of them say it is the end of Roosevelt.

The Governor has a notion that the way to deal with "capital" is to be fair. That was the way also to deal with "labor." That was the best policy with all the big things, as it was with the little things.

"If there should be disaster at the Croton Dam strike," he said one day, when that difficulty was beginning to disturb New York, "I'd order out the militia in a minute. But I'd sign an employer's liability law, too."

Half an hour later Major-General Roe telegraphed for troops, and he got leave instantly to call out all he needed.

There is in the man contempt for the

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demagogic cry against capital, and there is in him also a fierce contempt for the dishonesty and grasping selfishness of capitalists. So with labor. He would shoot into a murderous mob with grim satisfaction, just as he stood up for fair play for strikers in New York when he was a police commissioner.

When he was elected Governor, he said privately that no corporation should get a privilege without paying the State for it, and pretty soon he went on to the logical conclusion that all corporations should pay for the privileges they already had. They were not paying their share of the taxes. They paid on their buildings, real estate, cars, trackage, etc., but not for their franchises. Mr. Roosevelt broached the subject of a franchise tax. Objections were raised, but not much was said till the idea appeared in the first draft of the message to the legislature of 1899. Then the organization opposed it strenuously.

Most of the corporations contribute largely to the campaign funds of both political parties in New York. Republicans never offer any anti-capital legislation; the Democrats offer a great deal, and intend none. The Democratic position in the State is well understood. Most of the big Tammany men are interested heavily in the local corporations, and their private secretaries sometimes write the anti-trust, anti-capital planks. This is all part of what our Tammany legislator above quoted would call "the game."

The Republican organization presented some good arguments against the franchise tax paragraph in the Governor's message: the difficulty of finding honest, expert assessors; the lack of standards by which to determine the value of such intangible property; the danger in the future of hateful taxation which would be confiscation. The Governor said these were all matters of skill. He meant to be only just, and he would consult with the corporations about drawing up the bill. But the leaders urged that there was no public demand for such a tax; and that the party had promised nothing of the kind in the platform. To these the Governor replied that it would be all the wiser to legislate in these matters quietly, without arousing any popular excitement like that which had been turning the West upside down, and he thought that a piece of legislation against the abuses of corporations, put through decently in a "capitalist State" of New York's wealth by the Republican party, would be a good example to set to the "crank" States, which, like Tammany, shouted mightily and did nothing, or wanted to hit "money" out of spite, envy, and ignorance.

The difference of opinion grew to a "split." The period of reason was past, and the state of war was declared. For a while it looked as if all legislation and all appointments would be involved. But the organization chose another course. The Governor might present his message if he would, but the legislature should not heed that part of it which advised a franchise-tax law. The message was sent in, and the corporations began to move. They were told by Mr. Roosevelt that they might have a voice, if they wished, in the drawing of the bill. This invitation was public, and it was perfectly understood.

"Yes, I saw it in the paper," said one corporation officer, "but I guess we won't have to see the Governor."

They saw the organization. They had a man at Albany, the regular man, to watch the bill, and it was said that he had a quarter of a million dollars to beat it with. He saw it introduced, referred, "put to sleep." He reported it dead, killed by the organization, so that he did not have to spend a cent.

"I haven't drawn a contract on it," he said, meaning that he had not even promised to pay anything to legislators to vote against it. "It's a dead duck. I listened to the heart of it, and there wasn't a flutter."

The Governor worried a little. He talked a great deal to legislators one by one, two by two. Pretty soon he was cheerful. He talked to the organization about it. Then he was angry. He saw the leaders of the party in the House and Senate. "Orders were orders," they said, and they could do nothing.

One day, toward the end of the session, soon after the watchman in the lobby had given his expert opinion on the state of the bill, the Governor, finding he could not get it out of committee otherwise, sent in a special message. The "steering committee" would have to report it out if that was read. The word flew about from man to man, the message was there at the Speaker's desk; there, too, were the orders. What could be done? Somebody seemed to recall the exact phrasing of the orders.

This somebody tore the message up—an unprecedented piece of audacity; it was worse: it was a political mistake. The cool heads were shocked. Suppose the Governor should appeal to public opinion with his torn message in his hand! The Speaker became ill, and went home for a day. The watchman out in the lobby was in a fine

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frenzy. Perhaps he was sorry then that he had no contracts drawn. He ran to telephone to New York; he flew back, and began sending page boys to legislators. The sweat rolled off his face and head.

The Governor drew down his upper lip to bite at his mustache, as he does when he is in a rage. Then he saw, as the Assembly leaders had seen, and he laughed. He dictated another message, and had that delivered at the Speaker's desk. The Speaker received it; it was read; it was heeded. The steering committee reported the bill, and both houses passed it; the sweating watchman with his contracts had come to the rescue too late.

This woke up the corporations, and they began to respond to the Governor's invitation to see him. They had suggestions to offer, amendments, but it was too late. The bill was before the Governor, and the legislature had adjourned. It was a ridiculous situation. The usual hearing was given. Some of the corporations had their lawyers on hand to argue their side. Even this was not in vain. They did succeed in persuading the Governor that the bill was imperfect, and should not be signed as it stood. Would he let it drop and have another bill introduced next year? No, he said, with some humor; he could not very well do that. Would he call an extra session? He would consider that. He decided that it would be fair and worth while. Then he need not sign this bill? Well, he thought that, all things considered, he had better sign this bill, so that he would be sure of having something to show when all was over. Moreover, with a franchise law on the books, the amendments to be suggested would probably be more acceptable to him. The extra session was called, a few amendments were adopted, but these changes were so unsatisfactory to the corporations that they are going to fight the law in the highest courts.

What is the result? The organization doesn't like Mr. Roosevelt as Governor, neither does "Lou" Payn, neither do the corporations. The corporations cannot come out openly to fight him; they have simply served notice on the organization that if he is renominated they will not contribute to campaign funds. But the organization cannot refuse to renominate him, for he has said openly that he wants to finish up his work: levy the franchise tax, see to the amendment, keep in a fair board of assessors, etc. And besides, he has marked the administration as his, so that for the party to fail to honor him again would be to repudiate its own work.

For the politicians the obvious solution of the problem would be to promote him to a place where there would be nothing for him to do but be good. The Vice-Presidency is just the thing. But Mr. Roosevelt wants work, not a soft place; and he would refuse the nomination. But inasmuch as the organizations of all the States are equally interested in getting rid of such a man, the policy would be to work up a wave of popular enthusiasm which should roll up from the West and Southwest a nomination by acclamation in the convention of his party. This he could not refuse, and thus it might seem that the people had shelved the colonel of the Rough Riders in the most dignified and harmless position in the gift of his country. Then everybody could say, "We told you so," for both the theorists and the politicians have said that it is impossible in practical politics to be honest and successful too.

AT THE DOVELYS'.

A PRESENT-DAY LOVE STORY.

By Sewell Ford.

WHEN you have a nice new home in the country—one with a *porte cochère*, an outside chimney, and a fireplace in the reception hall—you develop a desire to have your friends come to see you. The Dovelys did. It was a question of who next.

"No more cooing young people for a while," said Dovely. "They make me feel old."

"I rather like that kind," said Mrs. Dovely; "but it shall be as you say. You ask a man, and I'll find a girl."

"Yes, and they'll be flirting in two hours."

"Not if you get the right kind."

"Well, I'll hunt up Brackett Marsh, then."

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"Is he nice?"

"He has kept out of jail ever since I've known him."

"Oh, Fred, you know what I mean."

"I suppose I do. Then he isn't. He sometimes forgets to tell the young woman he meets for the first time that she has the profile of a Gibson girl. He dances badly. He doesn't do tricks with cards. He never wants to cook things in a chafing-dish. He hasn't sense enough to know that he ought to be playing golf instead of visiting charity patients and attending clinics. But he is a mighty good fellow, and we used to be chums."

"That means that you'll spend the day smoking and talking of old times. Well, ask him out for over Sunday. I'll write to Calla Winthrop."

"To what class does Calla belong? Is she a good fellow?"

"She is not. She is a young woman with an aim in life. You mustn't tease her, Fred. Her bump of humor is in her chin—and it's a dimple."

"I suppose she wears glasses and has the grace of a broom-stick."

"The idea! She was the prettiest girl in our class. If you rave over her hair I shall be jealous."

So it was arranged. Mr. Dovely hunted up Marsh in the city, and made him promise. Mrs. Dovely's letter to Calla was urgent, and brought an acceptance.

The Dovelys were to meet them at the 6.53 on Saturday night. But when the belated commuters dropped by Number Eleven at Willowbank had scuttled off into the darkness of the suburb, two persons were left on the station platform. One was a broad-shouldered young man. This was Marsh. The other was a tall young woman in a tailor suit and a fur boa—Miss Winthrop. They seemed to be looking for some one. Twice they had paced past each other, carrying their dress-suit cases, when the station agent came out. He had turned out the lights, and he locked the waiting-room door behind him. He was going home. Both started for him. The young woman, being nearer, won. Marsh fell back, waiting and alert. He saw the agent wave some directions. The young woman started off. Then his turn came. Would the gentleman direct him to the home of Mr. Dovely?

"Just follow the lady, sir. She's going there," and off went the hungry ticket-man.

Marsh took the advice. It was a brisk pace she was setting, but he was soon in close pursuit and reviewing a most interesting compound fracture that had come in that morning. The house surgeon had some hopes that amputation might be necessary. If so, he had promised to make Marsh his first assistant in the work. He would be back in time. What, another turning? He wished he could get hold of a tibia and relocate the exact spot at which——

"Young man, are you following me?"

Eh? What was this? Here was a young woman under a street lamp. She was looking sharply at him. Oh, yes! The one who was going to the Dovelys'.

"See here, are you following me?"

"Why, yes," said Marsh simply.

"Then you'd better stop it."

"Of course; certainly. No, no! I don't mean that. The man at the station, you know; he told me to."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, he said you were going to the Dovelys'. So am I. I hope I did not frighten you? I beg your pardon."

"It isn't necessary; I am not timid. Do I understand that you are to be a guest there?"

"I am; and you?"

"Also. I am Miss Winthrop." Marsh raised his hat and told his name. "Now," said Miss Winthrop, "I think it will look better if we walk together the rest of the way—unless you prefer shadowing me."

"I waive all preferences," he said. "May I carry your bag?"

Miss Winthrop felt quite able to carry it herself. She added that the Dovelys' house was the third on the right from the corner. They walked on in silence. It was awkward. Marsh searched his mind in vain for a safe topic. Being taken for a highwayman had scattered his wits. Besides, there was little in the manner of the young woman to invite friendly talk. The third house on the right shone vividly against the background of night. Streaming out over the snow came the glow from many gas-jets and several big lamps.

"It appears that we are not to be the only guests," suggested Miss Winthrop.

"Looks like a house party or something of the sort." Marsh scented a social evening. "Will you please wait a moment?" Marsh stopped under the street light, and fished a time-table from his pocket. He saw a chance of escape.

"It's no use," said Miss Winthrop. "The next train down is at 11.13, and stops only on signal: I looked that up."

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"But I might wait on the platform."

"And freeze. Besides, I should tell Mr. Dovely, and he would go after you."

"And bring me back like a bashful schoolboy; you're right." Marsh picked up his bag.

"I think we should have an understanding first," said Miss Winthrop. Marsh dropped the bag. "Were you told anything about the other guests?"

"No. I imagined I was to be the only one."

"So did I. This is Kittie's work. Can you guess why we have been asked out here?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Of course you can't. Well, it was probably that we might meet each other. We are expected to be entertainingly silly. We are supposed to begin by being very distant and formal, and end by giggling together in a corner, behind a book. Let me tell you now that I do not propose to do anything so ridiculous. I hope you will not expect it of me."

"I'm sure I shall not."

"Very well, then, let us go on. I'm cold and hungry."

Dovely himself came to the door. He wore an ulster, a cap, and overshoes. To Marsh, who was in the van, he said: "Well, you've come at last. It's about-- Oh, Brackett, it's you! I thought it was the plumber. I had forgotten. Ah, somebody with you?"

"This is Miss Winthrop."

"Great Scott! I mean--delighted. Come in and—and keep your things on. We're in trouble."

Mrs. Dovely they found shivering over a gas-log in the drawing-room. She was wrapped in a floor rug, and was wearing her furs. She had been crying, too.

Dovely summed up the situation: "Hot-water heating pipes burst in three places, cold-water pipes frozen solid, waterback in the range a wreck, and every plumber in town with more work than he can do in a month. How did it happen? We went into the city for a few days and let the servants off. Got back this morning, and have been freezing ever since. Gas-jets, I find, give out heat only in summer."

"Then the illumination was not in our honor?" put in Marsh.

"My dear fellow, we hadn't thought about you once. Our miseries have kept us too busy. But I'm going to ask you to stay and share them You don't have to accept, though."

Marsh had quickly taken stock of the immediate future. He had already passed judgment on Miss Winthrop. This tall girl with the hair like polished copper he did not like. She had too much of superiority and independence in her manner. Besides, she had not only taken him for a robber, but had suspected him of wanting to flirt with her. "As well flirt with a pink icicle," thought Marsh. She would go back on the late train. If he went it would be in her company. He shivered at the prospect.

"I am going to stay," he announced promptly.

"So am I," said Miss Winthrop. "I am going to see that Kittie does not freeze." She had a fine sense of duty.

"It's so good of you," said Mrs. Dovely weakly. "How nice that you should get acquainted on the way out here."

The humor of the situation suddenly appealed to Marsh. "Oh, we flirted outrageously all the time," he said. "Miss Winthrop has already had to warn me."

"Mr. Marsh," protested Miss Winthrop.

"Didn't you tell me at the corner you would positively refuse to sit with me and giggle behind a book?"

"Yes, but——"

"You see, Mrs. Dovely."

"Why, Calla! How you have changed!"

Mrs. Dovely almost forgot her half-congealed condition. Marsh noted the indignant flush on Miss Winthrop's cheeks. So did Mrs. Dovely. "Actually blushing," she thought. "And Calla Winthrop, of all girls!"

Meanwhile Dovely was looking at his friend with a quizzical expression. Marsh favored him with a wink. Miss Winthrop saw it, and bit her lip.

"Mr. Marsh is pleased to be humorous at my expense, Kittie. Please do not take him seriously. Now let us see what is to be done. Have you had dinner?"

"Dinner! Not unless you call sardines and crackers dinner. Miss Mary McClink, our cook that was, left before noon. 'Sure an' I'm no Eskimo,' were her last words. Miss Ollie Swenson, the maid, followed on the next train." Mrs. Dovely ended by pulling the rug closer around her. The movement was eloquent of despair.

"Never mind, Kittie. I'm going to see what can be done in the kitchen."

"Cannot I be of some help, too?" asked Marsh.

"Possibly, if---"

"If I promise not to squeeze your hand? I promise," said Marsh.

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Then Miss Winthrop, who had learned all sorts of domestic science at college and who had practised housekeeping in her home mission work, began to make things move. She showed the men how to disconnect the water-back so that a fire might be built in the range; she discovered that the fancy fireplace in the dining-room was really practical, and under her direction Marsh soon had a cheerful fire blazing behind the shiny tiling. By this time she had some water boiling, and she superintended the thawing of the cold-water pipes. By nine o'clock the dining-room table was set, and there were nicely broiled chops, baked potatoes, tea, and preserves ready.

"Calla, where did you learn to do such things?" asked Mrs. Dovely. But Miss Winthrop only smiled in her calm way.

It was a jolly meal. Afterward the men said they would help with the dishes. Then Mr. Dovely thought he might catch his plumber, and went out. Mrs. Dovely offered to help, but confessed her ignorance. She was told to stay by the fireplace and thaw. So Miss Winthrop and Marsh undertook the task.

"Did you ever wipe dishes, Mr. Marsh?" demanded Miss Winthrop.

"I'm an expert," said Marsh.

"Where did you learn?"

"In Poverty Row; that is what we called our barracks at college. We boarded ourselves, you see."

"Oh," said Miss Winthrop. "There's a towel. Now what shall I give you first?"

"The glasses, please. They polish best when hot."

"You do know something about it, don't you?"

"It is always so pleasant to be believed—after you have proved your statements."

"That's sarcasm, isn't it? There! I haven't rolled up my sleeves." Miss Winthrop looked at her dripping hands and then at her silk waist.

"Let me do it," said Marsh.

This distinctly disagreeable young woman, he allowed himself to note, had arms which were rather plump and graceful. In trying not to notice them he looked into her eyes. She met the glance steadily. "Now, don't be silly, Mr. Marsh," she said.

It was his turn to flush, and he did it. However, he rallied quickly.

"I couldn't help it. You shouldn't encourage me."

"Why, Mr. Marsh!"

"It's the way you look at me. Surely I saw you wink then."

"I? I wink?"

"Oh, that's the way they all talk; the bigger the flirt the greater the saint she pretends to be. There, you almost broke a glass."

"You are trying to tease me now."

"Not for the world. My one desire is to wipe these dishes as soon as possible and get away before you lead me into any further nonsense. I shall be calling you 'Dearie' next."

"Mr. Marsh, don't you think this is very light talk?"

"Deplorably so, Miss Winthrop. But as long as you lead, I must follow. I am so easily influenced. Now for the silver. Did you mean for me to take your hand then?"

Miss Winthrop was just boxing Mr. Marsh's ears when Mrs. Dovely entered the kitchen.

"Hity-tity! What is this?" she exclaimed. "I guess a chaperon is needed here."

"You're right, Mrs. Dovely," said Marsh, wiping away the traces left by Miss Winthrop's wet fingers. "We've been flirting again."

"Kittie," said Miss Winthrop, "he's just dreadful."

Mrs. Dovely was evidently highly amused. "I have always understood," she said, "that it took two to get up a flirtation or a quarrel."

"But this has been neither one nor the other," protested Miss Winthrop.

"It looked like both," said Mrs. Dovely.

Well, that is the way it began. You can imagine the progression. It is not necessary to tell how, during the next two days—for Sunday it snowed and Monday they were blizzard-bound—the affair developed. That which had been at first mere word fencing between two stranger natures took the form of a mutual jest.

Now a mutual sorrow is always a bond between people. It bridges many chasms. So does a mutual jest; only in the latter case the bond is much stronger. You may weep alone, but you need some one to help you when you laugh.

Calla Winthrop saw at last the humor of Marsh's attitude, and came to appreciate it keenly. He had developed her latent sense of the absurd. In his turn, Brackett Marsh enjoyed the unusual rôle of jester. He had often envied in others the knack of relaxing tight-shut lips by mirth. So Mrs. Dovely caught them smiling at each other, and wisely

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put it down as a case of what she called "love at first sight."

Tuesday the blockade was lifted. They were wading through the banked snow to the station when Marsh stopped at the first corner. "It was here, Dovely, right under this lamp, that she began flirting with me," he said.

"Oh, no," said Miss Winthrop, "it was before that. It was when I pretended to think you were a highwayman, but you didn't see it then."

"Do you know, Fred, I feel proud of that match," said Mrs. Dovely when she handed her husband the cards six months later.

"Kittie," said Dovely, "you're a wonder."

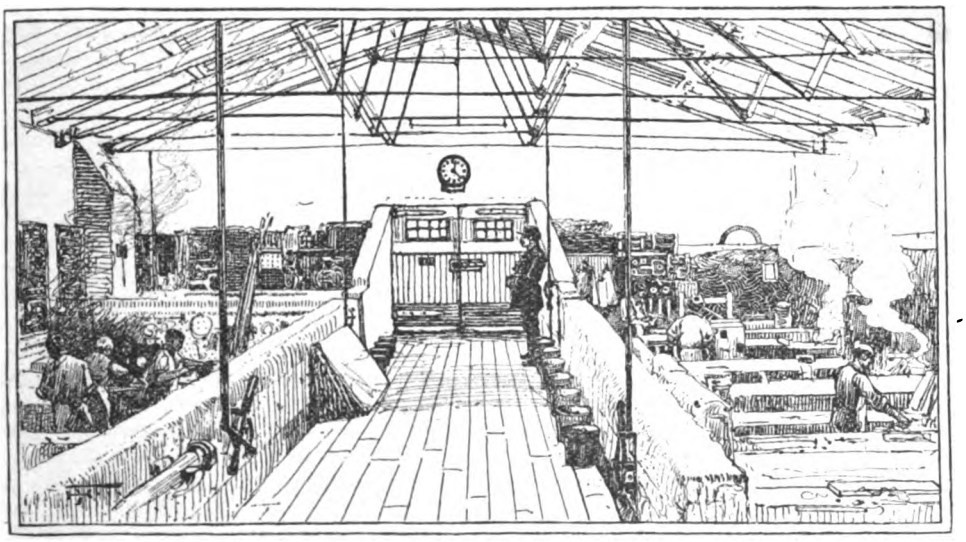
"Now," mused Mrs. Dovely afterward, "what do you suppose he meant by that?"

THE RELEASE OF BENJAMIN CUDD.

By Tighe Hopkins,

Author of "Miss Cullender's Lamb," "A Tale of a Tub," "As It Fell Out," etc.

A STORY OF A PRISONER WHO LOOKED FOR A "FREE PARD'N."



THE chaplain was a rather noisy preacher, with a habit of sudden pauses where no pause was expected. Prisoners addicted to talking in chapel watched nervously for the stopping of the "croaker's" voice, and the warders kept their own lookout, for reasons connected with discipline. The oldest and cleverest lags, men who could jabber glibly with jaws almost rigid, were very apt to be caught, for the warders' seats were raised some two feet above the convicts'; and by the quick, instinctive closing of a pair of lips beneath you, it was easily guessed that their owner had been breaking the rules. The governor, Captain Lambert — "old Gingertail" to the convicts, from the end of red bandana that hung from his tail pocket the week round — occupied the one pew in the gallery, which was as good as a conning tower, and the chief warder had a tall perch in the corner facing

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the pulpit, so that, observed from every point, felonry lacked no excuse for minding its devotions.

Of course, mistakes were made, but official mistakes are bad to rectify in prison, and the man who was accused, rightly or wrongly, of talking in church generally got the worst of it. In some cases it was a moderately safe charge to lay, and most warders had a fixed idea that you couldn't go wrong with Benjamin Cudd. Cudd was talking in church again; if he wasn't talking, he had just left off; if he hadn't just left off, he was just going to begin; put him down for report.

So, when Cudd was brought up as usual on Monday morning, the governor, as usual, was nasty to him.

"One of these days, pretty soon," said the governor, "I shall be putting you back for an interview with the visiting justice."

The governors of her Majesty's prisons have no power to inflict the "cat," that being the exclusive privilege of the visiting justice, who comes once a month. An interview with him is generally good for two or three dozen at the triangles.

The prisoner, standing at attention, his arms close to his sides, and the palms of his hands outwards, rolled his big, dull-eyes, and made no reply. Perhaps he thought it hardly worth while to state that he had not been talking.

"Fine of forty-eight marks," continued the governor, "and No. 3 diet for a week."

Forty-eight marks represent the total of six days' earnings at what government calls "steady hard labor," and the loss of them at a stroke meant, in effect, one week longer of penal servitude. If you think that a week more or less is unimportant in a sentence of seven years, wait until you come to notch the days off one by one in a cell seven feet by four, with six inches of the sky of liberty mocking you through the slit above.

Cudd stayed a moment to see if the governor were giving away anything else that morning; then one of his grotesquely long arms went slowly up to the salute, and his warder marched him off to cells. Cudd said nothing, and the warder said nothing, etiquette being strictly observed on occasions of punishment. If Cudd had sworn, the warder would have been pleased, though he would probably not have reported it. Not a word was said at the door of Cudd's cell, where Monday's dinner of beef and onions was waiting for him. He left the tin at the door, and passed in. The dinner-hour was half over, but No. 3 diet—a pint and a half of stirabout—which was handed in to him five minutes later—is easily wolfed. Then the victim of discipline planted his stool against the wall, and sat down to consider things.

Almost as long as he could remember, Benjamin had been in trouble. Though he yearned for freedom, which was four bitter years behind and three in front of him, he had not made much better weather of it out of prison than he usually did as a lag. His extraordinary appearance when he stood with his party on parade (between handsome Birmingham Alf, the prince of thieves, and long Dicky the Dean, whose line was preaching at street corners while his girl lifted the "poges," or purses, of the congregation) proclaimed him a man whom nature had condemned to fail in crime. He was the smallest creature in the prison, with a head many sizes too large for him, great staring eyes, ears like sails, and such a reach of arm that, standing erect, he could almost touch his knees with his finger tips. Benjamin was a "hook," that is to say, he got his living by the commoner kinds of filching; and race-courses, fairs, and all uncanopied green marts were his peculiar lay. But in every place where "hooks" do congregate, that figure of ridicule inevitably drew the scrutiny of "coppers," "tecs," and "narks,"* and Benjamin was smugged—which is nabbed—where "hooks" less cruelly defeatured roamed unmolested. Besides his luck, which was generally awful, he was not what the gang call a "wide," or smart, man, and they were rather shy of working with him. He had palled at one time or another with busters and screws,† toygetters,‡ broadsmen,§ snide-pitchers,‖ men at the duff,¶ and skittle sharps—a pretty wide crew, who "used to use at" a public in the Lane **—but his partnerships had rarely survived a job or two; and for years Benjamin had padded the hoof alone, the forlornest "hook" in England. Then, in an hour of inexcusable conceit, he aspired to burglary—Benjamin, the plain "hook"—which was his undoing. The chat †† was an easy one to empty, and Benjamin was walking off at dawn with the wedge ‡‡ in the kipsy §§ on his back, so pleased with his cleverness that, when he piped the reeler round the double, ‖‖ he forgot that he was trudging with-

* Police spies. † Burglars. ‡ Watch stealers. § Card sharpers. ‖ Utterers of false money. ¶ Passing false jewelry. ** Petticoat Lane. †† House. ‡‡ Silver. §§ Basket. ‖‖ Saw the policeman at the corner.

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out his daisy-roots, * and that the James † was sticking out of one pocket and the screws ‡ bulging in another. He was so much ashamed of himself that he declined to plead "not guilty" at his trial. Two years would have met the case, six months would have shown that the judge was disposed to reform by kindness; but the Recorder was a believer in cumulative sentences for old offenders, and Benjamin, whose record in the Criminal Register filled a quarter of a page in small type, was lagged for seven. It was his ninth sentence, and his second of penal servitude. He was just thirty-nine.

Meanwhile, Benjamin was still with his back to the wall of his cell, his little legs stretched out in front of him, trying in his stupid way to set the account right between the governor and himself. He was puzzle-headed over it. The warder who had laid the illusory charge he took no account of. He had lied against the warder on occasion, and this might be a fair move in the game. But the governor was a kind of Pope to the deformed and half-witted hook, and it seemed to him that this high authority should detect a warder's lie on the instant. The ugly sallow of his skin burned to purple, and began to change from purple into black. He was coming slowly to think that if the governor failed him, there was nothing to keep on for. He had badgered the warders till he was willing to accept any reprisals at their hands; and being reckoned among the convicts as a man with no luck, he was as shunned and lonely in the prison as he had been out of it. He had half reckoned that if he had held his tongue when he was charged, the governor would see through it, and set him right.

He heard the warder coming down the hall, unlocking the cells to turn the men out for afternoon labor. His own door was switched open.

"Now, then!" said the warder.

Cudd's misshapen face was black to the ears; he rose with a scream, picked up his stool and smashed it against the wall of his cell. Then, before he could be held, he ripped his jacket at the throat and tore it into shreds. The warder blew his whistle, and rushed on him, but Cudd fell inert, crying like a child.

It is written in the Rules that a prisoner who breaks the furniture or makes ribbons of his clothing may be punished with the "cat." Benjamin had committed both these crimes at once, and of all forms of retribution, in or out of prison, the "cat" was the one he dreaded most. Just at that time there walked, or shuffled, at the rear of Benjamin's work party a man whose ankles were hampered by cross-irons, and who wore a particolored dress of black and drab; he had come under the whip for pitching a brick at a warder, and Benjamin was sure that the whites of the man's eyes had turned yellow since his punishment.

So he sat and quaked in a dark cell not his own, and wondered when the visiting justice would come. Since his tantrum on the previous day he was decorated in quite a new style. The ridiculous little figure looked more than ever ridiculous muffled in the suit of No. 1 navy canvas, which is the particular badge of the destroyer of clothing. Then, since he had done wanton violence to the furniture of his cell, it was reasonably urged that in another fit he might turn his hands against himself (and in the darkness of the punishment cell sudden crises of madness will sometimes come), so the body belt had been added to the canvas suit. The body belt, weighing about four pounds, is of double leather sewn together, and fastened by a lock round the waist, with steel wristlets at the sides, in which Benjamin's wrists were secured. Belted and handcuffed, and cased in canvas, he sat in the dark, terrified, waiting for the coming of the man who had power over the "cat."

But the man came on this very day, and held his court and went away, and Benjamin was not set before him.

All night he lay on a plank on the broad of his back, still held by the wrists, wide awake, saying to himself, "I wonder if he'll come to-morrer?"

No light came with the day, but Benjamin knew it was breakfast time when a loaf of brown bread was pushed in through the trap in the door. He thought of the other prisoners turning out for the day, putting their cells to rights, and being mustered for chapel. Oh, what happiness to be rolling out of one's hammock, hands free, and nothing worse to expect than the day's routine on the works! Those other chaps had nothing to complain of; no one had anything to complain of who was not waiting to be brought before the visiting justice. By and by the door was unlocked but he knew it was too early yet for the summons that was always singing in his ear.

"Like a stroll, my boy?" said the warder. "Come along o' me."

Benjamin understood that he was to be

* Boots. † Crowbar. ‡ Skeleton keys.

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exercised, and he went after the warder, blinking in the daylight, into a small, high-walled yard, empty and perfectly bare. Here prisoners undergoing special punishment were brought for an hour's exercise in the morning, one at a time; and here Benjamin trudged to and fro under the eye of the warder, who stood stiffly against the iron wicket. It was a stinging forenoon of mid-October, not a gleam from the ashen sky. The warder had his top coat on, but Benjamin's No. 1 canvas let the cold in, and his pinioned wrists felt numb.

Every time he passed the warder he looked at him furtively; he wanted to ask if the visiting justice were coming that day, but he had never had to do with this warder, and was afraid to speak. He had not slept, he had not tasted his bread, he was dull and weak and cold, and the fear almost paralyzed him.

The rules being what they are, an officer of the prison can do little for a prisoner under special punishment; but Benjamin's warder—a married man, with children whom he doted on—observed the color of his wrists. He had bought his youngest a pair of woollen mittens the night before.

"Hold on," he said.

Benjamin stood dumbly, and the warder went up to him.

"Cold at the wrists, ain't you?" said he, and Benjamin looked and nodded.

"It wouldn't be much harm if you answered civil," jerked the warder, "but you're in for a dose of it this time"—Benjamin quaked again—"and I can make allowances."

While speaking he had been unlocking the wristlets, and Benjamin's arms were suddenly free.

"There!" said the warder, "now clap your hands to your sides and do a trot. You'll be warm all right soon. Law, man, you ain't so bad! You might be in the leg-irons. Now do a bit of a double round the yard."

Benjamin was still voiceless, but his goggle eyes held a kind of gratitude.

"Time's up!" called the warder presently. "Slip your dukes in again, my lad," and Benjamin, strangely and wonderfully obedient, thrust his hands and wrists through the steel circlets.

"Take my advice and stow that toke," said the warder, pointing to the loaf of bread that had tumbled from the trap-door to the floor of the cell. "Want to see the doctor?"

"Don't send the doctor! Don't send me the doctor, sir!" said Benjamin very quick. "I'm all right, sir, an' thenk you, sir."

"Law, man! The doctor ain't the visiting justice," said the warder.

No, he wasn't; but he came just before him, when the "cat" was threatening. The doctor had to sound you, and punch you, and probe you, and feel your pulse and heart, to make sure that you were fit for it. Benjamin had often sent for the doctor, when he wanted to try a fake on him and fetch the farm;* but he didn't wish for him now.

The doctor came, however.

"Medical orf'cer!" said the warder, as he threw the door open; and Benjamin scrambled up to attention, frightened almost to sickness.

"Let's have a look at you!" said the doctor. "Come out here into the corridor. Take his wrists out of the bracelets. Now, stand up square, and no kid."

Among the lags, the doctor was the most popular officer in prison, but he had never been known to let a man off who was sound for the "cat."

He jerked up Benjamin's chin, felt his pulse, and sounded him over the heart. Benjamin could almost hear the chief warder's "One!" for the first stroke of the "cat," governor and doctor standing by, and the man with the whip measuring his distance.

"Sleep last night?" said the doctor.

"No, sir."

"Eaten your bread?"

"No, sir."

"What's your game?"

Except for his terror, Benjamin would have whimpered something, but the terror kept him dumb.

The doctor knew that he was expecting to be flogged, and saw that he was silly from excess of fright.

"Take the belt off," he said to the warder.

Benjamin thought they were getting him ready for the triangles, and his great head wagged foolishly on his little body as he said:

"'As 'e come, sir?"

"Who?" said the doctor.

"You know, sir—the visitin' justice."

"Yes; he's come and gone."

Benjamin's knees knocked. "Oh, sir!" he cried. "Don't play with me. Ain't I goin' to get bashed?"

"You're in luck again, Benjy!" said the doctor, as he turned out of the cell.

Benjamin glimmered at the warder. Was prison such a heaven as this?

"You 'eard 'im say it, sir, didn't you?" he said.

* Get into hospital, the convict's paradise.

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But now that the tension was over, the warder was on duty.

"Sit down, my lad, and eat your bread," said he.

When the door was locked again, Benjamin groped on the floor for his loaf of bread, and carried it to his plank bed, and mumbled it greedily. He had never felt so happy in his life. In the evening a mattress and a bolster were thrown in to him, and then came a cup of hot cocoa, good fat stuff, and Benjamin wished, in the black stone cell, that he might never get out of prison.

Perhaps no one had ever quite such a narrow squeak of it. But the governor had well and truly pondered that dark and stunted case, and had decided not to put Benjamin back for the visiting justice. Benjamin had given "old Gingertail" (a shocking name for one of the smartest and best-looking men in the service) a great deal of trouble; but he thought there was probably something at the back of that moment's fury, for in his right senses—as far as his senses were ever right—this lag had always been very wary in offence. The governor could seldom be certain that he got the naked truth from a warder who reported a troublesome prisoner, and when the prisoner rebelled under a sentence which was not excessive as the penalties of the prison went, the governor had his private mind upon the matter. He knew that nearly any warder who had had charge of Benjamin would report him for almost anything, but he remembered also that Benjamin had generally taken his punishment, if not like a lamb, at least unlike a tiger. So it was that, the case being weightily considered of the governor, Benjamin was not set before the visiting justice, in which event, had the doctor passed him, he would certainly have got the order to strip.

But the bark of Benjamin the lucky was yet a long, long way from shore. If he had been a day and a night in hell, he was now to be translated to purgatory.

They took him out of chokey, but only to immure him in a "special," which is just one remove in quality from the den he had spent that night of terror in. But Benjamin had been in the specials before, and entered briskly, without giving cheek. He was in love with the prison just then, and only thought what a good, kind man the governor was.

"I can do speshuls all right enough," he said to himself.

Specials, nevertheless, want a good deal of "doing," as Benjamin might have remembered, if he had not been in such a sweet state of mind. They don't let you speak ever such a little word in the specials, and woe betide if you are caught trying to telegraph through the wall. Then the graft* in specials is very unlovely. In your own cell, if you have a bit of oakum-picking to do, they give you a little thing called a fiddle to ravel it out with; in the specials you get oakum varied with crank most of the time, and the picking is done with the unassisted dukes. Exercise is not much better than graft, for in the penal class—which was Benjamin's at present—there's never a creature to look at in the yard except the screw,† and he is not often a "soft" one. For a long sentence in the specials, the diet is generally No. 2: eight ounces of bread for breakfast, a pint of stirabout for dinner, and eight ounces of bread for supper.

All this is very chastening after a time, but Benjamin sat over his oakum day by day through hard October, and still said to himself that he could "do speshuls right enough." The world of felonry wagged on all round him, but not an echo of it found his ear; they give you in the specials the very fullest benefit of your own society.

When Benjamin stated, quite politely, and not at all as a grievance, that his fingers were getting raw with the oakum, they put him on the crank.

He had been deprived of his book from the library, and that was something of a loss, for he had chanced on a work called the "Popular Educator," which had a lot of lovely pictures, including a cut of Barnet Fair, where he had spent some glorious hours.

He had his books of devotion, to be sure; but Benjamin was not a pious man, and his reading, when there were no pictures, was principally an exercise in spelling. He had, moreover, been disappointed in the Bible. Long Dicky the Dean had whispered him on the works some remarkable stories which purported to be Sacred Writ, and in his cell one night, before lights were turned out, Benjamin had spelled over some passages of Scripture, regarding it as an improper book. But his curiosity was defeated, and as he returned the volume to the shelf he thought what a slap-up wide man the Dean must be to find such nuggets in the Bible. Perhaps—and this seemed likely—the Dean had made a private Bible for himself.

* Labor. † Warder.

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From time to time the doctor came, but Benjamin said he was "workin' through it all right, sir, thenk you, sir," and he kept on. He knew that, out of the twelve hundred lags in the prison, there must be a dozen or two doing their turn in the specials, and he thought he was getting on very well.

During twenty days he did his graft steadily, and in those twenty days he had scarcely spoken twenty words. Then he began to feel that he was losing himself a little. He caught himself chewing his oakum when he ought to have been picking it. It had a nasty taste, but it gave the palate something to do during the six hours from bread to stirabout, and the next six hours from stirabout to bread. At night he had odd fancies that they were going to let him out of prison on what the Queen is made to call a free pardon. He thought the neighborhood of Barnet would be a nice place to settle in, because of the fair. He had a notion that he was going to be well-to-do, and that he wouldn't have to be a hook any more. It was the first time in his life that he had imagined any better existence than a hook's.

The twenty days straddled out into forty-two, and Benjamin, though he did not know it, had dwindled a good deal. He had taken to sucking his sleeve instead of chewing his oakum, though he had left off being very hungry. He fancied he was no longer doing a full day's graft, and was surprised to see, when he returned to cell after his hour's exercise, that he was always credited with six marks on the card outside his cell, which are the most that can be earned in the penal class.

Then, without expecting it, he found himself back one night in his own cell. It seemed like getting into a hotel. The tins, and the stool, and the tiny deal table looked wonderfully smart, and there was the hammock to unsling and fix up—a hammock with sheets and a pillow—and the gas was burning in the wire guard, just as if you'd ordered it. He had a pint of cocoa for supper that night, and felt almost as good as he had done the day they let him off his flogging. He thought it was want of use, and not weakness, that made it a kind of effort to nip into the hammock at the signal for lights out.

"I knew I'd work them speshuls!" he said. "They've got a noo reseep for skilly. I'll finish this three year on me 'ead!"

The last sentence was in the nature of a flourish, for Benjamin was still possessed by the notion that they were going to let him out.

The change of scene was more pantomimic than ever the next day, for instead of being taken in a thick slop coat to the works, he was marched into the nice warm room of the stocking-knitters. In the prison they call the stocking-knitters' party the Old Women, but nobody minds that, for it is a very slack and cozy berth. Benjamin took his place in a row of prisoners—most of the rows were old and white-headed—who sat on their haunches and knitted silently, under the eye of a warder at a desk. He chuckled over his work.

"This here's graft, this is," he said to himself.

His face was as gray as the November sky, the skin drawn over the bones; and the big goggle eyes, more prominent than ever in their shrunken frame, had as much speculation as the eyes of a mask. But Benjamin looked so pleased with himself.

The stocking-knitters had a superstition that no one who joined on Friday would stay long with them. If he went in as a convalescent from hospital, he got well soon, and was put on hard graft again, or he had a relapse and died. If he were passed in as the result of a clever fake, he was sure to be in trouble by and by, and turned out. But Benjamin, who had become an Old Woman on a Friday, sat in his row with the other shorn heads; and from the odd little airs that he gave himself it might have been thought that his friend, the governor, had put him there in charge of the party, and that the warder was merely Benjamin's deputy.

As an artist at the craft over which the warder presided, his success, it must be confessed, was slow and indifferent. The needles—four to keep going at once—performed wonderfully; Benjamin, whose waking dreams were still with Barnet Fair, called them a "bloomin' merry-go-round." For a second-rate hook, he had a pretty light touch; but four years on the works take the wit out of the digits, and when it came to "stocking-knitting" he found that his fingers were all thumbs. But he toiled over his task as a play, with the steadfastness of a child learning a new game. From time to time he wondered how long they would let him stay there, but he had a steady belief that he should never go back to the works. Then he thought about his release, but the idea of

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an escape never entered his mind. Neither did it enter his mind that he had still three years to serve; he was quite possessed by the notion that a way to freedom was to be found for him—all of which may serve to show that Benjamin's terror, and his season of penance in the "speshuls," had produced effects. The Old Women, seeing him so perky and good-humored, and knowing something of his character in the prison, concluded that he was coming his tricks again; but they thought it mattered little, as he would soon be leaving them, for had he not joined on a Friday?

Few of them were known to Benjamin, who, in the course of his laggings, had not often found himself in such select criminal society. Whether his stay in prison were long or short, it was rare indeed for him to rise to the first class, and these were nearly all first-class men, with the elegant blue facings to their jackets. They never gave cheek or trouble to the warder; many of them being indeed old, sorry creatures, doing their last lagging, knitting themselves, with tired fingers and bent, shaven heads, into a grave within the prison walls. There were plenty of middle-aged and some young men, but they did not represent the able-bodied population of the place, which works all day in the open, and may on necessity be starved and whipped into obedience.

The big head of Benjamin wagged solemnly over his needles amid these ghosts, scarecrows, and wastrels of the "college of iniquity." He was quite unconscious of the concern he aroused. He did not know that the warder watched him often, and wished him elsewhere, expecting sorrow from him; or that the Old Women were half afraid of him, and half inclined to stir him up to something.

Toward the end of November the sky one morning broke into sudden sunshine, and there came a rush of mild sweet air through the stone yard where the stocking-knitters were tramping round at exercise. Heads were lifted to the pale blue and gold above, and even the very old men quivered at the smell of the gentle air. The walls of the yard were too high for any glimpse beyond, but it seemed as if the shades of the prison-house had scattered for a moment, owing to some beautiful change in the world without. The sun and the pleasant air lasted through the hour of exercise. One prisoner, a thin, pallid man, whose legs in the red and black stockings were a jest among the party, was seen to be crying on the way back to the knitting-room. Benjamin, going in a kind of amble at the tail of the gang, looked utterly blissful, staring wide-eyed at the sky, as if he did greatly desire it.

Work was given out, and in a few minutes the needles were clicking as usual.

It wanted about an hour of dinner, when Benjamin, the end man of his row, laid down his needles and ball of worsted, passed a hand over his eyes, and stood up. A foolish happiness illumined his dull, pinched face, and he chuckled audibly, the big head on the dwarfed body moving slowly from side to side. Then he spoke.

"I knowed it was a-comin'," he said. "Chaps, I've got that free pard'n."

The room tittered. This was the hour expected of the Old Women; Benjamin had not disappointed them—he was coming a new game.

He began to walk down the room toward the warder's desk, which was just against the door.

"Sit down!" said the warder sternly. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Don't stop me, sir," answered Benjamin, pleasantly. "I've got me pard'n all right. I'm a-goin' where it's three shies a penny, an' I bet you knows where that is, sir."

The warder sprang to his feet, and in the silence of the room the toppling over of his stool sounded like a crash.

But Benjamin was quick, too.

For a moment he had halted, evidently not quite understanding the check he had received; then, as the warder rose, Benjamin's features underwent the horrid transformation they had done in the cell, and with the same demoniacal scream his wasted hands—nerved for the instant—went like a flash at the officer's throat. It was the supreme effort of madness, but it sufficed.

A dozen prisoners threw themselves upon the pair; but Benjamin, who had got his prey to earth, his knees planted, and both hands riveted on the throat, was not to be loosened.

The warder's frame was convulsed from head to foot, and then he lay still.

"Lemme go!" said Benjamin, and he got up quietly. "There 'e is!" he continued, pointing down at the dead warder. "You don't know 'im, mates, but I does. It's the reeler what got me this laggin'. I see 'im d'rec'ly 'e got orf the stool. That's all right, pals. You don't need ter bodder. I got me pard'n."

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One of the convicts dashed at the door, pulled it open, and shouted "Murder!"

The sun streamed in through the doorway, and Benjamin stared up at the blue.

"Time I was movin', pals," he said. "They starts the fun about twel' o'clock, an' it's a step from 'ere to Barnet."

Benjamin is very well tended in the Criminal Lunatic Aslyum, that celebrated place, and if you were ever allowed there as a visitor he would spot you at once, ask if you had any message for him from his friend Cap'en Lambert, and insist on showing you round the fair. It's always fair day to Benjy when a visitor comes.

THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS PA.

THE STORY OF HOW THEY GOT ACQUAINTED WITH EACH OTHER.

By Ellsworth Kelley.

THE little boy and his pa lived on a ranch where the short grass ran down the slope to meet the elm and the hackberry trees along the river. He was the only little boy in the family; the only child, for that matter. His mother thought him the only little boy in the world, for she knew him well. The little boy and his pa did not have an extended acquaintance. His pa was a very busy man, whose cattle business took him here and there and everywhere a great deal of the time. So the little boy did not see him every day, and when he did see him it was usually at meal time. When at home, sometimes his pa would say: "Come, little boy, wake up if you want to eat breakfast with your pa and ma."

And the little boy would answer, "I'm getting dressed, pa."

At noon his pa would say: "Come, little boy, wash your face, and comb your hair, and be sure you act nice at the table."

The little boy would reply: "Yes, sir."

At night when the clock struck nine his pa would say: "Now, little boy, it's bedtime for folks of your size."

Then the little boy would kiss his ma, and call "Good-night, pa!" as he went upstairs to bed.

So their acquaintance stood till one September day when the little boy was ten years old. That day his pa took the little boy with him to the county-seat. That day the little boy and his pa got acquainted with each other. It was a Kansas September morning. This sentence will sufficiently describe it to all who have passed a September in the short-grass country. Words cannot convey an adequate description to others. They rode along in silence for a while. The little boy had never been to the county-seat, and his imagination was busy with the farther end of the journey. By and by he fell to counting the herds of cattle grazing on the short-grass. He enjoyed the changing landscape. The quails whistled from the brown corn-fields. Somewhere back on the uplands the prairie chickens were drumming their sunrise march. He viewed with intense enjoyment the tag game of a village of prairie dogs. He watched a coyote in pursuit of a jack-rabbit. But even upon the soul of a child impressions of sound and sight will sometimes pall. Then the little boy, all unconscious of what he was doing, began to let his pa get acquainted with him. "Pa, do you remember when you were a little boy —a ten-year-old boy—like me?"

The vision of a barefoot boy with trousers rolled up to his knees, fishing for chubs and goggle-eyes in the old Spring branch—so many years ago—flitted before the father's mental vision as he replied: "Well, yes, my son, I remember quite well."

"What was your name when you were a little boy? Your *boy* name, you know, that the other fellows called you by?"

"Tommy. Your grandma called me 'Tommy Taylor.' But the boys I used to run with called me 'Pony'—'Pony Taylor.' Sometimes they'd turn my name around, and call me 'Taylor's Pony.'"

"What did they call you 'Pony' for?"

"Oh, I guess it was because I was a great, big, overgrown boy."

The little boy caught the spirit of the

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irony, and laughed outright. He was silent for a while, and then he began putting his father through a little boy's catechism. "Pa, did you ever play 'scrub'?"

"Scrub? What's that?"

"Oh, it's a game something like base-ball that you play when there isn't enough fellows there to make nine on a side."

"When I was a boy—when I was Pony Taylor—we played town ball, and if we hadn't enough on one side, why, we gave that side a 'blind eye.'"

"Blind eye! What's a blind eye?"

"Oh, it's just letting the first fellow out on a side play again."

"I see now. That made the sides even, didn't it? But did you ever play humper-down or foot-an'-a-half or high jump or put the shot?"

"Well, not by those names. We used to play hop-step-and-a-jump, bull-pen, and old three-cornered cat."

"Do you know what an alley or taw is?"

"Sure! I'll never forget them."

Another short silence. The little boy was thinking. "Pa, can't you tell me something—something funny—that happened—when you were a little boy?"

"Let me see! Well, I remember something that I thought was pretty funny when it happened, and it got still funnier as I thought about it in school time."

"What was it?"

"It wasn't anything much." His pa hesitated a moment before telling it, for he did not know the little boy well enough to be certain that he would be able to appreciate what, to him, was the ludicrous feature of the story. Then he began: "There was a little boy in our school that called himself the 'Boss.' He was a great big hulk of a fellow, and most of the boys were small, for it was a summer term. If we played war, he was the captain. If we played horse, he was the driver. Well, one day he had a whole lot of us fellows pulling a sled of rocks from one part of the yard to the other. We had a hedge pole tied to the sled for a tongue, and each of us took hold of the pole with one hand and pulled. All at once he took a notion that he would be a horse, and he took my place and made me be driver.

"I soon saw what he was about. He was going to be the meanest horse ever hitched up. He reared and pranced and plunged and knocked the rest of the horses right and left. I cracked him one with the whip, and he kicked; and when he kicked, he struck his bare foot on a hedge thorn and tore it pretty badly, and then that unmanageable horse just sat down and howled! After school took up, I got to thinking about it, and I laughed right out. The teacher brought me out on the floor, and when she asked what I was laughing at, I told her I had thought of something funny. She said that she thought of something funny, too, and she took me over and set me between two girls. Then I cried."

The little boy laughed delightedly and said, "*I've* never had to sit with girls."

There was another mile sped over before the little boy spoke again. "Pa, when you went fishing, what did you use for bait—good bait, you know?"

"Angle-worms to catch goggle-eyes, and minnows for bass. I fished for goggle-eyes mostly."

"Pa, do you think it does any good to spit on bait?"

His pa considered carefully before answering; then he said that, when he was a boy, it was so believed by all fishermen.

"Well, that's what I think, though I don't exactly see why. But Billy Mullins catches more fish than any of us fellows, and he says the reason is because he always spits on his bait. Say, pa, did you ever go swimming the whole afternoon? Just swim and swim 'til supper-time came, and then feel sorry because it was time to go home?"

"Did I? I used to be in the long hole of Spring branch so much that your grandma pretended that she could see scales and fins starting to grow on my body."

"Could you dive, and turn handsprings off the spring-board, and tread water, and lay your hair?"

"Better than any other boy in the crowd."

Then the little boy moved close over to his father, and said: "So can I."

By and by they came in sight of the county-seat. The little boy was surprised at its size. He expected it to be larger than Taylor's Corners, which had a school-house, a blacksmith shop, and a store where they got the mail. But he had not dreamed of such a picture as burst upon his sight when they reached the hill-top that overlooked the county-seat. Street after street walled in with high houses! Seven church steeples! A great two-story school building! Whole blocks of two and three story business houses! It seemed to him like a scene out of his pictorial Aladdin which he found by his plate on Christmas morning. It was after reaching the city that the little boy began getting acquainted with his pa.

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"Well, well, Taylor! I'm glad to see you. I am indeed. I was just telling my wife this morning that I would rather see Tom Taylor than any man likely to attend the convention. You see, Taylor, I haven't forgotten those three years we spent in the mounted infantry, nor how you pulled me out of the Johnnies' hands when I got that bullet in my arm at Okolona. Say, those Johnnie Rebs were the hot stuff that day, weren't they? And how are you getting along, Taylor, and how is the wife; and—is this your boy?"

"Yes—all I've got—and he's a namesake of yours, Judge—William Strong Taylor."

"You don't say! Well, well, well! Your boy and my namesake! A fine boy, sir, a fine boy." And the judge shook the little boy's awkward right hand—for it was not much used to handshaking and worked very much indeed like a pump-handle—and patted the little boy on the head.

"You and the little boy will take dinner with me to-day, Taylor. We don't get a chance to visit very often, so we'll just go right along down to the house, and talk over old times until dinner;" and the judge took his pa by the arm, and, holding the little boy's hand, together the three walked down the street to the home of the judge.

So walking, the little boy was face to face with the greatest episode of his short life. He had known that he was named for the great Judge Strong. He had occasionally heard his father speak of the judge in terms of the highest respect, and the little boy, in his boyish way, had grown to think him a very great man, only surpassed in greatness by the governor himself; and now the judge had actually patted him on the head, and called him a fine boy; and now they were to take dinner with him! Again he thought of Aladdin.

While his pa and the judge were talking on the veranda, the little boy sat like some little old man, listening to the tales of camp life and army hardships; listening until he felt that he would have given anything in the world—which meant his Aladdin and his pony, Topsy—to have been old enough to have carried a saber and ridden a cavalry horse, and to have had a Spencer carbine slung across his back.

At dinner he behaved very well, and said "Yes, sir," and "No, ma'am," and "If you please" in just the right places, and the judge beamed on him with smiles of approval. He really would have enjoyed another piece of the custard pie, and one more spoonful of grape jelly; but he remembered his manners, and resolutely declined when motherly Mrs. Strong insisted on a second helping.

As they went back down town after dinner was over, the little boy was surprised to notice how many men knew his pa. They all acted as if they were glad to see him, and shook hands with him very heartily, and called him "Captain." Finally they reached the Opera House, where the convention was to be held. The little boy gazed curiously on the noisy, surging, good-natured crowd of delegates and politicians that filled the room. By and by a big man on the stage hammered with a mallet on a table, and called the house to order. The committee on organization made its report, and named Captain Thomas Taylor for chairman. The crowd cheered, and adopted the report unanimously. Then there were cries of "Taylor! Taylor! Speech from Taylor!"

The little boy felt proud and sorry all at once—proud of the honor that had come to his pa, sorry because he was sure his pa could not make a speech. He had read something of Patrick Henry, and Webster, and Henry Clay, and knew that they were speech-makers. But he knew that they were dead, and he had a vague idea that nobody living, certainly nobody in that country, could make speeches unless it might be preachers and lawyers, or the schoolmaster on the last day of school. So when his pa stood up before the crowd and bowed, and said: "Fellow-citizens and gentlemen of the convention," the little boy grew very pale, and could hear his own heart beat.

But his pa went right off into a speech about the grand old party and the spirit of liberty, and about the platform. The little boy wondered if he meant the platform upon which he was standing. Then his pa told a humorous story, and the crowd laughed and cheered. He spoke of prison-pens and dead heroes, and the little boy saw a man draw his coat sleeve across his eyes. When his pa had finished his speech, the little boy thought the cheering never would cease, and he mentally placed his pa in the list of men who could make speeches, and wondered if some time that speech would be placed in a Fifth Reader for boys to study in school, along with the speeches of Henry and Webster and Clay.

The convention then proceeded to nominate the ticket. Finally Judge Strong was on his feet making a speech. He was placing a name before the convention for repre-

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sentative. He said he wished to name a representative citizen, a man well known and held in esteem by all who knew him; a man who had marched and fought by the judge's side through the years of the war; who now carried in his body the bullets of battle and bore upon his breast the scars of conflict. He drew a vivid picture of this man leading his company in a desperate charge at Missionary Ridge, and concluded by saying, "Gentlemen, I have the honor to place before this convention the name of Captain Thomas Taylor, of Summit Township."

There were more cheers, and some one moved to suspend the rules and make the nomination unanimous. Motion carried. Captain Thomas Taylor was declared the nominee by unanimous vote. The little boy could not remember anything like it in his story of Aladdin.

The convention was over, the congratulations of the delegates and others showered upon the captain, and then the little boy and his pa were on the homeward journey. They did not talk much for many miles. His pa was busy thinking over the events of the day. So was the little boy. The sun had gone down. Suddenly the quiet of the twilight hour—the great, impressive silence of the plains—was broken by a fusillade somewhere off in the gathering darkness. Some belated hunters were taking a parting shot at a scurrying jack-rabbit. A correlation of ideas inspired the little boy to ask: "Pa, when you were a soldier in the war with Judge Strong, did you ever kill any one?"

His pa did not answer at once. In an instant there flashed before his eyes the events of a September day in a year long gone. Clouds of smoke hung over a battle-field. The pungent, nauseous odor of sulphurous smoke was in his nostrils. Again he looked down a line of blue-coated horsemen sitting like statues, each holding a drawn saber. The men had grimy faces and tense, set jaws. He heard Jack Stevens jest about what pretty corpses they would make. Another man was softly whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Dick Saunders cursed the whistler, and some of the boys laughed. A blast of the bugle cut through the smoke-laden air. A shell screamed overhead. A minie ball wailed and shrieked the length of the line. Each man leaned forward in his saddle, and hitched his belt a notch tighter.

"Ta-ta. Ta-ta-ra. Ta-ta-ra-a-a-a!"

In ten seconds the company was making a saber charge now historic. It was a cumbrous whirlwind of horse and rider, and above, the sheet lightning of flashing sabers. The lightning faded, and the sabers were dripping, but not with rain. A gray-sleeved arm was swinging a saber at his throat. Like a machine moving at higher speed, his own saber met and drove back that of the gray arm, and rested upon the cheek of the wielder. When his own saber swung to position its mark was upon the face. The face wavered for an instant, and then pitched forward. Was it a dead face? He never knew.

"Pa, did you ever *kill* a man when you was in the war?"

His pa, like one waking from a deep sleep, answered slowly, "Not that I know of, my son."

"Well, I'm awful glad you didn't," said the little boy, as he again moved closer to the side of his pa.

The little boy was sleepy and quite tired out when he reached the farm-house on the hill-slope. His ma heard them coming, and opened the big gate for them to drive into the barnyard. As the little boy climbed out of the buggy and into the arms of his mother, he put his arms around her neck, kissed her, and exclaimed: "Oh, ma, I've had the best time! And I saw Judge Strong, and we ate dinner at his house, and pa knows nearly everybody, and he made a speech, and they nominated him for something, and his boy name was 'Pony,' and he could swim and tread water and lay his hair same as I can."

His ma kissed him for reply, and knew that the little boy and his pa had entered the Land of Companionship together.

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EXPERIMENTS IN FLYING.

By O. Chanute.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S OWN INVENTIONS AND ADVENTURES.

T is considerably over forty years since I first became interested in the problem of flight. This presented the attraction of an unsolved problem which did not seem as visionary as that of perpetual motion. Birds gave daily proof that flying could be done, and the reasons advanced by scientists why the performance was inaccessible to man did not seem to be entirely conclusive, if sufficiently light motors were eventually to be obtained. There was, to be sure, a record of several thousand years of constant failures, often resulting in personal injuries; but it did not seem useless for engineers to investigate the causes of such failures, with a view to a remedy. I, therefore, gathered from time to time such information as was to be found on the subject, and added thereto such speculations as suggested themselves. After a while this grew absorbing, and interfered with regular duties, so that in 1874 all the accumulated material was rolled up into a bundle and red tape tied around it, a resolution being taken that it should not be undone until the subject could be taken up again without detriment to any duty. It was fourteen years before the knot was untied.

Meantime a considerable change had taken place in the public attitude on the question. It was no longer considered proof of lunacy to investigate it, and great progress had been made in producing artificial motors approximating those of the birds in relative lightness. The problem was, therefore, taken up again under more favorable circumstances. A study was begun of the history of past failures, and the endeavor was made to account for them. In point of fact, this produced a series of technical articles which swelled into a book,* and also led to the conclusion that, when a sufficiently light motor was evolved, the principal cause of failure would be that lack of stability in the air which rendered all man-ridden flying-machines most hazardous; but that, if this difficulty were overcome, further progress would be rapid.

Experiments were, therefore, begun to investigate this question of stability and safety, and, if possible, to render the former automatic. These experiments were hundreds in number, and were, at first, very modest. They consisted in liberating weighted paper models of various shapes, either ancient or new, with gravity as a motive power, and observing their glides downward. This was done in still air. After a while, resort was had to larger models, with muslin wings and wooden frameworks, carrying bricks as passengers; and these were dropped from the house-top in the early morning when only the milkman was about. Very much was learned as to the effect of the wind; and then tailless kites of all sorts of shapes were flown, to the great admiration of small boys. During the seven or eight years within which this work was carried on, some glimmerings were obtained of the principles involved, and some definite conclusions were reached. But it was only after Lilienthal had shown that such an adventure was feasible that courage was gathered to experiment with full-sized machines carrying a man through the air.

Otto Lilienthal was a very able German engineer and physicist. He demonstrated that concave wings afforded, at very acute angles, from three to seven times as much support as flat wings in the air. He made, from 1891 to 1896, more than 2,000 successful glides, the longest being about 1,200 feet, upon machines of his own design, launching himself into the air from a hill-top and gliding down against the wind. In 1895, he endeavored to add a motor, but found that this complicated the handling so much that he went back to his gliding-device. It was while experimenting with a double-decked machine of this character, which probably was in bad order, that he

* "Progress in Flying-Machines," 1894. M. N. Forney, New York, publisher.

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fell and was killed, in August, 1896. Thus perished the man who will probably be credited by posterity with having pointed out the best way to preliminary experiments in human flight through the air.

Just before this dismal accident, I had been testing a full-sized Lilienthal machine. I discarded it as hazardous, and then tested the value of an idea of my own. This was to follow the same general method, but to reverse the principle upon which Lilienthal had depended for maintaining his equilibrium in the air. He shifted the weight of his body, under immovable wings, as fast and as far as the sustaining pressure varied under his surfaces. This shifting was mainly done by moving the feet, as the actions required were small except when alighting. My notion was to have the operator remain seated in the machine in the air, and to intervene only to steer or to alight; moving mechanism being provided to shift the wings automatically, so as to restore the balance when endangered. There are several ways in which this can be done. Two of them have been worked out to a probable success in my experiments, and there is still a third which I intend to test in due course.

To make such experiments truly instructive, they should be made with a full-sized machine and with an operator riding therein. Models seldom fly twice alike in the open air (where there is almost always some wind), and they cannot relate the vicissitudes which they have encountered. A flying-machine would be of little future use if it could not operate in a moderate wind; hence the necessity for an operator to report upon what occurs in flight, and to acquire the art of the birds. My own operations were conducted from that point of view, with the great disadvantage, however, that being over threescore years of age, I was no longer sufficiently young and active to perform any but short and insignificant glides in such tentative experiments; the latter being directed solely to evolving the conditions of stability, and without any expectation of advancing to the invention of a commercial flying-machine. I simply tested various automatic devices to secure equilibrium, and, with great anxiety, employed young and active assistants.

The best way to carry on such adventures is first to select a soft place on which to alight. This is well secured on a dry and loose sand-hill, and there ought to be no bushes or trees to run into. Our party found such sand-hills, almost a desert, in which we pitched our tent, on the shore of Lake Michigan, about thirty miles east of Chicago. The main hill selected was ninety-five feet high; but the highest point started from was sixty-one feet above the beach, as the best instruction was to be obtained from short glides at low speeds.

With parties of from four to six persons, five full-sized gliding-machines* (one rebuilt) were experimented with in 1896, and one in 1897. Out of these, two types were evolved, the "Multiple-Wing" and the "Two-Surfaced," which are believed to be safer than any heretofore produced, and to work out fairly well the problem of automatic equilibrium. The photographs herewith reproduced, many of them heretofore unpublished, are from snap-shots taken of these two types. In 1896, very few photographs were taken, all the attention being devoted to studying the action of the machines, and the one picture shown is the sixth permutation of the "Multiple-Wing" machine, so-called. In 1897, there was more leisure to take snap-shots, as the machine used was a duplication of the "Two-Surfaced" of 1896, supplied with a regulating mechanism designed by Mr. A. M. Herring, my assistant. Each photograph was taken from a different experiment (there were about 1,000 glides); but the point of view was varied, so as to exhibit the consecutive phases of a single flight. The frog-like appearance of some of the legs is due to the speed.

The first thing which we discovered practically was that the wind flowing up a hill-side is not a steadily flowing current like that of a river. It comes as a rolling mass, full of tumultuous whirls and eddies, like these issuing from a chimney; and they strike the apparatus with constantly varying force and direction, sometimes withdrawing support when most needed. It has long been known, through instrumental observations, that the wind is constantly changing in force and direction; but it needed the experience of an operator afloat on a gliding-machine to realize that this all proceeded from cyclonic action; so that more was learned in this respect in a week than had previously been acquired by several years of experiments with models. There was a pair of eagles, living in the top of a dead tree about two miles from our tent, that came almost daily to show us how such wind effects are overcome and utilized. The birds swept in circles overhead on pulseless wings, and rose high up in air. Occasionally there was a

* So termed to distinguish them from true flying-machines, in which propulsion would be implied.

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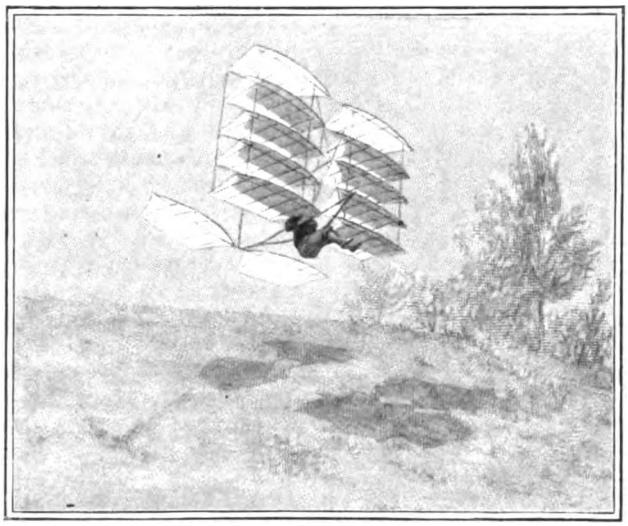
side-rocking motion, as of a ship rolling at sea, and then the birds rocked back to an even keel; but although we thought the action was clearly automatic, and were willing to learn, our teachers were too far off to show us just how it was done, and we had to experiment for ourselves.

The operator stands on the hill-side. He raises up the apparatus, which is steadied by a companion, and quickly slips under and within the machine. He faces the wind. This wind buffets the wings from side to side, and up or down, so that he has much difficulty in obtaining a poise. This is finally accomplished by bracing the cross-piece of the machine's frame against his back, and depressing the front edge of the wings so that they will be struck from above by the wind. His arm-pits rest on a pair of horizontal bars, and he grasps a pair of vertical bars with his hands. He is in no way attached to the machine, so that he may disengage himself instantly should anything go wrong. Then, still facing dead into the wind, he takes one or two, never more than four, running steps forward, raising up the front edge of the apparatus at the last moment, and the air claims him. Then he sails forward into the wind on a generally descending course. The "Multiple-wing" machine was provided with a seat, but, goodness! there was no time to sit down, as each glide of two to three hundred feet took but eight to twelve seconds, and then it was time to alight. This latter phase of the problem had been the subject of meditation for months, and the conclusion had been reached to imitate the sparrow. When the latter approaches the street, he throws his body back, tilts his outspread wings nearly square to the course, and on the cushion of air thus encountered he stops his speed and drops lightly to the ground. So do all birds. We tried it with misgivings, but found it perfectly effective. The soft sand was a great advantage, and even when the experts were racing there was not a single sprained ankle.



MR. CHANUTE'S MULTIPLE-WING GLIDING-MACHINE.

The rebuilt "Multiple-wings" were pivoted at their roots, and vibrated backward and forward on ball-bearings, restrained by rubber springs. As the wind varied, they adjusted themselves thereto, and brought back the supporting air pressure over the operator, thus reëstablishing the threatened balance. This was done automatically. But in consequence of various defects in construction and adjustment, the operator still had to move one or two inches, as against the from seven to fifteen inches of movement required by the Lilienthal apparatus. Some two or three hundred glides were made with the "Multiple-wing" without any accident to man or machine, and the action was deemed so effective, the principle so sound, that the full plans were published in the "Aëronautical Annual" for 1897, for the benefit of experimenters desiring to improve on this apparatus.

There is no more delightful sensation than that of gliding through the air. All the faculties are on the alert, and the motion is astonishingly smooth and elastic. The machine responds instantly to the slightest movement of the operator; the air rushes by one's ears; the trees and bushes flit away underneath, and the landing comes all too quickly. Skating, sliding, and bicycling are not to be compared for a moment to aërial conveyance, in which, perhaps, zest is added by the spice of danger. For it must be distinctly understood that there is constant danger in such preliminary experiments. When this hazard has been eliminated by further evolution, gliding will become a most popular sport.

The "Two-surfaced" machine, so-called,

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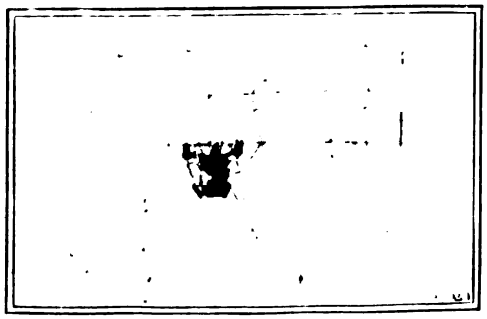
Struggling for a poise.

A good start.

Struck by a side gust.



Right again.

EXPERIMENTS WITH MACHINES INVENTED BY MR. CHANUTE. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY HIM.

produced longer and more numerous glides. There were perhaps 700 or 800, at a rate of descent of about one foot in six; so that while the longest distance traversed was 360 feet, we could have sailed 1,200 feet, had we started from a hill 200 feet high. In consequence of the speed gained by running, the initial stage of the flight is nearly horizontal, and it is thrilling to see the operator pass from thirty to forty feet overhead, steering his machine, undulating his course, and struggling with the wind gusts which whistle through the guy wires. The automatic mechanism restores the angle of advance when compromised by variations of the breeze; but when these come from one side and tilt the apparatus, the weight has to be shifted to right up the machine. This is generally done by thrusting out the feet toward the side which has been raised, a movement which is just the reverse of what would be instinctively made on the ground, but which becomes second nature to an expert. These gusts sometimes raise the machine from ten to twenty feet vertically, and sometimes they strike the apparatus from above, causing it to descend suddenly. When sailing near the ground, these vicissitudes can be counteracted by movements of the body of three or four inches; but this has to be done instantly, for neither wind nor gravity will wait on meditation. At a height of 300 or 400 feet the regulating mechanism would probably take care of these wind gusts, as it does, in fact, for their minor variations. The speed of the machine is generally about seventeen miles an hour over the ground, and from twenty-two to thirty miles an hour relative to the air. Constant effort was directed to keep down the velocity, which was at times fifty-two miles an hour. This is the purpose of the starting and gliding against the wind, which thus furnishes an initial velocity without there being undue speed at the landing. The highest wind we dared to experiment in blew at thirty-one miles an hour; when the wind was stronger, we waited and watched the birds.

There was a gull came fishing over the lake, and took up his station over its very edge, about 100 feet high in air. The wind was blowing a steady gale from the north at sixty-one measured miles an hour. The bird breasted it squarely, and without beat of wing maintained for five minutes his position of observation. Occasionally there was a short rocking motion fore and aft, or from side to side. At times he was raised several feet and drifted backward; at others he

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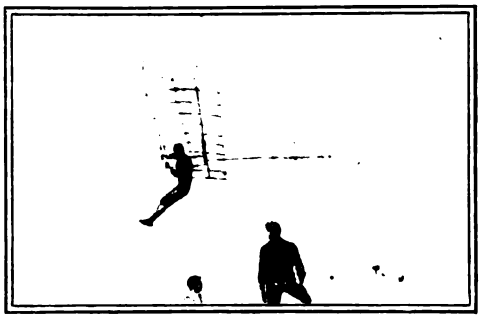
drooped down; but he never flapped once. It was evident that he derived from the wind alone all the power required to remain afloat and to perforate the blast without drifting back. Whether man will ever be able to perform this feat, which has been termed "aspiration," is perhaps doubtful, but there is no mistake about the observation. The only thing we could not ascertain was whether our practice hill, 350 feet to his leeward, produced an ascending trend in the wind about the bird, who was level with its summit.

Another day a curious thing occurred. We had taken one of the machines to the top of the hill, and loaded its lower wings with sand to hold it while we went to lunch. A gull came strolling inland, and flapped full-winged to inspect. He swept several circles above the machine, stretched his neck, gave a squawk, and went off. Presently he returned with eleven other gulls, and they seemed to hold a conclave, about 100 feet above the big new white bird which they had discovered on the sand. They circled round after round, and once in a while there was a series of loud peeps, like those of a rusty gate, as if in conference, with sudden flutterings, as if a terrifying suggestion had been made. The bolder birds occasionally swooped downward to inspect the monster more closely; they twisted their heads around to bring first one eye and then the other to bear, and then they rose again. After some seven or eight minutes of this performance, they evidently concluded either that the stranger was too formidable to tackle, if alive, or that he was not good to eat, if dead, and they flew off to resume fishing, for the weak point about a bird is his stomach.

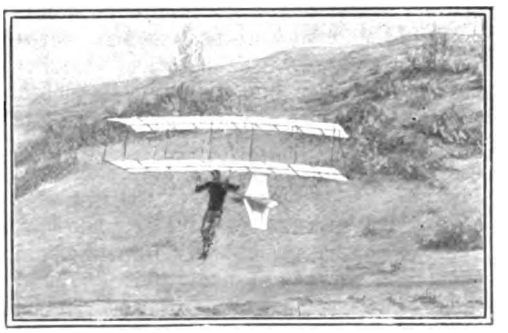
We did not have the slightest accident to lament during all our experiments. These were chiefly performed by two young, active men, who took turns, and who became expert in a week; but then, we attempted no feats and took no chances. Toward the last, we gained such confidence in the machines that we allowed amateurs to try them under guidance. Half a dozen performed fairly well, but awkwardly of course. One of them was our cook, who was by profession a surgeon, and one was a newspaper reporter who had succeeded in finding his way to the camp. Another was a novice; he was picked up by a wind gust, raised forty feet vertically, and gently set down again. Any young, quick, and handy man can master a gliding-machine almost as soon as a bicycle, but the penalties for mistakes are much more severe. After all, it will be by the cautious, observant



Rising.

Sailing.

Dropping.



About to alight.

EXPERIMENTS WITH MACHINES INVENTED BY MR. CHANUTE. FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY HIM.

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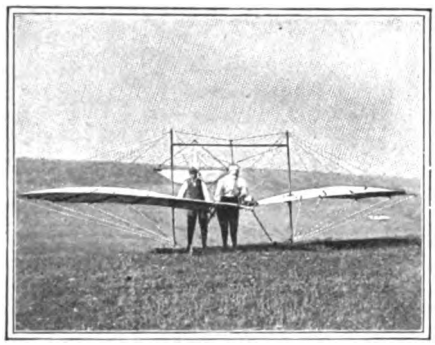

Preparing for the flight.

Ready.

THE PILCHER FLYING-MACHINE.

man—the man who accepts no risks which he can avoid, perhaps the ultra-timid man—that this hazardous investigation of an art now known only to the birds will be most advanced. Not even the birds could have operated more safely than we; but they would have made longer and flatter glides, and they would have soared up into the blue.

In my judgment, neither of the machines above described is as yet perfected, and I believe it is still premature to apply an artificial motor. This is sure to bring about complications which it is preferable to avoid until the equilibrium has been thoroughly evolved. I, therefore, advise that every plausible method of securing stability and safety shall be tested, that many such experiments shall be made, first with models, and then with full-sized machines, and that their designers shall practice, practice, practice; to make sure of the action, to proportion and adjust the parts, and to eliminate hidden defects. . If any feat is attempted, it should be over water, in order to break the fall, should any occur. All this once accomplished, it will be time enough to apply a motor; and it seems not improbable that the gliding-machine will furnish the prototype. This step-by-step process is doubtless slow and costly, but it greatly diminishes the chance of those accidents which bring a whole line of investigation into contempt. We have no reason to believe that, contrary to past experience, a practical flying-machine will be the result of the happy thought of one or of two persons. It will come rather by a process of evolution: one man accomplishing some promising results, but stopping short of success; the next carrying the investigation somewhat further, and thus on, until a machine is produced which will be as practical as the "safety" bicycle, which took some eighty years for its development from the original despised velocipede.

Since the above described experiments were tried, another deplorable accident has come to re-inculcate the necessity for extreme caution. Mr. Percy S. Pilcher, a young, accomplished, and enthusiastic English engineer, lost his life September 30, 1899, while making experiments in soaring with a machine of his own design upon the Lilienthal principle. He had already performed hundreds of glides since 1894, and had introduced a method of towing the machine with horses, by means of a long cord with multiplying tackle, so that he could rise from level ground. On this occasion, a first successful flight was made; but on the second trial, after a height of some thirty feet had been gained, a snap was heard, the tail was seen to collapse, and the apparatus dived forward, and fell to the ground, Mr. Pilcher receiving injuries from which he died two days later. He doubtless was the victim of his own amiability, for his apparatus had been wet by a shower, so that the canvas of the tail had shrunk, thus producing undue strains upon the bamboo stretcher, the wind was gusty, and the weather very unfavorable; but as many persons had come from a distance to witness the experiments, Mr. Pilcher did not like to disappoint them, and accepted the undue risks which cost him his life. He was less than thirty-four years of age, a skilful and earnest mechanician, who had already built the oil-engine and screw which he meant to apply to his machine.

Notably enough, he had written to me some eighteen months before for leave to copy and test one of my machines, which leave, with instructions, had, of course, been gladly given. The machine had been built, and was to have been tried on the following day. It is a curious coincidence that

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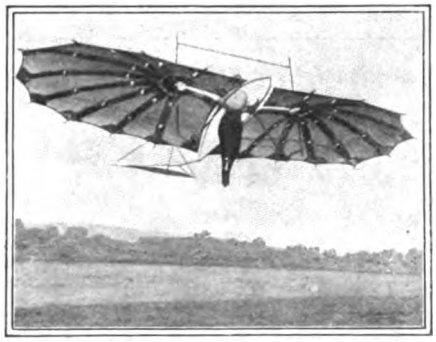
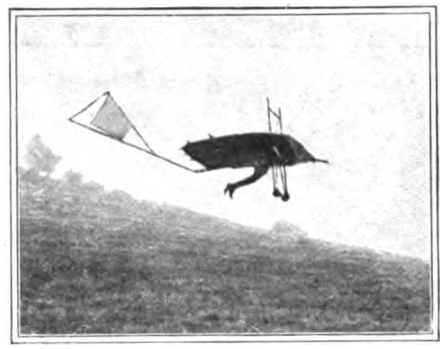


Sailing.



Dropping and going fast.

THE PILCHER FLYING-MACHINE.

Lilienthal is said to have also built a machine, quite original with him, upon the same principle as that above alluded to, and that this also was to have been tested within a day or two of the owner's death. It is idle to speculate on what would have been the result; but then accidents might have happened in my own work, and I am profoundly thankful that we were spared such anguish.

Having been compelled, for the last two years, to give all my time and attention to a practical business, I have been unable to experiment; but I have had an expert testing models of a third method of securing automatic stability, which I hope to experiment full-sized.

Aside from the more imaginative and eccentric inventors, there are now a number of scientific investigators who are working to bring about the solution of this difficult problem; and it is not at all improbable that some experimenter will succeed, within a year or so, in making a flight of something like a mile with a motor. This is now fairly feasible, and there are several inventors who are preparing to attempt it. But between this achievement and its extension to a journey, or even to its indefinite repetition, there will intervene many accidents. Nor is there a fortune to be made by the first successful man. Experimenters who wish to advance the final solution of the quest surely and safely must work without expectation of other reward than that of being remembered hereafter; for, in the usual course of such things, it will be the manufacturers who will reap the pecuniary benefits when commercial flying-machines are finally evolved. There will probably be two types of these, one of them a machine for sport, with a very light and simple motor, if any, carrying but a single operator, and deriving most of its power from wind and gravity, as do the soaring birds. This will be used in competitions of skill and speed, and there will be no finer or more exciting sport. The other future machine will probably be of a journeying type. It will be provided with a powerful, but light, motor and with fuel for one or two days' travel. It will preferably carry but a single man, and will be utilized in exploration and in war. Its speed will be from thirty to sixty miles an hour at the beginning, and eventually much greater, for it is a singular fact that the higher speeds require less power in the air, within certain limits, than low speeds. At high velocities, the surfaces may be smaller, lie at flatter angles, and offer less resistance, but the pressure then increases on the framework, and the ultimate speed may not be more than 80 or 100 miles an hour.

Neither of these machines seems likely to compete with existing modes of transportation. But be this as it may, every improvement in transportation, whether in cheapness, in comfort, or in speed, soon develops new and sometimes unexpected uses of its own; so, even with sober anticipation of the benefits to be realized, investigators and public-spirited men may well afford to advance the solution of a problem which has so warmly appealed to the imagination of men for the past forty or fifty centuries.

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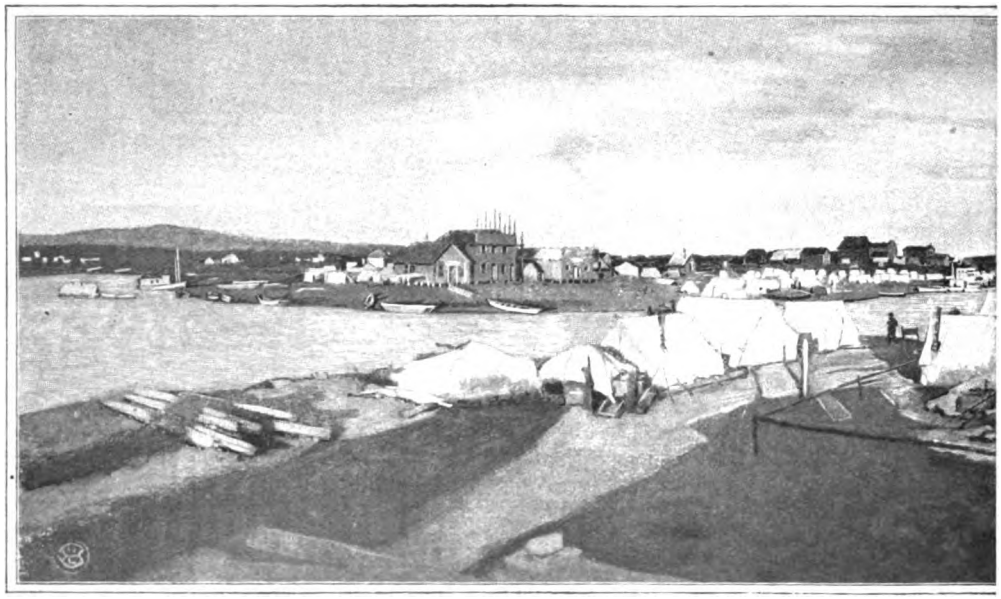
Snake River. NOME CITY,



From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

THE CAPE NOME GOLD FIELDS.

THEIR REMARKABLE PRODUCT AND PROMISE.—THE LIFE OF THE MINERS.—THE GROWTH OF NOME CITY.

By William J. Lampton.

THE last ships coming down to Pacific ports from the Bering Sea in November, 1899, brought hundreds of passengers who asserted that in the marvelous tales already abroad the half had not been told of the richness of the Cape Nome gold fields; and who, moreover, brought hundreds of thousands of dollars in gold dust in proof of their assertions. Their reports at once spread eastward, stirring the spirit of acquisition everywhere between the seas, and now from East, West, North, and South thousands, eager with the thirst for gold, are hurrying toward the Arctic Eldorado. Before Christmas nearly every available vessel on the Pacific Coast had been chartered to start for Cape Nome as soon as the present season opened; and it is expected that from 25,000 to 30,000 people will make the journey from one or another of the Pacific ports, while thousands will go in overland by way of the Yukon valley.

Although Cape Nome had had its name upon the maps of Alaska for twenty years, it possessed small interest until gold was discovered in its vicinity two years ago. Observing a time-honored custom, the first comers secured every claim that they could lay their hands on. By June, 1899, several hundred men had entered the district, and consequently claims that could be had for the mere staking and payment of the government entry fees were by that time becoming exceedingly scarce. Under these circumstances, disappointment to the late comers was inevitable. A territory twenty-five miles square, extending along the shore and back into the mountains, was covered by stakes; and many men who had thought that life was hard enough in the Klondike and Yukon

Editor's Note.—Mr. Lampton visited Alaska last fall under circumstances especially favorable for getting the best information regarding the new gold fields. His article is a summary of the present knowledge of that new Eldorado which has aroused almost unparalleled interest and excitement.

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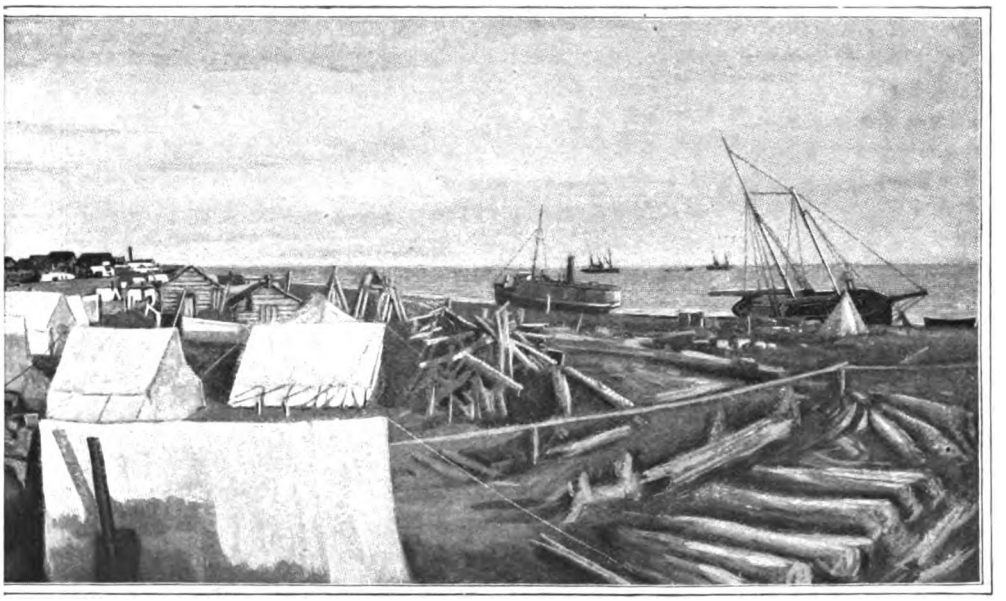
Bering Sea.



country, began to think, and to say, that Cape Nome was no better. Hundreds were "stranded," and they circulated reports that Cape Nome was a "fake" foisted on the public by the transportation companies, in order to make business for themselves regardless of consequences to the miners. So many reports of this kind went out, that for a short time Nome became a name for everything nefarious. Many of the disappointed prospectors returned to St. Michael, and there waited again, as they had been waiting before, for a steamer or a revenue cutter that would carry them back to the States. But many remained because they were unable to pay for their passage to St. Michael, though it is only 130 miles away, to the southeast across Norton Sound.

Then came the beach diggings, the easiest gold-mining in the world, and free to every man who had a pick and shovel and pan, and the energy to use them. Of this discovery, as of the earlier one, there are conflicting accounts; but it is generally accepted that a soldier was really the first man to find gold in the beach sands. Almost on the instant the name of Nome was on every tongue. The discovery was made the latter part of June or the first of July, 1899, when the sea-way was open; and every ship that went out carried the news, and hurried to bring a load of passengers back. There was an immediate rush from the near-by mining regions, and hundreds came by steamers from St. Michael and from all points along the Yukon as far up as Dawson. Before a month had elapsed, it was estimated that over two thousand persons were at work on the beach—in a strip extending along the sea for five or six miles—and were taking out as much as $30,000 of "dust" a day. The excitement affected all classes; and although the prevailing rate of wages at other work was $10 a day and board, every man who could secure tools gave up his employment, and went to digging on the beach. Even the women worked in the sand, and at one time a mother and her twelve-year-old boy plodded away with the others. There was no mining like this in all the world; it was superlatively the "poor man's diggings," and the poor men went thither in droves by every means of transportation at their command. With them came their invariable attendants; and by September, 1899, Cape Nome, or Nome City, as the new town and postoffice were called, had a population of from four to five thousand persons of both sexes, with the full complement of eating and lodging places—not houses, for they were chiefly tents and shacks—gambling dens, dance halls, saloons, and stores, all of them doing a rushing business, and many of them getting the miners' gold almost as soon as they had washed it from the sand.

Beach deposits of gold were not entirely unknown before the Cape Nome discoveries, such deposits having been found on Unga Isl-

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LANDING FREIGHT ON THE BEACH AT NOME CITY.

Norton Sound is extremely shallow, and in front of Nome City it shoals off, so that ships cannot approach nearer than half a mile. At present all goods and passengers are brought ashore in lighters, but money has already been subscribed to build a floating pier. From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

and in the North Pacific and at several places along the coast of California. But the Cape Nome deposits so far exceed all others in richness that they quite deserve the prominence to which they have so suddenly attained. The beach at Nome, as most of the beach line of northwest Alaska, varies in width from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty feet, extending from low-water mark to what is called the "tundra." This "tundra" ends at the sand in an almost perpendicular bluff from fifteen to twenty feet high, and thence slopes gently back for three or four miles to the foot hills. It is a level morass of black, boggy soil, almost peat in places, and is covered with coarse grass or moss, pleasantly green to the eye in summer, but at all times difficult and tiresome to travel over. Little pools and ponds, sometimes increasing to the size of small lakes, are scattered over it, connected by streams which grow into creeks and empty, sooner or later, either into the rivers that come down to the sea from the mountains or else directly into the sea itself. The streams are upon the surface, and do not cut down into the sand that lies below. In the winter the entire "tundra" field is a sheet of ice and snow; and at no time of the year does it thaw deeper than from a foot to eighteen inches below the surface. The "tundra" rests upon a bed of sand, supposed to have constituted the beach when the sea extended back to the foot hills, a hundred thousand years or more ago. Both the "tundra" and its underlying sand are gold-bearing, but are difficult to work because of the frozen earth, and very little has as yet been done to determine their value. The richest returns are expected from them, however, as soon as they can be subjected to modern mining appliances.

The gold-bearing beach, which is but an extension of the sand under the "tundra," begins at Cape Nome, to the east of Nome City, and continues along the coast to the westward as far as prospected, say 120 miles. The portion near Nome City seems to be richer than that farther away, and the territory mined over here covers a length of six or eight miles and a width of 150 feet or more. As a rule, the face of the "tundra" bluff and back for sixty feet is worked, as the law allows a sixty-foot roadway at high-water mark. The entire beach between high and low water mark is technically "tide lands," which is set aside by the gen-

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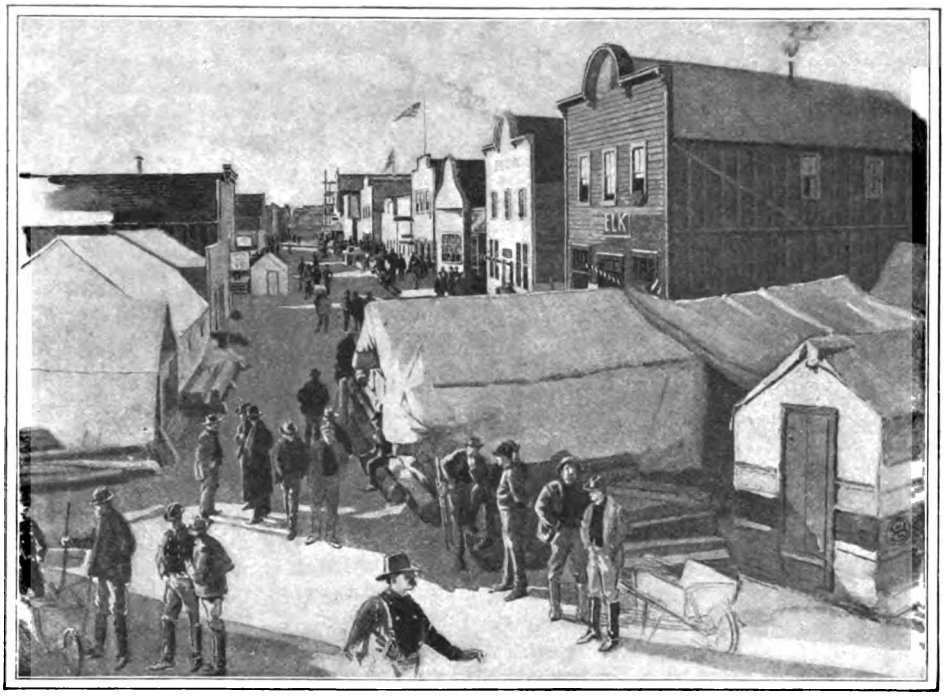

MAIN STREET IN NOME CITY.

In construction, Nome City began the season of 1899 with a few Indian huts, which were soon supplanted by hundreds of tents. Before winter came, wooden houses had displaced most of the tents; a hospital and several churches had been erected, and some wooden sidewalks had been laid. From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

eral government in territorial possession for the benefit of the future State and is not subject to the general land laws. In addition to the "tide lands" is the sixty-foot roadway allowance for the use of the public; and as claims may not be granted upon this territory, a large area of free land is left to be taken, at least for the present, by as many as may "squat" upon it. It is upon such claims as these that the famous beach diggings are conducted. No man holds save by priority of possession. This right, however, is very generally recognized by the miners, and when once a man has taken a claim, he is not disturbed in it so long as he remains and works it. Efforts have been made by owners of claims on the "tundra" to extend their boundaries to the exclusion of the "squatters," but thus far without success. A legal settlement of all "tideland" questions is promised during this season, as well as a number of others which are of more importance as affecting more permanent and valuable properties than the beach diggings. It was stated on good authority, at the close of last season, that every one of the thousand claims recorded up to September 1st—claims covering 20,000 acres, or about thirty square miles—represented a suit at law, so hasty and haphazard had been the procedure in securing claims. The value of the properties already in litigation was estimated by Judge Johnston, United States District Judge for the District of Alaska, who held his first court in Nome early last September, at $10,000,000. Practically nothing was done toward the settlement of these cases in the brief time at the disposal of the court, and the number awaiting determination by the time the court next sits will necessarily be very large.

The diggings along the beach vary in depth from a foot to fifteen feet; and the gold, which is always in the "dust" form here, is found through the ruby sand and gravel which lie upon a silty clay, there being no bed rock proper as far as yet known. The appliances in use are of the simplest kind, the pick and shovel and pan and rocker being found equal to the requirements of the work. In a few instances, sluice-boxes have been employed, but not with as much advantage as they would have been had there been a greater water supply from the "tundra" with a greater fall.

While most of the beach mining is well

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DIGGING ON THE "TUNDRA" ABOVE THE BEACH AT CAPE NOME.

From the edge of the sand the black, peaty soil of the "tundra" slopes back to the foot hills. Never thawing deeper than a foot or two below the surface, it is most difficult ground to work; but with improved appliances, it is expected that the product will be marvelously rich.

back from the water, several holes have been sunk below low-water mark, and it is reported that the farther into the sea the mine can be worked, the richer is the pay streak. The difficulty of operating in the water, with the very primitive appliances thus far in use, has kept the work from getting far beyond the experimental stage. Some dredging has been done from boats at short distances from the shore, but thus far with no great success, although enough gold has been raised in this way to warrant further effort. A novel project, the result of which cannot be known until communication is once more resumed with the winter-beleaguered city, is to go to the bottom of the sea through shafts sunk in the ice.

For all the notoriety at present enjoyed by the beach diggings, it is upon the not less rich diggings along the creeks and gulches tributary to the Nome, Snake, and other rivers that the future prosperity and permanence of Nome City must depend. The limited area of the beach and its freedom to thousands of workers must of necessity soon exhaust it, at least in the immediate vicinity of the city. On the other hand, the territory along the creeks covers hundreds of square miles, and years will be required for its full development. There is always a degree of uncertainty in the continuance of placer mining, which is by nature superficial; but if quartz is discovered in the mountains that stretch along the entire coast, as many authorities assert that it will be, Nome City, despite all physical and climatic hindrances, will be as permanent as the everlasting hills. A reference to the map will show the great number of streams draining the territory between the mountains and the sea, and as gold in varying quantities has been found upon all of them, an estimate may be readily made as to the richness of the section.

While the mining on the beach is done by individual workers largely with pick and shovel and pan or rocker, that on the creeks is carried on by gangs of men who take the "dirt" from the shafts and wash it in sluice-boxes similar in principle to the pan or rocker, but of much greater capacity. Large quantities of water are required for these boxes, and there is a scarcity at present; but with more capital and further development this want will be supplied, and later will come the powerful hydraulic machines which eat the earth away as fire eats grass. The great bulk of the Nome gold has come from these creeks, and claims along them are worth from $1,000 to $100,000 each, according to their showing. Some are not for sale at any price – especially such a claim

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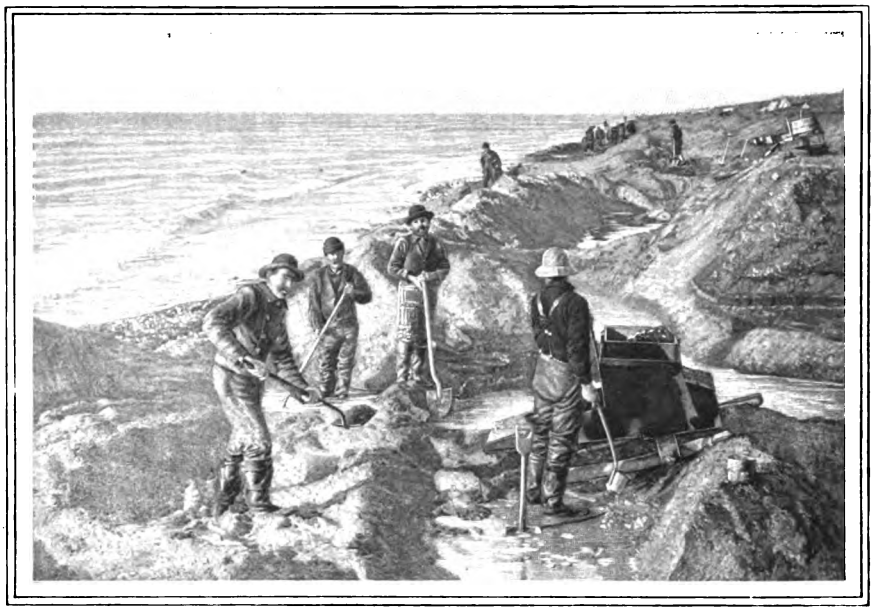

THE BEACH DIGGINGS.

This is the easiest gold mining in the world, and is free to any man who has a pick and shovel and pan and the energy to use them. From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

as No. 1 Anvil, which is reported to have cleared up as much as $25,000 in twenty-four hours, and $200,000 in sixty days.

At present Nome is preëminently a city of doubt, and all its fair promise may be blighted within a very few years. But if it loses its prominence as a center of gold-mining, some other place or places in the same general locality will gain all that Nome loses; for through all of northwest Alaska rich deposits of the yellow metal are reported by prospectors, and miners are migratory creatures whose persistence ends only with death. Already a movement toward Cape York, a hundred or more miles to the westward, has begun; and pioneers have blazed the way to Cape Prince of Wales, the last point to the west, and only seventy miles from the Siberian coast, on which, also, gold is reported to exist.

The Nome gold regions, while entirely inaccessible during the winter—that is, from November to June—are the most accessible known during the open season of navigation, for they lie immediately along the shores of Norton Sound, and the miner steps from the ship which has brought him from the "States" almost into the mine where he is to work. There are no steep, snow-clad mountains to cross, nor long trails and dangerous rivers to traverse through hundreds of miles of inhospitable country, as there were at first in getting to the Klondike. The farthest claims are not more than a dozen miles from the shore, and the trails to them are easy, except for the mud. The most serious difficulty of the entire journey is in making the landing from the ship. Norton Sound is extremely shallow in all parts, and in front of Nome City it shoals off to a depth of only four or five feet, so that ships drawing more than that cannot approach nearer than half a mile; and not so near when the wind is blowing at all strong, for the winds, coming up from the wide sweep of the Bering Sea, make the surf difficult and dangerous. At present all goods and passengers are brought ashore in lighters; but in view of the much greater business during the season of 1900, when it is believed that as many as 30,000 persons and thousands of tons of machinery and supplies will be carried to Nome, it has been proposed, and money has been subscribed, to build a breakwater of piles, and, with boats between, form a floating pier which will extend out into the sea to a point at which ships may land and discharge their cargoes. The matter of tide, fortunately, does not enter much into the problem, as the tide variation is often less and seldom more than a foot.

Of Nome City it may be said that it is the largest city of its age in the world. It is located on the north shore of Norton Sound,

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A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF WOOD.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

west of Cape Nome, from which it takes its name, and stretches in a straggling string for three or four miles eastward from the mouth of Nome River toward the cape. It is estimated that 2,500 people have been shut up there in complete isolation from the world since last November. No such number of people ever before passed a winter under such conditions. Before the winter exodus, which ended with the departure of the last steamer for the south last November, the population was about 5,000 ; and by next August it will, no doubt, reach 25,000. In construction, the city began at the opening of the season of 1899 with a few Indian huts, which were quickly overwhelmed by hundreds of tents. The necessity of better structures soon became imperative for business purposes, and lumber and other materials were brought over from St. Michael for the construction of huge storehouses for the use of the big trading companies. Other buildings followed as fast as the limited supply of labor and material would allow; and when the cold weather came, wooden houses had displaced most of the tents—not all of them as substantial and comfortable as the rigors of the climate would seem to require, but much better than walls and roofs of canvas. Two or three churches and a hospital had been erected, streets had been surveyed, and some wooden sidewalks had been laid. A city government had been organized, officials elected, and police appointed.

A troop of twenty or more soldiers, sent over from the post at St. Michael, proved useful on more than one occasion in the earlier stages of the city's development. But it is only fair to say that although Nome was, as the phrase is, "wide open," and devoted to gambling and all the kindred wild diversions, yet the public order was far superior to that prevailing in the Rocky Mountain mining towns of twenty years ago. Two newspapers, selling at fifty cents a copy or twenty-four dollars a year, were in existence at last accounts ; and water-works, fire department, an electric-light plant, an electric street-car line, and a telephone line are all projected, to be put into operation as early in 1900 as practicable.

As there is more of money in Nome than of any other of the modern conveniences, it is safe to predict that an exchange will soon be effected, giving the city what is needed to make it a city in fact as well as in name. The climate and latitude will, however, always remain the same. A temperature of from zero to sixty degrees below may be expected from November to June, with winds and fogs; and a hundred miles of ice spread southward before the town shuts off all communication with the outside world for six months or more every year. There is no night in June, and no day in December; and never a tree breaks the monotony of moss-grown mountain and "tundra" for hundreds of miles along the coast. There are no trees, indeed, until you get a hundred or more miles back in the country to the northeast. Yet the beach at Nome is, or was, strewn with driftwood, and this was practically the only supply of fuel for the entire community. Coal at $100 or more per ton from Seattle was out of the question. At first the driftwood cost only the labor of bringing it in and cutting it up ; but the near-by supply was soon exhausted, and as the wood had to be brought farther the price rose until at last reports it was between fifty and sixty dollars a cord.

While other commodities command higher prices at Nome than elsewhere, Nome gold, when it comes abroad, commands higher prices than other gold. At the United States assay offices or mints, Klondike gold is worth but sixteen dollars and fifty cents an ounce, while Nome gold is worth eighteen dollars and fifty cents an ounce. Nome gold is considerably darker in color than the Klondike gold, and specimen nuggets of it are not so handsome as the brighter yellow

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of the Yukon metal. "Dust" is the currency of the realm of Nome, and every business house has its gold scales as a matter of necessity. As sixteen dollars an ounce is the accepted exchange value of the dust by all dealers, it will be seen that they make a very fair profit on the money in which they are paid, in addition to the profit on the goods they sell, which varies from 100 to 1,000 per cent. or more. For example, cigars that cost four cents each in the States, were sold last fall at fifty cents each; champagne that cost from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents a pint was selling at fifteen dollars the pint; a breakfast of two eggs, coffee, and bread sold for one dollar and fifty cents; flour sold at fifty dollars a sack; candles were a dollar each; shoes, ten to fifteen dollars a pair; and meat, from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound.

One does not realize the full remoteness of Nome until he stands upon its shore and looks backward over the path he has come. Starting, let us say, from New York City, Monday afternoon, he reaches Chicago the next day; the next, he is in St. Paul; during the next two days he is flying over the plains of Dakota and Montana and through the gorges and passes of the mountains of Idaho; the next, he is spinning down beside the crystal rivers of the Cascade Range, and on Saturday afternoon he reaches Seattle, descending from the train a short distance from the dock where his steamer waits to carry him still onward. Next he is on Puget Sound for one day; then passing out by Cape Flattery, he sails for an entire week westward over the North Pacific, seeing no ship but his own. Thus he sails for 1,700 miles. Then pushing through either the Akutan or the Unimak Pass, between the Alaska Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands, he coasts along for miles at the base of cliffs and crags rising straight out of the sea and covered with millions of water-fowl, slips in between the lofty mountains to the west, and finally drops anchor in Dutch Harbor. Here he stops to coal; then sets forward again for a further sail of 800 miles, almost straight to the north, over the Bering Sea, requiring four or five days, according to the weather. This brings him at last to Nome City. He has come in all nearly one-quarter of the way around the world; and nowhere in all the journey, as it thrills him to reflect, have his feet touched other than the sacred soil of Uncle Sam. But along with the thrill at the vastness of his country, he is apt to experience, as he looks back, a decided feeling that if there is any better way of getting home again than by traversing that waste of waters, with its fogs and winds and waves, its sea-sickness and its other dire discomforts, he should like to take it. There is another way—one through the interior from St. Michael, up the Yukon, over the White Pass, and down by boat from Skagway—but it requires twice as much time and costs three or four times as much money. Some idea of the tremendous Alaskan distances may be derived from the following figures: from Nome to St. Michael it is 130 miles; to Siberia, 315 miles; to the Arctic Circle, 150 miles; to Seattle, by water, 2,500 miles, and by land, by way of the Yukon, 3,500 miles; to San Francisco, by water, 2,800 miles, and by way of the Yukon, 4,300 miles; to Dawson, 1,900 miles; to Skagway, by sea, 2,300 miles; to Tacoma, 2,550 miles; to Portland, 2,700 miles; to New York, 5,600 miles.

The points of departure for Cape Nome on the Pacific Coast are San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle, with a preference for Seattle, as the farthest north. The rail routes to reach these points are the Southern, Union, and Central Pacific to San Francisco; the Northern Pacific to Seattle and Tacoma; the Great Northern to Seattle, and the Northern Pacific from the north, and the Southern Pacific from the south, to Portland. The fare to Nome was the same from all Pacific ports last season—$75 first-class, $60 second. This season it has been advanced by all the regular lines and better class of irregulars to $100 first-class and $75 second-class, with freight at $40 per ton.

It is quite impossible to forecast with any exactness the outcome for the people who will try their fortunes in the new fields this season. That great hardships await many of them, with, perhaps, complete disappointment to their hopes, is quite certain. But, on the other hand, returns unparalleled in all the history of gold-digging may come to others. Here are some of the wonderful stories told of those who fared well in the new fields last season, when, as it is believed, only the merest beginning toward getting at the treasure there was made. One miner, who had formerly been an engineer, tending a stationary engine at $75 a month, was able to send 200 pounds of gold to his wife in Denver as a birthday gift, a present worth in the neighborhood of $45,000. A medical student, lately graduated, went to seek his fortune in the Klondike, and lost nearly all that he had. He finally went on to Cape Nome, where he rendered some service to

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two miners who afterwards died, leaving him claims from which he took $24,000, and for one of which he refused an offer of $60,000. A Swede who, under the exposure of his prospectings, had lost part of one foot and an entire ear by freezing, took up a claim, and before the season was over he sent 750 pounds of gold to the mint at San Francisco. A New Jersey man landed at Cape Nome with $400. He took up one claim, and bought two at $100 each. Sixty days later, he refused $35,000 for one of the claims; still later, he sent $47,000 to the mint at San Francisco, and his property is now valued at $400,000. A Lutheran missionary, receiving a salary of $600 a year, took up a claim from which he sent 400 pounds of gold to the mint in August, and his claims are now worth $250,000. He promises to give twenty per cent. of his earnings to the church. A young man from San Francisco, still in the twenties, cleared up $80,000 from three months' work. One miner on the beach washed $8,200 out of a space forty-five feet square. A newspaper man, "flat broke," succeeded in getting hold of a bit of ground thirty by twenty-four feet, and with the help of two men took out $5,200 in eight days. A miner near him took out $1,700 in one day. Two men took advantage of a very low tide, and going out almost into the sea, secured $2,200 in two days' time. C. D. Lane of California, now one of the richest men of Nome City, had in his safe in October, awaiting shipment, 1,400 pounds of gold, worth over $400,000. Four men on the beach seven miles from Nome City took out $3,000 in four days. On August 29th, $6,400 was sluiced out of No. 8 Anvil in seven hours by six men. On August 14th, Linderberg mine under the work of six men yielded $18,000 in eighteen hours. No. 3 Snow Gulch yielded $1,000 an hour for twelve hours. A man named Loss—there's nothing in a name—took out $240 in two hours with a rocker. All the good fortune has not been in mining, however. The man who owns all the horses at Nome, eight in number (as might be guessed, he is from Kentucky), made $500 a day with them during the mining season; and when the mining stopped, he set about hauling the driftwood which is the only available fuel, up from the beach and storing it for the winter demand, at from fifty to sixty dollars a cord. A lawyer, who went to Nome expecting to work as a miner, found a demand for legal talent; and he and his partner made by their legal services over $100,000 in dust, not to mention numerous interests in claims on contingents. One woman became independently rich on the profits of a hotel and restaurant. Gamblers, of course, do a brisk business, and it is estimated that the eight or ten in the town clear $100,000 a month.

CAPE NOME INDIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Pillsbury Panoramic View Co., Seattle.

Of course, many of these stories must, in their progress and repetition, get a good ways from the original fact. But there is not wanting something like official proof of the extraordinary yield of the Cape Nome gold fields last season. For instance, the report of United States Assayer Wing at Seattle—and Seattle is only one of the points at which gold is received from Cape Nome—shows that since the discovery of gold at Cape Nome the receipts of his office have almost doubled, being $11,855,993.50 for the six months from June, 1899, to January, 1900, and only $6,881,540.98 for the six months from January to June, 1899. What percentage of this increase is Cape Nome gold cannot be determined exactly; but certainly a large part. The estimated output for the coming season by the most conservative is over two millions of dollars; many claim that it will reach ten millions of dollars. And even the larger estimate scarcely seems extravagant, when one considers that 25,000 or 30,000 persons may be putting forth their whole energy in getting out the gold already discovered and in making new discoveries.

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THE NIGHT RUN OF THE "OVERLAND."

By Elmore Elliott Peake,

Author of "The Captain of the 'Aphrodite,'" and other stories.

A STORY OF DOMESTIC LIFE AMONG THE RAILROAD PEOPLE.

IT snowed. The switch-lamps at Valley Junction twinkled faintly through the swirling flakes. A broad band of light from the night-operator's room shot out into the gloom, and it, too, was thickly powdered. Aside from this, the scattered houses of the little hamlet slept in darkness—all save one.

Through the drawn curtains of a cottage which squatted in the right angle formed by the intersecting tracks, a hundred yards or more from the station, a light shone dully. Inside, a young woman with a book in her lap sat beside a sick-bed. On the bed lay a young man of perhaps thirty.

They were not an ordinary couple, nor of the type which prevailed in Valley Junction. The rugged strength of the man, which shone through even the pallor of sickness, was touched and softened by an unmistakable gentleness of birth; and the dark eyes, which rested motionless upon the further wall, were thoughtful and liquid with intelligence. The young woman was yet more striking. Her loose gown, girdled at the waist with a tasseled cord, only half concealed the sturdy, sweeping lines of the form beneath. Her placid, womanly face was crowned with a glorious mass of burnished auburn hair. Her blue eyes, now fixed solicitously upon her husband's face, were dark with what seemed an habitual earnestness of purpose, and her sweet mouth drooped seriously. After a moment, though, she shook off her pensive

Editor's Note.—The S. S. McClure Co. has in press a novel by Mr. Peake, which, it is thought, will prove one of the most popular books of the day. It is a realistic story of American life, told with great dramatic power.

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mood. "What are you thinking of, dear?" she asked, with a brightening face.

"Of you," answered her husband gravely, tightening his grasp upon the hand she had slipped into his. "Comparing your life in this wretched place, Sylvia, with what it was before I married you; and thinking of that wonderful thing called 'love,' which can make you content with the change."

The young woman bent forward with a little spasmodic movement, and laid her beautiful hair upon the pillow beside her husband's dark strands. For a little she held herself in a kind of breathless tension, her hand upon his further temple, her full, passionate lips pressed tight against his cheek.

"'Not content, my heart's husband, but happy!" she whispered, ecstatically. After a moment she lifted herself and quietly smoothed her ruffled hair. "I mustn't do that again," she said, demurely. "The doctor said you were not to be excited. I guess I won't allow you to think any more on that subject, either," she added, with pretty tyranny. "Only this, Ben—papa will forgive us some day. He's good. Just give him time. Some day you'll put away your dear, foolish pride, and let me write to him, and tell him where we are—no matter if he did forbid it. And he'll write back, take my word for it, and say, 'Come home, children, and be forgiven.' But whether he does or not, I tell you, sweetheart, I would sooner flutter about this little dovecote of ours, and ride on the engine with you on bright days, than be mistress of the finest palace papa's money can build."

For a moment the pair looked the love they could not speak. Then the spell was broken by the distant scream of a locomotive, half-drowned in the howling wind. Sylvia glanced at the clock.

"There's the 'Overland,'" she murmured. "She's three minutes late. The wind is dead against her. Some day, dear," she added, fondly, "you will hold the throttle of that engine, if you want to, and I shall be the proudest girl in the land."

With a fine unconscious loyalty to the corporation which gave them bread and butter, they listened in silence to the dull roar of the on-coming train. But instead, a moment later, of the usual thunderous burst as the train swept by, and the trembling of earth, they heard the grinding of brake-shoes, the whistle of the air, and then, in the lull which followed, the thumping of the pump, like some great, excited heart. At this unexampled occurrence, the sick man threw his wife a startled glance, and she sprang to the front window and drew back the curtain. She was just turning away again, still unsatisfied, when there came a quick, imperative rap at the door. Instantly connecting this rap with the delayed train, Sylvia flung the door wide open, revealing three men, the foremost of whom she recognized as the night-operator at the Junction.

"Mrs. Fox," he began with nervous haste, "this is the general superintendent, Mr.——"

"My name is Howard, madam," said the official for himself, unceremoniously pushing forward. "We are in trouble. Our engineer had a stroke of apoplexy fifteen miles back, and I want your husband to take this train. I know he's sick, but——"

"But he's too sick, sir, to hold his head up!" Sylvia exclaimed, aghast.

"What's the trouble?" called Fox sharply, from his bed.

An instant's hush fell over the little group at the door, and then they all, as if moved by one impulse, filed quickly back to the sick-room.

"Mr. Fox, I hate to ask a sick man to get out of bed and pull a train," began the general superintendent hurriedly, before Sylvia could speak. "But we're tied up here hard and fast, with not another engineer in sight; and every minute that train stands there the company loses a thousand dollars. If you can pull her through to Stockton, and will, it will be the best two hours' work that you ever did. I will give you five hundred dollars."

Fox had at first risen to his elbow, but he now sank back, dizzy and trembling from weakness. In a moment, though, he was up again. "I can't do it, Mr. Howard! I'm too sick!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "If it weren't a physical impossibility—if I weren't too dizzy to hold my head up——"

He broke off abruptly, and pressed his hand in a dazed way to his brow. Then he fixed his excited eyes upon his wife. The other men followed his gaze, plainly regarding him as out of his head. But Sylvia turned pale, and leaned against the wall for support. She had caught her husband's meaning.

"She'll take the train, sir!" exclaimed Fox, eagerly; "and she'll take it through safe. She knows an engine as well as I, and every inch of the road. Sylvia, you must go. It is your duty."

The superintendent, staggered at this amazing proposition, gasped, and stared at the young woman. She stood with her di-

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lated eyes fastened upon her husband, her chest rising and falling, and blood-red tongues of returning color shooting through her cheeks. Yet even in that crucial moment, when her little heart was fluttering like a wounded bird, something in Sylvia's eye—something hard and stubborn—fixed the skeptical superintendent's attention, and he drew a step nearer. Sylvia, with twitching nostrils and swelling throat, turned upon him almost desperately.

"I will go," she said, in a low, resigned voice. "But some one must stay here with him."

"This young man will attend to all that, never fret," cried Howard gaily, in his relief, turning to the night-operator.

Whatever doubts the superintendent may have harbored yet of the fair engineer's nerve and skill were plainly removed when Sylvia returned from an inner room, after an absence of scarcely sixty seconds. An indomitable courage was stamped upon her handsome features, and she bore herself with the firm, subdued mien of one who knows the gravity of her task, yet has faith in herself for its performance. One of her husband's caps was drawn down tightly over her thick hair. She had slipped into a short walking-skirt, and as she advanced she calmly but swiftly buttoned her jacket. Without hesitation, she stepped to the bedside and kissed her husband good-by.

"Be brave, girl!" he said encouragingly, though his own voice shook. "You have got to make seventy-five miles an hour, or better; but you've got the machine to do it with. Give her her head on all the grades except Four Mile Creek—don't be afraid!—and give her a little sand on Beechtree Hill. Good-by—and God keep you!"

As Sylvia stood beneath the great black hulk of iron and steel which drew the "Overland"—compared with which her husband's little local engine was but a toy—and glanced down the long line of mail, express, and sleeping-cars, laden with human freight, her heart almost failed her again. The mighty boiler towered high above her in the darkness like the body of some horrible antediluvian monster, and the steam rushed angrily from the dome, as though the great animal were fretting under the unaccountable delay, and longed again to be off on the wings of the wind, rending the tempest with its iron snout, and awakening the sleeping hills and hollows with its hoarse shriek.

"You are a brave little woman," she heard the superintendent saying at the cab-step. "Don't lose your nerve—but make time whatever else you do. Every minute you make up is money in the company's pocket, and they won't forget it. Besides," he added, familiarly, "we've got a big gun aboard, and I want to show him that a little thing like this don't flustrate *us* any. If you draw into Stockton on time, I'll add five hundred dollars to that check! Remember that." And he lifted her up to the cab.

The fireman, a young Irishman, stared at Sylvia as she stepped into the cab as though she were a banshee; but she made no explanations, and, after a glance at the steam and the water gages, climbed up to the engineer's high seat. The hand she laid upon the throttle-lever trembled slightly—as well it might; the huge iron horse quivered and stiffened, as if bracing itself for its task; noiselessly and imperceptibly it moved ahead, expelled one mighty breath, then another and another, quicker and quicker, shorter and shorter, until its respirations were lost in one continuous flow of steam. The "Overland" was once more under way.

The locomotive responded to Sylvia's touch with an alacrity which seemed almost human, and which, familiar though she was with the work, thrilled her through and through. She glanced at the time-table. They were twelve minutes behind time. The twenty miles between the Junction and Grafton lay in a straight, level line. Sylvia determined to use it to good purpose, and to harden herself at once—as, indeed, she must—to the dizzy speed required by the inexorable schedule. She threw the throttle wide open, and pushed the reverse-lever into the last notch. The great machine seemed suddenly animated with a demoniac energy, and soon they were shooting through the black, storm-beaten night like an avenging bolt from the hand of a colossal god. The headlight—so dazzling from in front, so insufficient from behind—danced feebly ahead upon the driving cloud of snow. But that was all. The track was illuminated for scarcely fifty feet, and the night yawned beyond like some engulfing abyss. Sylvia momentarily closed her eyes and prayed that no unfortunate creature—human or brute—might wander that night between the rails.

The fireman danced attendance on the fire, watching his heat and water as jealously as a doctor might watch the pulse of a fevered patient. Now the furnace-door was closed, now it hung on its latch; now it was closed again, and now, when the ravenous maw

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within cried for more coal, it was flung wide open, lighting the driving cloud of steam and smoke above with a spectral glare.

Sylvia worked with the fireman with a fine intelligence which only the initiated could understand; for an engine is a steed whose speed depends upon its driver. She opened or closed the injector, to economize heat and water, and eased the steam when it could be spared. Thus together they coaxed, cajoled, threatened, and goaded the wheeled monster until, like a veritable thing of life, it seemed to strain every nerve to do their bidding, and whirled them faster and faster. Yet, as they flashed through Grafton—scarcely distinguishable in the darkness and the storm—they were still ten minutes behind time. Sylvia shut her lips tightly. If it was necessary to defy death on the curves and grades ahead, defy death she would.

The sticky snow on her glass now cut off Sylvia's vision ahead. It mattered little, for her life and the lives of the sleeping passengers behind were in higher hands than hers, and only the All-seeing Eye could see that night. Another train ahead, an open switch, a fallen rock or tree—one awful crash, and the engine would become a gridiron for her tender flesh, while the palatial cars behind, now so full of warmth and light and comfort, would suddenly be turned into mere shapeless heaps of death. Yet Sylvia cautiously opened her door a little, and held it firmly against the hurricane while she brushed off the snow. At the same time she noticed that the headlight was burning dim.

"The headlight is covered with snow!" she called to the fireman.

The young fellow instantly drew his cap tighter, braced himself, and swung open his door. At the first cruel blast, the speed of which was that of the gale added to that of the train, he closed his eyes and held his breath; then, taking his life in his hands, he slipped out upon the wet, treacherous running-board of the pitching locomotive, made his way forward, and cleared the glass. Sylvia waited with bated breath until his head appeared in the door again.

"Fire up, please!" she exclaimed, nervously, for the steam had fallen off a pound.

As the twinkling street-lamps of Nancyville came into view, Sylvia blew a long blast. But there was no tuneful reverberation among the hills that night, for the wind, like some ferocious beast of prey, pounced upon the sound and throttled it in the teeth of the whistle. The Foxes shopped in Nancyville—they could shop fifty miles from home as easily as fifty rods—and the town, by comparison with Valley Junction, was beginning to seem like a little city to Sylvia. But tonight, sitting at the helm of that transcontinental train, which burst upon the town like a cyclone, with a shriek and a roar, and then was gone again all in a breath, she scarcely recognized the place; and it seemed little and rural and mean to her, a mere eddy in the world's great current.

One-third of the one hundred and forty-nine miles was now gone, and still the "Overland" was ten minutes behind, and it seemed as if no human power could make up the time. They were winding through the Tallahula Hills, where the road was as crooked as a serpent's trail. The engine jerked viciously from side to side, as if angrily resenting the pitiless goading from behind, and twice Sylvia was nearly thrown from her seat. The wheels savagely ground the rails at every curve, and made them shriek in agony. One side of the engine first mounted upward, like a ship upon a wave, then suddenly sank, as if engulfed. One instant Sylvia was lifted high above her fireman, the next dropped far below him.

Yet she dared not slacken speed. The cry of "Time! Time! Time!" was dinned into her ears with every stroke of the piston. Her train was but one wheel—nay, but one cog on one wheel—in the vast and complicated machine of transportation. Yet one slip of that cog would rudely jar the whole delicate mechanism from coast to coast. Indeed, in Sylvia's excited fancy, the spirit of world-wide commercialism seemed riding on the gale above her, like Odin of old in the Wildhunt, urging her on and on.

Something of all this was in the mind of the fireman, too, in a simpler way; and when he glanced at his gentle superior from time to time, as she clung desperately to the armrest with one hand and clutched the reverse-lever with the other, with white, set face, but firm mouth and fearless eye, his blue eyes flashed with a chivalric fire.

The train dashed into Carbondale, and Sylvia made out ahead the glowing headlight of the east-bound train, side-tracked and waiting for the belated "Overland," her engineer and conductor doubtless fuming and fretting. For the first time during the run Sylvia allowed a morbid, nervous fear to take hold of her. Suppose the switch were open! She knew that it *must* be closed, but the sickening possibility presented itself over and over again, with its train of horrors, in the brief space of a few seconds. She held her breath and half closed her eyes as they thundered

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down upon the other train; and when the engine lurched a little as it struck the switch, her heart leaped into her mouth. The suspense was mercifully short, though, for in an instant, as it were, they were past the danger, past the town, and once more scouring the open country.

In spite of the half-pipe of sand which she let run as they climbed Beechtree Hill—the last of the Tallahulas—it seemed to Sylvia as if they would never reach the summit and as if the locomotive had lost all its vim. Yet the speed was slow only by contrast, and in reality was terrific; and the tireless steed upon whose high haunch Sylvia was perched was doing the noblest work of the night. At last, though, the high level of the Barren Plains was gained, and for forty miles—which were reeled off in less than thirty minutes—they swept along like an albatross on the crest of a gale, smoothly and almost noiselessly in the deadening snow.

Sylvia suspected that the engine was doing no better right here than it did every night of the year, and that when on time. Yet when she glanced from the time-table to the clock, as they clicked over the switch-points of Melrose with a force which seemed sufficient to snap them off like icicles, she was chagrined to discover that they were still eight minutes behind. They were now approaching the long twelve-mile descent of Four Mile Creek, with a beautiful level stretch at the bottom through the Spirit River Valley. Sylvia came to a grim determination. Half a dozen times previously she had wondered, in her unfamiliarity with heavy trains and their magnificent speed, if she were falling short of or exceeding the safety limit; and half a dozen times she had been on the point of appealing to the fireman. But her pride, even in that momentous crisis, had restrained her; and, moreover, the time-table, mutely urging her faster and faster, seemed answer enough. But just before they struck the grade, the responsibility of her determination—contrary, too, to her husband's advice—seemed too much to bear alone.

"I am going to let her have her head!" she cried out, in her distress.

The fireman did not answer—perhaps he did not hear—and, setting her teeth, Sylvia assumed the grim burden alone. The ponderous locomotive fell over the brow of the hill, with her throttle agape, and the fire seething in her vitals with volcanic fury. Then she lowered her head like a maddened bull in its charge. The long, heavy train, sweeping down the sharp descent, might fitly have been likened to some winged dragon flying low to earth, so appallingly flightlike was the motion. It seemed to Sylvia as though they dropped down the grade as an aërolite drops from heaven—silent, irresistible, awful, touched only by the circumambient air.

All Sylvia's familiar methods of gaging speed were now at fault, but she believed that for the moment they were running two miles to every minute. The thought that a puny human hand—a woman's hand, moreover, contrived for the soft offices of love—could stay that grand momentum, seemed wildly absurd; and as Sylvia, under the strange lassitude born of her deadly peril, relaxed her tense muscles and drowsily closed her eyes, she smiled, with a ghastly humor, at the trust of the sleeping passengers in *her!*

She was rudely shaken out of her lethargy as the train struck a slight curve half way down the grade. The locomotive shied like a frightened steed, and shook in every iron muscle. The flanges shrieked against the rails, the cab swayed and cracked, and the very earth seemed to tremble. For a moment the startled girl was sure they were upon the ties, or at least had lost a wheel. But it was only the terrible momentum lifting them momentarily from the track, and in a few seconds—though every second meant 150 feet—the fire-eating behemoth righted itself. Yet its beautiful equilibrium was gone; and, as if abandoning itself to its driver's mad mood, the engine rolled and pitched, and rose and fell, like a water-logged vessel in a storm. The bell, catching the motion, began to toll; and the dolorous sound, twisted into weird discord by the gale, fell upon the ears of the pallid engineer and fireman like the notes of a storm-tossed bell-buoy sounding the knell of the doomed.

The young fireman, who up to this time had maintained a stoical calm, suddenly sprang to the floor of the cab, with a face torn by superstitious fear.

"What if she leaves the rails!" he cried.

But instantly recovering himself, he sprang back to his seat, with the blood of shame on his cheeks.

"Am I running too fast?" shouted Sylvia.

"Not when we're behind time!" he doggedly shouted back.

As the track became smoother, the engine grew calmer; but its barred tongue licked up the flying space for many a mile before the momentum of that perilous descent was lost. As the roar of their passage over the long bridge spanning the Mattetunk, twenty

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miles from Stockton, died away, the fireman called out cheerily:

"On time, madam!"

His voice reached Sylvia's swimming ears faint and distant as she nodded dizzily on her seat, bracing herself against the reverse-lever.

Meanwhile, in the general superintendent's private car, at the extreme rear of the train, a party of men still sat up, smoking their Havanas and sipping their wine. One member of this party was the "big gun" mentioned to Sylvia by the general superintendent—the president of the Mississippi Valley, Omaha, and Western Railway. He was a large man, with luxuriant, snow-white hair; and, though his face was benevolent, even paternal, every line of it betrayed the inflexible will which had lifted its owner from the roof of a freight car to the presidential chair of a great road.

Mr. Howard, the general superintendent, was regaling the party with an account of his experience in securing a substitute engineer at Valley Junction. For reasons afterward divulged, he suppressed, though, the most startling feature of his story; namely, the sex of the engine-runner he had secured. But he compensated his hearers for this omission with a most dramatic account of the heroism of the sick man, whom he unblushingly represented as having risen from his bed and taken charge of the engine.

Mr. Staniford, the distinguished guest, listened quietly until Howard was done. "Charlie, you are a heartless wretch," he observed, smiling; and when Howard protested, with a twinkle in his eye, that there was no other way, the president added: "If it had been on my road, I should have held the train all night rather than drag a sick man from his bed."

"We all know how many trains are held all night on your road, Staniford," answered Howard, laughing. "Do you happen to remember the story of an ambitious young engineer who picked himself up out of a wreck with a broken arm, and stepped into a new engine, and pulled his train through to the end of the run?" he asked significantly.

"I was young then and working for glory, and no superintendent ordered me to do it, or I should probably have refused," said Staniford, good-naturedly. He added soberly: "These engineers are a heroic set, and, Charlie, sometimes I think we don't always do them justice."

"I'll do this one justice," answered Howard, warmly.

The party dropped off to bed, one by one. The general superintendent himself finally rose and looked at his watch. As he turned and made his way forward, his careless expression gave way to one of concern. His mind was evidently on the gentle engine-runner. Possibly he had recurring doubts of her skill and courage; but perhaps the fact that he had daughters of his own gave his thoughts, as much as anything else, a graver turn. Three cars ahead he met the conductor, who also seemed a little nervous, and they talked together for some moments. The train, at the time, was snapping around the choppy curves in the Tallahula Hills like the lash of a whip, and the two men had difficulty in keeping their feet.

"Fast, but not too fast, Dackins," observed the superintendent, half inquiringly.

"What I call a high safety," answered the conductor.

"But fearful in the cab, eh?"

"Nothing equal to it, sir," rejoined Dackins, dryly.

Howard started back toward the private car about the time the train struck Beechtree Hill. He paused in a vestibule, opened the door, and laid his practised ear to the din outside. Then he gently closed the door, as if to slam it might break the spell, and complacently smiled. When the train reached the level of Barren Plains, and the sleepers ceased their swaying and settled down to a smooth, straightaway motion—that sure annunciator of high speed—the superintendent rubbed his palms together very much like a man shaking hands with himself. When he got back to his car, he found Mr. Staniford still up, smoking, and leaning back in the luxurious seat with half-closed eyes. Staniford motioned Howard to sit down beside him, and laid his hand familiarly on the latter's knee.

"Confound you, Charlie, you've got that sick engineer on my heart, with your inflammatory descriptions, for which you probably drew largely on your imagination. I have been sitting here thinking about him. Confess, now, that you exaggerated matters a little."

The superintendent chuckled like a man who knows a thing or two, if he only chose to tell. "Well, I did, in one respect; but in another I fell short." He paused for effect, and then continued exultingly: "Staniford, I've got the best railroad story to give the papers that has been brought out in years, and if I don't get several thousand dollars' worth of free advertising out of it, my name

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isn't C. W. Howard. The best of it is, it's the gospel truth."

"Let's have it," said Staniford, smiling.

"Well, between you and me, that man Fox was a mighty sick man—too sick to hold his head up, in fact." Howard paused inquiringly as Staniford turned sharply, and gave him a glance.

"Fox, did you say?" asked Staniford. "What's his first name?"

"I don't know. He's a tall, smooth-faced man, with dark hair and eyes. Rather intelligent-looking. What do you know about him? He's a comparatively new man with us."

The old man's fingers trembled slightly as he flicked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't know that I know him," he answered, in a constrained tone. "If he's the man I have in mind, he's all right. Go on."

"Ever run on your road?" inquired Howard, deliberately.

"Yes, yes. But that has nothing to do with it," returned Staniford, with strange impatience. "Go on."

"Well," continued the superintendent, with a mildly curious glance at his companion, "he was altogether too sick to pull a plug. But it seems that his wife has been in the habit of riding with him, and knows the road and an engine as well as he does. To come to the point—and this is my story, which I didn't tell the boys for the sake of their nerves," he added, with sparkling eyes —"the 'Overland' at this moment is in the hands of a girl, sir—Fox's wife!"

It seemed a long time before either man spoke again. Howard stared in blank amazement at the pallid face of the president, unable to understand the old railroader's agitation, and unwilling to attribute it to fear from being in the hands of an engineer who might lose her head. Then Staniford took the other's hand, and held it in an iron grip.

"Charlie, it's my own little baby girl!" he said, huskily.

Howard was familiar with the story of the elopement of Staniford's daughter with one of the M. V., O., and W. engineers, and the situation flashed over him in an instant. After a moment—during which, as he afterward confessed, he could not keep his mind off the added sensation this new fact would give his advertising story—he said enthusiastically: "She's a heroine, Staniford, and worthy of her father!"

During the perilous descent of Four Mile Creek, the private car rocked like a cradle, and cracked and snapped in every joint. Staniford clung helplessly to Howard's hand, with the tears trickling down his cheeks. When the bottom was at last reached and the danger was over—the danger at the front —the president drew his handkerchief and wiped the great drops of sweat from his brow. The ex-engineer knew the agony through which his child had passed.

The operator at Valley Junction had flashed the news along the wire, and when the "Overland" steamed up to the union depot in Stockton, at 1:07, twenty seconds ahead of time, a curious and enthusiastic throng of lay-over passengers and railroad men pressed around the engine. When Sylvia appeared in the gangway, her glorious sun-kissed hair glistening with melted snow, and her pale face streaked with soot, the generous crowd burst into yells of applause. The husky old veteran runner who was to take the girl's place stepped forward, by virtue of his office, as it were, and lifted Sylvia down. For a moment she reeled, partly from faintness, partly from the sickness caused by the pitching of the locomotive. Then she saw pushing unceremoniously through the throng the general superintendent and—she started and looked again—her father!

When President Staniford, struggling to control his emotion, clasped his daughter to his bosom, her overstrained nerves gave way under the double excitement; and, laying her head wearily upon his shoulder, and with her hands upon his neck, she began to cry in a choked, pitiful little way. "Oh, papa, call me your dear little red-head once more!" she sobbed.

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THE MEMBER FROM THE NINTH.

By James Gardner Sanderson.

A STORY OF DOMESTIC AND POLITICAL LIFE.

THE contract man of the Asphalt Company had already been twice to the house to confer with Michael, and now, even while Michael lay ill, he had come again. It was a matter to be mentioned with much pride to Mrs. Monahan as Nora did her Monday's washing on the back stoop; and Mrs. Monahan's trans-railinged propitiation, born of her landlord's rising importance in the community of Shanty Hill, was deeply gratifying. To know a member of the Select Council, however that organization may belie its adjective, is something. "Isn't he the b'y now!" ejaculated Mrs. Monahan, admiringly raising two red and soapy hands.

To which Nora, not even trying to repress her honest pride, rejoined: "I'm thinkin' me Mike is as good as anny of thim. It isn't ivery man has min like that a-followin' him around."

"An' to think of hims havin' a saloon and ownin' this house at his age," continued Mrs. Monahan. "Dear, dear, and my man's old enough to be his father —widout a cent."

"There wor three carriages came yisterday," said Nora joyously, while her soft cheeks bloomed. "Squires, wid silk hats and illigant clothes, I think they was."

Mrs. Monahan laughed indulgently. Nora's gray eyes and open Irish face bid strongly for indulgence—even from her own sex. "Sure, we have no squires here," she replied. "Ye should know that be now wid the three years ye're over. 'Tis the street car and telephone companies' managers more like," she added shrewdly.

"And why?" asked Nora blankly. She was too used to her mistakes to trouble over them.

"'Tis his influonce they want," said Mrs. Monahan meditatively. "I donno—but I've seen thim big wans before, and ye can make up your mind, Mrs. Conry, that they're afther it."

"Maybe," answered Nora sedately, after a little moment of uncomprehending silence. "It's me Mike they're afther, though; that I know."

"And well ye may. He's a great lad in the ward annyhow," said Mrs. Monahan, "and it's me that hopes to see him mayor some day. Will ye not come over and luk at me pigs, Mrs. Conry?"

Within the house Michael lay ill and feverish. It was against the doctor's orders, but the contract man of the Tonsor Asphalt Company was with him.

The councilman was but one of a hundred. Born in the County of Kerry, he had set his face and ambitions toward America some five years before the visit of the contract man above mentioned. He had left Ireland and the shackles of its bogs and evictions, chiefly for the sake of Nora's gray eyes; but the pungent odor of his native peat was scarcely free from his nostrils before that had become a secondary matter. His calculating heart and soaring ambition permitted nothing else. The sorrow of their parting vanished; he flung himself body and soul into the game and won.

After the first inevitable struggle in New York, he had drifted westward, and finally reaching Pennsylvania and the manufacturing city of Dalton, his bark had become wedged in the current. During the first year he ran a "speak-easy," until it brought him enough profits to embark legitimately in a small saloon. Then, under the protecting scroll of a license, he had made his venture. From this vantage ground his eyes first looked on ward politics with their wondrous possibilities. They attracted him, and his native shrewdness, coupled with a certain quickness in reading his fellow-men, soon gained him his footing. His energy and the success of his saloon increased it. At the end of the second year, he had become a captain on the city's police force, and the right-hand man of the mighty Coogan, who held the Ninth in the hollow of his palm.

Incidentally, the office was not without profit. He bought a lot next his saloon, borrowed money from Coogan, built a double-house, and, after much cogitation, sent for

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Nora. She had come; fresh, comely above all other women in the Ninth, quaint in her never-failing wonder at the great new world, and admirable in her unswerving, trusting adoration of Michael. The hills and dales of Kerry were in her gentle gray eyes, and her soft brogue, falling gratefully upon the ears of the ward, sent many a warped Irish-American memory wandering back to an all but buried past. The hearts of men and women instinctively went out to her in protecting tenderness. Even Coogan, the thin-faced, far-sighted "boss," with all his unscrupulous schemes of plunder, found his heart beating a faster measure in her presence.

But because Michael loved her and knew that she loved him, trusting in his honor and strictest integrity with the implicit faith that a woman gives to her husband before he sways from the pedestal on which she has placed him, Nora lived happily upon the proceeds of steals and the candid filchings of ward money, unknowing and uncorrupted. Knowing that these things which had become almost second nature to him would be to her not less than heart-breaking, he guarded her ignorance sedulously. To himself he often said, "Sure, she'd raise fury if she knew. 'Twon't do." To her he growled in response to timid inquiries regarding certain inexplicable transactions, "It's not for you to know. Wud I tell ye and ye Mrs. Monahan, and lave me be the laugh of the ward?" It was never necessary to further protect the star sessions of the ring which met in the rear room of "Conry's," next door, for Nora's softer brogue was never raised in protest. Her faith in Michael suffered no doubts. The king could do no wrong.

In two years' time Michael had risen to greater successes, riding into the Select Council on the crest of the usual wave of doubtful reform. Prosperity poured in an unending stream upon the Conrys. The cabbages spread magnificently; the ducks waddled fatly, and the two children throve through lusty babyhood. Coogan only was discontented, and growing to like Nora more than a peaceful mind permitted, frowned darkly. His position and intimacy gave him privileges. "I made 'im, Nora; y' should be thankin' *me*, girl," he said, devouring her with hungry eyes. "Aye! And d'ye know why, Nora? D'ye know why?" he added tenderly.

And Nora with innocent coquetry, albeit startled a little deep in her heart at his tone, replied saucily: "Nor do I care, Coogan. Sure ye can't make *me* believe me Mike needs help of anny one."

Through all the visits of the mysterious silk-hatted men who came in carriages, and through all of Michael's increase in girth and riches, she remained in contented ignorance of ways and means. Her pride and simple belief in his success and integrity grew stronger daily. Even Coogan's calls, which grew more frequent with the passing of time, and which, though made on the plea of business with Michael, generally occurred when he was away, left no trace upon her clear-eyed, wholesome innocence.

The contract man sat on a chair and watched him lazily through a cloud of cigar smoke. His polished shoes rested flatly upon the red and green jute rug, and his open coat afforded glimpses of a heavily embroidered waistcoat and a fob, with which he played absently. "It ought to go through," he said slowly.

"'Tis r-robbin' the city," replied the sick man cautiously. "It's the same pave you people put down five years ago, and luk at th' condition av it now."

"Well—it's all getting mighty hot," said the contract man, yawning until his eyes disappeared in the rolls of his fat face. "You, being sick, don't know. Just thought I'd drop up and try to show you our position, you know. Half the boys want us to repair, and half favor a city plant with a brick pave. Neidlinger and Hawkes, of course, want the city to run it. They're not selling bricks and cement for nothing. It's a bad fight, though, and your vote for us would clinch it. Both sides are firm as rocks, and we want one man for our majority. We'll put in a good pave, if we're let, too. A fair contract, and a ten-year guarantee."

"What's your bid?" asked the sick man indifferently.

"A hundred and seventy-five thousand for resurfacing and keeping every mile of pave in town in repair for ten years."

"Ye'll make a lot o' money," said Michael.

"If we get the contract," said the contract man smoothly. "And I can assure you, Conry, that our friends won't regret it," he added significantly.

"Well—I donno," said Michael. "I ain't been down in some time. I cud go down Thursday, I suppose, but I guess now I won't. I'm too sick."

The contract man cleared his throat. He felt that the councilman's speech was tenta-

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tive, for these were not their first dealings together. Nevertheless, some things require diplomatic handling. "It ought to go through," he said again, persuasively. "Yes, it ought! The city'll be disgraced if this keeps on. Besides—I'd like to see you on the right side. If—if there is any friendly arrangement we can make——"

Michael thought of his mortgages, certain notes held by indefinite corporations, and lastly of Neidlinger and Hawkes's offer of the day before.

"I mighty near broke my leg over that steam-roller of yours on Linden Street last year," he said moodily, staring at the ceiling, "and I donno about me helpin' you. What have you iver done for me? I owe you nothin'. It's no help but a damage suit of fifteen hundred I'll bring, I'm thinkin'—and that as soon as I get out."

The man smiled sleepily again. He was used to the work; but this seemed unusually easy. "That can be settled out of court," he said easily, rising and smoothing his hat. "We don't want any trouble with you. If you really think you're damaged that badly, I'll see that you get it—unless the mayor vetoes. It's a good deal, though."

"It's that or nothin'," said Michael grimly. "There's other claims I have of the kind against other people," he added. "Sind me wife in as ye go out. I think me head is goin' to break. Fifteen hundred, mind ye. No cint less."

"I'll take care of it," said the contract man, "if that's the least."

"It is," said Michael. "Me feelings were hurted by your r-roller."

The Select Branch of the Dalton City Council, that august, deliberative body which, with its companion organization, the Common Council, holds the fortunes of so many corporations and contractors balanced upon its giant thumb, had convened for its regular Thursday evening's session. The gray-haired president sat on his platform gazing abstractedly at the crowds which thronged the pillared galleries. On the floor the municipal fathers lounged in awesome and obese ease in their semi-circle of armchairs, or strolled here and there, gathering in knots and small oases of twos and threes, bandying persiflage of a dignity commensurate with their station.

The biggest fight of the year was on. That "ten-tentacled octopus," as the Congressman's daily had dubbed the Tonsor Asphalt Company, was in the field to try conclusions with the virtuous Neidlinger and Hawkes, leaders of the city-plant faction. The corporation was again at war with the individual.

Yet the question of repairing the streets had risen to such a position of burning importance in the city's welfare that every land-owner was bound up in its interests. Five large manufactories had already been lost by the Board of Trade because of the high rate of taxation and the poor streets. The immediate mitigation of the latter evil, at least, meant much to that short-sighted and narrow-minded citizen who was foolish enough to demand stridently—as if he could be answered—"where the money was going to?"

As the first dull routine of business dragged on stragglers drifted in. The galleries became more crowded. It had become noised abroad that on this night the famous deadlock would at last be broken, and that the Asphalt Company had a card up its sleeve. An air of general expectancy and tense excitement was manifest as the hour for bringing up the resolution drew near. A buzz of subdued conversation hummed through the anxious balconies. But in the gallery the contract man smiled sleepily—albeit a little anxiously, for Michael had not yet arrived. In a few moments he rose, elbowed his way through the crowd, and disappeared. Five minutes later he imperturbably pushed back to his seat.

Ten minutes afterward the venerable presiding officer placidly declared Mr. Hawkes, who moved to refer the asphalt question to a committee, of which he suggested the names, to be out of order, and in the midst of a painful silence the clerk wearily rose to read the resolution and to call the roll. As he had done both on this question for six consecutive meetings, and as he dealt not in bricks, cement, or asphalt, he was somewhat tired.

The crowd in the gallery craned their necks. Those who were nearest the rail leaned far over, straining their ears to catch every word. Almost to a man they would have voted for the city plant, for they feared with the fear of poverty-stricken property-owners the awarding of the contract to the Tonsor Asphalt Company. It meant ten more years of corruption; it meant the retirement in disgust and discouragement of those few sterling men in the councils who held the honor of the city and the welfare of its citizens at heart. The question as to whether the government of Dalton's 100,000 souls lay in the hollow of one corporation's hand

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hung upon the flimsiest of threads. The corporation's victory would be the last glaring proof that the councils were, body and soul, its property.

And all the crowd left Michael Conry out of their reckonings. It was known that he lay bound down by typhoid fever; the contract man had been cunning enough for that, so they were justified. But in the gallery the contract man yawned. He felt that it was his party.

"Ferber," droned the clerk.

"Aye."

"O'Malley."

"No."

"McCarthy."

"No."

"Getstall."

"Aye."

Evenly the votes broke, ward by ward, first, second, third, fourth—there was no wavering in the ranks. It was a fight to the death. Fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth; still even. The anxious galleries held their breath.

"Conry—ninth," called the clerk as usual.

There was no answer. The president began slowly and stiffly to worm into his overcoat.

"Conry."

Still the silence of absence. No answer. The asphalt man smiled as though bored. For the last time the clerk's voice droned the name. "Conry."

"*Aye!*"

The clerk wheeled, looked up in the gallery savagely—and the contract man looked back at him. He leaned forward, his pudgy hands hooked viciously around the railing; and his eyes, now far from sleepy, glared a malevolent, tiger green. He was smiling snarlingly, like a wolf in a corner. The president stopped with his arm half in his sleeve; the members gasped; the people craned their necks; and five seconds later, in the midst of the hush, the chamber door swung open, and Michael Conry, bright-eyed and flushed, strode dizzily to his seat.

"Aye!" he cried. "That's me vote! Yis! 'Tis the steam r-roller I like! Take that to yourself, Hawkes! 'Tis a blow f'r old Ireland! 'Tis—'tis—" Then while some one led him babbling and staggering away, many others, even in the midst of the uproar, saw that the vote was properly recorded.

For the next month Michael Conry lay ill beyond the skill of man. The will that dragged him from his bed to the Council Chamber availed him nothing, and he tossed in wildest delirium. Nora, watching by his bedside, grew haggard and thin with sleepless anxiety. The soft bloom left her cheeks, dispossessed by hollows of deepest woe; her voice lost all its happiness, and her gray eyes dulled with anguish and bitter pain, for as the days dragged monotonously on, deep in her heart there sank the knowledge that Michael—her Michael, her dear lord and master—was going to die.

Coogan and Mrs. Monahan came daily. The doctor did not count for comfort, for despite Nora's clasped fingers and white, appealing face, his science could do no good. At night she watched and kept her vigils alone. When the baby cried fretfully in the still, dark hours, she walked with her in the next room, singing her to sleep with choking lullabies of Ireland. When the day came again, though the child still slept, the drowsy sun found her sitting fully clothed, eyes haggard with the dumbness of their pathos, beside Michael's bed. Bravely and with the whole devotion of her love, she sat watching and ready to move at the slightest flutter of his eyelid. Her worn cheeks grew to rival his as he lay slipping away from her, and the enduring little figure drooped lower and lower as the strain began to tell. But not even the vigorous Mrs. Monahan could shake her resolution. "I'll stay till I die," she said to her protests, "or till he dies. 'Tis all the same. Me place is here."

As the hot June days slipped smoking by, Michael grew worse more rapidly. Sometimes he raged in fits of blasphemous delirium, and sometimes he babbled meaninglessly of every one in his past, from his old father in Kerry down to his wife and Coogan. Nora, though she understood nothing of ward money and protection, felt another of the few remaining chords of her heart being wrenched and torn to pieces when, his emaciated hand beating unceasingly upon the spread, he moaned and muttered bits of Irish phrases or spoke in a weird, far-off voice of little Michael, the baby, and herself. In one hour he would be in his father's shanty deep in talk with him and with his mother; in the next he would fiercely contradict a statement made by an imaginary Coogan in the rear room of "Conry's." As a rule, Nora's touch and gentle "Whisht now, Mike, dear," would soothe him; but Coogan he could not suffer near. For some occult reason, though he did not recognize him, Coogan's presence made him rage like a madman.

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Then at last there came a period when, free from the chains of delirium or the unconsciousness of stupor, he looked around the room, and saw death waiting in its far corner. He awoke to consciousness only to realize that he was in a deal with one far mightier than himself, and more inexorable than Coogan in his insistence upon his share. He was conscious of a slight surprise, as his mind grew clear, that no horror of death possessed him, and he even found the contemplation of non-existence slightly interesting. Later he began to think.

Nora's strained white face and the drooping lines of her young figure as she moved about the room inspired within him a strange new tenderness. It was with an odd feeling —a feeling almost as if he were planning again for their after-life together—that he gradually arranged his business affairs into mental orderliness. At last he called her, and as she came obediently and sat down upon the plush-covered chair beside the bed, he caught his breath, conscious of a sharp stab of pain.

"Nora, dear," he said, taking one of her hands nervously, "ye've been a good woman to me, and it's sorry I am I've been no bether a man; if I'd known—but now my time's most up. 'Tis too late."

The tears that Nora had so long and so courageously held back welled out, and the dreadful finality in his voice and words broke down her courage at last. She threw herself upon her knees beside the bed. "Oh, Mike! Mike, me darlint," she wailed in anguish, "don't go! Don't—I can't do widout ye. Ye're all I have. All I have, Mike, dear. Don't be lavin' me—" and she broke off in a torrent of sobs.

Michael watched her. He was too weak to comfort her, and the knowledge was bitter. "Don't, dear," he whispered after a little. "I'm not gone yet. Time an' a-plinty to cry thin. Besides—there's something I must tell ye, and—and it's bad enough I feel already."

Nora straightened herself bravely. "I don't know what I'll do widout ye," she said simply.

"It's that I want to talk about," said Mike weakly. "I didn't think I'd have to tell ye. 'Twould have been all right, but now—well, I'm in debt, Nora, and the house and saloon'll have to go."

"They can all go," replied Nora, "all of thim—if you'll only stay. Wid you I don't need thim. Widout you what would I do with thim?"

"The house and saloon," replied the sick man, pressing close upon his single thought. "All you'll have will be the fifteen hundred the Asphalt Company owes me. Now see. Pay my funeral an' a good wake an' all the bills if y' can out of little Mike's bank account. 'Twill be enough, I think. Thin, after the property is sold out, get that fifteen hundred an' go home with the childer to ye're father. 'Twill be a-plinty to keep you over there as long as you live, if ye're careful. God knows it's sorry I am to be lavin' ye so short, but if I'd lived ye'd been a rich man's wife. Ask Coogan—he'll tell ye 'tis true. Somehow, I never thought of me dyin'. I was makin' money, y' see, and I thought I couldn't die, I guess. But promise me ye'll get the asphalt money. They'll pay ye; they brought me here—thim an' me own foolishness, so they'll pay ye. 'Twas for— Do ye promise? Fifteen hundred they owe me, Nora acushla—for damages. Promise me. God knows I'll die easier knowin'."

And Nora, seeing through her tears nothing but the dying eyes of the man who stood for her all in life; hearing nothing but his ever-weakening voice; knowing nothing except that she thought her heart was breaking, stretched out her arms and promised.

The wake and funeral had been befitting the dead man's station. The priest had spoken very comfortingly of his integrity and virtues; six pall-bearers from the councils, two lodges, and fully one-quarter of the "Hill's" adult population attended the obsequies. The hearse carried eight black plumes, and there were thirty-five carriages in the procession.

Yet as Nora sat a week later in the room where he had died, the room which, though no stick of furniture had been moved, was still so subtly, so unalterably changed, her sorrow, her loneliness, and the fear of the world weighed down upon her like an intangible, invisible dread, frightening and stifling her. She could not bring herself to the realization of her loss. It was not credible that Michael—her Michael —upright and honest, universally loved and honored, was gone—to never again return. She could not believe that he might not enter alone or with Coogan, any moment, through the door at the end of the hall. But gradually the acceptance of his death forced itself upon her, and now, brooding, she let the consciousness of her lack of power to bring him back sink with all its hopelessness deep into

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her soul. There rose a certain exaltation with it as she remembered what he had been, and to herself she made a vow. In life she nad looked up to him and loved him; in death she would protect his name—a sacred thing hallowed by that love and doubly hallowed by its own spotlessness. Her eyes shone softly with the glow of her resolve.

Coogan came—and Nora remembered her husband's last words proudly. He sat down upon the chair by the door and cleared his throat.

"Ye've been kind to me, Coogan, and I'll see ye paid," she said greeting him.

"Paid?" replied Coogan, uncomprehendingly.

"Ye're not after ye're money thin?" asked Nora, smiling wanly. "Niver mind, for ye'll get it."

"Money! Nora!" cried the boss, upsetting the chair and striding across the room. "D'ye think I've been watching me money this while? D'ye think I've been comin' here because of me *money?*"

Nora looked up at him. A look in his eyes frightened her, and his thin, spare figure seemed to lengthen as he bent forward. Instinctively she put up one hand as if to ward a coming blow.

"It's you I want," blazed Coogan. Then with a sudden change: "Ah, Nora, dear, me heart is gone entirely. Ever since the day Mike brought ye here I've loved ye. Will ye not come? It's a lone woman ye are now, wid two children, and ye'll all be wanting a home soon."

Nora rose unsteadily. To her tightly strung nerves, worn by all she had suffered, and breaking rudely upon the sanctity of her reveries, the shock of Coogan's passion came at first like some numbing blow, and made her feel as though she were standing face to face with an awful, revolting crime. For a moment she stood robbed of speech. Swift was her recovery.

"Dennis Coogan, shame be to ye," she cried, with a white face and beating heart. "Me husband not dead tin days, an' spakin' of such! I thought ye were me friend. I thought ye're heart was good to me. You—lovin'?—ah no, Coogan. Ye mean well perhaps. I didn't mean to speak illy. But I loved Mike whin he was alive, and 'tis God that knows I can't stop lovin' him just because he's dead. I'll always love him, and niver will I take another man."

Coogan dropped the hand he had seized. There was a chill in the words that checked even his ardent nature. He did not know this sort of love. There broke upon his mind a glimmering—like the first few night lights of a distant city. "But he's dead, Nora," he said, uncomprehendingly.

"Aye," said Nora, steadfastly, "but he's my man."

"The house and saloon will go," said Coogan.

"I have some money comin'," replied Nora.

Coogan looked at her sharply. He knew about the money. "Whisht! Ye'll see the time," he said hopefully.

A month went by. In that month all of Michael's outstanding accounts were paid in full; the saloon was sold under foreclosure by the Hawkes Cement Works; all of Nora's furniture had been bought by a second-hand dealer for about one-tenth of what it had cost, and little Michael's bank account was balanced to zero. Even the house Nora no longer regarded as her own; it was Coogan's. She might have held it, and certainly Coogan would never have taken it; but the zeal of a fanatic had seized her; Michael's name was to be cleared. Not a dollar should be unpaid. He had lived honestly; he should rest honestly.

Coogan called again, and Nora delivered unto him the keys. "'Tis yours, Coogan," she said bravely, "and now Mike's name is clear."

"Take them back and stay here," said the boss, flushing a dark red. "D'ye think me a man or a blood-sucker?"

But Nora brooked no opposition, and in the end Coogan stood in the deserted side of the house, staring at the keys thrown down before him. Through the wall came the sound of stifled sobs, for the last parting from her home had wrenched the sorrow beyond silent bearing, and she had fled with both the children to the sympathetic Mrs. Monahan. Coogan heard, and the lines in his face settled into an interesting grimness—the kind of grimness that means a man has resolved to get a certain thing or die.

The flaggings were hard, and the baby was heavy, and little Michael dragged at her arm laggingly; Nora had not remembered that the walk to town was so long. Yet somehow she had not been able to leave the children long enough to come alone. Since Michael's death she could not bear to be separated from them; they were all she had left of him. She found, too, that her widow's veil—lent for the occasion by Mrs. Monahan's deceased brother's wife—blew awkwardly at

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the street corners. Everything was very strange and confusing. She shrank timidly from the business-like lack of sympathy of the elevators; and the huge, humming beehive of a building which she entered made her heart beat with a little fear.

The contract man emerged from his inner sanctuary as the office boy announced her. He had been expecting her, but he did not say so. Nor did he offer his hand—an omission of which he had never been guilty in his visits to Michael's home—and Nora sat down in the chair to which he sleekly waved her feeling vaguely hurt at the neglect. Little Michael stood shyly at her knee; the baby crowed, and reached gladly for the contract man's watch charm, and within the inner office a man rose and crept to convenient hearing distance.

"Misther Dale," said Nora, after waiting for the first word, "I—it's a nice day."

"A charming day, Mrs. Conry," acquiesced the contract man, blandly.

Nora took heart at his tone. "I—I came, sir, about the money," she continued.

"Oh," said the contract man with a rising inflection, but with apparent mystification.

"The money you're owin' Mike," explained Nora. "The fifteen hundred."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said the contract man, clearing his throat. "Did he send you here?"

"Before he died," replied Nora with a little choke, "he says you owed him, an' fer me to get it. I'm goin' back to Ireland wid it."

"But we don't owe him anything now," said the contract man, slowly.

Nora's heart dropped. There was a mistake. Mike had never lied to her. But there was something dreadful in the contract man's smooth voice as he went on talking.

"We couldn't pay it, you see, Mrs. Conry," he was saying. "We've too many live people to bother with now. Besides, we didn't really need his vote."

"His vote," cried Nora, sickening with a sudden fear.

"Why, yes," said the contract man, wearily, "that's the fourth vote of his we've bought. I don't see why you need money. Forty-five hundred from one concern is good, isn't it? That's better money than most of them make."

Nora rose, trembling like a leaf. "Ye bought me Mike's vote, ye say? Ye *bought* it? Oh, Misther Dale, it isn't thrue, is it? Say it isn't! Oh, say it isn't!" The rising wail of a breaking heart spoke in her cry.

The contract man was silent. His little eyes looked into hers with a steady, selfish cruelty. His sleek face shone with satisfaction. Nora gasped. "Thin that money—that fifteen hundred dollars."

"Bribe money, madam. Sorry—but a man must live, you know, if he wants to collect bills like that. If you care for further proof than my words, I think I can accommodate you with the testimony of a witness," and the contract man, who had feasted on the vision of this *dénouement* for a month, leaned back in his chair, and waved his hand blandly toward the door of the inner office.

Then while the room still whirled before Nora's eyes the door swung outward, and Coogan stood upon the threshold. His lean face and deep-set eyes shone with a malignant fire; yet strangely enough, after one swift glance at Nora, he turned the anger of his gaze upon the astonished contract man.

"Ye blackguard, Dale," he said slowly, "besides robbin' a poor woman, ye'd lie her man's character away, wud ye? 'Twas straight money, and you know it. Small thanks to you that Mike Conry was as honest a man as ever was! Say again that ye bribed him if ye dare!"

The contract man gasped, and tried to grasp things. There seemed to be something wrong with his carefully arranged *finale*. Coogan had been cast as the cat's paw in the melodrama—not as the hero. The subtle Ulysses who was to save the Tonsor Company $1,500 was to have played that part. There was some mistake. Then, as the enormity of the insult swept away all other considerations, his gorge rose mightily, and his self-control and craftiness slipped away like running water. Nora shrank back into the recess of the window as he rose to his feet, for there was so cold, so Satanic a look of concentrated hate in his eyes that her heart grew faint. Coogan eyed him as a cat eyes a mouse.

"In the first place," he said slowly, his voice shaking with passion, "you had better wash your own hands; what did *you* come here for this afternoon? In the second place—get out of this office and stay out! In the third, though it is absolutely none of your business, I'm not in the least afraid of you, and I repeat that I bribed Conry to vote our way!"

"For all that ye wrote your manager that Mike Conry was honest and that you'd have to buy some one else? Read that!"

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And the contract man stared stupidly at the letter which Coogan thrust into his hands. It was a queerly folded, legal-looking letter, and began oddly with the words "State of Pennsylvania, County of Luzawanna, ss:" after which, in language more or less technical, it set forth a certain statute of 31st March, 1860, and an averment that one Arthur L. Dale had been guilty of offending against said statute; that he had bribed and unduly influenced one Michael Conry, councilman, and that the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth had been thereby offended.

"I have just been to the Disthrict Attorney's office," said Coogan, softly. "He thinks that wid the help of the witnesses prisent ye will get a year, at least. He drew th' indictment himself."

For a moment the two men looked each other fairly in the face. Nora uncomprehendingly stared from one to the other. Then the contract man, reading in Coogan's eyes the hopelessness of the struggle, half surrendered. "You'll go with me if I do," he said, weakly.

"I will—gladly," said Coogan, "wid the hope, however, that it'll be solitary confinement."

"I—I had forgotten that letter," the contract man said, lamely, hauling down his colors.

"I thought ye had," answered Coogan grimly. "And now, as soon as ye have apologized to Mrs. Conry for insultin' her man, and as soon as ye have written that check, we'll be acceptin' of your kind invitation to leave."

On the street he turned to Nora. "The lyin', smooth-face rogue!" he cried angrily.

And Nora, whose idol had tottered and in the nick of time been thrust back on the shelf in safety, merely said, with a shining face, "Oh, Coogan!"

A week later a steamer sailing for Queenstown churned panting out of New York harbor. A tall, thin man stood on the dock until it vanished in the network of shipping on the river. His face was a little drawn, and his lips pressed tightly together, as he watched the yellow tops of the steamer's stacks blur in the haze of low-hanging smoke. Then he walked away.

Coogan was going back to the Ninth to rule undisputed, to wax fat and influential, and to gather much rich plunder, but—he was going alone.

PAUL KRUGER.

SOME SCENES AND TRAITS.

By F. Edmund Garrett.

PEASANT, millionaire, rebel, autocrat, lay-preacher, filibuster, visionary, and statesman, Paul Kruger is easily the most interesting figure of a president now living. Some have gone back from the generation of McKinley and Loubet to compare him with the great dead, and have likened Oom Paul to Old Abe. That is very superficial. In so far as the issues of secession and slavery have touched South Africa—and they are both there—Kruger figures not on Lincoln's side, but on the other. He is an arch "Secesher," and the farthest possible from an Abolitionist. He has the piety and the humor, though both grimmer and less sunny than Lincoln's; he has the shrewdness, only shading rather into cunning; he has the earnestness of character, the sense of a call, the unquailing fortitude, past all cavil; but alas! he has not the moral fastidiousness, the rigorously clean hands, the unbreathed-on name of Abraham Lincoln. In Kruger, as in his rival Cecil Rhodes, there are flaws that must make a thoughtful contemporary hesitate to canonize either among the really great. Posterity may or may not stop for such flaws. Her verdict will depend, perhaps, more on the relative permanence of the two men's life-work, which to contemporaries it is not given to know. But whether or not we dub Kruger great, we must allow him, no whit less than his rival, many qualities of greatness. Huge self-confidence, contempt for ease, unflagging devotion to an aim, tyrannous command over men, and that remorseless persistence that goes far to command events—these are qualities of greatness, and

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these are common to Rhodes and Kruger. The Boer adds a half-religious, half-racial fanaticism, which fits him to die for a dream as the Khalifa and his Emirs died on their sheep-skins. His patriotism is as genuine as his piety; but it is as narrow. A Continental writer described the armed Transvaal as the Prussia of South Africa, and, indeed, Kruger has many traits in common with Bismarck. He is much more like Bismarck than like Lincoln. Bismarck made Prussia head of a United Germany. It is not possible that Kruger's experiment in blood and iron can succeed in making the Transvaal head of a united anti-English South Africa. But at least it must be allowed that what we should have scouted a few months ago as an idle dream proves to have had more preparation and consistency behind it than was thought for. We have all had to reread and reconstruct our Kruger in the light of that discovery.

I have had the good fortune to enjoy more than one talk with President Kruger on matters near his heart. The frame of the old athlete was already bowed and unknit by these later sedentary years, which told their tale in sallow face and the flaccid droop under the eyes. Charm of manner or dignity there was none. The little gross peasant ways which have been described, and overdescribed, at first distracted attention. The voice, down in some growling depths, was grudging, almost morose, till a vein of feeling was struck, when it became voluble and explosive. But I never doubted that in this hard, shrewd old gentleman in rusty broadcloth, fiercely gesticulating with his pipe, I had before me one of the few really significant and forceful personalities of our time, and that I should look back to these reminiscences one day, if I lived, much as I look back to conversations I was fortunate enough to have with Gladstone or with Parnell. It was a privilege.

The Kruger family in South Africa was founded by a German from Berlin, who was shipped out by the Dutch East India Company early in the eighteenth century to grow cabbages for its ships at the Cape house of call. Illiberal laws and a stubborn breed enabled the Cape Dutch to digest their foreign immigrants very thoroughly. The language of even the large batch of Huguenot French, whose names and handsome looks are stamped all over South Africa, was crushed in one generation. Krugers have married Dutchwomen; and the long Dutch fiddle-face, the uncompromisingly prosaic Dutch features, have had it all their own way in the scion who has made the German name famous.

Paul Kruger, who has been once in his life a British official, was born a British subject. That was in 1825—ten years after Waterloo and nine after the final cession of the Cape to England. His father was a frontier grazier. On the frontiers, it was a question of the usual frontier incidents between whites and tribal savages, with cattle-stealing, free shooting, and mutual charges of atrocities. The frontier grazier, who had been allowed to call a tract of country his farm, was used to receiving no proper protection from government, and it was too much when finally government hampered him in the reprisals which were his way of protecting himself. The result was that curious migration into the regions beyond, where no writ ran, which is known as the Great Trek. It cost the British Government, first to last, the secession of over a thousand families; and among them, the Krugers.

And so it came to pass that about the time that Queen Victoria came to the throne as a girl of eighteen, Paul Kruger, a boy of eleven, was tramping beside his father's wagon across the uplands of what is now the Free State, pushing ever slowly northward. As the parties gradually spread into what are now the Free State, Natal, and the Transvaal, some settling here, some there, as a tract of country might take their fancy, they again and again had to fight for their lives. Once some hundreds of men, women, and children were surprised and massacred. It may seem a wonder that this was not the ultimate fate of all. What saved them was hitting upon the *laagers*, a word now familiar to all the world; and the battle of Vechtkop, where this device won its first great triumph, was a scene in which the Kruger family, including the boy Paul, took part. It must be one of the most memorable in his life.

In a square made by lashing some fifty wagons end to end, as many farmers, with their wives and families, awaited the attack (they say) of 5,000 Matabele warriors. The Boer wagon, in which the families lived and carried all that they had, was massively built, such as only a long span of oxen could draw, and covered with a great tent, or tilt. There was good shelter in the square against assegais, which, though hurled in clouds, could only fall in the middle, and the interstices were well strengthened against a charge of naked men by bushes of the thorny mimosa. The men and boys manned the

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wagons, and fired, not as soldiers fire, but as hunters; the women, close behind, kept reloading for them. Again and again the enveloping mass of black warriors flung itself on the laager only to be choked off by its own dead. The Boer marksmanship had been learned in a good, because a hard, school. Ammunition was precious. Young Kruger, for instance, was accustomed to herd his father's sheep in a land of wild beasts, and had always been expected to bring home game in proportion to any powder he had burned. After terrible loss, the Matabele army drew off, and the farmers, who declare that they lost in the laager but two men, sang psalms of thanksgiving, as well they might.

Paul Kruger was twelve years old at Vechtkop. At thirteen, he was present at a slaughter grim and great, which gave the name to the Bloed River, where the emigrants wreaked vengeance for treachery upon thousands of Zulus. At fourteen, Paul, now considered a man and properly in the fighting line, took part in a punitive invasion of the Matabele, which chased them headlong out of the Transvaal to find new homes farther north. Such experiences in his teens were sure to leave their mark on the man. The Great Trek was a school for heroes, but hardly for philanthropists.

There is no doubt that the dealings of the Boers with native races whom they found in their Land of Promise were but too faithfully modeled on the Old Testament precedent of the chosen people's dealings with Midianites or Gibeonites. The more ferocious passages of Exodus were ever on their lips, and were applied with fidelity. Paul Kruger had part responsibility in the most notorious of all these scenes—the terrible affair of the extermination of the tribe of Makapan. A Boer against whom the natives had a long grudge, and by some accounts a just one, fell at last into Makapan's hands; his family were butchered, and he, horrible to tell, was flayed alive. In retribution, a command of Boers contrived to seal Makapan and all his people up in some large caves to which they fled. The Boers gradually built up almost every outlet, and for three weeks kept watch at the few holes that remained unstopped. Within, the men, women, and children had no water; and as one after another was driven out by thirst, the watching Boers shot them down to a man. Of the fate of the women and children the story says only that they died after lapping water. When at last the Boers forced their way in, they were driven back by the stench of the corpses of those whom thirst had killed; those who fell at the cave mouth by Boer bullets numbered 900. Commandant Paul Kruger showed distinguished courage in rescuing under fire the body of a wounded comrade.

In all the troubles of those times, Paul Kruger is found pushing to the front. His name crops up in the record, like a stormy petrel, wherever the tale is of turbulent and high-handed action, whether against natives, missionaries, or fellow-emigrants. At sixteen, he was already Field Cornet of Potchefstroom, which shows that by the rough standards of the place and time the lad was already judged a man among men. Not many years later he became a commandant. By an irony of fate, the characters in which history first shows us the future president are those of a "uitlander," a reformer, and a raid-maker. In a sense, all the "voortrekkers" began as "uitlanders," newcomers from outside, for they had to supplant and dispossess the blacks. But Paul Kruger was for some time a "uitlander" in the Transvaal in a closer meaning. His family was not of the earliest batch, and those who came in before and managed affairs through a volksraad held at Lydenburg were not disposed to share power or authority with later arrivals.

The sequel was two, at one time practically three, republican establishments, each with its own president and officers, and each freely proclaiming the other "rebel." Presently the faction of Marthinus Pretorius, whose right-hand officer was Commandant Paul Kruger, now a man of thirty, attempted a bold stroke. This was nothing short of annexing the Free State The Free State government declined the proposed "union." Thereupon Pretorius, with a strong command, made an armed raid across the Vaal, and prepared to march on Bloemfontein. President Boshoff called out his burghers, and marched to repel the raiders. He encountered them at a stream called the Rhenoster; and at this Rubicon, destined never to be crossed, the two forces sat down on opposite banks and for three hours thought things over. Meanwhile one Schoeman, commandant of one of the districts in the Transvaal impartially proclaimed "rebels" by the arch-rebel Pretorius, tried to organize a joint attack on Pretorius in the rear. The game was up. From the ranks of the raiders issued a stalwart, grave young man bearing a white flag, and crossed the river to parley.

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It was Paul Kruger. And after peace was made, it was Kruger again who did much to secure amnesty for such Free Staters as Pretorius had induced to join him—the Johannesburgers of his Jameson Raid, so to speak. The sentences for "treason," one of them a capital sentence, were reduced at Mr. Kruger's pleading to petty fines; for in those days he had a firm grip of the truth that sedition is sometimes the duty of a good citizen.

It would take too long to detail how, soon after the Free State raid, the Transvaal came to be given over for some years to civil war between Paul Kruger and Schoeman, with whom that affair left the Pretorius party a score to settle. Kruger and Schoeman were both commandants and raised forces of burghers, and marched and counter-marched and chased each other in and out of the villages which served as semi-capitals, in a very free and buccaneering manner. Kruger was oftener the chaser than the chased; but not always. Once his force was surrounded by a body calling itself "The Army of the People," and Kruger, escaping by the skin of his teeth, fled into the Free State. Broadly we may say that the Transvaal, from soon after Kruger's thirtieth year to about his fortieth, was an administrative chaos, with revolts, arrests, rescues, faction rampant, and recurrent civil war; that Kruger took almost from the first a bold and commanding part; and that he emerged at the end as commandant-general.

In this capacity, a few years later, he was sent to put down a native revolt in the large northern district of Zoutpansberg. But years of disorder had sapped the civic sense in the Transvaal burghers. They declined to answer the call; there was lawless action among the whites who were in the disturbed district; and Commandant-General Kruger, refusing to attack with an inadequate force, abandoned the prosperous little settlement of Schoemansdal, with its district, to the natives. The prestige of the Republic was hard hit; but the fact is, the period of unlicensed turbulence was now yielding to one of a curious apathy and national paralysis, during which even the strong man Kruger was rather under a cloud. Pretorius was now supposed to be President of a united Transvaal; but he fell, over an arbitration in which the Republic had the bad luck to lose. The burghers decided to repudiate the award. To do so, they had to repudiate the President who had submitted the case. Kruger, then not quite fifty, was passed over for the presidency. The factions agreed that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark, and they must import some educated, clever man from outside. They took (heaven knows why!) a Dutch clergyman who was being heresy-hunted by the Cape Synod; and so began the presidency of the unlucky T. F. Burgers, who soon found all his enlightened schemes and dreams of a great modern republic checkmated by the opposition of a party of which Paul Kruger—supplanting Piet Joubert,* once Acting President, who thereupon left public life for two years and sulked on his farm—came more and more to be the representative. Kruger was made Vice-President; and no contrast could be sharper or more typical than that which he and his chief presented.

Burgers handled the pen, Kruger the gun. Burgers was profuse and quixotic, Kruger acquisitive and practical. Burgers was an agnostic; Kruger was a "Dopper." Burgers had imbibed culture and modernity at Utrecht University; Kruger could painfully write his name. The republicanism of Burgers was as ambitious, patriotic, and independent as anybody's; at first it was as anti-English; but it was a republicanism of railways, of education, of national solvency, and of immigration and development. Kruger's conception of the state, then as ever, envisaged one race only and one class only—his own. Burgers was full of ardors and enthusiastic impulse, but he craved for sympathy; he lacked staying power; he easily despaired. Kruger, once aroused, knew an even deeper ardor, a more flaming passion; but he had also the callous nerves of the camp, the power to wait and tire men out, and a will that closed upon its object with a grip of steel.

Burgers, with all his gifts, was not the right man to rouse the demoralized Boers to their duty. With a Kruger on the other side, his failure was pitiably certain. So the draft toward bankruptcy and helplessness went on till the Transvaal became the by-word and danger of South Africa. The loans gave out. The President's private means were thrown into the state chest and spent. Salaries went unpaid. Railway material rotted on the distant coast. The burghers would not pay their taxes—many of them have never learnt to do so since, but their ideal of a state without taxes has been realized by having the uitlanders to pay them for them. Sick of twenty-five

* This is the same Joubert who organized and led the Boer army with such distinction in the present war, and whose death after a brief illness is announced just as this article goes to press.—EDITOR.

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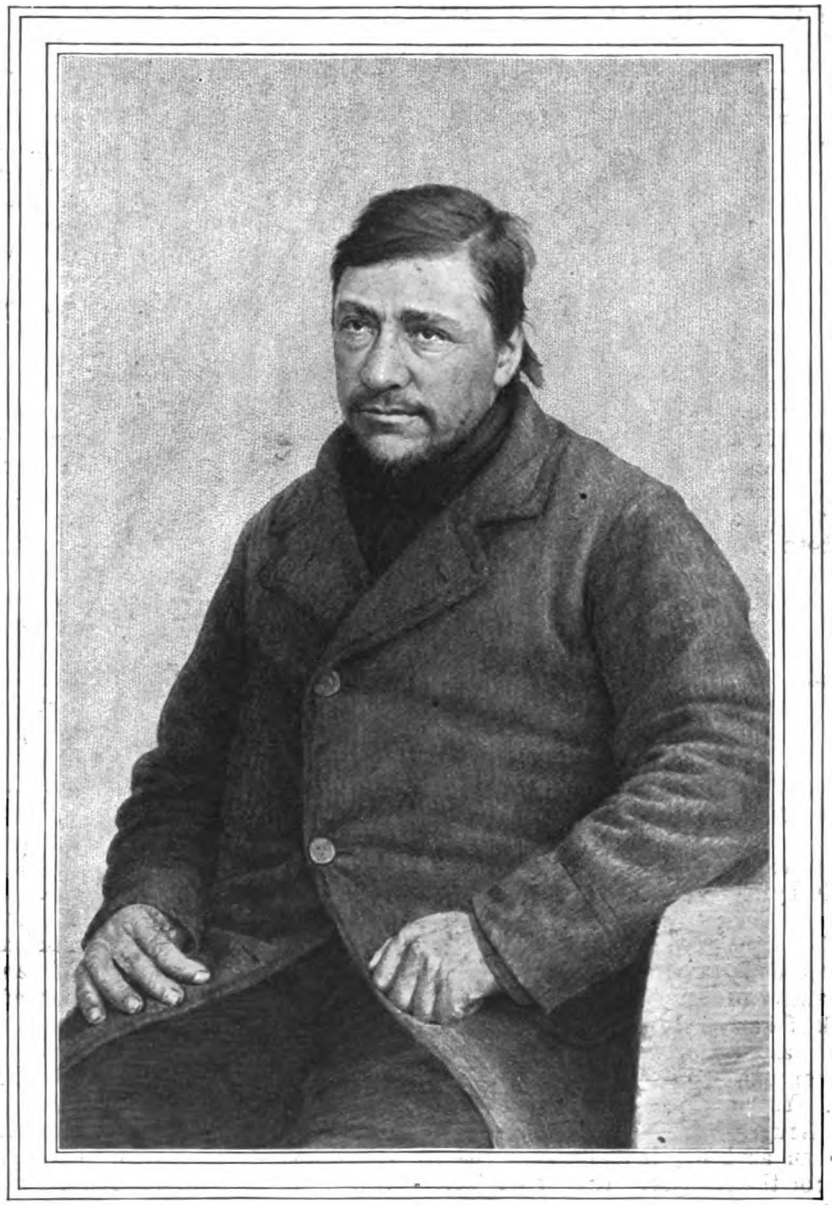

PAUL KRUGER IN HIS EARLIER DAYS.

From an old silver plate taken some time prior to 1865. The portrait has an added interest from the fact that it is the only obtainable one that clearly shows that the thumb is missing from one of the hands. Later portraits give a hint of this in the peculiar posture of one of the hands. In these it is the left hand that seems to be maimed; and this accords with the fact —Mr. Kruger lost his left thumb in a fight with a lion. But in the above portrait, apparently, it is the right thumb that is missing. This is explained by the fact that the old silver plates were positives, in distinction from the negatives from which prints are now made; and in them the left side comes out as the right, as it does in a reflection from a mirror.

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years' chronic war, they would not even fight; their failure in the field against the petty chief Sikokuni, more humiliating even than Kruger's Schoemansdal affair, led the more sensitive Burgers (who was there in person) to beg the Boers to shoot him rather than let him survive the disgrace. Encouraged by the Sikokuni fiasco, the Zulu tribe, now again aggressive under a military chief, threatened to overrun the country, and did overrun forty square miles of it, burning every homestead. British annexation seemed to many patriotic men the only way to avert both disgrace and ruin. It was petitioned for by nearly half the burghers, and when it was proclaimed in 1877, it was greeted with public rejoicings by the townsmen and gloomily acquiesced in by the country.

MRS. KRUGER, THE WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL.

In the light of after events, it seems strange to think of Paul Kruger as a British annexationist. Yet it is Paul Kruger, more than anybody, that Burgers bitterly blames for the collapse. Kruger was determined to oust Burgers from the presidency; and he embodied in himself every prejudice of the ignorant and turbulent back-country Boers against Burgers's progressive notions. The educated Hollanders whom Burgers had imported for the civil service were horrified, on their part, at the idea of the state falling into the control of Kruger. But Kruger had with him the men away on the veld. His party encouraged the starving out of the Burgers government, by refusal to pay taxes, which made the state insolvent; and it even, according to Burgers's explicit charges, intrigued with the English annexation party until the government fell—and the Republic with it. Thus "British interference got a strong support from the Boers themselves," wrote the broken-hearted Burgers, "and of their chief leader, P. Kruger, who had betrayed me, after promising me his and his party's support."

It is told that sons of Kruger's were conspicuous among those who gave the British commissioner an effusive public welcome. It is certain that the Kruger who was sent to England to protest a month after the annexation was a half-hearted figure, compared to the resolute patriot of two later missions, and left an impression of gradual acquiescence. Poor Burgers, who had spent his all, accepted a pension from the British administration. Kruger, yielding to a temptation which Joubert was proof against, accepted office under the British administration, and ultimately resigned because he was refused an increase of salary. Had he got the increase, would Mr. Kruger have been drawing a modest competence to-day as a Royal British official in an unrevolted Transvaal, instead of $40,000 a year as President of the South African Republic? If so, the refusal of Mr. Kruger's "rise" was one of the dearest economies ever practised. But no;

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history looks deeper than that. Forces were at work, blunders and mischances which need not be gone over again here, to change the sulky acquiescence of the men on the veld into active discontent. Revolt and war were brewing; and revolt and war were bound to bring to the front Paul Kruger. The Dopper party looked to him, and not in vain. He threw himself into the gathering movement; was again a member of a mission of protest to England; and when at last the storm burst, though personal jealousies were appeased by naming a triumvirate, which included Joubert, as the Provisional Government, Kruger's will soon dominated the others. In the brief and brilliant campaign of 1881 Joubert commanded, but Kruger held the reins of government; and when the fruits of success were garnered, Kruger naturally became President, and Joubert had to satisfy himself with the office of Commandant-General.

PAUL KRUGER, PRESIDENT OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC.

From a recent photograph by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

Mr. Kruger became President of the restored Republic in 1883, and he is still firm in the saddle. Once only did Joubert succeed in shaking him seriously. This was at the election of 1893, and the means by which Mr. Kruger met and crushed the danger are more creditable to his strength of character than to his scrupulousness. It was known that the contest would be close. At the same time elections for the Raad were in progress; and here, too, it was known that the adherents of Joubert would get a Raad majority. But Mr. Kruger did not forget the advantage of being in possession, and so, in the French phrase, "making the elections." He had the polling officers and local officials, and he had the existing Raad. Under the looseness of Transvaal administrative machinery, irregularities and objections are discoverable everywhere when once officialdom chooses to become vigilant, and then the ultimate decision of these nice points rests by law with the Raad. In other words, if Mr. Kruger's officials did their part, Joubert's candidates would be thrown on the judicial mercy of Mr. Kruger's Raad; and, pending the settlement, Joubert's own election would be "scrutineered" by the same safe body.

The point was everywhere seized with a zeal and harmony which testified to the presiding will. Where a Joubert and a Kruger candidate ran each other close, the Krugerite local official would see that the dead walked and polled, rather than let (in Samuel Johnson's phrase) "the Whig dogs get the best of it." Where the Joubert man's majority was too heavy to be got over, some flimsy objection could still be lodged by his opponent, the defeated Krugerite sitting member; and then the latter continued to sit till the Krugerite Raad should have dealt with the objection. That is the law, "and," said

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Mr. Kruger solemnly, "before all things we must respect the law." By this means the chief Joubertites were excluded, or kept waiting till the Raad had "scrutineered" as between Mr. Kruger himself and his rival for the presidency. According to the Joubert party, Joubert was really elected quite easily. But the votes were examined and reëxamined with scrupulous care; three or four announcements were made; and with each, poor Joubert's vote dwindled. Mr. Kruger was at last declared elected by a respectable majority. Joubert's party in the country was furious, and proposed to take up arms. Already once in Transvaal history had the same charge of cheating at a presidential election led to civil war. But Joubert lost heart. In a conversation which I had with the old Commandant-General, two years later, he used these words: "It was a wrong, an unrighteousness. But I would not commit another wrong and unrighteousness on my part by shedding blood."

Would Mr. Kruger, if the positions had been reversed, have stopped for that scruple? To judge by his past, certainly not. It was idle for Joubert to stand up to him, and he has never done so seriously since. Mr. Kruger forthwith strengthened his position by a favorite expedient which is flat against the constitution, and has more than once embroiled him with the generally submissive Raad—that of creating new offices in the executive and appointing henchmen thereto. In this case, the new office was that of minute-keeper to the Council, with a handsome salary and a vote which just secured an anti-Joubert majority in that august body. The man for the new office was the local magistrate who had jockeyed out of his election the leader of the Joubert party in the Raad. In illustration of Mr. Kruger's working of the class system, it may be added that it was this same henchman's son who was recently thrust upon the bench in the teeth of a general protest from the bar, and who presided in what is known as the Edgar case.

The events of Mr. Kruger's continuous terms of presidency from 1883 till now are well enough known. The attempts to play off Germany against England, to get a seaport, to block British expansion northward, to shut off the Cape from Transvaal trade—these have been failures. But there have been notable successes: the securing of the watered-down Convention of 1884, the expansion of the Republic frontiers, in defiance of that Convention, by the agency of filibusters, and Mr. Kruger's admirable handling of the crisis of 1895–96, when once the cards were placed in his hands by Jameson's absurd attempt to apply the filibustering method on the other side. As for the subsequent use or abuse of the vantage thus gained, and the plans for absorbing the Free State and for setting up as an "independent sovereign state" the African Power—these are now on their trial, and will not be discussed here. I confine myself to impressing Mr. Kruger's personal responsibility for two much-criticised features of the period: its corruption, and its anti-uitlander policy.

Of the concession system, in which centers half the corruption of the Transvaal, Mr. Kruger has been the main pillar. He is himself, as we have seen, practically the executive, which chooses the lucky *concessionnaires*. To secure the Raad without securing him is, for a *concessionnaire*, useless; in the opposite case he has often used his executive position to commit and coerce the Raad. Some of his strongest speeches have been devoted to screening and prolonging the worst of the concessions—those in which the *concessionnaires* rob the revenue as much as they rob the miner or consumer. His own son-in-law, and for some time secretary, was allowed to share in these good things, and apparently sell the decisions which Mr. Kruger controls; and once when the Raad objected to this young man's acquisition, by use of a departmental secret, of a Johannesburg site where some technical flaw had made the tenure doubtful, the President saw to it that the government should require that site for a coolie location, and expropriated his son-in-law at $125,000 compensation. When it came out about certain presents accepted by legislators from *concessionnaires*, it was the President who spoke in defense of such spoiling of the Egyptians, and said he "saw no harm" in it; so that if men misconstrue the large fortune that the present President is known to have acquired himself, it is only by assuming the private example from the public precept. The secret service funds are another shady corner of the Transvaal; and it is a son of the President's—and an ill-reputed son—who is trusted with disbursing large sums for which "the receipts" (he explains) "are always torn up," and who appears in one of the late blue-books as suborning conspiracy evidence in the canteens of Pretoria which should implicate the British officials, "as that will strengthen my father's hand" (at the Conference).

But enough on this subject. It is a wart

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in the portrait; and a disconcerting one to the painter, for it throws askew an expression which would otherwise, on the whole, be grand and rugged. In this Kruger is a Verulam, rather than a Cromwell.

A great President might have made a great republic by fusing the older with the newer immigrants. A President who failed to rise to this larger conception might yet long have kept the busy newcomers apathetic about politics by giving them an administration that would be good for business. Mr. Kruger's government has adopted neither policy. It is told of Paul Kruger in the early days that when oxen were scarce on the Reestenburg farm he used to harness natives to his plow. Whether fact or legend, that gives us in a picture his policy toward white "uitlanders." Kruger succeeded for some years in harnessing the Englishman (the American, too) to the plow of the Boer. The Englishman in the Republic, like the Kafir, was an evil, but one which could be turned to account. You must stand over the Kafir with a hide-whip; and over Johannesburg you stand with a fort mounting Krupp quick-firers. The Boer wanted revenue, state aid (which, in one shape or another, one in every three burghers has received), salaries, and pickings for favored clans, and arms of the latest pattern. The problem was, how to give the "uitlander" free play enough to get all these desirable things out of his exertions, while yet keeping all governing power in Boer hands. Paul Kruger's key to this problem was simple. It was the Boer rifle. Mr. Kruger has been the strongest and most impassioned advocate of every one of the reactionary laws by which the Volksraad hedged in the franchise, till the door once open to every one-year's resident—"we make no difference so far as burgher rights are concerned," as Mr. Kruger assured the British commissioners at the after-Majuba peace-making—was at last locked against any self-respecting "uitlander," no matter how long he had lived and worked in the land, and even against the sons there born to him.

Mr. Kruger has a Bismarckian gift for coining blunt and picturesque phrases. He expresses himself naturally in homely figures taken from animal life and the farm. There are scores of these speeches which etch with vividness his attitude toward the "uitlander" claim. Select persons who were "trusty" —that is, known to his Pretorian guard and guaranteed to vote in a certain way—he has often spoken of admitting. But the community as a whole—never! In one of the best known debates on the question, he compared the rising tide of immigrants to dirty water held back by a dam from mixing with the clean—a bold metaphor for Transvaal burghers. If the turbid flood rose higher, why he would build the wall higher. In the same speech he was driving the state coach, and the "uitlanders" clamored to be taken up. "There is no fear of us upsetting the coach," he represented them as pleading, "for we should then be overturning ourselves and our possessions as well as you." "Yes," Kruger makes himself reply, "but you might snatch the reins from me and drive away. I don't want to go." "Their rights!" he sneered, on the publication of a reform manifesto. "Yes, they'll get them —over my dead body!" And to a deputation from Johannesburg: "Go back, and tell your people, never, never!—and now let the storm burst." And to another, when the word "protest" or "insist" was used: "Protest! insist! What's the use of that? I have the guns." "Wait till the tortoise puts out its head," he told some burghers who were alarmed by talk of a revolt brewing. "We'll soon cut it off then." When an "uitlander" crowd hooted him, he retorted with the humorous comparison to a tame baboon which bit him because it burnt its tail in the fire. When they cheered him, his comment was "Ugh! lickspittles!" When some of them called to thank him for lenience, after the 1896 fiasco, he playfully observed that "he had to beat his little dogs when they were naughty, and some went away and snarled, and some came and licked his hand, but he hoped they would not misbehave again." "Friends," he began at a meeting of burghers—then, perceiving there were "uitlanders" present, "but you are not all friends here; some are thieves and murderers. Well, friends, thieves and murderers"—and so the speech proceeded. In his anxiety to keep up among his burghers the conviction that England and the English were always the enemy, he actually introduced in a public speech an apocryphal story about Englishmen being somehow at the bottom of the massacre of a party of Boers by the Zulu chief Dingaan, a treachery which is one of the best-known pages in the history of the Great Trek. No writer has ever discovered the slightest evidence for connecting any English person with the fiendish act; the only English settlers who were within reach actually lost lives in an attempt to avenge it. The President's acceptance and public use of the calumny is an

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PRESIDENT KRUGER AT THE PRESENT DAY.

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extreme example of the calculated pressing of race hatred into the service of nationalism.

Yet from Mr. Kruger's lifelong point of view, all this is consistent and intelligible. What would be inconsistent and unintelligible, and a breach of solemn pledges to his people, would be any consent on his part to swamp that people by a population of other races, as the diplomacy of the Transvaal, preceding its ultimatum, pretended to do.* That was pretense only. The reality is to be read in all Mr. Kruger's past acts, and in his words at the Bloemfontein Conference, when Sir Alfred Milner put forward proposals involving, not the immediate, not the certain, but the probable ultimate loss of a monopoly of power by the Dutch-speaking graziers: "It would be worse than annexation." "We might as well throw up the Republic." Independence shared with the other classes and other white races would be "independence lost." So Mr. Kruger said; and so he has ever genuinely felt. To speak to him of the young Republic being made great and populous by wave on wave of new blood from Europe, like the United States, is like promising him a future life merged in Nirvana. When he thinks of his fatherland, the inspiring thought no more embraces the English-speakers who have followed the Boers thither than the Kafirs who were there before them. It does not even embrace the South African Dutch generally, as he has bluntly shown his Cape kinsmen by his policy toward their railways, their products, and their young men, ousted by more pliant clerks from Holland. Nay, even among the Transvaal Boers themselves, the circle is narrowed when it comes to be a question of the sovereign will of the people and of deciding who the people really are, as the election affairs of 1893 showed. Boers who are not "faithful to the country" —to Dopperdom, to the Kruger clan and policy—do not count. In short, the "land and folk" for which Paul Kruger has lived and for which he would die, means really a few thousands of families of Franco-Dutch extraction, speaking a Dutch *patois*, all either cattle-keepers or officials, or both, and largely interconnected by ties of marriage, of religious sectarianism, and of political patronage. The groove of such a patriotism may seem strangely narrow—it is intense in proportion.

Paul Kruger is a visionary: what is his vision? It is of a sort of oligarchic theocracy, with Paul Kruger as its Melchizedek, priest and king in one. He sees the faithful sitting each under his own gum-tree, on his own *stoep*, and as far as his eye ranges that is his farm, and his cattle are on a score of hills. The young men are stalwart, great hunters before the Lord, and the young women are grossly built and fruitful. And to each farm there is a made road and a dam, and the stranger in the land pays for the same. The stranger keeps to himself in the city, and is more or less godless, for he is not of the chosen in the Promised Land. But he gives no trouble, for he is "well disposed," and looks to the Raad for his laws in due season. The burgher has his Kafirs, who do his work, but they are not cruelly used, because they obey. The sons of the soil are not too much educated, because that spoils an Afrikander; but enough so to be able to hold all offices of state, that these may be purged of the Hollander and the German, no less than the accursed English or "English-hearted Afrikander." And the nations of the earth come vying the one with the other for favors, Germany and France and England, all on the one footing.

And above all sits Paul Kruger, father of his people, dwelling in the house that the *concessionnaire* Nellmapins gave him, wealthy, but thrifty, living as simply as he used to live on the farm, save that sheep's head and trotters comes round somewhat oftener. And the judges come to him to know how they shall judge, and the Raad members to know what laws they shall make; and on Sundays all come to the little chapel near to hear him expound the Word of God and the truth as set forth by the Separatist Reformed Brethren. And there is peace in the earth. And it is flat, and the sun goes round it.

* In a message to the American people ("New York Journal," December 24th), Mr. Kruger made the astounding claim that the Franchise Law lately passed "would immediately give superiority in numbers to the new population."

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" . . . that unsavory foreign quarter of San Francisco known lonely as 'Spanish Town.'"

A TUNE IN COURT.

By Marion Hill.

A STORY OF THE ITALIAN QUARTER IN SAN FRANCISCO.

INASMUCH as little Tinto Trevino, in his daily social and commercial dealings with the San Francisco public, was hailed indifferently as a "dago," "greaser," "Eytalian," or "Portugee" kid, it is evident to any intelligence that the child was a foreigner. It is not so evident, however, why the grubby and solemn-eyed infant should have been considered of enough importance to engage the attention of the municipal government; but he was. Tinto, five-year-old, reticent, hungry Tinto, was arrested for being a public nuisance.

This to the Trevinos was more than a family grief; it was also a financial horror, for Tinto contributed appreciably to an income already miserably insufficient for a family that was outrageous as to numbers. In addition to Tinto and Tinto's father, Luis, and Tinto's mother, Tessa, there were brothers and sisters as follows: Stefano, Senta, Catalina, Rafael, Tonio, Anita, Marta, José, Doretta, and Maria—all undersized, underfed, greasy, scowling, garlicky, and clannish. Tessa once, when called upon to reconcile her youth with her indisputable motherhood of the brood, explained that she had had "T'ree-a to one time, two-a to one time, and one-a, oh, ever so many time."

This sentence was given with the villainous scowl of suffering which English brought to every Trevino countenance. They were so ignorant of the language that they dreaded it like a scourge; the scowl, though purely a linguistic manœuver, prejudiced observers against the Trevino character.

Besides the English language (and luck), another foe to the Trevino peace of mind was an ill-disposed countryman of theirs whose last name was Zanardi. His first names are too holy to write, being those of the Divine Son and the blessed Mother; but Zanardi had them emblazoned in full in red letters on his yellow vegetable cart, and made the offense greater by his own daily life, which was of a nature calculated to bring reproach even upon the name of the Prince of Evil.

Zanardi, who had caused the arrest of baby Tinto, had harassed the Trevinos ever since

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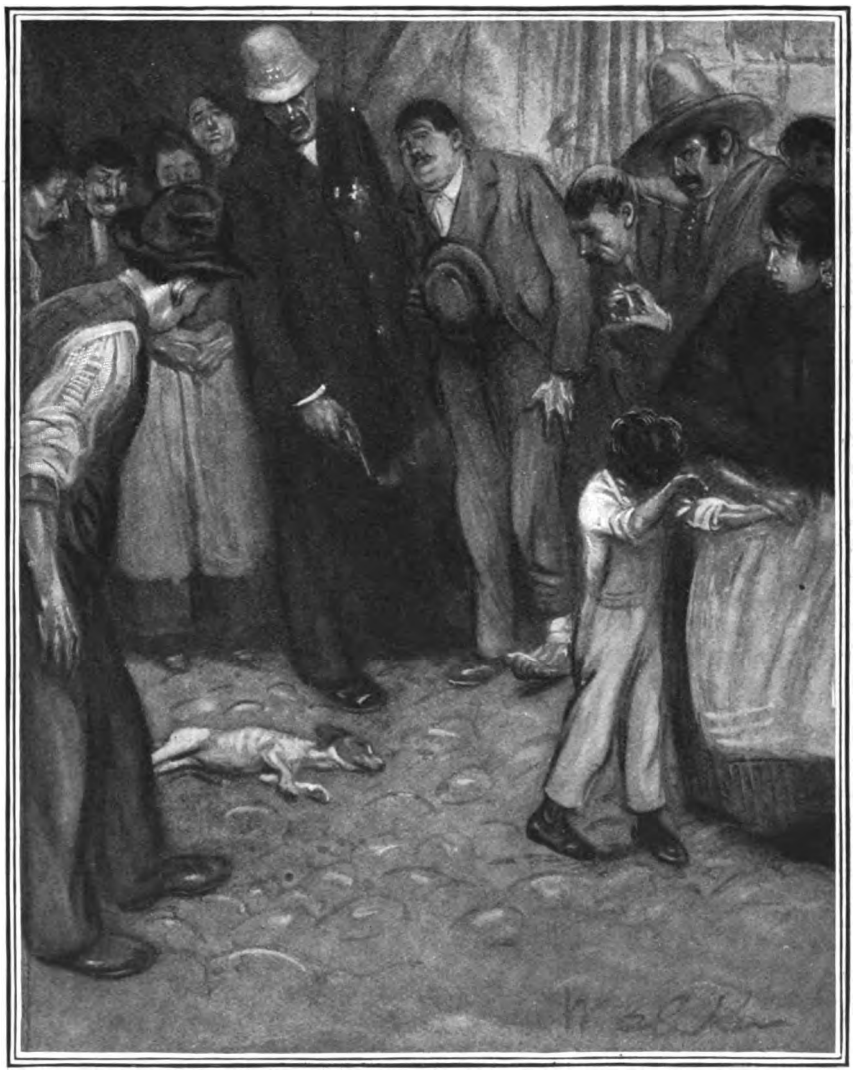
that frightened bunch first set emigrant foot upon Californian soil, led by some ill fate to rent a shanty next to his in that unsavory foreign quarter of San Francisco known loosely as "Spanish Town." His only reason for persecution lay in the fact that he was a born bully, and the cowering inoffensiveness of the Trevinos was an irresistible temptation to him; then, too, they were trying to buy their shanty, and such thriftiness offended Zanardi's sense of what was proper in a Trevino.

He was really clever in his enmity, and kept safely out of the reach of the law by making the law itself perform his dirty work for him. The law has peculiar facilities for punishing the unoffender. A garden-hose can be turned upon a weak and thirsty plant so as to wash it into the dirt. For instance, when the Trevinos had gathered together a few sticks of furniture, Zanardi set the tax-collector upon them, and the ignorant wretches assented to so much English that they did not understand that they were assessed five times too much, and were fined for delinquency besides.



" . . . and the officer shot the dog before Tinto's eyes."

Then two little Trevinos, the two-a-to-one-timers, broke out in pimples due to lack of nutrition, and Zanardi promptly herded the whole flock of Trevinos to the new City Hall, and had the Board of Health vaccinate them, resulting from which their arms swelled out

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and hurt them and kept them helpless for weeks, thus stopping the final payments upon the cottage.

Luckless Rafael's arm communicated pimples to the rest of his body, so Zanardi once more strenuously raised the cry of small-pox, in consequence of which the mortgaged Trevino shanty was quarantined, and then fumigated to the total destruction of all belongings that had escaped being condemned and burned.

Next, when Zanardi thought that Luis had become enough of an American citizen to vote, he had him vote industriously three or four times at the one election, and upon his information there followed an elegant séance about illegal registration, and Luis was reprimanded and imprisoned and fined and kept in so much hot water that a whole cargo of bananas went bad on his hands, not being sold in time. To ripen those bananas, Tessa and brood had nightly taken the bunches to bed with them, as is the custom of fruit peddlers; and when Tessa was worried into brain fever by Luis's difficulties with the ballot, Zanardi confided to the public the trick of trade in fruit-ripening, had Trevino's stock condemned as infected, and thereby killed the Trevino banana industry forever.

Then the School Board was induced to investigate why the Trevino children were not kept at school, with the result that they were taken from lucrative trades and put into infant classes, where they twined their long legs around desks too small for them, sat all day making queer marks upon slates, scowled darkly at an uncomprehended, uncomprehending teacher, and never by any chance learned anything. When Stefano took a day off to nurse his wrath, and sought the water-front to do it privately, not to worry his parents with his own cares, the truant officer was sent after him; and there followed another dismal séance in still another department of the City Hall.

Tinto was too young to suffer at the hands of any School Board, so Zanardi exercised special ingenuity and hurt him in a child's most vulnerable feelings—through a pet animal. The very rich and the very poor have one blessed privilege in common—both can afford to keep a dog: those in merely comfortable circumstances cannot stand the expense. Tinto had a puppy, a big, rollicking slob, so good-tempered that he got fat on a diet visibly consisting only of sunshine and the affectionate mouthings he gave the children. The puppy made a friendly run at Zanardi one day, catching playfully at his moving boot, and the Italian (after some personal treatment in his own room) came out lacerated around the ankle, showed the "wounds" to the police, and the officer shot the dog before Tinto's eyes. The moan of the pup and the shriek of the child made music acceptable to J. M. Zanardi.

So much cannot be said of the music which came from Tinto's violin. That music was a source of annoyance to the enemy, for from it came many nickels to the small player. Could the law hold out no remedy? It could. Tinto could be arrested for disturbing the peace, and being a nuisance—which brings us back to where we started.

When, in answer to the charge, they all filed into a court-room of the New City Hall on that foggy December morning, the Trevinos presented anything but an engaging appearance. They all came—Luis and Tessa, Senta, Catalina, Anita, Marta, Doretta, Maria, José, Stefano, Rafael, Tonio, and, of course, Tinto—and they came shivering and scowling, the skirted members darkly muffled in greasy head-shawls, whence their eyes gleamed like those of cats; the trousered portion with dirty hands deep in frayed pockets, and still greasier collars pulled high up around swarthy necks; and they looked like an assassins' chorus in a Tivoli opera. Zanardi, on the contrary, sleek as a panther, was the embodiment of Italian grace. His face was as open as day, and when he smiled it was like sunshine, and his teeth gleamed like pearls.

It is no wonder that the desperate Trevinos had not enough interest in life even to wash. Ruin is ruin, whether the money involved be reckoned in millions of dollars or in a handful of dimes. In losing their shanty and banana trade, the Trevinos were more destitute than the word "bankruptcy" has any power to suggest: they might as well all cut their throats and leave the rest to the coroner. It is beyond the power of onlookers to estimate the horror of tragedy hourly going on in our imported population. Out of the droves of ignorantly hopeful people who come herding over to us, their souls glowing not only with impossible fancies of wealth and power to come, but with equally preposterous expectation of present welcome, only a rare few gain independence, while the rest slave and suffer, sicken, die, and rot to form an awful human fertilizer for the land they came to share. The animal hunger and desperation shining from their eyes appeal to us merely as an unpleasant, but inalienable, attribute of the "lower classes," not

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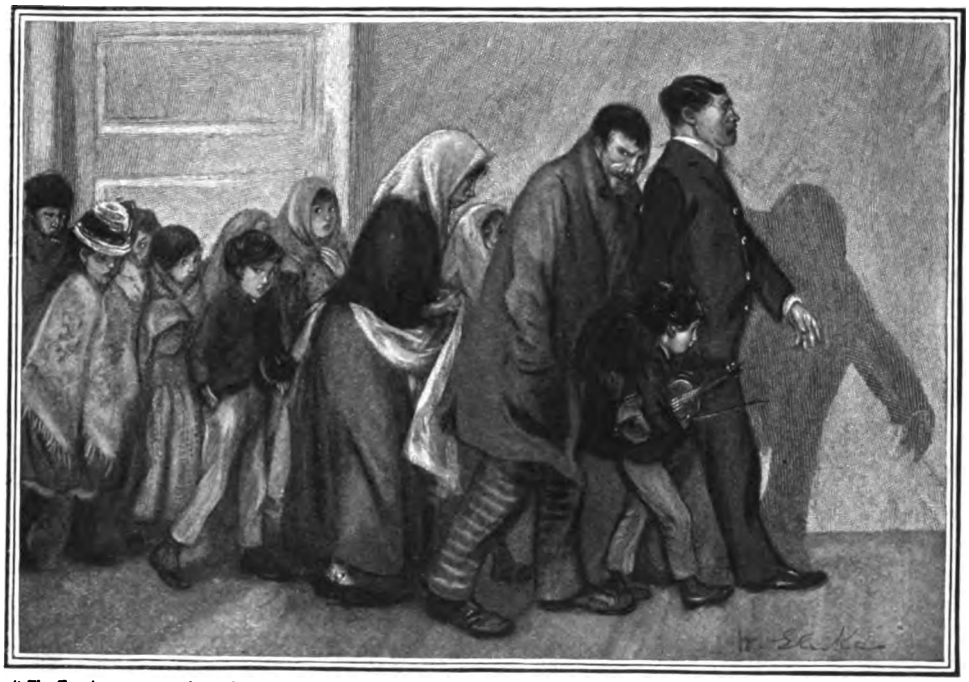
at all as the signs of the death struggle of a lonely brother man. Loneliness fills as many graves as whisky. The loneliness of Italians in California is pitiful: they come with notions of placer mining in their back yards and cultivating grapes in their front yards, with the presidency always hopefully within reach. In San Francisco, the situation is worse on account of the climate. Few people understand how emphatically San Francisco is not California. The confirmed San Franciscan knows less about the Golden State than any Pueblo Indian baby. San Francisco, within an hour's journey of a torrid belt, is never hot; San Francisco, within sight of snow-clad peaks, is seldom frigid; San Francisco is cool, breezy, and foggy. To an Eskimo it is Hades; to an Italian it is perpetual winter.



"The Trevinos presented anything but an engaging appearance . . . they looked like an assassins' chorus in a Tivoli opera."

The Trevinos, as they shivered in court on that gray December morning, bore in their gloomy eyes a history of pain—grief for their lost South, suffering for their present predicament, and fear for the hungry, disgraced, and homeless to-morrow. Small wonder that the history expressed itself in scowls and slinking ferocity. The Trevinos hated everything they saw. They especially abominated a eucalyptus tree which grew outside the City Hall and clashed its cruel leaves against the court-room window. An abominable tree is the eucalyptus. Its dark, sickle-shaped leaves saw against each other with the rasping of knives. Moreover, they have the power of condensing mist into rain. On a foggy day every eucalyptus drips an incessant downpour. The tree outside the court-room window was behaving with more than usual nastiness, contorting itself, wringing its arms, clashing its noisy leaves, and weeping with vulgar abandon, throwing the mist from it in a steady shower of cold tears.

Not the Trevinos alone suffered from its depressing influence: all the court clientèle, Christmas not a fortnight off, was in an especially holiday humor—this with adults means, of course, discontent, a sneering remembrance of (and sorrowing for) childish dead joys, contempt for the empty present, and disgust for the coming ordeal of taking and giving gifts. God pity the wretches who come before a judge when he is in a holiday humor.

Next to the advent of Christmas, what most soured his Honor was the presence in the court-room of a large number of medical students: young men of prevailing pallor of complexion, most of them gone wildly to beard, and all smelling of antiseptic soap, which, though cleanly enough in itself, has unpleasant suggestions in the background. These young men had just come from an examination of some disease corpuscles, beauti-

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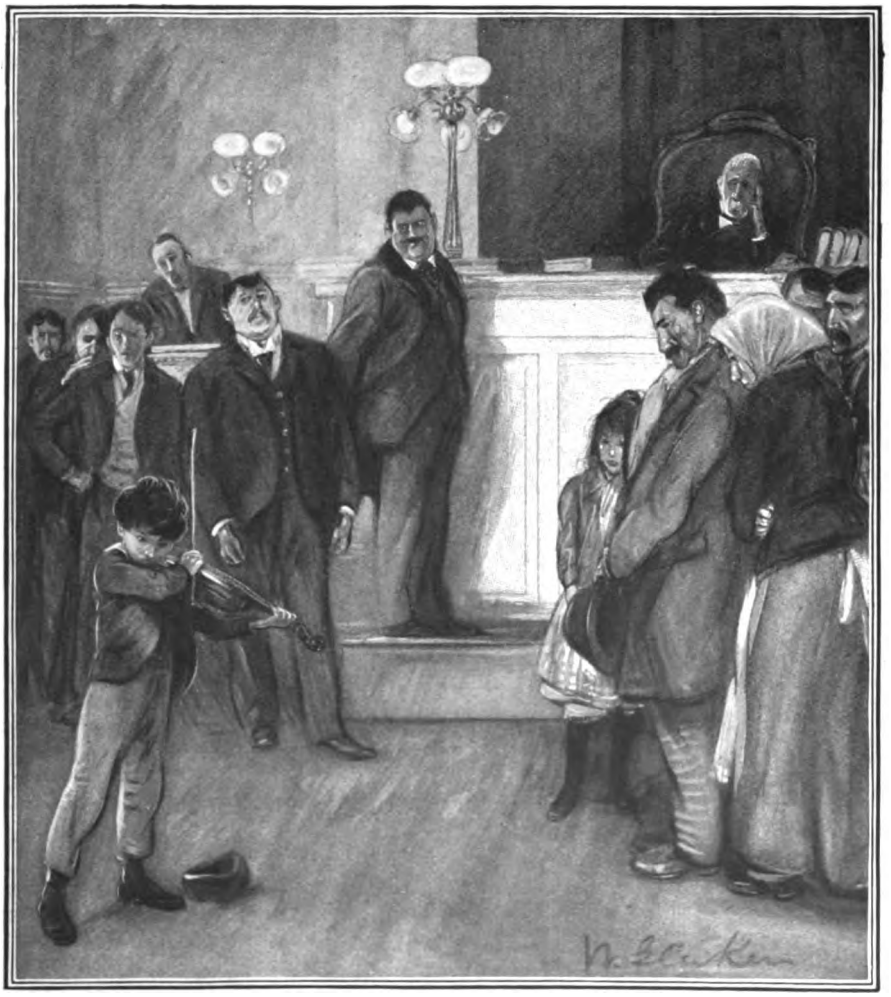
fully mounted on glass slides and kindly on microscopic view in the rooms of the Board of Health, and they had obtained permission to use the court-room as a means of studying how the exhalations of crime vitiate the atmosphere, or something of the sort. At any rate, there they were, and their obtrusion was another prejudicial factor in the Trevino case.



" . . . the court-room was filled with music of such awful tenderness and strength that it seemed absurd to connect it with so small a performer."

Indeed, as Zanardi cited his wrongs, no sane judge could do anything but believe him to be an injured party.

"All-a time, ever since Trevinos they come next-a door, they have injure my property, and be evil-minded to me, and set on their dog to me," wailed J. M., his handsome eyes flashing eloquently. "From how they look darkly on me, you can see how much-a hate they have of me; but all those things is nothings to me, so long as they leave to me my quiet to sleep so that I get strong to work next day. But no, no! Me and my wife and all in my house have our heads distracted with fiddle, fiddle, all-a time fiddle, until we no know nothings no more. My poor wife, my poor Nella, she much-a too sick to come to-day——"

"He lie!" called Tessa, desperately. "Nella, she home iron out a shu't waist. I see her."

"Silence!" thundered his Honor, not more to Tessa than to the medicos, who had enjoyed immensely the feminine outburst.

"No lie," softly denied the long-suffering Zanardi, in patient dignity. "Every day Nella grow weak' and weak'. Fiddle next

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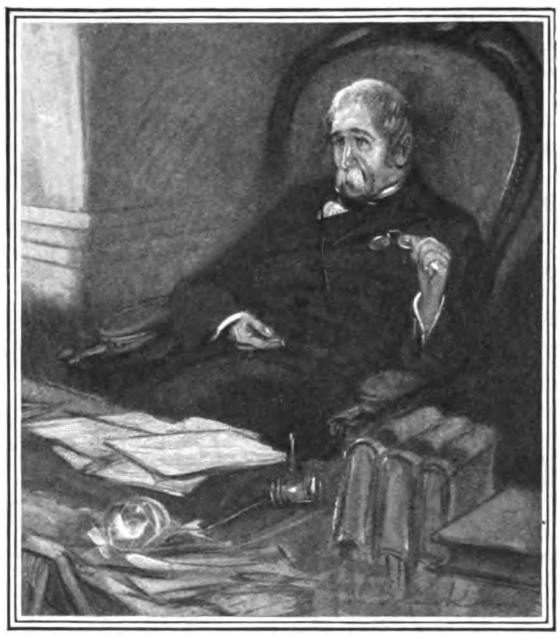
door all day and all night. Never to sleep makes a very nervous woman, and Nella she so much unsettle she can no longer take in wash, and can only go around hold on to her head, and moan—oh, how she moan for rest! Me myself find it a big burden to have that sound of fiddle all-a time within my head. Many peoples can tell how much that small Tinto can fiddle even in one day and a night."

Which "many peoples" immediately proceeded to do. There was no lack of witnesses to prove how undesirable were the Trevinos as neighbors; how uncleanly, given to accumulating loathsome diseases; how unpatriotic and uneducational, but especially inconsiderate in the persistency with which they incited Tinto to untimely practice of noisome tunes upon a discordant fiddle. They prayed not only for abatement, but for absolute prohibition of the baneful scraping.



"The judge leaned back and seemed less to listen to the music than utterly to disregard it. . . . Dreaming, dreaming!"

"The wonder is, why Luis has this hate of me, who but wish him well," mourned Zanardi, "who have been his friend from the first, but it is a true proverb that who smears himself with honey will be pestered by the flies. I can stand no more, and I pray that Luis will be made not to set Tinto to scrape that fiddle when most Luis thinks I am sick and in need of sleep."

"Have you anything to say?" demanded the judge of Luis.

Knowing well what he had to say, and saying it, Luis did for himself. He expressed a wish that some Jew might spit on the grave of Zanardi's grandmother, and promised that he, Luis, would ere long smash in Zanardi's face. There is an excuse for him. Ignorant as he was of English, he yet divined intuitively that the whole case, against him from the first, was settled irrevocably in the mind of the judge, and would come shortly to a conviction and costs. It was equivalent to a death sentence: and a dying man does not quibble with words. What Luis said he meant. His whole family meant it, too, for, with the same intuition, they divined the situation as well as he, and every Trevino face was one malignant scowl.

No, not every face. Tinto, bored long ago with proceedings which seemed to have nothing to do with him in spite of the frequent occurrence of his name, was examining with placid interest a glass paper-weight upon the judge's desk. The better to do it, he had wandered into the center of the room, where he stood in unconscious prominence, hugging his violin under his arm as a girl might hug a doll.

This unvexed vision gave the judge an idea. "Here, you Tinto, play something! Show us what sort of a nuisance you are. Understand? Fiddle! Scrape! Give us a tune. *Sabe?*"

Tinto turned immense eyes from the judge to his father, much as he would appeal from an idiot to an interpreter, and Luis said something in Italian.

The child, looking more like a wee mahogany god than anything human, turned his assenting orbs again upon the judge, and commenced to tune his violin, doing it with what looked like unembarrassed leisure, but was in reality infinite love and patience.

The embryo doctors leaned back with the complacency of those who have front seats at the minstrels. The judge had an angry expectation of being assailed with the strains of a popular song, with a chorus demanding that all who heard should "Bone dat turkey, brudders, bone dat turkey!"

Tinto let his slow gaze wander around the court-room for inspiration. He rejected the sad picture of his kinspeople, the smiling doctors, a curious throng of outsiders at

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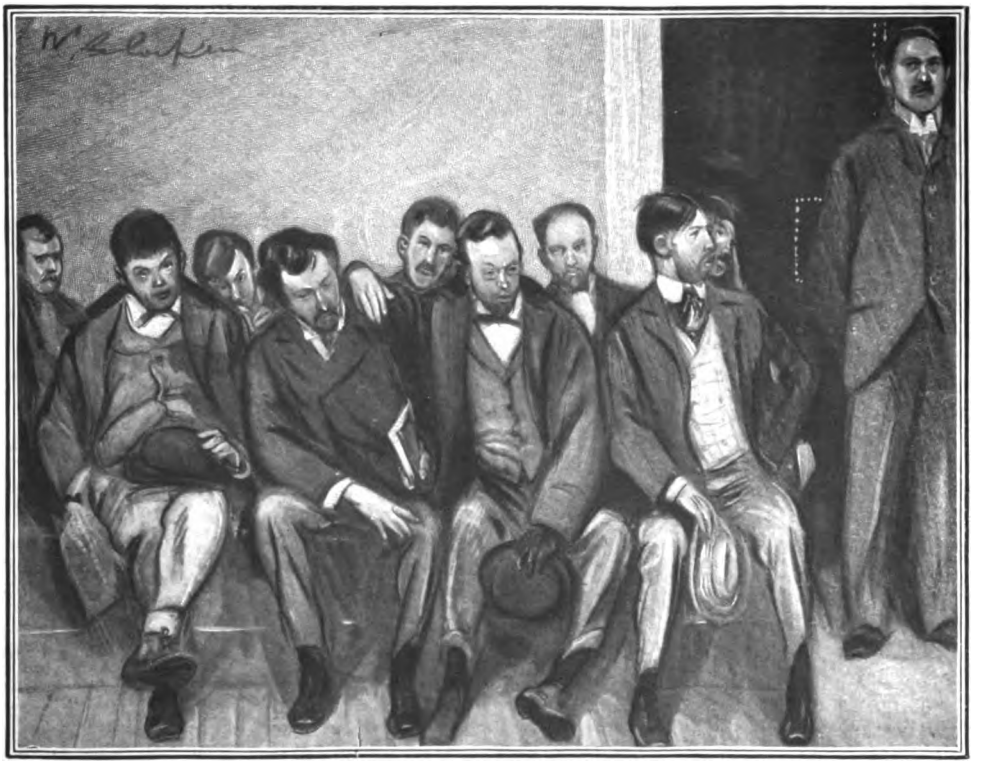
the doors, the unfriendly court, the lonely tree that wept against the window-pane and writhed against a background of sullen sky, and fixing his yearning eyes finally upon the crystal bauble which had chained his fancy—the beautiful, ever-unattainable iridescence of that fairy-like plaything—he sighed deeply, and then took route for fairyland itself upon the bridge-like, golden, vibrating notes of Schumann's "Traumerei," the dream song of dream songs.

Perhaps he looked further than the bit of glass, and saw in his pathetic day-dream those other glittering shams for which, in the coming years, he would barter the music of his man's soul—the woman's smile, the crown of fame, the shine of gold, the hearts of his friends. Whatever it was, it spoke with a moving sweetness, and the court-room was filled with music of such awful tenderness and strength that it seemed absurd to connect it with so small a performer, who guided a tiny bow with the grimy fingers of a baby.

Like the flight of a bird that reaches high places; like the unexpectedness of an earthquake shock which reveals God to us; like the fragrance of a flower that steals unbidden upon our senses; like a baby's velvet touch which thrills our beings with divine tenderness, the music of the Dream Song floated through the court-room and held the listeners spellbound. Sweet as it was, yet hand in hand it went with pain; for what is there for us but sorrow when we dream dreams of what might be and know we must waken to the things which are?

After a first shiver, as from an icy clutch at his heart, the judge leaned back and seemed less to listen to the music than utterly to disregard it. But he too had crossed on that golden bridge, not to the future where Tinto went, but back into a past that he had fancied was forgotten. Dreaming, dreaming! Ah, dear God, had not all the ambitions of his youth been dreams! And she—his wife, not the stately woman who now bore his name and showed off his wealth, but that little dead girl who used to bring her violin and play to him when the twilight came and the firelight danced over the bare room that was home to them—had not she in her hopes and prophecies for him been but dreaming, too? This very tune was what she mostly played, and the time came when she played it with her dreams reaching out



"A young doctor, especially during the growth of his first beard, is invariably a music lover."

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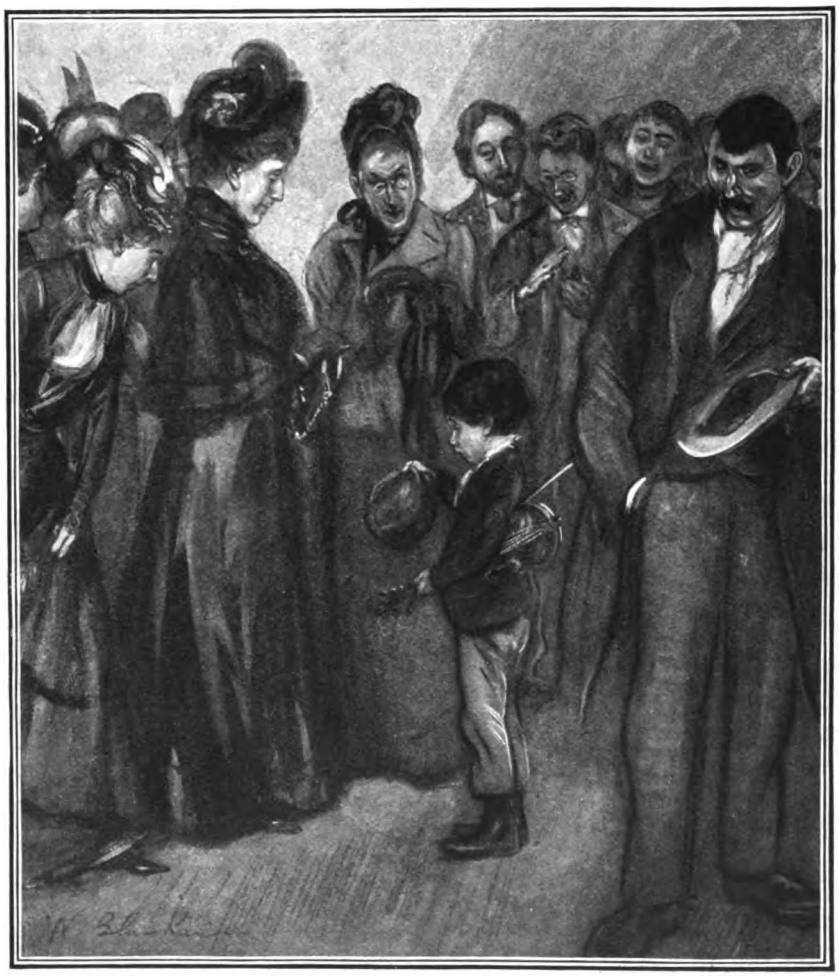
to fold themselves about a little child that was to be theirs, the little boy who stayed but long enough to deliver God's message that wife and child were both to go back to Him. She was in her grave, and this tune, that surely was hers and hers alone, was going on, beautifully insistent, to waken all the laments of his lonely soul.

But at last the music stopped, and the small player looked inquiringly at the judge.

Now it is undeniable that, had the judge's previous humor been *for* "Bone dat Turkey" instead of against it, the "Traumerei" would have proved Tinto a nuisance of virulent type. It is also undeniable, though regrettable, that a dead wife has more effectiveness as a moral force than a living one. And the judge was touched. So touched was he, that he dared not look up until he had strangled at their birth the sobs that threatened to come. It would never do to have those prim teachers at the doors surprise him at his emotions.

The teachers were in the building to collect back salaries. In San Francisco, when the opening of a street, or a park road, or the leveling of a sand hill empties the sensitive treasury, the deficit can always be met by docking the school-teachers of a percentage of salary. Then a new administration sets in, and, as a politic move, pays back a dribble, just enough to insure grateful support. One of these celestial reimbursements was being made on the day of Tinto's trial, and his violin had drawn curiously to the court doors a throng of happy spinsters, each with a plethoric chatelaine bag hanging from her belt and further guarded by the clutch of a gloved hand.

When fortified to meet the examination of



". . . his unchildishness went straight to their womanly hearts, and this time their money flowed freely."

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these sharp feminine eyes, the judge raised his head, and his gaze was very severe. It softened once when it rested on the upturned face of Tinto, but hardened doubly when directed upon Zanardi. "Is this the music that is driving you distracted?" he demanded in disgust.

Zanardi misinterpreted the source of disgust, and further committed himself. "Yes, yes; just like-a that. Music like-a that, at all times Tinto plays."

"Then the best thing Tinto can do for you is to keep on playing till you grow able to appreciate it," ordered the judge, and the medical students drowned his further words in a shout of applause. A young doctor, especially during the growth of his first beard, is invariably a music lover.

"Here, you shaver," called one, "here's a half-dollar to buy yourself a Christmas gift. Make it a cake of soap if you can." As he tossed the silver, the infection caught his comrades, and all began to search their pockets for small coin.

Tinto thought it his professional duty to go around with his hat, court or no court, and stoically did so, winding up by besieging his Honor himself, but giving him a wistful look rather of thanks for past favor than an appeal for alms.

"Isn't he cute?" whispered the teachers. But they did not give him any of their restored salaries. It had come too hard for that.

"For yourself, Tinto," murmured his Honor, dropping a yellow piece among the silver.

But the poor do not own themselves. What they have belongs to the head of the family, that he may make a better fight against the wolf of poverty. Tinto, without even looking at it, wearily carried the money to Luis, and gave it all up. It was no concern of his. His duty was just to work and to hand over what he made like any workhouse drudge. His childhood never knew the delight of spending money.

"Oh, the poor little thing!" cried a teacher. Her eyes moistened and her hand fumbled in her purse. The "cuteness" of Tinto could not touch the teachers, they being too much the martyrs of "cute" infancy, but his unchildishness went straight to their womanly hearts, and this time their money freely flowed.

As the Trevinos eagerly watched the shower of silver, they correctly estimated it as sufficient to pay off the last penny owing upon the house, and figured a residuum for the recommencement of trade. They were shrewd enough to realize also that this public tide-turning would make of them people of genteel distinction to their neighbors, and the Trevino faces were as bright with eyes and teeth as an altar with tapers.

Zanardi was sensibly endeavoring to sneak outside, which suggested a *finale* for the judge.

"Get out, everybody!" he ordered. "This is a farce. We have wasted entirely too much time over it. Clear out."

Thus ended the case, and if the succeeding cases did not suffer horribly from the severity which is the reaction of heart-softening and purse-opening, then is human nature in the city at the Golden Gate beautifully different from human nature all the rest of the world over.

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A GROUP FROM LIFE, ON THE SHORES OF THE SEA OF GALILEE.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

Illustrated from paintings and drawings by Corwin Knapp Linson.

PART VI.—JESUS' SYMPATHY WITH THE OUTCASTS.—A TYPICAL DAY IN HIS EARTHLY LIFE.

WHAT is called the middle class has usually been regarded as a creation of modern times, and certainly no parallel can be drawn between society in our day and, say, the Middle Ages, when a nation was divided between a handful of nobles and a multitude of retainers. One land, however, of the past presented an almost perfect analogy to our social condition—Palestine in the days of our Lord. There was an aristocracy composed of a priestly caste, with hereditary rank and vast endowments, and an outer circle of Herodian courtiers and state officials. With this class Jesus had no contact till the end of His life, when the priests were alarmed for their privileges and protected themselves by the cross. There was the proletariat—the vine-dressers, shepherds, fishermen, farmers of Galilee, who lived hardly and suffered many wrongs. From this class Jesus sprang, and to them He was always loyal. And there was a class in easy circumstances, of undoubted virtue, good intelligence, and solid influence, which had a standing feud with the aristocracy, and regarded the people with frank contempt. This was the middle class, which was the strength of the nation and had an undeniable claim on respect, but covered itself with disgrace because its members rejected Jesus with intention and deliberation.

Between the middle class of His day and Jesus there seemed to be an inevitable and natural antipathy; and Jesus, who dealt so kindly with the outcasts of society, was invariably severe with the respectables. He laid Himself out to attract and win the prodigal son in the far country, but the correct elder brother at home He put in the pillory, till we almost forget the vice of the one and the virtue of the other. The lawlessness, the impudence, the evil-living, the corruption of the sinners Jesus only once described in the prodigal son, although their manner of life was to Him utterly loathsome and most tragic; but the faults of the Pharisees, down to their very foibles, He exposes with merciless satire. It is, indeed, a social paradox that Jesus should come to confirm the law of Moses, and that the middle class of His time were the devotees of the Law, and yet that this very Law should rise as a bar-

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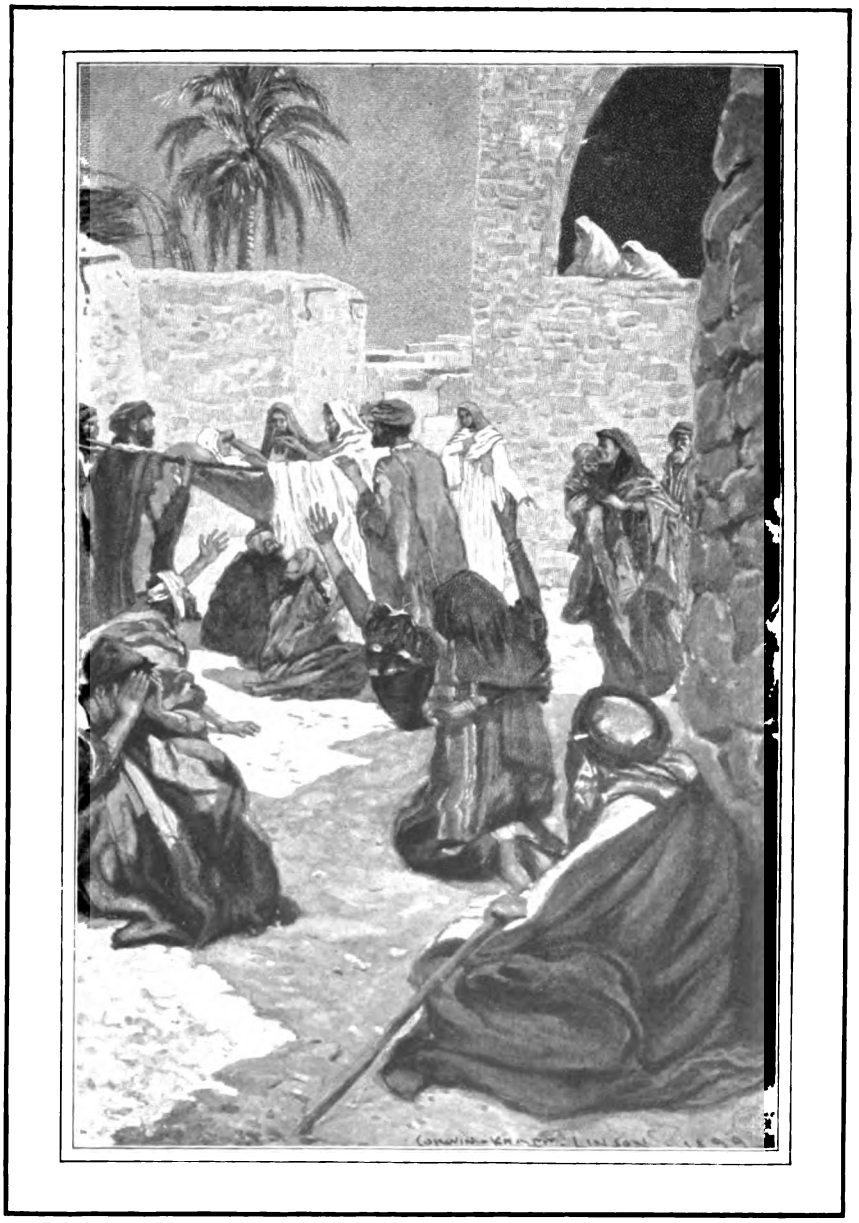

JESUS HEALING IN THE VILLAGES.

And whithersoever he entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch, if it were but the border of his garment.—MARK, vi. 56. The disciples, after the night of the storm, when Jesus appeared to them walking upon the sea, brought their boat to shore at the plain of Gennesaret, and it was in the villages of this plain that Jesus went about healing the sick. The villages of Galilee, with their plaster houses of white, blue, pink, and yellow tints, present a variety and gaiety of color not found in Judea. It is a feverish country to-day, and must have been so then—low-lying, marshy, dangerous for any but natives to spend a night in.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

rier between the Master and the middle class, so that Jesus used the Ten Words to condemn them, and they prosecuted Him as a law-breaker; that Jesus should come to declare the kingdom, seen afar off by the prophets, and that the respectables had been waiting, as none others did, for its coming, and yet that the sinners should answer the invitation of the Master and possess its riches, while the Pharisees counted themselves unworthy of everlasting life. The relation between Jesus and this class was strained from the

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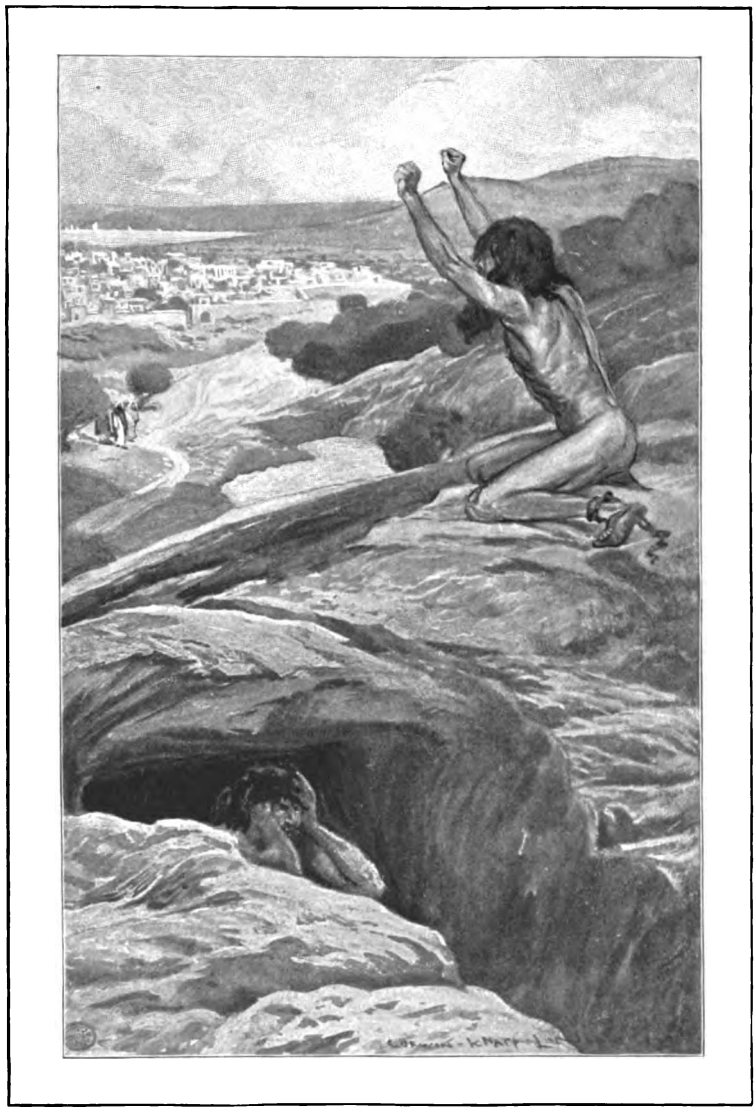
beginning, with suspicion on their side, with indignation on His; while now and again there was a hot collision, and at last a life-and-death wrestle.

For one thing, He could not endure their immovable and contented self-righteousness, and this was the point of the parable, at once so merciless and so merciful, of the Pharisee and the Publican. It is by a phrase that a man reveals himself, and when the Pharisee stood in the temple of God, the highest and holiest place he could find, and returned thanks that he was not as other men, and especially not as this publican, you



THE DEMONIACS.

And when he was come . . . into the country of the Gergesenes, there met him two possessed with devils, coming out of the tombs, exceeding fierce.—MATTHEW, viii. 28. The miracle of the healing of the demoniacs seems to have occurred in the vicinity of Gergesa, a city on the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, known among the Arabs as Khersa. The site of the city is in a low plain, at the mouth of a stream, and its crumbling walls cover a large area. As for the tombs, there are said to be many among the hills, but the presence of Bedouins encamped near by prevented any search for them. Neither could I gather any information. I have shown them like all Jewish tombs, cut in the rocks. In order to illustrate the general environments, the tombs, the city of Gergesa below on the plain, the lake, and the northern shore, I have placed the scene in the hills, departing from the letter of the narrative. The slight drop in the distant coast marks the in-flowing Jordan. In reality, the demoniac of Mark and Luke must have seen Jesus from the heights as he approached the shore, "afar off," and running down, met Him near the water.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.—LUKE, xv. 20.

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have Pharisaism taken in the act. Surely he might have been satisfied to rehearse the catalogue of his own virtues without the contrast of another's vices; but as a dark curtain is hung behind an orator to fling his figure into relief, so an inattentive or unappreciative audience will be most likely to appreciate his spiritual excellence set against a foil. It was the life-long habit of this respectable to exhibit himself as the very type and paragon of religion, and it was his art to keep himself in constant comparison with the miserables. Unto God and men he presented an ingenious study in black and white, and for this end he required a publican. Each had his rôle—the Pharisee religion, and the publican irreligion. "God," says this artist in religious insolence, "I thank Thee that I am not as this publican." Jesus has been hotter and more solemn; never has the Master been keener and more severe.

What gave the edge to Jesus' words was not that this respectable had greatly exaggerated his own virtues or his neighbor's vices. Let us grant that he did not. His was certainly an oration rather than a prayer, but it was neither flattery nor slander; it was very much matter of fact. If any class disgraced the Jewish nation in the time of Jesus, it was the men who collected the Roman taxes and traded on the misery of their own flesh and blood. Their conduct cut the sinews of the national life; their name was a synonym for avarice and cruelty; it was not for nothing that this national traitor was bracketed with the social residuum and his name made a synonym for sinner. If any single class was the backbone of the nation it was the Pharisees, and nothing the Master said against their bigotry and hypocrisy denied their social value and solidity. They were, in the main, men who feared God and loved their nation, and did righteousness, according to their light; and notwithstanding their exclusiveness and arrogance, they commanded the respect of the people.

It was not self-righteous for the Pharisee to hold that he was a more useful member of society than the average publican, for this was simply a fact; but it was inexcusable self-righteousness for him to take credit for this circumstance, as under a show of deference to the Almighty he was doing, since, indeed, he had no credit in the matter. His father had been an orthodox, well-living, reputable man, and he had been born with the instincts of religious faith and moral decency in his blood. In his youth he had been drilled in the law of Moses, and on coming to manhood he found himself a member of the Brahmin caste, pledged to the worship of God and to clean living. With the glare of public opinion on him, and hedged round with the habits of his class, the Pharisee might become narrow and censorious; it was hardly possible for him to give the reins to passion, or to outrage social order. He was held in the path of formal righteousness, the slave of fortunate circumstances. Compare him with the publican, whom some sudden impulse of repentance had brought to the Temple, and who had been dragged for scenic purposes into the Pharisee's prayer. A publican's son, he inherited the feelings of an outcast class—a rooted suspicion of society and a sullen hatred of social bonds. One of the vivid recollections of his childhood was his father coming home to describe an insult of the Pharisees and to rail at religion. For him there was no school, and the children hooted him in the street till he felt himself on the level of a dog. As a man he was a pariah, and he came to accept the situation. No good was believed of him, any evil was expected of him; he was ostracised by respectable people, he was shut up with reprobates. What could Jewish society expect of the publican but insolence, and rapacity, and shamelessness, and robbery? So they stood together in the Temple—the man whom society had made, and the man whom society had ruined—and the Pharisee, with an amazing audacity, thanked God he was not as this publican.

Perhaps the crowning offense of the respectables in the eyes of Jesus was their callousness, and upon one dramatic occasion this gave the Master a shock of strong indignation. It was at a feast, where Simon, a chief Pharisee, had invited Him to his house—not for courtesy or hospitality, rather for insolent patronage and cunning criticism. From the beginning He was made to know His place—an inferior asked to dinner as an act of condescension, who must not expect the attentions given to other guests on a social equality with Simon. As each guest arrived, his sandals were removed by obsequious servants and his feet washed with cool, refreshing water; as he sat down in his appointed place, his head was anointed with fragrant oil. For the Master there was neither water nor oil, but the servants, taking their cue from Simon, allowed Him to pass with a menial's disdain for the poor. By and by attention would be given to the Master, when, after Simon and his guests had feasted, they

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would, at their leisure, put ensnaring questions to Jesus and gather material for persecutions. As it happened, that day they were anticipated by one who had not been invited by Simon nor come to criticise Jesus, who was ready to repair the neglect of the servants, and to afford to Jesus a feast sweeter than meat and drink. And when Simon sat at the head of his table, full of polite dislike for the Master, and a woman of the town washed His feet with her tears, the extremes of society met, and Jesus marked the inhumanity of Simon, to whom the woman, in her penitence, was only an object of contempt.

The supreme day of Jesus' life was the last; but after that high place of agony and victory, perhaps the best for a disciple's purpose is one day in the Galilean ministry, on which we can follow the Master's work from sunset to sunset.

Upon the previous day the Master had been teaching in parables, and had traced the evolution of the kingdom of God from the seed cast into the ground, through its growth and conflict, enlarging also on its beauty and value, to its cleansing and perfection in the drag-net. After the people had reluctantly dispersed, and He was alone with His disciples by the lake-side, Jesus expounded to them the inwardness of those parables, since they were to be the stewards of the Divine mysteries. Nothing, neither physical toil nor bodily pain, is more utterly exhausting than a great spiritual deliverance; it strains the mind almost to the breaking, and creates a passionate longing for rest. As the people were still waiting in the distance, in hope of more, and Jesus could not have quiet in Capernaum, He asked Peter to take Him over to the other side of the lake, where He could be alone. The sun had set when the boat put out from the shore, and Jesus fell sound asleep in the afterpart of the boat, where some kindly hand had laid a pillow for His head. After dark there came one of those sudden, confused storms which lash inland lakes into fury and which make steering almost useless. The water began to fill the undecked boat, and they were in danger of being swamped. They were amazed that the Master should sleep unmoved by the wind and waves, and they awake Him with reproaches, as if they could perish and He be safe. So dependent had those disciples become on the Master that they now turned to Him in every strait, and even on their own fishing-ground looked to Him for deliverance. He rose, unamazed and unalarmed, whom no commotion of nature or of man could shake, and commanded peace, and there was a great calm; but it may be that the calm was greater in the terrified souls of the disciples than in the waters of the fickle lake. Through the night they had been tossed and driven; now, as the sun's first rays strike the lake, they come in quiet waters to the eastern shore.

The blue water and green slopes were bathed in fresh morning light, but the Master met, on landing, a storm sadder and wilder than any that could ever rage on the Sea of Galilee. Among the rocks on the side of the hill were caves where the dead of Gergesa were laid, and in them a maniac whom none could control nor chains hold. This was the first person Jesus met, and His first act this morning, who last night had caused the windy tempest to cease on the lake, was to call forth the devil from this unhappy man, that he might go in peace to his home, healed and sane. Then Jesus took boat, still early in the day, and, with a favorable wind, sailed back to Capernaum.

The effect of yesterday had not departed, and the report of His return brought a multitude to the shore who received Him gladly, and passed one to another the miracle of Gergesa. Accompanied by the admiring people, with here and there a jealous, wrathful Pharisee, Jesus went to His lodging at Peter's house. He was obliged again to preach, standing in a room, while His hearers filled the house and overflowed into the street. As the Master went through the town with the glory of this new miracle upon Him, four neighbors, speaking together at some corner, were visited with a sudden inspiration. They had a friend who, as was well known in Capernaum, had sown his wild oats with prodigal hand and was now reaping their bitter harvest in his body as well as his soul. Stricken with palsy, this man, once strong and lustful, now lay in his decrepitude an object of contempt to himself, of pity to the town. They carry him to the house, and—on account of the crowd—up to the roof; they remove the slight ceiling of the room, and even while the Master is preaching the sick man is let down before His face, and four eager faces expect the result, while the helplessness of the sufferer is his prayer. "Son," said the Master with much tenderness, as He looked on the wistful face, "be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." And, behold, at the command of Jesus, the palsied man arose, a man again before God and his brethren.

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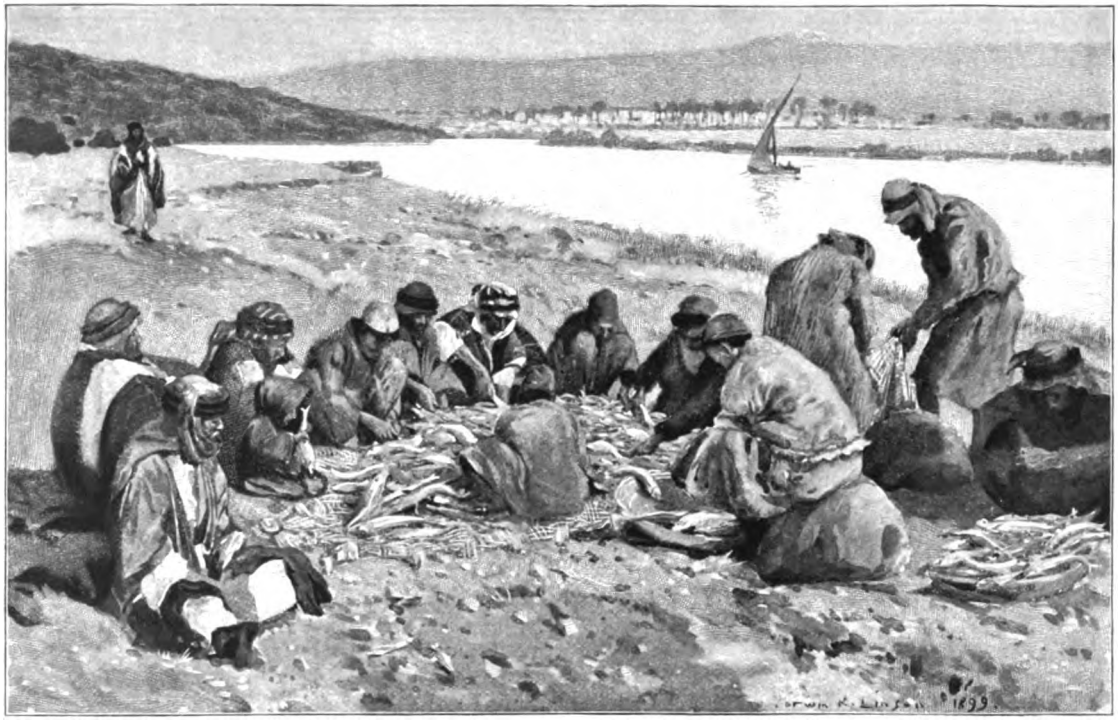

"A NET THAT WAS CAST INTO THE SEA."

Which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away.—MATT. xiii. 48. It is as if Christ, in the parable of the fishing-net, had had in mind a scene of to-day, so exactly do the Galilee fishermen of the present day adhere to the methods described as those of the fishermen of two thousand years ago. The draw, or drag, net is carried some way out into the water, stretched full length, and then pulled in in a semicircle, gradually closing as it is brought to shore. The fishermen with whom I spent a morning by the Sea of Galilee made a good haul; and on bringing their load in, "sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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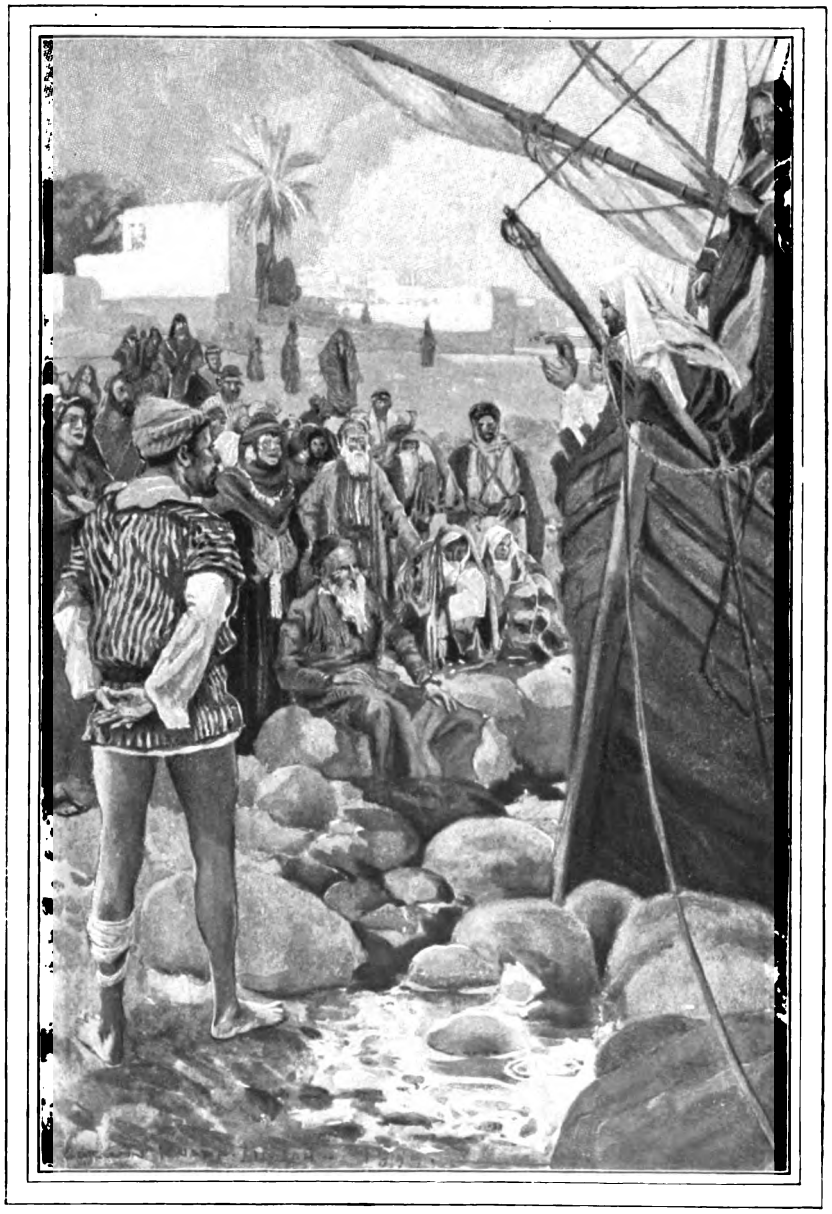
Jesus left the house, that He might go to the lake and rest beside its coolness at noontide of the day; but for Him that day there could be no rest till the darkness fell. On His way to the shore He passes the local custom-house, and sees the publican sitting in his open office. Then He commands Matthew, with His note of spiritual authority, "Follow Me"; and with dramatic completeness, as showing in a sign his utter obedience, Matthew leaves everything that hour and casts in his lot with Jesus. As he sees a new, clean, unselfish life opening up before him he has only one desire ungratified, and that is that Jesus should come to his house to celebrate this chief event in his life.

From the outside, a group of Pharisees watched the scene and snarled. Jesus, whom



TEACHING BY THE SEASHORE.

The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the sea-side. And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.—MATT. xiii. 1, 2.

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nothing escaped, heard the words and understood. Why did He not go to them ? for that was their suggestion. Because they did not want Him, and because He did them no good when He went. Was Simon there, or any of the men who had been at Simon's feast ? Why did He come here ? that was the question. Because He was made welcome, and because He was doing His appointed work : saving men from sin. Did they ever expect to see a religious teacher sitting as an honored guest in a publican's house, and that publican leaving his gains to live the religious life ? The Pharisees were silent. One controversy seemed to raise another, and now a few of John Baptist's disciples, encouraged by the presence of the Pharisees, asked their question, and it was not without excuse. They had been trained in the Baptist's ascetic school, and had been taught the hardness of the religious life. "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but Thy disciples fast not ?" With them and their question Jesus dealt very kindly, for He loved loyalty and He sympathized with their perplexity. "Do not grudge my disciples their brief joy; it will soon be over. By and by their bridegroom will depart (by the way of Calvary), and then John and Peter will be sad enough. Besides, your master had one message, and faithfully did he discharge it; I have another, and My word also must be fulfilled."

As He was reassuring John's anxious followers, another Pharisee has something of hot importance to say to Him. He is a chief man in the Church, and a magnate among religious people—Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue. He falls down, he worships—his friends called Jesus a blasphemer as he passed —and pleads his case. "My daughter, my only daughter, twelve years of age, is on the point of death. If Thou wilt come and simply lay Thy hand upon her, she will live." Jesus had remained in His place through all the criticism on Himself; now, in the sorrow of the ruler, He arose at once, and the people accompanied Him. In the thick of the crowd, as they passed through one of the narrow streets, a woman, grievously afflicted by a wasting disease of her sex and overcome by modesty, had courage only to touch the fringe of Jesus' outer garment, as it came for a moment within her reach. When He turned round and asked who touched Him, His disciples were astonished; they did not understand. A score may press on one by accident, but the touch of a single finger will be different. It was with intention; it was individual; it was a prayer; it was a sign; it was a secret between two. This woman could not be hid; she was distinguished from the crowd first by her faith, and then by the Divine mercy.

The pause could not have been five minutes, to one man it was five hours; and so near are joy and sorrow in human life that when the woman's heart was lightened with joy, a foolish servant told Jairus that his little maid was dead and that it was no use to trouble the Master. With the alertness of one whose heart was beating in sympathy with every human being, Jesus heard the message, and bade Jairus be of good cheer, for the hope of his heart was not to be disappointed. Already the women had begun the ceremony of wailing. Jesus commanded them to cease—they were celebrating the victory of death too soon; they might be needed for singing. Meanwhile they and the neighbors must leave the room where the maid was lying, for it was a solemn act to call back a soul from the other world. Only the parents and His three intimates among the twelve were present, when Jesus, stooping over the couch, said, in the kindly home-speech in which her father would have spoken, "You are sleeping too long, and we are wearying to see you smile on us all. Darling, arise!" Obedient to the command of love, the dear child opened her eyes, and sat up, and the first face she saw was that of Jesus.

After this great encounter, which had crowned the labors of the day, Jesus set out for home; but even yet His work was not done, for blind men were waiting for His coming, so that His return journey to Peter's house was marked by miracles. And when He had reached its welcome shelter, exhausted in soul and body, there was brought to Him one who was afflicted with a dumb devil, and he also must be delivered. At last Jesus casts Himself on his poor couch and sleeps; but He had driven sleep from other homes for gladness of heart. Across the lake a man in his senses is at home again; Matthew's heart is on fire, for the kingdom of God is come to him; a mother is thanking God because her prodigal son is forgiven and healed; again the light is burning in Jairus' house, where they are still rejoicing, for this day God has visited His people, and Capernaum has seen His salvation.

(To be continued.)

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REID AND THE "GENERAL ARMSTRONG."

By Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Grip of Honor," etc.

THE GREATEST FIGHT IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN PRIVATEERS.

THE most conspicuous of all the American privateers, for he fought the greatest fight in their records and the most important, was Captain Samuel Chester Reid. It gives one who has an idea that there has been a great gulf fixed from time immemorial between England and the United States something of a shock to find that Reid was the son of an English naval officer. This officer, while in charge of a boat expedition in the war of the Revolution, was captured by the rebellious colonists, and when he had been sufficiently persuaded of the justice of their cause, he resigned his commission in the British Navy and entered the American service. It may be that Miss Rebecca Chester, whose people were brave soldiers and stanch supporters of the Revolution, had something to do with the decision at which he arrived; at any rate, he married her in 1781, and to them in 1783, the year of the peace, was born the great privateer.

He came of distinguished ancestry on both sides of the house, his father being a direct descendant of the Lord High Admiral of Scotland in the great days of Bruce; while the Chesters were of old Colonial and English stock, none better, counting lords and earls galore among them. Young Reid was, therefore, brought up like a gentleman to adorn that station in life unto which it had pleased God to call him, and in every way he proved worthy of his sires. His first choice of a profession was the navy—following in the footsteps of the Lord High Admiral aforesaid—and he learned some good lessons while still a young boy from that past master of seamanship, discipline, and hard, close fighting, Thomas Truxtun, in whose squadron he served as a midshipman in the frigate "Baltimore" in the French War. For various reasons, however, at the close of that little war, he entered the mercantile marine, and, rising rapidly to command rank, became widely known as a bold and successful navigator and captain.

About the middle of the year 1814 he was given command, by her owners, of the "General Armstrong," a small New York privateer, brigantine rigged, and one of the smartest, most noted, and successful of her class. She had already proved, under her other gallant commanders, that she could not only prey, but fight. She had just returned from her fifth lucky cruise. I suppose her to have been about 200 tons burthen, 120 feet long over all, and about thirty feet in beam. Her armament consisted of seven guns—three long nines in each broadside, and a long twenty-four pounder on a pivot amidships, in sea parlance a "Long Tom." Her crew and officers numbered ninety men. They had been selected by Reid himself with especial care, and were probably quite up to the high standard which obtained on that most gallant frigate, the United States ship "Constitution," herself.

The 26th of September, 1814, found Reid and the "Armstrong" at the Island of Fayal in the Azores. He had run the blockade off New York about the middle of the month, distancing all pursuers by his great speed, and had stopped at the island, on his voyage to the English Channel, for food and water. The bay of Da Horta, the principal town and seaport in the Island of Fayal, is crescent-shaped, and is surrounded by a sea-wall, with the old Castle of Santa Cruz, even then an obsolete fortification, at the base of the crescent. Opposite to the entrance of the bay, on a neighboring island, boldly rises the splendid mountain called Pico to a height of nearly 8,000 feet, and on all sides are lofty mountains and hills which descend in beetling crags and wild ravines to the water's edge.

Having speedily fulfilled his errand, the American skipper had gone ashore to call upon and dine with the United States consul,

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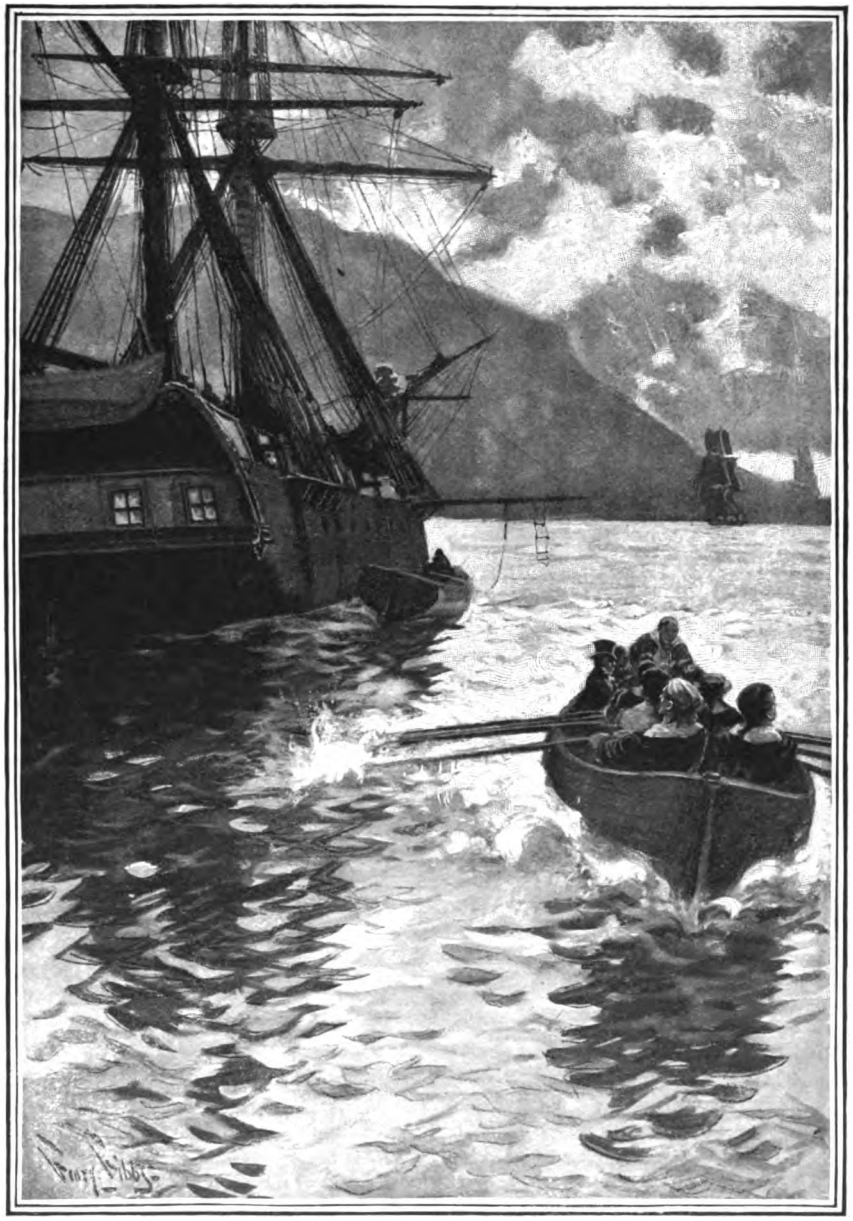

"REID SENT HIS GUESTS POST-HASTE ASHORE."

Mr. Dabney; and after dinner had brought him, and a party of gentlemen with him, off to inspect his vessel. Just about sunset, the spars of a large brig-of-war flying English colors were discovered making around the rocky headlands which bound the entrance to the harbor. The brig, it was soon discovered, was followed by two other large ships, still some distance away. It was the first time any English war vessels had been in the harbor for months. The Portuguese pilot had told the English commodore of the arrival of the privateer, and he came into the harbor with his squadron with the deliberate purpose of effecting her capture.

In spite of Consul Dabney's assurances, it instantly occurred to the wary and experienced Reid that the neutrality of the place would not be respected by the English. It seems to be a general practice among nations to disregard the so-called laws of neutrality with perfect equanimity, provided they

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feel themselves able and willing to abide the consequences. England has done it on several occasions; and the United States have not hesitated to follow her example as late as in the Civil War, so we can cast no stones in this case. Reid sent his guests post-haste ashore, and began to warp his vessel closer into the harbor. The English brig, which proved to be the "Carnation," eighteen guns, Commander George Bentham, did not waste any time. She had hardly dropped anchor in the harbor, before she exchanged signals with the other ships, and then put out four boats crowded with about 120 armed men, who, with the usual British intrepidity, made straight for the "Armstrong."

Reid left the business of warping in to a more convenient season, dropped anchor temporarily, called his men to quarters, and, as the menacing boats rapidly drew near, he repeatedly hailed them to discover their purpose, warning them to desist from their approach or come on at their peril. There was not the least doubt as to the character of the movement in any rational mind. The armed men were in plain sight, as the moon now flooded the placid waters of the bay with a soft autumnal splendor. The English disdaining to make any reply to his hails, and urging their boats persistently onward, Reid opened the fight with a severe, well-directed fire from the great guns of his battery, and his small arms, to which the enemy replied with boat guns and an ineffective musketry fire.

A very few minutes were sufficient to determine this event. Only one boat touched the American, and most of the persons in her were killed or wounded. The other boats stopped rowing, and the officers called for quarter. Then while Reid, who might have sunk all of them without difficulty, mercifully held his fire, the boats turned tail, and, with a large number of killed and wounded on board, made their way back to the brig. They had hoped to carry the "Armstrong" by a *coup-de-main*, but had met with a most discouraging and costly repulse instead. The privateer had only one man killed, and her first lieutenant, a brother of the noted General Wool of the United States Army, severely wounded. Two more masterful players entered the game at this juncture, however, in the shape of His Britannic Majesty's frigate "Rota," thirty-eight, Captain Philip Somerville, followed by His Britannic Majesty's huge ship of the line "Plantagenet," seventy-four, Commodore Robert Lloyd, who commanded the squadron. This raised the effective force of the enemy to nearly 200 guns and 1,200 men.

It was soon evident that Commodore Lloyd intended to take up the frustrated attempt of the "Carnation," for boats were called away from all three ships to the number of twelve. This statement is made upon the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, among them Captain Reid and Consul Dabney, a fine old gentleman of the highest reputation, who stood upon shore in full sight of the battle, with many other observers, some of whom go so far as to say there were fourteen boats, though the British allow there were but seven. These boats were loaded with nearly 450 men. They were towed in by the brig, and then rendezvoused in three divisions under the lee of a little reef just beyond gunshot range from the "Armstrong," while they matured their plans for the contemplated attack.

Meanwhile Reid and his gallant crew, not in the least alarmed by this display of overwhelming force, had completed their preparations to receive and repel the expected onslaught. The "Armstrong" had been warped within a short distance of the shore, where she lay under the useless and silent guns of the Portuguese castle. Two of the guns on the unengaged side of her had been shifted over to face the enemy, through ports cut in the rail for them. All the small arms in the brigantine—of which she had a great many, the pistols actually being in bucketfuls—had been charged and placed close at hand. Boarding nettings made of heavily tarred rope had been triced up from one end of the ship to the other. The cutlasses, boarding axes, and pikes were distributed to the men, who were all provided with steel and leather boarding caps. Reid commanded upon the quarter-deck, his lieutenants in the waist and forward.

Pending any movement of the British, the men were allowed to rest beside the guns, while the officers and a few of the older and more experienced seamen kept watch. It was a strange picture the stars looked down upon that calm September night—that of the little vessel surrounded by her grim and threatening antagonists, her little crew menaced by a force which outnumbered them five to one. Yet we are told that the hardy men slept on the white deck of the privateer, under the shadow of the great peaks and mountains of the island, as soundly and peacefully as though they had a night at home. There was something notable, too, in the spirit which their quiet slumber betokened, of their confidence and trust in

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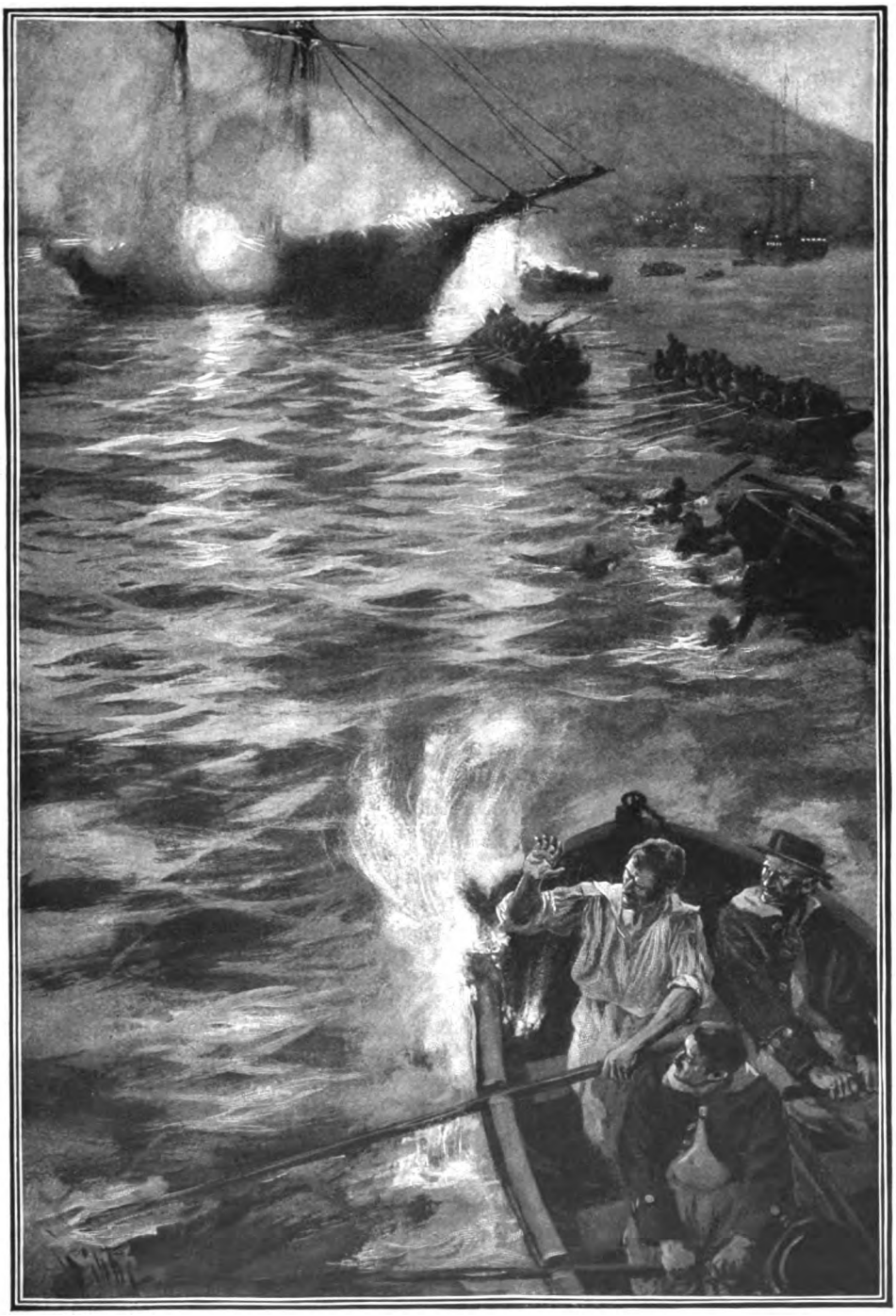

"THE ENGLISH . . . MANFULLY TUGGING AT THE OARS, SWEPT AROUND THE WRECKED BOAT AND DASHED INTO CLOSE ACTION AT ONCE."

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the officers, to whom they looked up as the American sailor has ever looked up to those who led him.

About twelve o'clock, under the lead of Lieutenant William Matterface, the first lieutenant of the "Plantagenet," the flotilla of boats moved out around the reef, and in line ahead—that is, in a long single column—swept down upon the "Armstrong." The midshipmen and other junior officers ran along the decks of the privateer and awakened the sleeping men, who sprang quietly to their stations. The stillness of the night was broken only by the rustle of the oars in the row-locks, and the splash of the dark water parted by the bows of the boats, or tossed up in the air by the feathering blades of the oars, to sparkle in the moonlight. The men on the "Armstrong," so far as the attacking party could see, might have been asleep or dead.

The shore was fairly crowded with spectators now, who held their breath while watching the advance and awaiting the *dénouement*. Out in the harbor, the men left upon the ships swarmed in black clusters in the rigging at eager gaze. The officers of the English men-of-war were closely grouped on the different quarter-decks eagerly scanning the "Armstrong" through their night glasses. With what apprehension Dabney and his son and the few Americans on shore watched the British draw near! It was a moment fraught with the most intense anxiety. Would the "Armstrong" never fire? Was Reid asleep or dead? Had she been abandoned by her crew? Ah! What was that?

A flash of light tore through the gray darkness. A cloud of smoke broke out amidships on the privateer, and a roar like thunder echoed and reëchoed among the surrounding hills. "Long Tom" had spoken! The battle was on. Before the echo had died away, the other guns in the starboard battery, which had been trained upon the advancing line, spoke in quick succession, and sent their messengers of death out over the dark waters. The head of the column was smashed to pieces by the discharge. The first boat was disabled, and the shower of grape did great execution all along the line. With the courage of their race, the stalwart English broke into loud cheers, and, manfully tugging at the oars, swept around the wrecked boat and dashed into close action at once. The boat carronades in the bows of the launches now rang out bravely, adding their sharp notes to the confusion of the exciting moment, as they returned the "Armstrong's" fire. The men of the privateer remained grimly silent, for Reid's command had been:

"No cheering, lads, till we have beat them off and gained the victory!"

There was no time for either side to load its artillery again before the first boat crashed against the side of the privateer, and the leading man sprang up on her low rail. He clutched the netting which barred his passage, and, shortening his sword, hacked frantically at it. He was a fair and easy mark to an old man-of-war's-man on the brigantine, who buried a half-pike deep in his bosom. He had scarcely fallen back before others, undaunted by his fate, eagerly sprang to the rail and took his place. Encouraged and led by their officers, the English strove to board on every hand, and the action at once became general. The boats ranged themselves about the engaged side of the "Armstrong" as hounds surround a wild boar at bay; one division attacked forward, the other in the waist, and the last and strongest endeavored to gain the quarter.

For a few moments the roar of the great guns was succeeded by the sharp crackle of the small arms, the pistols and muskets of the marines; and the darkness was punctured by vivid flashes of fire, in lurid contrast to the moon's pale light. But these ringing reports gradually died away, and, as there was no time to recharge the guns, the conflict resolved itself into an old-fashioned hand-to-hand encounter. The cheers, shouts, curses, and groans of the desperate men, mad with the blood lust of the fight; the ringing of steel on steel, as sword gritted against sword, or ax crashed on boarding cap, or bayonet crossed half-pike in the dreadful fray, filled the hearts of the spectators near by on the shore with horror. The English, in overwhelming numbers, though at a disadvantage as regards position, striving determinedly to make good a footing on the deck, fought with the same indomitable courage as their American brethren. Most gallantly led, again and again they sprang at the rail, officer after officer fell, man after man was cut down; the stout arms of the privateersmen grew weary with hacking, and hewing, and slaughtering men. The boarding netting was at last nearly cut to pieces, and the way was clear for an entrance. Although the slight success came too late to be of much service, a lodgment was finally effected forward on the forecastle by way of the bowsprit; one of the American lieutenants in command there had been killed, the other wounded.

At this moment Reid himself, the only offi-

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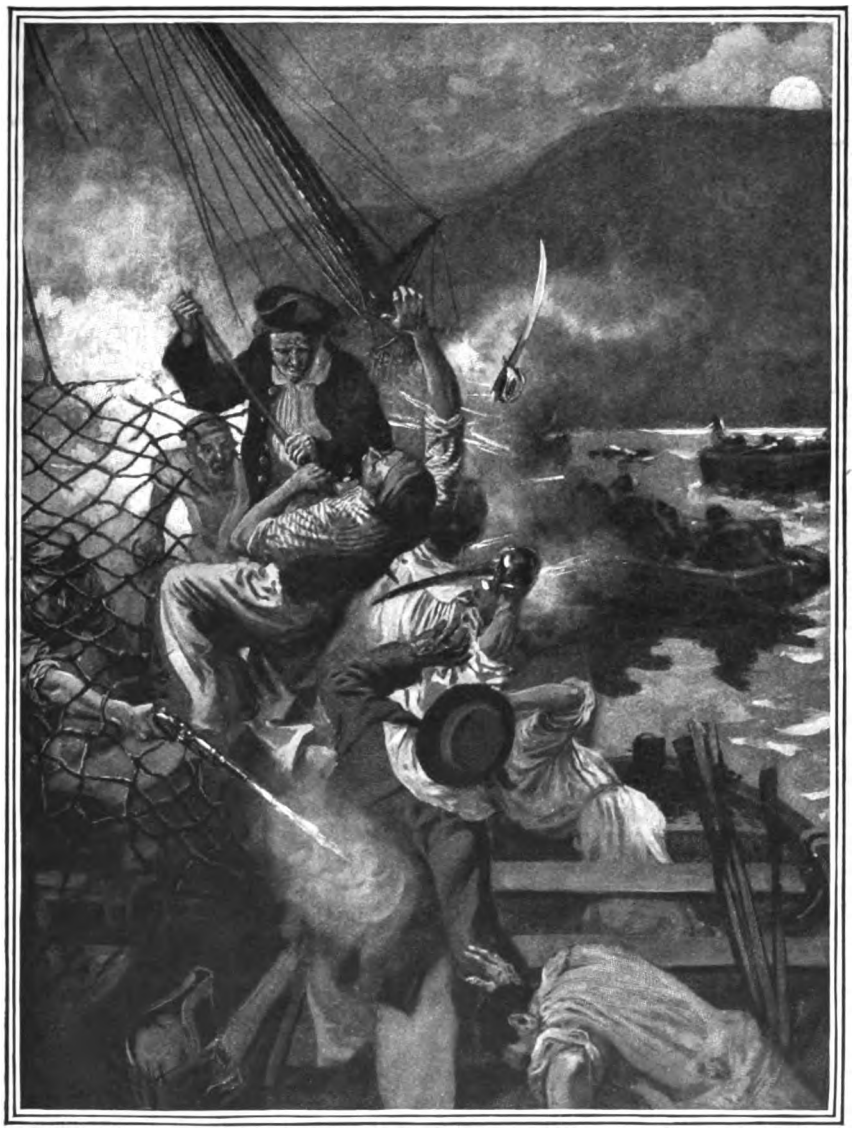
cer of rank now left on deck, after a brief rally with swords between them, in which he was slightly wounded, succeeded in cutting down Matterface, the English leader, who had been engaged in a last desperate endeavor to effect a lodgment on the quarter-deck, and all danger from further attack there was over. Some of the boats of this division were sheering off slowly, manned by a few oarsmen; others full of silent dead and shrieking wounded were aimlessly drifting about. The party attacking the waist had fared little better. Alarmed by the cries in the bow, and seeing that the enemy near him had been effectively disposed of, the Captain led a dashing charge forward and speedily cleared the forecastle. It was all over. That was the expiring effort of the English. They hurried away as they were able, in full retreat. They had been totally beaten.



"AGAIN AND AGAIN THEY SPRANG AT THE RAIL, OFFICER AFTER OFFICER FELL, MAN AFTER MAN WAS CUT DOWN."

Two of the boats were captured, two of them had been sunk, two others drifted ashore and were abandoned by the remainder of their crews, all but three of the sixty or seventy men they originally contained being

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killed or wounded. In one of the boats all were killed but four. Most of the boats that escaped regained their respective ships with the greatest difficulty, in a sinking condition, not only from the fire of the American heavy guns, but on account of having been stove in by solid shot hurled into them by the Americans. The total loss was 250 men on the part of the British, nearly half of whom were killed, and the others severely wounded. The Americans had two killed and only seven wounded! It seems incredible, but it is true, though the British admit only about half the losses ascribed to them. The action had lasted forty minutes.

Not much damage had been done to the privateer either. The boarding netting had been literally cut to pieces; some of the guns, including the "Long Tom," had been dismounted by the shots from the boat carronades; but a few hours sufficed to put everything to rights again.

Sending his dead and wounded ashore, and with the remaining men asleep in sheer exhaustion at their quarters again, Reid waited for the next move. At daybreak the "Carnation" weighed anchor, sheeted home her topsails, and got under way. When she came within range, she opened a fierce cannonade from her heavy guns upon the privateer, which did much damage to the vessel, though producing no casualties among the crew. Reid and his men met and returned the attack with the splendid spirit they had all along exhibited, discharging the guns of their smaller battery with a calm deliberation which enabled them to do great execution. After a short and fierce engagement, the "Carnation" prudently withdrew from the combat, her foretopmast having been shot away, and her other headgear being much damaged and disabled; with several more of her crew killed and wounded, mainly by shot from "Long Tom," which, carefully and skilfully served, had again saved the day. This was victory number three.

The Portuguese governor meanwhile was protesting against the violation of neutrality, and requesting Commodore Lloyd to desist from the fighting. He was informed in reply that the English intended to capture the privateer if they had to bring the ship of the line in and bombard the town to do it. Seeing the uselessness of further resistance, and having maintained the honor of the American flag as few men have been able to do, after fighting a battle which is without parallel in naval annals, and having acquired glory sufficient to satisfy any reasonable man, Reid determined, upon the advice of Dabney and others, to sink his ship; so the "Long Tom," which had done such splendid execution, was swung inboard and pointed down the hatchway and discharged. The "Armstrong" went down from the shot from her own guns. Reid and his men, after spiking the great guns, throwing overboard the powder and small arms, and removing their private belongings, escaped to the shore. A boat party from the English boarded the sinking ship and set what remained of her above the water on fire.

The loss in the first and third attacks probably raised the British total to nearly 300, though it had not increased that of the Americans. There are several fleet actions on record in which the British won glorious victories without inflicting or receiving so much damage as they got in the combat with this little insignificant privateer. The English commander-in-chief was in a rage at the results of the action, so much so that he never made proper report of it to the home authorities; but the statements here given are supported by unimpeachable evidence. Lloyd was so angered that he insisted that there were British deserters among the escaped American crew on shore, and actually compelled the Portuguese commander of the island to have the seamen mustered that he might inspect them. He didn't find any deserters, or at least he did not try to take any, which showed a late discretion on his part.

The action had an importance far beyond its immediate results, in this way: the three English ships were destined to form a part of the fleet rendezvousing at Jamaica to convey Packenham's army of Wellington's veterans to the attack on New Orleans. A delay of ten days was caused by the necessity of burying the dead, attending to the wounded, and repairing the brig and boats at Fayal. Consequently, the fleet at Jamaica, which this squadron finally joined, was also delayed ten days in its departure, to the great indignation of the admiral; and this was just the time that was required to permit the doughty Andrew Jackson to assemble that army and make those preparations by which he was enabled to win one of the most stupendous victories that was ever achieved upon the land.

Reid himself was received with the greatest honor on his return to America. He lived many years, and rendered his country many another good service, after the Fayal fight, his death not occurring until 1861.

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Upheld by Mother and Child.

Not Cheapest.

But Best.

Guard prevents cloth catching in coil.

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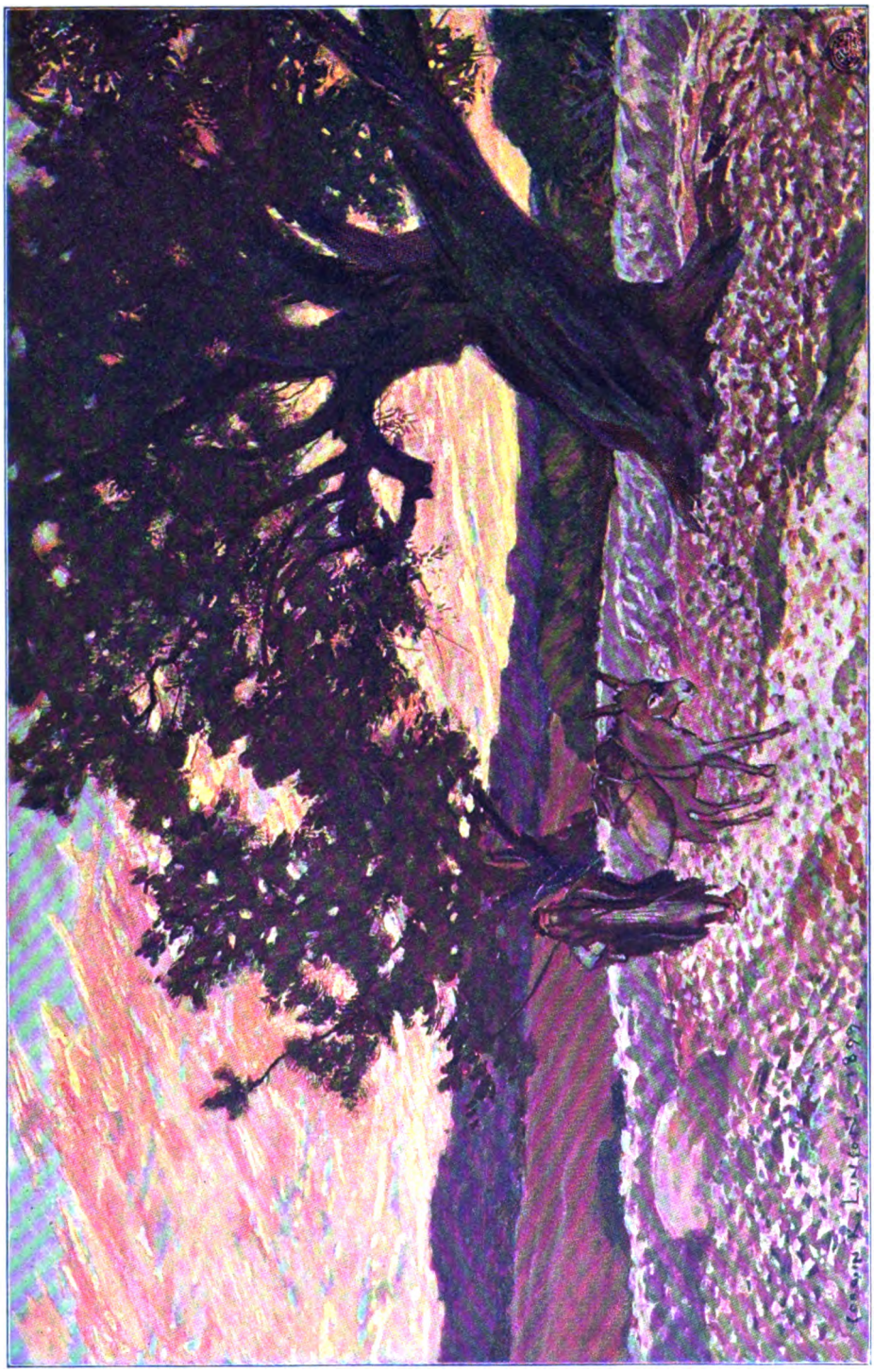

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McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XV. JULY, 1900. No. 3.

THE SEA-BUILDERS.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

TYPICAL INSTANCES OF THE BOLDNESS, SKILL, AND ENDURANCE OF THE MEN WHO ERECT THE DANGER SIGNALS ON ROCKS AND SHOALS.

Illustrated with Photographs Loaned by the United States Lighthouse Board, and Other Pictures.

UPON a dark night, the entire Atlantic coast of the United States from the easternmost point of Maine to Cape Lookout in North Carolina is marked with lights like a city street. Before the watch on a coastwise steamer plying down loses one light over the vessel's stern, another flashes white or red above the prow. Southward from Cape Lookout to the tip of Florida, around the Gulf of Mexico, and up the Pacific coast, a steamer is never more than two hours' sailing beyond the range of some one of these signboards of the sea. Every harbor fairway on the entire 25,000 miles of coast-line bears its own distinctive lights and buoys, so that even the most blunder-headed skipper cannot go astray. The navigator of fresh water may travel the length of the great lakes and up the Mississippi, or up any one of a score of other great rivers, and find a warning light blinking at him from every bar and reef.

In its solicitude for the ships that seek its harbors, the United States Government maintains more than 1,100 lighthouses and lighted beacons; eighty-eight light-vessels and lantern buoys; and nearly 1,800 post lights, most of which mark the shores of navigable rivers. Three hundred and fifty-four siren signals, besides other hundreds operated in connection with the regular lighthouse service, blow a deep bass warning at the rising of a fog. Whistling-buoys, bell-buoys, and shoal-buoys to the number of nearly 5,000 are distributed along the channels of a hundred harbors. In the daytime dangerous bits of coast or river are indicated by 434 day beacons. A fleet of forty-one vessels and more than 4,200 men are required to attend, repair, and supply these aids to navigation; the cost to the people of the country being between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 a year.

A large proportion of the lighthouses, which are by far the most important governmental works for the protection of the mariner, are built on land well above the wash of the sea, where the construction requires only the ordinary skill of the carpenter, the mason, and the iron-worker. The small remaining residue, the off-shore lights, built in the most difficult and dangerous locations that can be selected, have cost more, both in construction and in subsequent maintenance, than all the others put together. The true sea-builder speaks with something akin to contempt for the ordinary shore light. He must have tides, breakers, ice-packs, wrecks, fierce currents, and wind storms to test his metal and to show what he can do. Not only must he be a skilled engineer and builder, but he has need of the mysterious human elements of courage, executive foresight, re-

"WHEN IT IS EVENING" (opposite page).—*When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather; for the sky is red.* —Matt. xvi. 2. Not literally red, but, as I have observed it, of a fiery glow of red and yellow, a brazen sky, the ending of a brilliant day. The intense vividness of color in the sky is peculiarly Syrian, and the contrast of reds and violets on the earth is equally Syrian. Where the olives do not give a note of green—a real green, in this envelope of yellow light—there are but the two harmonies, orange and violet, running their gamuts of varying tones.—Artist's Note. See "The Life of the Master," by Dr. John Watson, p. 278.

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sourcefulness in the face of danger, and perseverance in surmounting obstacles.

In lighthouse building, the stone-tower light easily takes precedence both in age and in the difficulties and dangers which attend its construction. A little more than 140 years ago, John Smeaton, a maker of odd and intricate scientific instruments and a dabbler in mechanical engineering, was called upon to place a light on the bold reefs of Eddystone, near Plymouth, England, and it is to him that the world owes the idea of building a lighthouse in the form of a solid stone tower. In stone-tower lights, as in all other kinds, the first and greatest difficulty which the builder has to meet lies in placing the foundation. For instance, when Captain Alexander began work on Minot's Ledge, in 1855, he had an apparently impossible problem to solve. A bold, black knob of rock lay in the sea just off the southeastern chop of Massachusetts Bay. At high tide the waters covered it entirely, and its place was indicated by a few restless breakers, or, if the water was very calm, by a smooth, oily, treacherous eddy. At the lowest tide, a glistening head, laced around with a collar of surf, protruded a few feet above the surface of the water. In thirty years' time forty-three vessels had been dashed to pieces upon it,

ROBERT STEVENSON, BUILDER OF THE FAMOUS BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, AND AUTHOR OF IMPORTANT INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SYSTEM OF SEA LIGHTING.

From a bust by Joseph, now in the library of Bell Rock Lighthouse.

THE BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, ON THE EASTERN COAST OF SCOTLAND.

From the painting by Turner. The Bell Rock Lighthouse was built by Robert Stevenson, grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson, on the Inchcape Reef, in the North Sea, near Dundee, Scotland, in 1807–1810.

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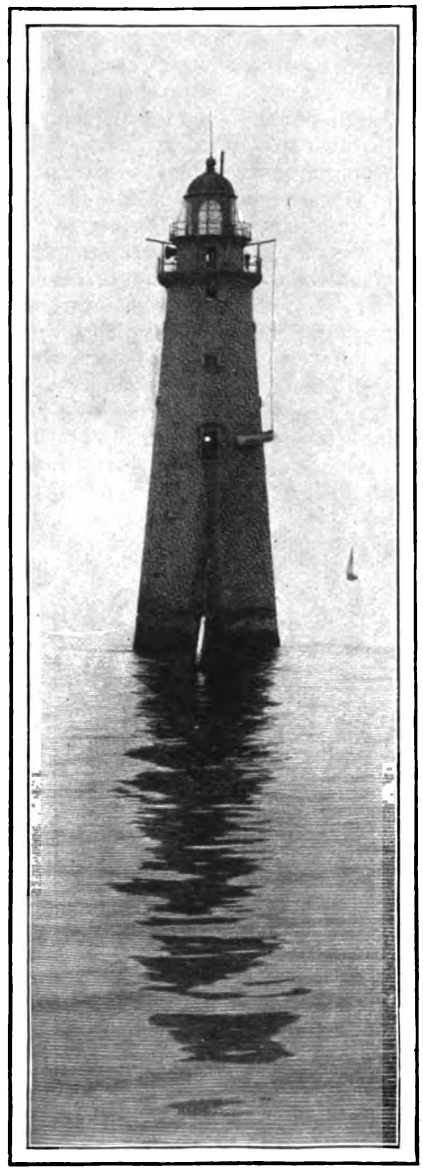
twenty-seven of which were totally lost, together with their crews. A small light, propped on wrought-iron piles, had already occupied the rock; but on a stormy night in April, 1851, while the bell in the tower was ringing furiously, the waves and the wind twisted it from its moorings, and hurled it more than a hundred feet off into the sea, carrying the keepers with it. Upon this ill-fated rock Captain Alexander agreed to build a stone tower 106 feet high and thirty feet in diameter at the base. On his first visit to the reef, it was so slippery with sea moss, and the waves dashed over it so fiercely, that he could not maintain his footing. Part of the ledge was always covered with water, and the remainder, even at low tide, was never bare more than three or four hours at a time.

Captain Alexander sent a crew of men to the rock to scrape it clear of weeds and to cut level steps on which they could maintain a firm footing. They worked with desperate haste and energy. When a great wave came rolling in from the sea, the foreman shouted, and they all fell on their faces, clinging together, and held their breath until the rock was bare again. Sometimes when a storm blew up suddenly and the boats dared not approach near enough to effect a landing, the boatswain was accustomed to cast out a line. One of the workmen would seize it, make it fast to his wrist, and plunge boldly into the sea. Then the sailors would pull him in like a great clumsy cod. Working in instant danger of their lives, and continually drenched and suffering from the smarting of salt-water sores, Captain Alexander's men were able to cut only four or five little foot-holes in the rock during the whole of the first season. But they could console themselves with the fact that it took Winstanley, in building the first Eddystone light, four years to drill twelve foundation holes and fit them with iron rods.



THE PRESENT LIGHTHOUSE ON MINOT'S LEDGE, NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY, FIFTEEN MILES SOUTHEAST OF BOSTON.

"Rising sheer out of the sea, like a huge stone cannon, mouth upward."—LONGFELLOW.

In the second year, the workmen succeeded in building an iron platform twenty feet above low water. Ropes were stretched between the piles on which it rested, and when the waves were high, the men clung to them to prevent being washed into the sea. The next winter a big coast-wise bark, driven in by a storm, swept away the platform, crushed the face of the rock, and ruined the result of two years of hard work in a single night. In the third year, the workmen succeeded in laying four foundation stones; and in the fifth year, the six lower courses of the tower were completed. The work of fitting the stones in place was full of excitement. Stout bags of sand were swung on a crane from a boat to the rock. While they were pitching and tossing in the air, the men caught them, and piled them up in the form of a small pen, and rammed them firmly together. Sometimes it took three or four staggering men, each clinging with one hand to the life-ropes, to handle a single bag. The inside of

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this primitive coffer-dam was then bailed out, and wiped dry with a sponge. Meantime the men on the boat had prepared the stone by laying it on a piece of thin muslin covered with mortar, like a mustard plaster. The edges of the muslin were then drawn up around the top of the stone, and it was lowered into the coffer-dam. Each stone was dovetailed so that it fitted closely into the stone next adjoining it in the course. The difficulty of fitting a stone held aloft on a swinging crane with the waves dashing around the workmen's legs can well be imagined. Quantities of sledges and drills were swept from the rock and lost. One of the more inventive workmen conceived the idea of wearing a life-belt and fastening his sledge to his wrist. This method was generally adopted, and it worked admirably until a breaker washed one of the men off the rock. Owing to the weight on his wrist, he went down head first, and his legs were left sprawling above the surface of the water. He was rescued with the greatest difficulty.

In five years' time the light was finished, "rising sheer out of the sea," as Longfellow describes it, "like a huge stone cannon, mouth upward." It cost the government $300,000.

The devotion and the loyalty of the lighthouse builder approach the enthusiasm of the soldier in the heat of battle. When the first of that famous family of engineers, the Stevensons, was building the Bell Rock Light on the Inchcape Reef, his Scotchmen worked with the desperation of despair. Only two could remain on the rock at a time, but they stuck there with the tenacity of leeches, the cold water of the North Sea bearing down every few minutes and whipping entirely over them. In describing the progress of the work, Stevenson tells with quaint humor how the drenched workers were cheered by a sailor on board the work-ship who played sweetly on a German flute. Iron rods were fastened into the reef to hold the courses of the tower. When the first stone was at last swung out on the tipsy crane, the workmen, ragged and chilled, and worn with the hard struggle, clung to the iron rods and cheered madly, like soldiers just over the crest of an enemy's fort.

THE FOWEY ROCKS LIGHTHOUSE, FLORIDA.

LAYING A WALL UNDER THE ICE-COLD WATERS OF LAKE HURON.

One of the most difficult of all stone-tower lighthouses to build was the Spectacle Reef Light, in the northern end of Lake Huron, near the Straits of Mackinac. Here the problem was to deal not with tides or heavy seas, but with the crushing force of the ice-packs that came down out of the North and moved with all of the mighty power of a glacier. The site of the tower was a lone rock lying more than ten miles from land and eleven feet under the surface of the water. At first the engineers declared the work impossible of accomplishment, but the wreck of a number of valuable vessels on the reef spurred them to attempt it. The plans were drawn by General O. M. Poe, who was Sherman's chief engineer on the famous march to the sea. An enormous wooden crib, ninety-two feet square, twenty-four feet high, and enclosing a space sixty-eight feet square, was built at a harbor twelve miles away, and towed out to the rock. Here it was sunk to the bottom, and weighted with stone, and thus was formed a quiet pond in which the work could be prosecuted. A bottomless tub, thirty-six feet in diameter and having staves fourteen feet long, was now built, and suspended exactly over the site of the tower. A rope of oakum was tacked to its lower edge; and then when a diver had

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A STORM AT THE TILLAMOOK LIGHTHOUSE, IN THE PACIFIC, ONE MILE OUT FROM TILLAMOOK HEAD, OREGON.

cleaned off the rock below, the tub was lowered into the water and down to the rock. The staves were mauled down until each pressed close down on the rock. Then the divers, toiling in the icy water, filled all of the openings around the bottom of the tub with hay and Portland cement. The tub being thus made perfectly tight, a huge pump soon emptied it of all the water, and the rock lay clean and bare, ready for the workmen.

Owing to the approach of winter, great haste was necessary to secure the preliminary work so that it would not be affected by the ice. Not infrequently the men were called out at three o'clock in the morning, and they were allowed only a few minutes for meals during a day's work, which often lasted from eighteen to twenty-one hours. During the last days of the season, snow and sleet fell almost constantly, and the waves frequently dashed over the breakwater, keeping the men drenched. The next summer the work was continued with renewed zeal. For the first thirty-four feet, the tower was built of solid masonry, thirty-two feet in diameter, the stones all dovetailed firmly together, and the courses attached one to another with heavy iron rods. In the top of the tower, five keepers' rooms were built, one above the other, and connected with spiral stairways. Far up at the pinnacle, stands the cylindrical box of iron and glass which protects the light. The cost of the Spectacle Reef tower was $375,000. In the spring after it was finished, the work of the builders was given a remarkable test. The keepers, returning to their sturdy charge, found the hitherto irresistible ice-pack piled to a depth of more than thirty feet around the tower, so that they had to cut their way in to the door. Following General Poe's plans, a similar lighthouse was afterwards constructed on Stannard Rock, in Lake Superior.

WINTERING ON A WAVE-SWEPT ROCK IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

Even more formidable difficulties and dangers were encountered in building Tillamook

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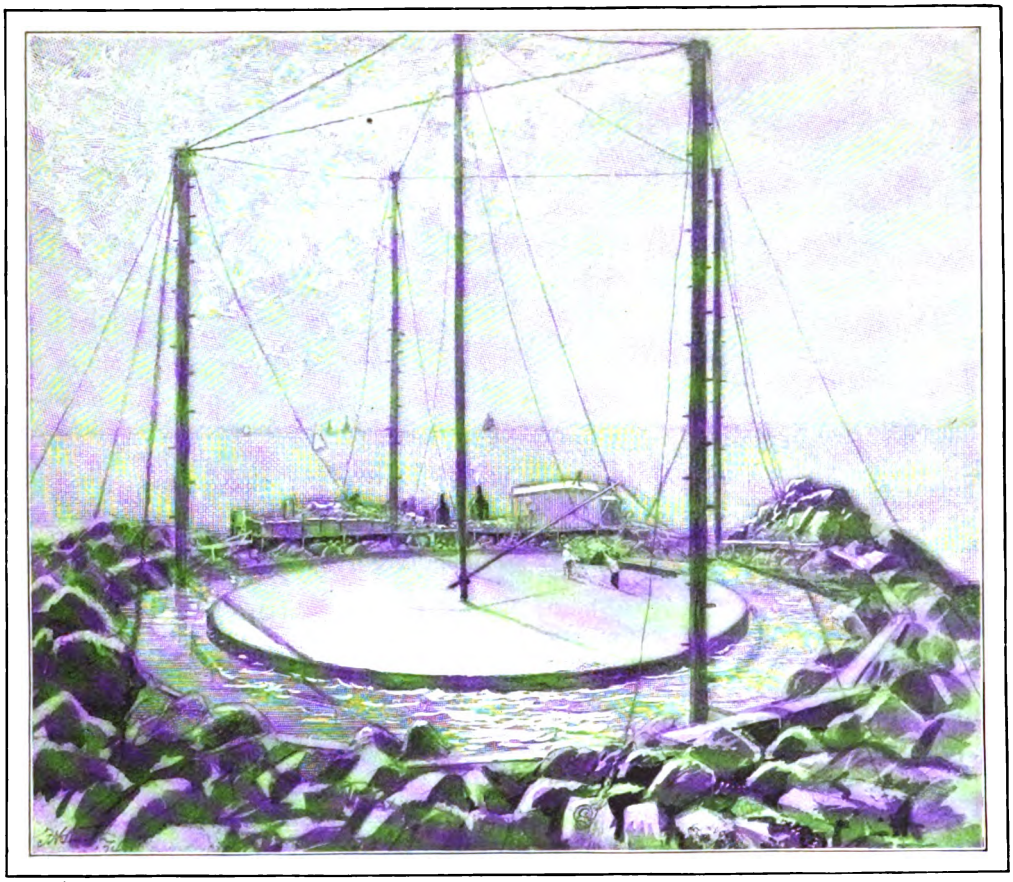

CONSTRUCTION OF THE RACE ROCK LIGHTHOUSE, LONG ISLAND SOUND, NEW YORK.

This picture, showing the state of the foundation on September 5, 1874, is from a sketch by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, the constructing engineer.

lighthouse, off the coast of Oregon. While its foundation is not submerged, yet because of its exposed position in the ocean it belongs properly among the off-shore lights. The island rock on which it rests rises a sheer eighty feet above a brawling sea. It is only a mile from the mainland, but the nearest harbor, owing to the precipitous shores, is twenty miles away, at the mouth of the Columbia River. So violent are the waves that break around the ragged edges of the island, that it was only with the utmost difficulty that the surveyors made their first landings. One expedition was headed by an experienced English lighthouse-builder named Trewavas. When he reached the rock, it was edged with surf, although the sea outside was almost wholly calm. When the boat was swept up close to the rock, he and one of the sailors leaped for shore. Trewavas stumbled, and was carried out to sea, and drowned in sight of his boat's crew.

One of the earliest and oddest difficulties with which the Tillamook builders had to contend was an immense herd of sea-lions, which defended their ancient citadel with persistent valor. Before the workmen were allowed undisputed possession, they were compelled to arm themselves, and drive the herd repeatedly into the sea.

Owing to the great difficulty in making landings, most of the workmen were sent to the rock in a breeches-buoy. A thick hawser was stretched from the summit of the island to the mast of a ship lying 300 feet away in calm water. Along this traveled the buoy, which consisted of a life-preserver fastened to a stout pair of breeches cut off at the knees. Sometimes when the water was a trifle rough, giving the ship a rolling motion, the hawser would slacken suddenly, let the buoy and its passenger drop with sickening velocity into the sea, and then snatch them out, and hurl them fiercely a hundred feet

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in air. Only men of seasoned pluck could be persuaded to make this trip at all. A large crew were finally landed, with supplies enough to last them several months, and at the coming of winter and rough weather the ship was compelled to leave them to their fate. One night in January, a tornado drove the waves entirely over the rock, crushing the tent in which the men slept, and washing away most of their provisions and nearly all of their tools, clothing, and equipment. For days at a time, in the coldest weather of a northern winter, they were compelled to lie clinging to the slippery rock, drenched with icy water, exposed to swiftly succeeding storms of snow and sleet, and cut by the sharp sea winds. During all of this time they had no sufficient means of warming themselves, practically no fresh water to drink, and nothing to eat but hard-tack and bacon, soaked in sea water. Few Arctic explorers have had to suffer the perils and privations to which these lighthouse-builders were subjected. And yet they lived, and built a great lighthouse on the summit of the rock.

THE GREAT BEDS LIGHT STATION, RARITAN BAY, NEW JERSEY—A SPECIMEN OF IRON-CYLINDER CONSTRUCTION.

Colonel G. L. Gillespie, the engineer who had charge of this wonderful work, tells an amusing story of the difficulties of the lighthouse establishment in finding a cook who was willing to live on the rock, cut off wholly for months at a time from communication with the outside world. Finally, a portly, good-natured German named Greuber agreed to accept the position. He was promptly sent down to Tillamook, but when he saw the tossing breeches-buoy in which he was expected to make the passage to the rock, he held fast to the rail of the ship. "I'm too fat," he explained. On his return to Astoria his friends made so much fun of him that he declared he would go to the rock if it killed him. He turned as white as chalk when the buoy was strapped around him, but he made the trip without even wetting his feet. After that, however, nothing would persuade him to venture again in the perilous buoy, and he died recently on the rock after nearly sixteen years of continuous service there.

The builder of Race Rock Light, in Long Island Sound, was Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, known as the author of "Colonel Carter" and "Caleb West." Here again the work of construction was fraught with extraordinary difficulties and dangers. The foundation rock is just off Fisher's Island Sound, at a point where the water rushes both ways, according to the tide, with great force. A quantity of stone riprap was thrown into the swift water, where it was arranged by divers, and then covered with a circular mass of concrete, on which a tower of solid granite was constructed.

A stone-tower lighthouse bears much the same relation to an iron-pile lighthouse that a sturdy oak bears to a willow twig. One meets the fury of wind and wave by stern resistance, opposing force to force; the other conquers its difficulties by avoiding them. The principles of construction in the two are entirely different, and the builder of the screw-pile or disk-pile light is confronted by his own peculiar problems and dangers. For southern waters, where there is no danger of moving ice-packs, iron-pile lighthouses have been found very useful, although the action of the salt water on the iron piling necessitates frequent repairs. More than eighty lights of this de-

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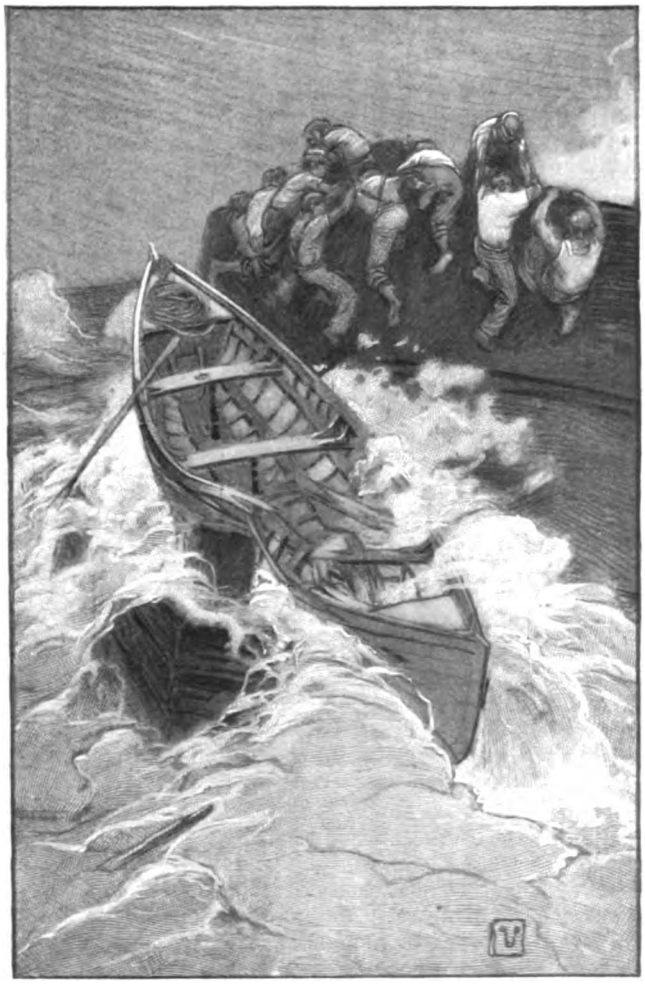
scription dot the shoals of Florida and the adjoining States. Some of the oldest ones still remain in use in the North, notably the one on Brandywine Shoal, in Delaware Bay, but it has been found necessary to surround them with strongly built ice-breakers.

A BRILLIANT WAITING BATTLE FOUGHT ON SOLDIER KEY.

Two magnificent iron-pile lights are found on Fowey Rocks and American Shoal, off the coast of Florida, the first of which was built with much difficulty. Fowey Reef lies five miles from the low coral island of Soldier Key. Northern storms, sweeping down the Atlantic, brush in wild breakers over the reef and out upon the little key, often burying it entirely under a torrent of water. Even in calm weather the sea is rarely quiet enough to make it safe for a vessel of any size to approach the reef. The builders erected a stout elevated wharf and storehouse on the key, and brought their men and tools to await the opportunity to dart out when the sea was at rest and begin the work of marking the reef. Before shipment, the lighthouse, which was built in the North, was set up complete from foundation to pinnacle and thoroughly tested.

At length the workmen were able to stay on the reef long enough to build a strong



SAVING THE CYLINDER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE AT SMITH POINT, CHESAPEAKE BAY, FROM BEING SWAMPED IN A HIGH SEA.

When the builders were towing the unwieldy cylinder out to set it in position, the water became suddenly rough and began to fill it. Workmen, at the risk of their lives, boarded the cylinder, and by desperate labors succeeded in spreading sail canvas over it, and so saved a structure that had cost months of labor and thousands of dollars.

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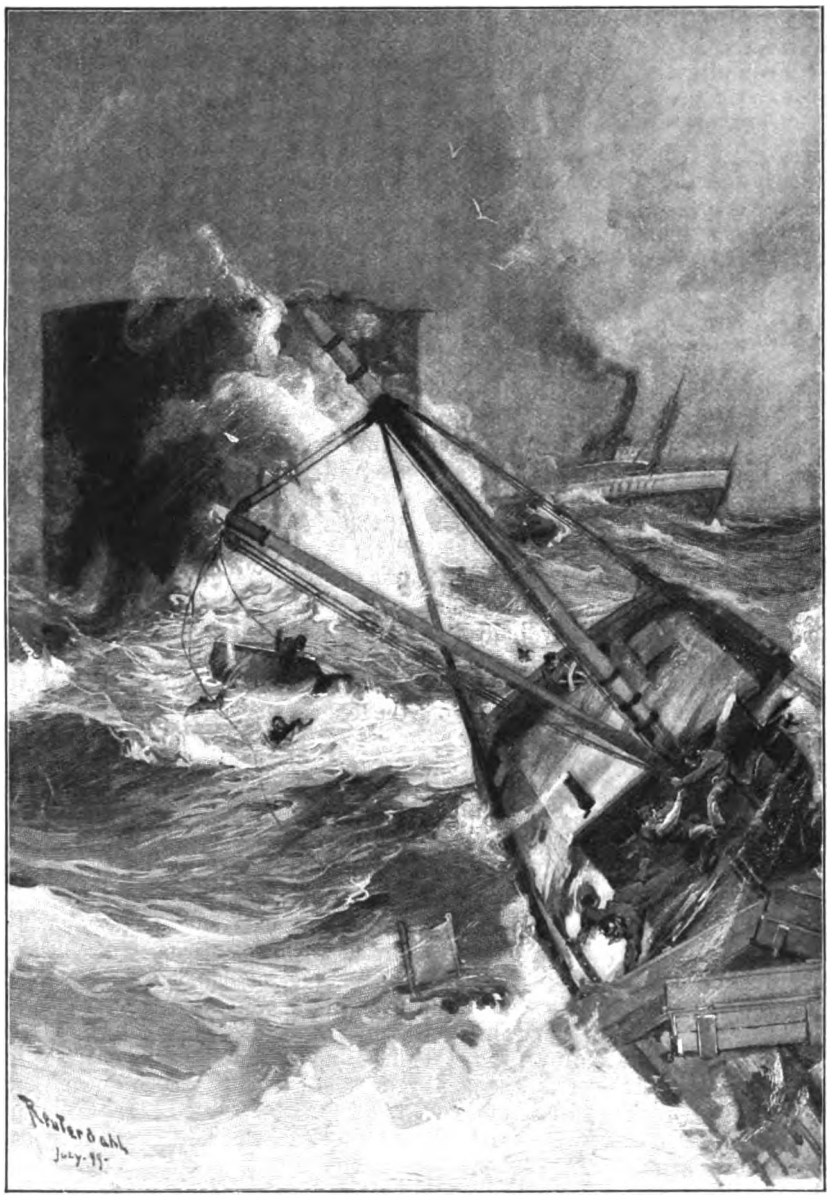

WORK ON THE SMITH POINT LIGHTHOUSE STOPPED BY A VIOLENT STORM.

Just after the cylinder had been set in place, and while the workmen were hurrying to stow sufficient ballast to secure it against a heavy sea, a storm forced the attending steamer to draw away. One of the barges was almost overturned, and a lifeboat was driven against the cylinder and crushed to pieces.

working-platform twelve feet above the surface of the water and set on iron-shod mangrove piles. Having established this base of operations in the enemy's domain, they lowered a heavy iron disk to the reef, and the first pile was driven through the hole at its center. Elaborate tests were made after each blow of the sledge, and the slightest deviation from the vertical was promptly rectified with block and tackle. In two months' time, nine piles were driven ten feet into the coral rock, the workmen toiling long hours under a blistering sun. When the time came to erect the superstructure, the sea suddenly awakened, and storm followed storm, so that for weeks together no one dared venture out to the reef. The men rusted and grumbled on the narrow docks of

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the key, and work was finally suspended for an entire winter. At the very first attempt to make a landing in the spring, a tornado drove the vessels far out of their course. But a crew was finally placed on the working-platform, with enough food to last them several weeks, and there they stayed, suspended between the sea and the sky, until the structure was complete. This lighthouse cost $175,000.

BUILDING FIRMLY UNDER WATER ON SHIFTING SANDS.

Another class of lighthouse, quite different from either of those already described, consists of a solid iron tower with a core of concrete. This is designed especially to mark sandy shoals lying under some depths of water, at a greater or less distance from shore. It was less than twenty years ago that sea-builders first ventured to grapple with the difficulties presented by these offshore shoals. In 1881, Germany built the first cylinder iron lighthouse, at Rothersand, near the mouth of the Weser River, and three years later the Lighthouse Establishment of the United States planted a similar tower on Fourteen Foot Banks, over three miles from the shores of Delaware Bay, in twenty feet of water. Since then many dangerous shoals have been marked by new lighthouses of this type. A few years ago, W. H. Flaherty of New York built such a lighthouse at Smith Point, in Chesapeake Bay. At the mouth of the Potomac River the opposing tides and currents have built up shoals of sand extending eight or ten miles out into the bay. Here the waves, sweeping in from the open Atlantic, sometimes drown the side lights of the big Boston steamers. The point has a grim story of wrecks and loss of life; last year alone four sea craft were driven in and swamped on the shoals. The Lighthouse Establishment planned to set up the light just at the edge of the channel, about eight miles from shore and 120 miles south of Baltimore. Eighty thousand dollars was appropriated for doing the work. In August, 1896, the contractors formally agreed to build the lighthouse for $56,000, and, more than that, to have the lantern burning within a single year.

By the last of September a huge, unwieldy foundation caisson was framing in a Baltimore shipyard. It was made in the form of a bottomless box, thirty-two feet square and twelve feet high, with the top nearly as thick as a man is high, so that it would easily sustain the weight of the great iron cylinder soon to be placed upon it. It was lined and caulked, painted inside and out, to make it air tight and water tight. When finished, it was dragged out into the bay, together with half an acre of mud and dock timbers. Here the workmen crowned it with the first two courses of the iron cylinder—a collar thirty feet in diameter and about twelve feet high. Inside of this, a second cylinder, a steel air-shaft, five feet in diameter, rose from a hole in the centre of the caisson, thus providing a means of entrance and exit when the structure should reach the shoal. Upon the addition of this vast weight of iron and steel, the wooden caisson, although it weighed nearly a hundred tons, disappeared completely under the water, leaving in view only the great black rim of the iron cylinder and the top of the air-shaft.

On April 7th of the next year, the fleet was ready to start on its voyage of conquest. The whole country had contributed to the expedition. Cleveland, Ohio, furnished the iron plates for the tower; Pittsburg sent steel and machinery; South Carolina supplied the enormous yellow pine timbers for the caisson; Washington provided two great barge loads of stone; and New York City contributed hundreds of tons of Portland cement and sand and gravel.

Everything necessary to the completion of the lighthouse and the maintenance of eighty-eight men was loaded on boats; and quite a fleet they made as they lay out in the bay in the warm spring sunshine. The flag-ship was a big, double-deck steamer, 200 feet over all, once used in the coast-wise trade. She was loaded close down to her white lines, and men lay over her rails in double rows. She led the fleet down the bay, and two tugs and seven barges followed in her wake. The steamer towed the caisson at the end of a long hawser. In three days the fleet reached the lighthouse site.

During all of this time the sea had been calm, with only occasional puffs of wind, and the builders planned, somewhat exultantly, to drop the caisson the moment they arrived. But before they were well in sight of their destination the sea awakened suddenly, as if conscious of the planned surprise. A storm blew up in the north, and at sunset on the 10th of April, the waves were washing over the top of the iron cylinder and slapping it about like a boy's raft. A few tons of water inside the structure would sink it entirely, and the builder would lose months of work and thousands of dollars. From a

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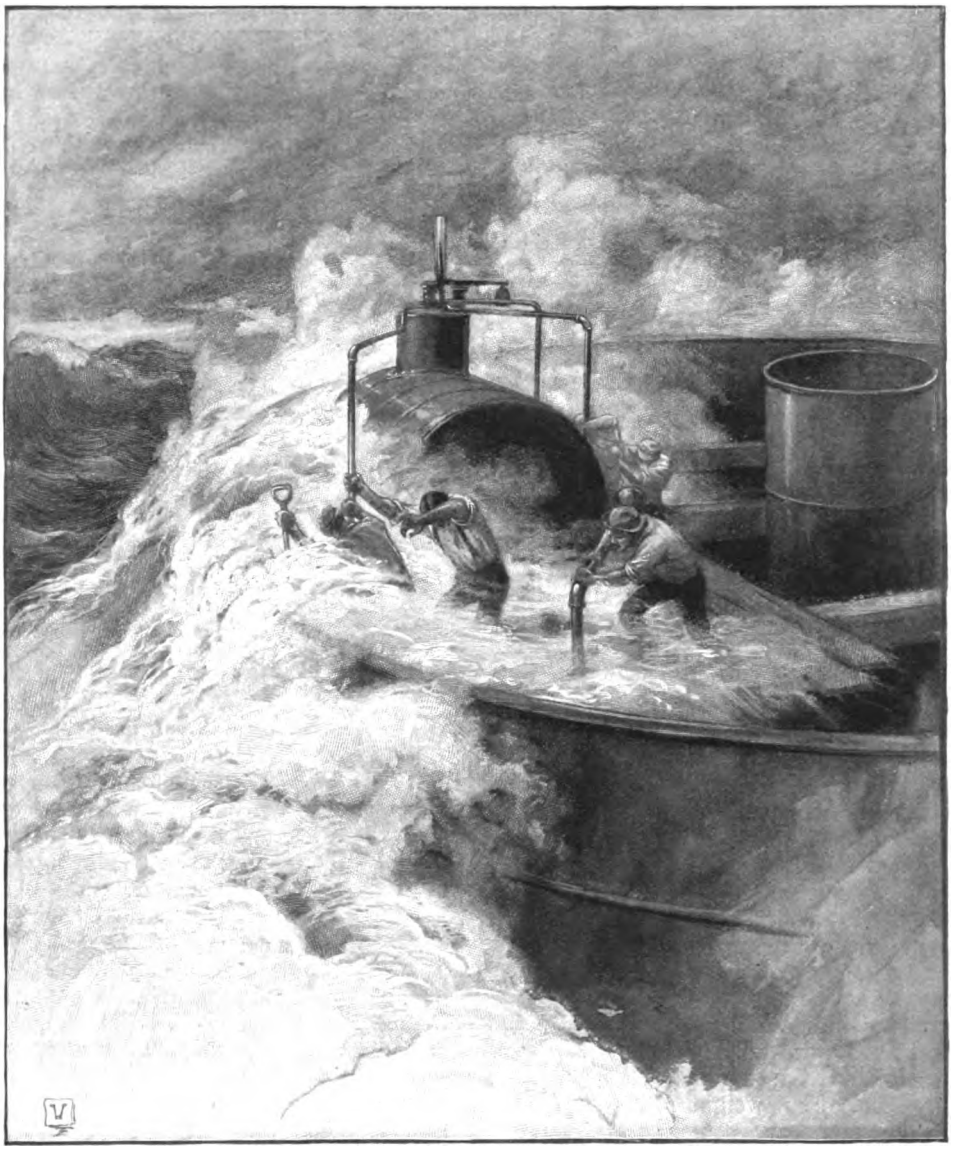

"GREAT WAVES DASHED ENTIRELY OVER THEM, SO THAT THEY HAD TO CLING FOR THEIR LIVES TO THE AIR-PIPES."

In erecting the Smith Point lighthouse, after the cylinder was set up, it had to be forced down fifteen and a half feet into the sand. The lives of the men who did this, working in the caisson at the bottom of the sea, were absolutely in the hands of the men who managed the engine and the air-compressor at the surface; and twice these latter were entirely deluged by the sea, but still maintained steam and kept everything running as if no sea was playing over them.

rude platform on top of the cylinder two men were working at the pumps to keep the water out. When the edge of the great iron rim heaved up with the waves, they pumped and shouted; and when it went down, they strangled and clung for their lives.

The builder saw the necessity of immediate assistance. Twelve men scrambled into a lifeboat, and three waves later they were dashed against the rim of the cylinder. Here half of the number, clinging like cats to the iron plates, spread out a sail canvas, and drew it over the windward half of the cylinder, while the other men pulled it down with their hands and teeth, and lashed it firmly into place. In this way the cylinder shed most of the wash, although the larger waves

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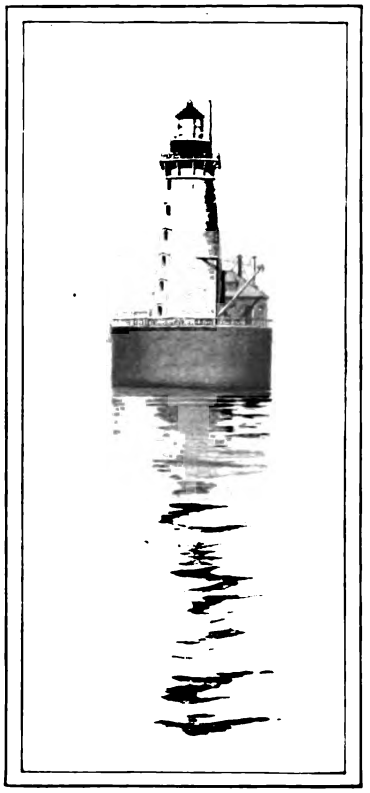
still scuttled down within its iron sides. Half of the crew were now hurried down the rope ladders inside of the cylinder, where the water was nearly three feet deep and swashing about like a whirlpool. They all knew that one more than ordinarily large wave would send the whole structure to the bottom; but they dipped swiftly, and passed up the water without a word. It was nothing short of a battle for life. They must keep the water down or drown like rats in a hole. They began work at sunset, and at sunrise the next morning, when the fury of the storm was somewhat abated, they were still at work—and the cylinder was saved.

The swells were now too high to think of planting the caisson, and the fleet ran into the mouth of the Great Wicomico River, to await a more favorable opportunity. Here the party lay for a week. On April 17th, the weather being calmer, the fleet ventured out stealthily. A buoy marked the spot where the lighthouse was to stand. When the cylinder was exactly over the chosen site, the valves of two of the compartments into which it was divided were quickly opened, and the water poured in. The weight of the water carried it downward, and the moment the lower edge touched the shoal, the men began working with feverish haste. Large stones were rolled from the barges around the outside of the caisson to prevent the water from eating away the sand and tipping the structure over. In the meantime a gang of twenty men had taken their places in the compartments of the cylinder that were still unfilled with water. A shute from the steamer vomited a steady stream of dusty concrete down upon their heads. A pump drenched them with an unceasing cataract of salt water. In this terrible hole they wallowed and struggled, shoveling the concrete mortar into place and ramming it down. The whole crew, even the cooks and the stokers, were called upon at this supreme moment to take a hand in the work. Unless the structure could be sufficiently ballasted while the water was calm, the first wave would brush it over and pound it to pieces on the shoals.



THE LIGHTHOUSE ON STANNARD ROCK, LAKE SUPERIOR.

This is a stone-tower lighthouse, similar in construction to the one built with such difficulty on Spectacle Reef, Lake Huron.

WORK AND WORKMEN NEARLY DESTROYED BY A SUDDEN STORM.

After this exhausting labor had continued nearly two hours, the captain of the steamer suddenly shouted the command to cast away. The sky had turned black, and the waves ran high. All of the cranes were whipped in, and up from the cylinder poured the shovellers, looking as if they had been freshly rolled in a mortar bed. There was a confused babel of voices and a wild flight for the steamer. In the midst of the excitement one of the barges snapped a hawser, and being now lightened of its load, it all but turned over in a trough of the sea. The men aboard her went down on their faces, clung fast, and shouted for help, and it was only with difficulty that they were rescued. One of the life-boats, venturing too near the cylinder, was crushed like an egg-shell, but a tug was ready to pick up the men who manned it. So terrified were the workmen by the dangers and difficulties of the task, that twelve of them ran away that night without asking for their pay.

On the following morning, the builders were appalled to see that the cylinder was inclined more than four feet from the perpendicular. In spite of the stone piled around the caisson, the water had washed the sand from under one edge of it, and it had tipped part way over. Now was the supreme crisis in the whole enterprise. A little lack of courage or skill, and the work was doomed.

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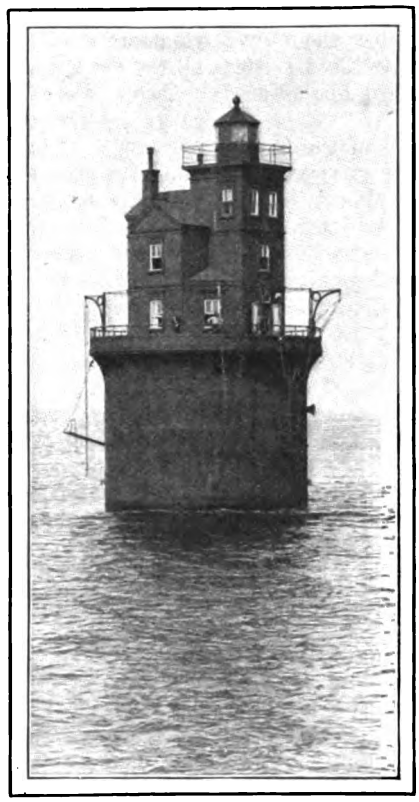
The waves still ran high, and the freshet currents from the Potomac River poured past the shoals at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. But one of the tugs ran out daringly, dragging a barge load of stone. The barge was made fast, and although it pitched so that every wave threatened to swamp it, and every man aboard was sea-sick, they managed to throw off 200 tons more of stone around the base of the caisson on the side toward which it was inclined. In this way further tipping in that direction was prevented, and the action of the water on the sand under the opposite side soon righted the structure.

Beginning on the morning of April 21st, the entire crew worked for forty-eight hours without sleeping, or even stopping for meals more than fifteen minutes at a time. When at last they were relieved, they came up out of the cylinder shouting and cheering because the foundation was at last secure.



FOURTEEN-FOOT BANK LIGHT STATION, DELAWARE BAY, DELAWARE.

The structure was now about thirty feet high, and was filled nearly to the top with concrete. The next step was to force it down fifteen and one-half feet into the hard sand at the bottom of the bay, thus securing it forever against the power of the waves and the tide. An air-lock, which is a strongly built steel chamber about the size of a hogshead, was placed on the top of the air-shaft, the water in the big box-like caisson at the bottom of the cylinder was forced out with compressed air, and the men prepared to enter the caisson.

No toil can compare in its severity and danger with that of a caisson-worker. He is first sent into the air-lock, and the air pressure is gradually increased around him until it equals that of the caisson below; then he may descend. New men often shout and beg pitifully to be liberated from the torture. Frequently they bleed at the ears and nose, a terrible clutching comes at the throat, and for a time their heads throb as if about to burst open.

In a few minutes these pains pass away, the workers crawl down the long ladder of the air-shaft, and begin to dig away the sand of the sea bottom. It is washed high around the bottom of a four-inch pipe which leads up the air-shaft and reaches out over the sea. A valve in the pipe is opened, and the sand and stones are driven upward by the compressed air of the caisson and blown out into the water with tremendous force. As the sand is mined away the great tower above it sinks slowly downward. In prosecuting the work the marine toilers often grow sallow-faced, yellow-eyed, become half deaf, and lose all appetite.

ALMOST SMOTHERED TO DEATH IN A CAISSON.

When the Smith Point tower was within two feet of being down deep enough, the workmen had a strange and terrible adventure. Thirty-five men were in the caisson at the time. They noticed that the candles stuck along the wall were burning a lambent green. Black streaks, that widened swiftly, formed along the white-painted walls. One man after another began staggering dizzily, with eyes blinded and a terrible burning in the throat. Orders were instantly given to ascend, and the crew with the help of ropes succeeded in escaping. All that night the men lay moaning and sleepless in their bunks. In the morning only a few of them could open their eyes, and they all experienced the keenest torture in the presence of light.

That afternoon, Major E. H. Ruffner, of Baltimore, the government inspector of the district, appeared with two physicians. An examination of the caisson showed that the men had struck a vein of sulphureted hy-

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drogen gas. When the air-lock was opened, the stench became almost unendurable even at a steamer's length from the cylinder.

For three days the force lay idle. There seemed no way of completing the foundation. On the fourth day, after another flooding of the caisson, Mr. Flaherty called for volunteers to go down the air-shaft, agreeing to accompany them himself—all this in the face of the spectacle of thirty-five men moaning in their bunks, with their eyes burning and blinded and their throats raw. Fourteen men stepped forward, and offered to "see the work through."

Upon reaching the bottom of the tower, they found that the flow of gas was less rapid, and they worked with almost frantic energy, expecting every moment to feel the gas griping in their throats. In half an hour another shift came on, and before night the lighthouse was down to within an inch or two of its final resting-place.

The last shift was headed by an old caisson-man named Griffin, who bore the record of having stood seventy-five pounds of air pressure in the famous Long Island gas tunnel. Just as the men were ready to leave the caisson, the gas suddenly burst up again, with something of explosive violence. Instantly the workmen threw down their tools and made a dash for the air-shaft. Here a terrible struggle followed. Only one man could go up the ladder at a time, and they scrambled and fought, pulling down by main force every man who succeeded in reaching the rounds. A moment later they began to stagger apart, blinded by gas, some of them even striking at the solid walls of the caisson with their bare fists. Then one after another they dropped in the sand unconscious. A few of the stronger ones scrambled up the ladder.

Griffin, remaining below, had signaled for a rope. When it came down, he groped for the nearest workman, fastened it around his body, and sent him aloft. Then he crawled around and pulled the unconscious workmen under the air-shaft. One by one he sent them up. The last was a powerfully built Irishman named Howard. Griffin's eyes were blinded, and he was so dizzy that he reeled like a drunken man, but he managed to get the rope around Howard's body and start him up. At the eighteen-inch door of the lock the unconscious Irishman wedged fast, and those outside could not pull him through. Griffin climbed painfully up the thirty feet of ladder, and pushed and pulled until Howard's limp body went through. Griffin tried to follow him, but his numbed fingers slipped on the steel rim and he slid backward into the death-hole below. They dropped the rope again, but there was no response. One of the men called Griffin by name. The half-conscious caisson-man aroused himself, and managed to tie the rope under his arms. Then he, too, was hoisted aloft, and when he was dragged from the caisson, more dead than alive, the half-blinded men on the steamer's deck set up a shout of applause—all the reward that he ever received.

Two of the men prostrated by the gas had to go into a hospital, and were months recovering. Another went insane. Griffin was blind for six weeks. Four others came out with the malady known as "bends," which attacks those who work long under high air pressure: the victim of it cannot straighten his back, and often his legs and arms are cramped and contorted.

Nor were the men who ran the engine and air-compressor on the top of the cylinder exempt from peril. Twice while the work was in progress great waves dashed entirely over them, so that they had to cling for their lives to the air-pipes. These sudden inundations of cold water also had the effect of cooling the boiler and reducing steam, so that the air-compressor barely moved. If the pressure once failed entirely, the men below would suffer instant death; and the stokers and engineman were compelled to make fire when they could hardly keep their places on the boiler platform.

Having sunk the caisson deep enough, the workmen filled it full of concrete, and sealed the top of the air-shaft. In the meantime a storm had come up, and before the steamer could free itself from its moorings, the waves drove it bodily against the cylinder. Eight of the heavy iron plates in the sixth course, each of which was over an inch thick and weighed a ton, were crushed in like so many panes of window-glass. For three weeks, in May and June, the men lay idle again, waiting the coming of new plates. It seemed impossible that the tower could be completed within the year, but so thoroughly had the builder prepared for emergencies, that within twenty-four days after the new plates were in place, the light-keeper's quarters had been completed, and the lantern was ready for lighting. Three days within the contract year the tower was formally turned over to the Government. And thus the builders, besides providing a warning to countless vessels, had erected a lasting monument of their own skill, courage, and perseverance.

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A TRAGEDY OF FRONTIER FORT LIFE.

By W. J. Carney.

A TRUE STORY FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE IN THE ARMY.

ORTS on the plains, in most cases, are not forts at all: they are nothing but military settlements. A four-company fort, like Fort Sedgwick, is a pretty large settlement, and it is out of the question to so guard it as to effectually prevent men from going in and out at night. It would require a chain guard of not less than fifty men to challenge all comers and goers.

New Year's Eve, 1866, was a night of awful cold and storm. Looking back now, it seems to me that I never saw another so frightful. The wind howled and roared, and the sleet and snow that had been coming down all afternoon beat heavier than ever. All the guards had been taken off but No. 1, at the guard-house. The men stood around the big box-stoves in the barracks and talked of the storm outside, congratulating themselves that they did not have to be out in it, and expressing pity for any who were exposed to its fury. It would not have seemed possible that any man would brave that night for a lesser purpose than to save life; but, nevertheless, two men went out after whisky.

Four members of Troop M—Sullivan, Cullen, Clarke, and Hooker—engaged in a game of freeze-out, each man taking fifty beans; the pair who first lost their beans were to pay the debt by going to Meiggs's ranch with the canteens. The ranch was up Pole Creek. To reach it the Platte River had to be crossed, and the trip must be made between taps and reveille. The project was kept very secret. Clarke and Hooker were older than the other two, and accomplished poker-players; Cullen and Sullivan, who were mere boys, had no chance to win. They lost, and then they started on their trip for the whisky. No one outside of the four who made up the original party knew of their departure till the next morning, when a guard, who had been sent the night before to see why there was a light after taps in the laundry, reported that he had seen Cullen and Sullivan there with Clarke and Hooker. Hooker and Clarke were sent for and questioned. They were frightened by this time, and though for a while they denied all knowledge of the missing men, they finally told how they had left the fort and why.

A searching party was at once organized, and mounted on the best horses in the company, for the storm was still raging. Another party, on foot, were set to search in and about the fort. Cullen was soon found lying close to a woodpile, one of a detail of men that had been sent out after fire-wood accidentally stumbling on the snow-covered body. He had wrapped his head in his overcoat, and there were three canteens of whisky strapped to his shoulders. He had a rooster buttoned up under his overcoat, and the fowl was frozen solid. He was carried into the barracks, and it took heroic efforts to bring him around. He could have survived in the snow only a very short time longer. After much thumping and pounding, we got him aroused enough to tell what he knew of Sullivan, which was not much—only that Sullivan had left the ranch with him and they had soon lost each other. He was taken to the hospital, where examination disclosed that he was terribly frozen. When the surgeon got through with him, about a week later, he was a sight to behold. Both ears and one hand were cut off, and only one finger and the thumb were left on the other hand, while the left side of his face looked as if it had been badly burned, and his mouth was drawn to one side.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the party sent to Meiggs's ranch, in the hope that Sullivan might have gotten back there, returned with no tidings. The storm was now, if anything, worse than ever. I got orders to saddle up and report to Sergeant Hall. With him I found Private Fenton, and we received orders to go down the South Platte as far as the old town of Julesburg. It was only four miles below the fort, but we were a full

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"BETWEEN THE TWO RANKS CLARKE WAS MADE TO WALK—*WALK*, NOT RUN—AND AS HE PASSED, EACH MAN . . . GAVE HIM A SMART LASH WITH A SURCINGLE."

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hour forcing our horses through the snow and the storm those four miles. Sullivan had not been heard of in Julesburg. On our way back, Fenton was lost in a way I shall presently describe, and search parties were out looking for both men until midnight, but neither was found. Two days later, the body of Sullivan was discovered about half a mile below the old ford and near the middle of the river. He was lying in a snowdrift, three canteens of whisky with him, his knees drawn close up to his chin, his mouth wide open and full of solid ice. His eyes were full of ice, and a ball of ice was grasped in each hand.

There was a great deal of feeling shown against Clarke and Hooker by both officers and men. Hooker soon deserted, and when, a little later, Clarke was caught stealing, he was tried by drum-head court-martial and condemned to be "surcingled" out of the service. The company was formed in two ranks, each rank facing the other and the two standing about six feet apart. Between the two ranks Clarke was made to walk—*walk*, not run—and as he passed, each man in the lines gave him a smart lash with a surcingle. He was then given five days' rations, and escorted out of the fort with strict orders not to return or worse punishment would be given him. He could go in any direction he chose; but at this time nearly all the ranches along the overland stage route had been abandoned, and the nearest towns were Platte City, 110 miles south, and Denver, 150 miles north. Meiggs's ranch, twelve miles away, was the nearest habitation, for old Julesburg was deserted. The weather was so cold that one day's exposure was dangerous. So Clarke's punishment was not light.

Now as to Fenton: On our way back from Julesburg it became plain that Fenton had run across some whisky. He was a good soldier when not drinking, and he did not drink often, but a little liquor turned his head. Now he was flighty, and was sparring and fighting his horse, as young cavalrymen almost always do when a little tipsy. Sergeant Hall spoke sharply to him, and told him to let his horse alone. Fenton rode over to me, and told me to say nothing about it, but he was going to run a buffalo into the fort. I tried to reason with him and keep him quiet. He and I had enlisted on the same day, and I had always had a great deal of influence over him, but now he seemed utterly beside himself. Soon he put spurs to his horse, and disappeared in the direction of the bluffs. He did not have to go far to disappear, for one could not see mounted men fifty yards away. We followed him a short distance, but as his tracks could be found only by one of us dismounting, and as they soon seemed to lead toward the fort, the sergeant ordered me to remount, and we made our way back to the fort.

I went to the stables and took care of my horse. As I came out I met a half-witted fellow named Pete Myers, leading Fenton's horse. When I questioned him, he said that Fenton was up at the barracks. I went there and to Fenton's bunk, but did not find him, and could find no one who had seen him. I again saw the man who had caught the horse, and he then said that the horse had come running in from the south side of the fort without a rider, but he had supposed that Fenton was about. I felt sure now that Fenton was still on the prairie, and I so reported at once to the lieutenant. Nearly all the men in the fort now turned out, and, as I said before, we kept up a search till midnight; but no trace of Fenton was found then, nor during all that winter.

The next summer, on an occasion when some men were out exercising horses, one of them lost control of the horses in his charge, and they ran up a ravine. Two or three men were sent after them, and about half-way up the ravine they came on a human skeleton. The bones were clean, and, strange as it may seem, undisturbed by any wild animal. Some scraps of blue uniform still clung to them, and in a fob-pocket of the trousers was found part of a letter, wrapped around a badly worn two-dollar bill. The letter was falling to pieces, but here and there something could be read. The company clerk made out the words, "Your loving mother;" and then, though the first part of the signature was gone, the name "Fenton."

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THE OUTSIDER.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Day's Work," "The Jungle Book," "Stalky & Co.," etc.

A STORY OF THE BOER WAR, WRITTEN FROM THE FIELD.

From Stormberg's midnight mountain,
From Sanna's captured post,
Where Afric's Magersfontein
Rails down her wounded host,
Three days and nights to su'thard,
Twixt D'Urban Road and Paarl—
In dust and horse dung smothered—
There lies a Cursed Kraal.

ABOUT the time that Gentleman Cadet Walter Setton was posted to the Second Battalion of Her Majesty's Royal Rutlandshire Regiment, the Vicar, his father, read a telegram that the Pretoria Government was searching the mines of the Rand for hidden arms. The Vicar and his wife were profoundly unimpressed. They were on their way to the Army and Navy Stores to buy Walter's many uniforms; and the Vicar doubted that he would escape for less than £200.

"But we cannot repine," said his wife. "Walter's position demands—" she ceased for a breath. "And as an officer—you see, William? We have much to be thankful for."

The Vicar lowered the paper, remembering how an accident of a legacy had saved Walter from horrid fates. He and his wife had agreed to forget a certain terrible afternoon when Walter, aged sixteen, had been examined *viva voce* by an unsympathetic person, sent down by a friend, with a view to getting him a "position in the city" at something under eighteen shillings a week. He had forgotten, too, how he and his wife were grateful for this chance. A week later, when the Vicar's aunt was gathered to her sisters, and the money was sure, they wrote a letter, declining that post for Walter, which letter remains as a curiosity in a business man's desk to this day.

"Yes," said the Vicar, "as you say, my dear, we have much to be thankful for. As an officer—" he turned down the paper.

Had he read ten lines further he would have learned that "much amusement has been caused in mining circles owing to the activity of the police, who are searching Thumper's Deep, on information supplied by Mr. J. Thrupp, who asserted that 2,000 stand of arms had been buried at the bottom of the shaft."

At the hour the Vicar was speculating in "tunics richly laced, lined silk, £6 14*s.* 16*d.*"; "undress trousers, blue doe or twill, £1 16*s.* 0*d.*"; "forage caps (badge extra) £1 0*s.* 6*d.*"; and all the other grim realities of war, Jerry Thrupp, in charge of the thirty odd thousand pounds of modern machinery on Thumper's Deep, was cheering a batch of perspiring Johannesburg police to break out the bottom of South Africa. Business was slack in Johannesburg by reason of a raid, and Jerry's ten years on the Rand had taught him that the police were least dangerous when most busy. Two thousand rifles in a concrete vault, ten feet below the solid foot of the shaft, would be a great haul for the Boers. That they were working in the living rock was to them a detail. The Devil had given these Uitlanders powers denied to sons of the soil; and no community in their senses would start a revolution on less than 20,000 rifles. A scant 1,500 only had, so far, come to light.

"Where you think we shall find them?" a panting Hollander asked.

"About the Marquesas Islands if you hold your line straight," said Jerry, and shot up

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in the cage. Three minutes later he telephoned that the winding-gear was out of order and would take half a day to repair.

"They had a very nice time," he explained to his professional friends. "They dug nearly four feet into the bottom of the shaft before they sickened, and Patsy Gee burned about a hundredweight of his precious Revolutionary Committee's papers in my boiler fires while they were down below. But *as* a revolution, if you ask *me*, it's bumblepuppy. After this, we're goin' to have war."

"Not a bit of it," said Hagan of the Consolidated Ophir and Bonanza. "We shall be passed over to Oom Paul to play with. Robinson hasn't been to see the prisoners yet —and if I know him he won't go."

"Never mind," said Jerry. "It's war. Soon or late, it's war."

Time, Circumstance, and Necessity continued in charge of this world, of Jerry Thrupp and Second-Lieutenant Walter Setton. To the former they brought from eight to twelve hours' work a day—shifting, varying, but insistent. Sometimes a batch of 324 stamps in the Thumper's Deep crushing-mills would go wrong, and Jerry must doctor them ere the output suffered. Sometimes a sick friend in charge of the cyanide process would call Jerry in to watch the health of the big vats that win the last of the gold; or a furlong or two of tram-line would need relaying. His winding-engines, his boilers, his crushing-tables, his dynamos, and the hundred things that men needed below the surface were always with him. For recreation Jerry consorted with fellow-engineers of the Rand, their wives, and their children; and, being energetic, found opportunities for what he called "overtime." When Hagan's ankle was crushed, thanks to a Kafir's carelessness, Jerry carried him home, and because Hagan's ten-year-old son was in hospital with typhoid, Jerry, as a matter of course, visited and reported on the boy daily. He lent the Vincents the money that took them home in the terrible year '98, when Johannesburg lost heart and business shut down, and Vincent was turned out into Commissioner Street with Mrs. Vincent seven months gone. It is even said that by bribes and threats he kept the conservancy people up to their work in his street when the typhoid that comes from neglected filth struck down three heads of families in 200 yards.

"After the war," Jerry would say as excusing himself, "it will be all right. We've got to do what we can till after the war."

The life of Second-Lieutenant Walter Setton followed its appointed channel. His battalion, nominally efficient, was actually a training-school for recruits, and to this lie, written, acted, and spoken many times a day, he adjusted himself. When he could by any means escape from the limited amount of toil expected by the Government, he did so, employing the same shameless excuses that he had used at school or Sandhurst. He knew his drills; he honestly believed that they covered the whole art of war. He knew the "internal economy of his regiment." That is to say, he could answer leading questions about coal and wood allowances, cubic footage of barrack accommodation, canteen routine, and the men's messing arrangements. For the rest, he devoted himself with no thought of wrong to getting as much as possible out of the richest and easiest life the world has yet made; and to despising the "outsider"—the man beyond his circle. His training to this end was as complete as that of his brethren. He did it blandly, politely, unconsciously, with perfect sincerity. As a child he had learned early to despise his nurse, for she was a servant and a woman; his sisters he had looked down upon, and his governess, for much the same reasons. His home atmosphere had taught him to despise the terrible thing called "dissent." At his private school his seniors showed him how to despise the junior master, who was poor, and here his home training served again. At his public school he despised the new boy—the boy who boated when Setton played cricket, or who wore a colored tie when the order of the day was for black. They were all avatars of the "outsider." If you "got mixed up with an outsider" you ended by being "compromised." He had no clear ideas of what that meant, but suspected the worst. His religion he took from his parents, and it had some very sound dogmas about outsiders behaving decently. Science to him was a name connected with examination papers. He could not work up any interest in foreign armies because, after all, a foreigner was a foreigner and the rankest form of "outsider." Meals came when you rang for them; you were carried about the world, which is the home counties, in vehicles for which you paid. You were moved about London by the same means; and if you crossed the Channel you took a steamer. But how, or when, or why these things were made, or worked, or begotten, or what they felt or thought or said who belonged to them, he had not, nor ever wished to have, the

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shadow of an idea. His lack of imagination was equaled only by his stupendous lack of curiosity. It was sufficient for him and for high Heaven (this in his heart of hearts, well learned at his mother's knee) that he was an officer and a gentleman incapable of a lie or a mean action. For the rest, his code was simple. Money bought you half the things in this world; and your position secured you the others. If you had money, you took care to get your money's worth. If you had a position, you did not compromise yourself by mixing with outsiders.

And in the fullness of time one old gentleman, who knew his own mind, knocked the bottom out of Lieutenant Setton's and Jerry Thrupp's world. Jerry came first, unwillingly with a few thousand others, by way of Koomatipoort. He helped the women and children out of Johannesburg—the few that remained; and left his house barricaded in charge of a Hollander official. "Remember," said Jerry, "I advise you to look after this house. If anything happens to it you won't be happy when I come back."

"We shall chase you into the sea at D'Urban," said the Hollander.

"Shouldn't wonder—seeing how behindhand we are; but then we'll chase you back again. S'long, you four-colored impostor. I hope you won't blow yourselves up before you're shot."

He climbed into a cattle-truck, where his valise was stolen, and arrived at Delagoa Bay, his shirt torn to the waist in a scuffle to get water for a sick man. His home, his business, and all his belongings were gone; but the war that men had doubted was upon them at last, and Jerry was happy. He went round to Capetown on the deck of a crowded steamer, and disappeared into thronged and panic-stricken Adderley Street. Here he met Phil Tenbroek, ex-mine manager, also ruined for the time being, and conferred with him about raising a corps of Railway Volunteers in event of future trouble.

Lieutenant Setton, 7,000 miles away, was scornful when he heard that Buller would not undertake the war with less than 70,000 troops. Thirty thousand, he held, was more than enough, for the Rutlandshire's mess would remember that the army was not what it had been in '81. It had now learned to shoot; Setton did not say where or how. He wished very much to see how the Boers would look after a cavalry brigade had boxed their ears across ten miles of open country. Except twice, near Salisbury, he had never seen anything that remotely resembled ten miles of open country in all his life. He had never seen a cavalry brigade; nor, indeed, a target at a greater distance than 900 yards. Having spoken, he went up to town to see a play, pending the absorption of the Transvaal.

The Rutlandshires landed at Capetown fairly late in the war, and, serene as hundreds who had gone before him, Lieutenant Setton, dining at the Mount Nelson, gave, in the fine, clear voice he had inherited from his mother, his opinion that "those colonials looked a most awful set of outsiders." He hoped, aloud, that it would not be his fate "to have to work with these bounders."

In another place, at another time, an informal after-dinner court of inquiry with unlimited powers sat on his irreproachable regiment after this fashion:

"Are those Rutlandshires any use?" The questioner had good right to ask.

"Mark Two, *I* think. It's the same old brand—Badajos, Talavera, Inkermann, Toulouse, Tel-el-Kebir——"

"Same tactics as those which were so brilliantly successful at Tel-el-Kebir," a spade-bearded officer whispered as though he were quoting scripture.

"Ye-es. Same old catch-words—same old training. 'Shoulder to shoulder—up boys and at 'em.' Southsea, Chichester, Canterbury; with the Long Valley for a campaign. Colonel past his work; second in command devoutly hoping never to see a soldier again when he's got his pension; a jewel of an adjutant who's mothered his men till they can't button their own breeches; sergeant-major great on eye-wash and a bit of a lawyer. The rest, the regular idiots—all in a blue funk of funking. They want a chance to 'get in with the bayonet,' of course."

"That's the last refuge of the lazy man," said a quiet-faced civilian who had not yet spoken.

"Oh, they'll learn in time," the spade-bearded officer grunted.

"When half the men are in Pretoria and half the rest are wounded—if *that's* what you mean? I'm so sick of that 'in time.' The colonel will die—I wish he was dead now—'fighting heroically' in some dam-fool trap he's walked into with his eyes open!"

"Well, I'm going to split 'em up. They were promised they should go in—ah—shoulder to shoulder, but the hospitals are quite full enough."

To their immense rage the Rutlandshires were rent into four or five pieces and dis-

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tributed where they could not do much harm. The colonel, exactly as was prophesied, died heroically, shot through the stomach at the head of four companies to whom he was explaining the cowardice of advancing in open order when the enemy were yet a mile distant. This fixed in the second's mind the fact that a Mauser can carry 2,000 yards—wisdom which he did not live long to profit by. He went down at 1,100 before an insignificant crack in the veldt which happened to be lined with Boers. Thus his successor discovered that a donga is better flanked than fronted. Truly they learned.

To Lieutenant Setton, by the death of a captain, fell the charge of two companies, which operated with an Australian contingent on a disturbed and dusty border. The men clung to him for a week expecting miracles; but he could not smite water from rocks, nor vary the daily beef-tin and four dry biscuits. They learned a little rude well-sinking from their allies, and a little stealing on their own account. After this, to his relief, they abandoned him as nurse and midwife. Had he played the game with an eye to the rules, he might have profited as much as his more open-minded fellow-officers, but his demon tempted him one clear twilight to capture a solitary horseman in difficulties with a spent horse. It was not "sporting" to pot him at 800 yards, so Setton took horse and rode a somewhat uncertain wallop directly at the man, who naturally retreated between two steep hills where, for just this end, he had posted four confederates. They, being children of nature and buck hunters to boot, allowed their quarry to pass, and after twenty rounds at 400 yards—the Boer in a hurry is not a good shot—dropped him with a broken arm. Setton was not pleased, but the five Australians who, without orders, so soon as they saw what he would be at, had galloped parallel with him behind the kopjes, were immensely gratified. They dismounted, lay down, and slew the Boer on the tired horse as he returned to join his fellow-plunderers, of whom they shot two and wounded one. They reached camp with Setton and—much more valuable loot—three efficient Boer ponies.

"If you'd only told us you were goin' to commit suicide this way," said a Queensland trooper, "we'd have rounded up the whole mob—usin' you for bait."

The shattered arm ended Setton's career as a combatant officer, but, in the great scarcity of sounder material, they made him station commander of the peculiarly desolate siding of Pipkameeleepompfontein, which, as every one knows:

> "Is on the road to Bloemfontein;
> And there the Mausers
> Tear your trousers,
> And make your horses jompfontein."

But the tide of war had rolled back, leaving only a mass of worrying work for the Railway Pioneer Corps that Phil Tenbroek had organized from the wreck of the mine *personnel* months before. Three short, low bridges, little larger than culverts, but two of them built on a curve, crossed three dry, shallow watercourses, and of course the Boers blew them up on departure. Phil, commandant of the Railway Pioneers, busy on Folly Bridge, could only spare thirty men to the job, but he gave Hagan, late in charge of the machinery of the Consolidated Ophir and Bonanza, with rank of lieutenant, his choice, and Hagan took the cream. They lumbered into Pipkameeleepompfontein in open trucks—thirty men, each anxious to return to the Rand; each holding more or less of property there; most of them skilled mechanicians in their own department, and all exalted—body, soul, and spirit—by a rancorous, razor-edged, personal hatred of the State that had shamed, tricked, and ruined them. They found there a station commandant moved by none of their springs—a being from another planet, fenced about with neatly piled boxes of rivets and a mass of crated ironwork that was pouring up from the south—who proposed to camp them a mile from the broken bridges.

"What, no water?" said Hagan.

"Oh, no. But I expect a detachment of Regulars shortly. They must have the near camp."

"Good Lord, man! your blessed regulars can't get forward till we've mended the bridges. We must be close to our work."

"I'm afraid your knowledge of the British army is a little limited," said the station commandant.

"I was fool enough to cross a ridge after one of the Regulars had reported it cleared," said Hagan sweetly. "'Twasn't any fault of theirs my knowledge didn't last till the day of judgment. But look here, this isn't a question of precedence. *We* don't want to stay here. We want to mend the bridges and get up to the Rand again."

After a while, but ungraciously, Setton gave way, and the Railway Pioneers went to work like beavers. The Regulars arrived "to protect the bridge-head," two companies

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of them, fresh from home, and Setton, with unspeakable delight, found himself once more among men who talked his limited tongue and spoke his more limited thoughts. As he wrote to his mother, "You can get as good hunting talk here as you can at home." The Pioneers were not a seemly corps. They unstacked the accurately piled rivet boxes and dumped them where they could be easiest handled; they dismantled an abandoned farm-house to get at the roof-beams because they were short of poles; they stuck a home-made furnace at the far end of the platform, where it made itself a black, unlovely bed of cinders; they worked at all hours of the day and night, ate when they had leisure, and called their officers by their lesser names. Hagan asked Setton—only once—what arrangements he had made for Kafir labor. Setton had made none, for he had no instructions. Whereupon Hagan, talking in an unknown tongue, made his own arrangements, and strange niggers crept out of the dry Karroo by scores. Setton wished to know something about them. "It's all right," said Hagan over his shoulder; "I'm responsible. It's cheaper for us" (he meant the Consolidated Ophir and Bonanza) "to pay out of our pocket than to wait for the Government to fiddle through it. *I* want to get back to the Rand."

That last sentence always annoyed Setton. These voluble Johannesburg gypsies made it their dawn song, their noon chorus, and their midnight chant. It swung girders into place, sent home rivets, and spiked rails. It echoed among the hills at twilight, when the startlingly visible night picket of the Regulars went out to relieve its fellows, cut in black paper against the green sky-line, on the tallest kopje. It greeted every truck of new material, this drawling, nasal "*I* want to go back to the Rand."

It helped to build the bridges, though that Setton did not notice. He did not know a spike from a chair, a girder from an artesian pump, a thirty-foot metal from a tie-rod. The things lumbered up the siding, which he wished to keep neat. Men took them out of the trucks and did things to them or with them, and the bridges, somehow or other, spanned the watercourses. But Lieutenant Setton would no more have dreamed of taking interest in the manner of their fitment than at school he would have read five lines beyond the day's appointed construe.

When the last of the three bridges was nearly finished, Hagan dashed into his office with a wire from Phil, who wanted him back at once. The big center girder of Folly Bridge was going up, and only Hagan could take charge of that end of it which was not under Phil's comprehending eye.

"But the men here know exactly what's to be done. If anything goes wrong, ask Jerry—I mean Private Thrupp. He ought to begin riveting up to-morrow, and after that they've only got to lay the track. It's as easy as falling off a log."

Setton did not approve of this unbuttoned man with the rampant voice. Had indeed—but Hagan was too busy to notice it—withdrawn markedly from his society. Nor did Setton comprehend how a private could be in charge of anything—least of all when a Regular officer—not to mention a Station Commandant—was on the horizon. He assumed that Hagan would have told the senior non-com. of the Pioneers to come to him for orders for the day; but Hagan, eating, sleeping, and thinking bridges only, had not communicated with Sergeant Rayne—late accountant of Thumper's Deep, and promoted because Government had insisted that the corps should keep books. Hagan had spent his last hours at an informal committee-meeting with Jerry and another private, Fulsom, ex-head of the Little North Bear's machinery—and under the lee of a Karroo-bush, drawing diagrams in the dirt, had settled every last detail of the bridge that was to help the corps back to their own Rand.

Brightly and briskly, then, in the diamond-clear dawn uprose Lieutenant Walter Setton to command the station of Pipkameeleepompfontein. But early as it was, the Pioneers were before him. The situation when he arrived at the bank of the third watercourse was briefly this: They were lowering, with hand-made derricks, two fourteen-foot girders, one from either bank, to meet in the middle, where Jerry and Fulsom stood, ready to join them. The twenty-eight-foot girder, which should have covered the span, had been sent round to Nauwport by mistake; and Jerry believed devoutly that the Cape Minister of Railways, whom he habitually alluded to as "the worst rebel, but one, of the lot," had made the delay on purpose. The mischief of it was that, expecting the twenty-eight-foot iron, they had used up the last of their wood sleepers to lay a sharp curve just before the bridge where iron sleepers were different to bed and adjust. Consequently, they had no temporary crib of sleepers in the middle of the

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watercourse to take the weight of the two fourteen-foot irons when these were lowered. So Jerry had extemporized a stage of rivet-boxes and laths, sufficient to bear his weight and Fulsom's, and knowing his men, trusted to rivet up the butt-strap temporarily at any rate, while the men on the derricks held the girders, lowering them or raising them fractionally at his signal. It was unorthodox engineering, but it would carry the line. By four in the morning the heels of the girders were neatly butted against their permanent resting places, and their noses began to dip towards the meeting in the center.

"North girder!" Jerry raised his hand and lowered it slowly.

The obedient gang at the derrick slacked away with immense care. They were not watching Private Thrupp, but Jerry of Thumper's Deep, and Fulsom of the Little North Bear—both mighty men.

"Ready with the rivets now! Here she comes! Hold her! Hold her! As you are! Not another hairbreadth. South girder raise a shade. Half the fraction of a hair!" He laid a spirit-level across the half-inch gap between the two girders, and cocked his head on one side. Nobody breathed, except Lieutenant Setton, who had walked some distance in a hurry. He observed that a bucket of blazing coals—stolen of course—was slung under the belly of either "iron thing." He always thought of concrete objects beyond his experience as "things." Four men passed up two flat iron things—the specially designed butt-straps—one to Jerry and one to Fulsom, who faced him on the other side of the girders. So close was the adjustment that the weight of the straps, as they were slid between the flanges of the girder, made the south one—held by ropes, not chains—dip a fraction, and Jerry swore as only a Rand mechanist on twelve hundred a year and a bonus has a right to swear—emphatically and authoritatively.

"What are you doing there, men?" The voice passed Jerry like the summer wind. One hand was on the spirit-level, the other held a riveting-hammer; one eye squinted at the bubble in the glass, the other, red with emotion, glared through the holes in the butt-strap waiting till the expansion of the heated girders should bring the rivet-holes in line. Astronomers watching for an eclipse gaze not so earnestly as did Jerry and Fulsom.

"I say, what are you men doing there without orders?" cried Lieutenant Setton for the second time.

"Hsh!" said Jerry, wagging the hammer to command silence. He was half aware now of some disturbing presence. The four holes covered each other absolutely.

"Rivets to me! Quick, McGinnis. Meet me, Fulsom." A man passed up the pincers with the red-hot rivet, and Jerry hammered like an artist. "That'll make old—" he mentioned the Cape Minister of Railways by name—"pretty sick! Thought he'd hang us up by sending our stuff round by Nauwport, *did* he? Hope to goodness his brother puts a bullet into him when he comes down. Hold on! Rivet, rivet, McGinnis! What's the good of you? Derricks there! Hold *on!* What are you men doing! Oh, good Lord!"

If Jerry on the rivet-boxes was losing his temper, Lieutenant Setton had lost his altogether.

"You thought!" he shouted to the amazed gang. "You thought! Who in the world told you to think? D'you suppose you're here to do what you please? *I* gave no orders for the work to go on. Your orders, if you'd thought to come to my office to get them, are to clean up some of the filthy mess you've made round the Station."

Then to Sergeant Rayne. "Fall in your men at once, and march them up to the Station. You'll get your orders there."

"But half a mo— Sir. Half a minute, Sir. We can't let go——"

"Do you refuse your duty, then? I warn you it'll be the worse for you. You can't do this—you can't do that? Let go that rope-thing at once. It's mutiny, by God!"

They let go, at the south end. They fell back, not knowing the limits of Imperial power. The unsupported girder bit heavily on the single soft rivet that Jerry and Fulsom had put in—and shore through. The north gang let go an instant later. A howl of rage came out of the ravine as both girders dropped into a dolorous broken-backed V, knocking over the light staging, and, twisting as they fell, scattered the fire in the buckets among the dry scrub and fragments of timbering in the bed of the watercourse. They lit at once, and blazed merrily. A man with a hammer erupted.

"Who slacked the ropes without orders?" he demanded in a voice no private should use. One or two men had heard it before—at the time of the big dynamite explosion in Johannesburg, and straightened up.

"Fall in with your company there and

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don't talk," said Lieutenant Setton. He was willing to concede much to a mere volunteer —even in time of war.

"It was him, Jerry," whispered Sergeant Rayne.

Jerry turned a full mulberry color as he strove to control himself—he was quivering all over. Then he grew pale and rigid.

"Ha—half a minute, please. I want to explain to you exactly how the work stands. The girders were just in position, and I was riveting them up—my name is Thrupp——"

It carried some weight on the Rand, but Lieutenant Setton almost laughed aloud.

"If you wouldn't mind listening to me, please. It was an absolutely vital matter—absolutely vital. We were actually riveting the butt-strap when you meddled with the derrick. Let me show you!"—he laid one shaking hand on the lieutenant's cuff—to lead him to the wreck.

"Meddle with the derrick! What the devil do you mean by your insolence? Do you know who I am?"

"In half an hour—in five minutes—we could have put in enough rivets to hold her. We shall have to go to work again. It means half a day's delay, though, even if the girders are not twisted by the fall. . . . You can see it hung on only one rivet——"

"Fall in with your company—for the last time!"

"But you don't understand—you don't understand. Let me explain a minute, and come here"—again the hand on the cuff. "Of course you don't realize what you've done. It was only a question of minutes—minutes, do you see?—before we should have had those two girders—those short irons down there—riveted up. Good Lord! That scrub's burning like tinder—we must shovel earth on it or it will twist the girders out of shape, and"—the voice rose almost to a shriek—"we shall have to send down the line for duplicates. I—you—tell the men to chuck earth on that blaze, for God's sake. The girders will buckle. They'll be ruined."

"March this man up to the guard-tent," said Lieutenant Setton, who had endured enough. It was the insolence and insubordination of the man that galled him. "Another time, perhaps, you'll take the trouble to obey orders."

"What for? What have I done? My dear chap, this isn't the time to fiddle about with guard-tents. The whole donga's alight, and we shall have those girders buckling in ten minutes. You can't be going to leave the mess as it is—you can't."

"Oh, I've stood enough of this. Silence! Understand you're a prisoner."

"Me! Oh, yes; I'm anything you please, if you'll only let me put out that fire. Where the deuce do you think I'd want to run to? I'll come up to the guard-tent the minute it's out. I give you my word of honor."

By this time the Railway Pioneer Corps was in two minds—some laughing and others looking very black. Only Sergeant Rayne, busy with a pocket-book, seemed to take no interest in the matter.

"March me off? With that fire burning? We'll be delayed a week at least? Why—why—why—" again Jerry turned plum-color. Fulsom and McGinnis, who knew his habits, closed in on him at once.

"Come on, Jerry," whispered Fulsom. "You've done all you can; come on."

"All I can? What do I matter? I'm thinking about the bridge." He walked in a sort of stupor, looking back from time to time to watch the smoke in the donga. The Railway Pioneer Corps followed slowly to assist in sweeping up Pipkameeleepompfontein.

"Rayne has got down every word you said in shorthand," said Fulsom when the prisoner reached the guard-tent. "And he's going to wire to Hagan now. For God's sake don't open your mouth, Jerry, and we'll get that young idiot Stellenbosched in a day or two."

"Hung up for a week—hung up for a week," moaned Jerry. "Am I mad, or is he? Tell Rayne to wire for spare girders. God knows where they are to come from! Perhaps Phillip 'll have a couple at Folly Bridge. Better wire there as well. Those two will have buckled by now."

. . . . . .

"And you say he refused your orders?" This was Hagan, dirty and drawn after a journey in a draughty cattle-truck, standing at the foot of Setton's cot in dawn-light.

"He was extremely insolent, if that's what you mean. He deliberately questioned my authority before all the men several times. He kept pawing me all over, too. I don't suppose he really meant half he said."

"Didn't he?" Hagan gulped, but curbed himself.

"The trouble with you volunteers," said Setton, rising on one arm, "is that you've absolutely no notion of military discipline, and on active service one can't allow that sort of thing. However, I think forty-eight hours in the guard-tent will teach him a little sense. I've no intention of carrying the

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matter any farther, so we needn't discuss it."

Hagan stared at him with a horror that carried something of admiration, and a little —not much—pity. He had come up with Colonel Palling, R. E., and shown him the third bridge.

"Is this his tent?" one cried without, and there entered a colonel of Her Majesty's Royal Engineers, not in a common regimental rage, but such a cold fury as an overworked man responsible for a few score miles of track in war time may justly wear. He chewed his three-month-old beard, and looked at Lieutenant Setton, who stood to attention.

"You will go," he whispered at last, "you will go back to the base by the seven-thirty train this morning. You will give this note to the General there."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know *why* you go?"

"No, sir."

The Colonel's neck veins swelled. "I—I wish to speak to this officer," he said.

It is the first maxim of internal economy that you should never reprimand a superior in the presence of his equal or his subordinate. Hagan withdrew. The camp sentry a few yards away stood fast. He was a reserve man of some experience.

"Gawd 'as been 'eavenly good to me," he said later to fifteen comrades. "I've 'eard quite a few things in my time. I've 'eard Duke 'imself pass the time o' day to an 'orse battery that turned up on the wrong flank in the Long Valley. I've 'eard a Brigadier on Salisbury Plain rope's endin' a Volunteer aide-de-cong 'oo couldn't ride, an' asked questions. I 'eard 'Smutty' Chambers lyin' be'ind an ant-'ill at Modder gettin' sunstroke. I've 'eard what General ——— said when the cavalry was too late at Stinkersdrift. But all that was 'Let me kiss 'im for 'is mother' to wot I 'eard this mornin'. The' wasn't any common damn-your-eyes routine to it. Palling, 'e just felt about with 'is fingers till 'e'd found that little beggar's immortal soul, —'e did. An' then 'e blew 'is nose on it like a bloomin' 'andkerchief an' then 'e threw it away. Swore at 'im? No. You chaps don't follow me. It was chronic. That's what it was—just chronic!"

. . . . .

In the peaceful and loyal district of Stellenbosch there is a subaltern temporarily attached as supernumerary on the Accounts side of the Numdah and Girth-lace Issue Department who knows exactly how the Army ought to be reorganized. "It's all very well to talk about makin' the Army a business like those newspaper chaps do, but they don't understand the spirit of the Service. How can they? Well, don't you see, if they bring in those so-called reforms that they're always talkin' about, they simply fill up the Service with a lot of bounders and outsiders. They simply won't get the class of men to join that the Army really wants. No one will take up the Service then. I know *I* shan't, for one."

AN AVERTED TRAGEDY.

By Gertrude Norton.

MRS. GRUGGET sat on the back porch stringing beans. Her hands and thin, shallow face were wrinkled and brown. Now and then she would pause in her work and stretch her arms languidly in the air.

"I reckon it's about time to take another dose of that ager medicine, ain't it, Sim?" she said.

Her husband nodded. He had just returned from the field, and was cleaning an old gun.

"Goin' to hunt squirrels, Sim?" she asked, glancing toward the gun.

"Noap," replied Sim; "goin' to kill Bob Grunnel."

"He's come back, then?"

"Yes; bin back sense yisterday. Seed him plowin' over in the field as I went ter feed the shotes."

Mrs. Grugget let her hands fall helplessly into her lap, and sat looking out across the field.

"Has it got to be done?" she asked timidly.

"This very day," replied Sim.

"I've bin a-dreadin' it," said his wife. Her hands shook as she went on with her work.

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"Ort ter done it long ago," declared Sim, "but the ole cuss has bin a-kinder hidin' out. He knows that the Gruggets come uv the stock that kills."

"Couldn't you put it off, Sim? It's my chill day, an'——"

"It's got ter be did terday. I reckon it will be ole Bob Grunnel's chill day when he sees me a-comin'."

He threw his gun over his shoulder, and went out across the field. Mrs. Grugget sat watching him, her hands shaking as she fumbled with the beans in her lap.

Sim crossed the field, climbed over the fence, and stood before his enemy. "I have come ter kill ye, Bob," he said, letting his gun rest in the hollow of his arm.

"I have bin expectin' it," said Bob.

He leaned upon the handles of the plow, and wiped the sweat from his brow. The two stood facing each other.

"Why don't ye shoot?" asked Bob.

Sim made a swift gesture of impatient anger.

"Mebby the Grunnels shoot unarmed men," he said, "but that ain't the Gruggets' way. Git yer gun."

"I reckon I'll haf ter go ter the house an' git it," remarked Bob.

"All right. I'll wait fer ye."

Sim bent down and began to pull some weeds from the corn row.

"Yer corn's powerful foul," he said.

"Got it in late," nodded Bob.

He drew a twist of "long green" from his pocket and bit off a liberal chew.

"I raised this on the new ground down by the garden patch," he remarked, as he held the piece of tobacco to Sim. "Have a chaw?"

"I don't mind. I reckon I'll jist plow a round fer ye while ye're gone after yer gun."

"All right. I won't be gone long."

By the time Sim had plowed a round Bob had returned with his gun.

"The thing is rusty, an' won't work," he said, "so I brought the screw-driver along, 'lowing I might fix it."

He began to take off the lock.

"I reckon I'd as well plow another round," said Sim.

When Sim returned, he found Bob sitting in the shade of the big elm in the corner of the fence, vainly endeavoring to mend the rusty lock.

"I never was much at fixin' things," Bob confessed.

"Let me see it," broke in Sim. "I never seed the thing I couldn't fix if it could be fixed."

He took the gun and began to examine it.

"It 'pears ter me that I've seed this ole gun before," he said, turning it over in his hands.

"Ye have. It's the one yer ole dad gave me more 'an forty years ago."

"Yes—it's the same gun, by Joe. Had most forgot all about it. It was the time my dad's house was burnt that he gave it ter ye," said Sim.

"About that time," nodded Bob. "We had bin ter ole Peter Snook's ter a corn shuckin'."

"So we had. We were both boys then. Dad was down with the rheumatiz, an' I 'low he'd 'a' got burnt up if ye hadn't 'a' got him out. That's how yer come ter burn yer hand."

"I reckon it was awkwardness that made me git my hand in the fire," said Bob, with a dry laugh. "It's kinder drawed on the back, but it don't bother me much."

He thrust the scarred and drawn member out of sight, and fell to looking fixedly at the gun. "I guess 'tain't no use ter fix the ole gun," he said, "fer I reckon yer dad didn't give it ter me ter shoot yer with."

Sim stood looking at the ground.

"If thar's any shootin' ter be done," Bob went on, "take yer gun an' do it. It won't be cheatin' ole Bob Grunnel out uv many days, anyhow."

He folded his arms, and stood leaning against the tree.

"Bob," said Sim, lifting his eyes to the other's face, "I am an ole fool. I reckon I ain't fit ter touch yer hand, but if yer can forgive the biggest scoundrel in Newton County——"

He extended his hand as he spoke, and stood with averted gaze.

"It hurts me ter have ye talk that way, Sim," said Bob, grasping the extended hand.

"No—the other hand, Bob—the burnt one—that. Thank God, an ole fool can some time come ter his senses long enough ter know that he's a fool."

Mrs. Grugget was standing on the porch when Sim returned, carrying a basket of red June apples.

"Bob Grunnel sent ye these," he said. "Stir around an' meck some apple dumplin's fer dinner."

She took the basket and went into the kitchen, the glad tears running down her wrinkled face.

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BRET HARTE

A JACK AND JILL OF THE SIERRAS

A STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA MINES.

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the hottest hour of the day on that Sierran foothill. The Western sun, streaming down the mile-long slope of close-set pine crests, had been caught on an outlying ledge of glaring white quartz, covered with mining tools and *débris*, and seemed to have been thrown into an incandescent rage. The air above it shimmered and became visible. A white canvas tent on it was an object not to be borne; the steel-tipped picks and shovels, intolerable to touch and eyesight, and a tilted tin prospecting-pan, falling over, flashed out as another sun of insufferable effulgence. At such moments the five members of the "Eureka Mining Company" prudently withdrew to the nearest pine tree, which cast a shadow so sharply defined on the glistening sand that the impingement of a hand or finger beyond that line cut like a knife. The men lay, or squatted, in this shadow, feverishly puffing their pipes and waiting for the sun to slip beyond the burning ledge. Yet so irritating was the dry air, fragrant with the aroma of the heated pines, that occasionally one would start up and walk about until he had brought on that profuse perspiration which gave a momentary relief, and, as he believed, saved him from sunstroke. Suddenly a voice exclaimed querulously:

"Derned if the blasted bucket ain't empty agin! Not a drop left, by Jimminy!"

A stare of helpless disgust was exchanged by the momentarily uplifted heads; then every man laid down again, as if trying to erase himself. "Who brought the last?" demanded the foreman.

"*I* did," said a reflective voice, coming from a partner lying comfortably on his back, "and if anybody reckons I'm going to face Tophet agin down that slope, he's mistaken!" The speaker was thirsty—but he had principles.

"We must throw round for it," said the foreman, taking the dice from his pocket. He cast—the lowest number fell to Parkhurst, a florid, full-blooded Texan. "All right, gentlemen," he said, wiping his forehead, and lifting the tin pail with a resigned air, "only *ef* anything comes to me on that bare stretch o' stage road—and I'm kinder seeing things spotty and black now—remember you ain't anywhar' *nearer* the water than you were. I ain't sayin' it for myself—but it mout be rough on *you*—and——"

"Give *me* the pail," interrupted a tall young fellow, rising. "I'll risk it."

Cries of "Good old Ned!" and "Hunky

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boy!" greeted him as he took the pail from the perspiring Parkhurst, who at once laid down again. "You mayn't be a professin' Christian, in good standin', Ned Bray," continued Parkhurst from the ground, "but you're about as white as they make 'em, and you're goin' to do a heavenly act! I repeat it, gents,—a heavenly act!"

Without a reply Bray walked off with the pail, stopping only in the underbrush to pluck a few soft fronds of fern, part of which he put within the crown of his hat, and stuck the rest in its band around the outer brim, making a parasol-like shade above his shoulders. Thus equipped he passed through the outer fringe of pines to a rocky trail which began to descend toward the stage road. Here he was in the full glare of the sun, and its reflection from the heated rocks, which scorched his feet and pricked his bent face into a rash. The descent was steep and necessarily slow from the slipperiness of the dessicated pine needles that had fallen from above. Nor were his troubles over when, a few rods further, he came upon the stage road, which here swept in a sharp curve round the flank of the mountain. Its red dust, ground by heavy wagons and pack-trains into a fine powder, was nevertheless so heavy with some metallic substance that it scarcely lifted with the foot, and he was obliged to literally wade through it. Yet there were 200 yards of this road to be passed before he could reach that point of its bank where a narrow and precipitous trail dropped diagonally from it, to creep along the mountain side to the spring he was seeking. When he reached the trail, he paused to take breath and wipe the blinding beads of sweat from his eyes before he cautiously swung himself over the bank into it. A single misstep here would have sent him headlong to the tops of pine trees a thousand feet below. Holding his pail in one hand, with the other he steadied himself by clutching the ferns and brambles at his side, and at last reached the spring—a niche in the mountain side with a ledge scarcely four feet wide. He had merely accomplished the ordinary gymnastic feat performed by the members of the Eureka Company four or five times a day. But the day was exceptionally hot. He held his wrists to cool their throbbing pulses in the clear, cold stream that gurgled into its rocky basin; he threw the water over his head and shoulders, he swung his legs over the ledge and let the overflow fall on his dusty shoes and ankles. Gentle and delicious rigors came over him. He sat with half-closed eyes looking across the dark olive depths of the cañon between him and the opposite mountain. A hawk was swinging lazily above it—apparently within a stone's throw of him; he knew it was at least a mile away. Thirty feet above him ran the stage road; he could hear quite distinctly the slow thud of hoofs, the dull jar of harness, and the labored creaking of the Pioneer coach as it crawled up the long ascent, part of which he had just passed. He thought of it—a slow drifting cloud of dust and heat, as he had often seen it, abandoned by even its passengers, who sought shelter in the wayside pines as they toiled behind it to the summit—and hugged himself in the grateful shadows of the spring. It had passed out of hearing and thought, he had turned to fill his pail, when he was startled by a shower of dust and gravel from the road above. And the next moment he was thrown violently down, blinded and pinned against the ledge, by the fall of some heavy body on his back and shoulders. His last flash of consciousness was that he had been struck by a sack of flour slipped from the pack of some passing mule.

How long he remained unconscious he never knew. It was probably not long, for his chilled hands and arms, thrust by the blow on his shoulders into the pool of water, assisted in restoring him. He came to with a sense of suffocating pressure on his back, but his head and shoulders were swathed in utter darkness by the folds of some soft fabrics and draperies, which, to his connecting consciousness, seemed as if the contents of a broken bale or trunk had also fallen from the pack. With a tremendous effort he succeeded in getting his arm out of the pool, and attempted to free his head from its blinding enwrappings. In doing so his hand suddenly touched human flesh—a soft bared arm! With the same astounding discovery came one more terrible—that arm belonged to the weight that was pressing him down, and now, assisted by his struggles, it was slowly slipping toward the brink of the ledge and the abyss below! With a desperate effort he turned on his side, caught the body—for a body it was—dragged it back on the ledge, at the same moment that, freeing his head from its covering—a feminine skirt—he discovered it was a woman!

She had been also unconscious, although the touch of his cold, wet hand on her skin had probably given her a shock that was now showing itself in a convulsive shudder of her shoulders and a half opening of her eyes.

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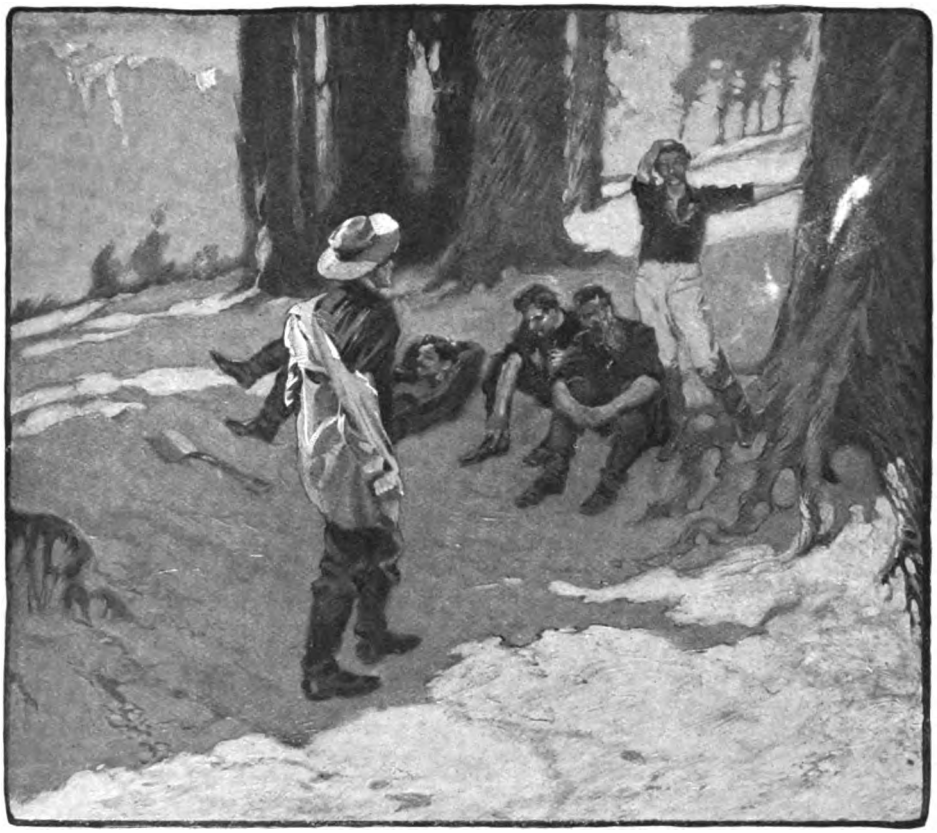
Suddenly she began to stare at him, to draw in her knees and feet toward her, sideways, with a feminine movement, as she smoothed out her skirt, and kept it down with a hand on which she leant. She was a tall, handsome girl, from what he could judge of her half-sitting figure in her torn silk dust cloak, which, although its cape and one sleeve were split into ribbons, had still protected her back against the mountain side. "Yes," she half murmured to herself, rather than to him, "it must be so. I was walking too near the bank—and—I fell!" Then, turning to him, she said, "And you found me lying here when you came?"

"I think," stammered Bray, "that I was here when you fell, and I—I broke the fall." He was sorry for it a moment afterward.



"THE FIVE MEMBERS OF THE 'EUREKA MINING COMPANY' PRUDENTLY WITHDREW TO THE NEAREST PINE TREE . . . WAITING FOR THE SUN TO SLIP BEYOND THE BURNING LEDGE."

delicate, well-fitting gown beneath. She was evidently a lady.

"What—is it?—what has happened?" she said faintly, yet with a slight touch of formality in her manner.

"You must have fallen—from the road above," said Bray, hesitatingly.

"From the road above?" she repeated, with a slight frown, as if to concentrate her thought. She glanced upward, then at the ledge before her, and then, for the first time, at the darkening abyss below. The color, which had begun to return, suddenly left her face here, and she drew instinctively She lifted her handsome gray eyes to him, saw the dust, dirt, and leaves on his back and shoulders, the collar of his shirt torn open, and a few spots of blood from a bruise on his forehead. Her black eyebrows straightened again as she said coldly, "Dear me! I am very sorry; I couldn't help it, you know. I hope you are not otherwise hurt?"

"No," he said quickly. "But you—are you sure you are not injured? It must have been a terrible shock."

"I'm not hurt," she said, helping herself to her feet by the aid of the mountain-side

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bushes, and ignoring his proffered hand. "But," she added quickly and impressively, glancing upward toward the stage road overhead, "why don't they come? They must have missed me. I must have been here a long time. It's too bad."

"*They* missed you?" he repeated diffidently.

"Yes," she said impatiently, "of course! I wasn't alone. Don't you understand? I got out of the coach to walk uphill on the bank under the trees. It was so hot and stuffy. My foot must have slipped up there —and —I—slid—down. Have you heard any one calling me? Have you called out yourself?"

Mr. Bray did not like to say he had only just recovered consciousness. He smiled vaguely and foolishly. But on turning around in her impatience she caught sight of the chasm again, and lapsed quite white against the mountain side.

"Let me give you some water from the spring," he said eagerly, as she sank again to a sitting posture; "it will refresh you." He looked hesitatingly around him; he had neither cup nor flask, but he filled the pail and held it with great dexterity to her lips. She drank a little, extracted a lace handkerchief from some hidden pocket, dipped its point in the water and wiped her face delicately, after a certain feline fashion. Then, catching sight of some small object in the fork of a bush above her, she quickly pounced upon it, and with a swift sweep of her hand under her skirt, put on *her fallen slipper*, and stood on her feet again. "How does one get out of such a place?" she said fretfully, and then, glancing at him half indignantly: "Why don't you shout?"

"I was going to tell you," he said, gently, "that when you are a little stronger we can get out by the way I came in—along the trail." He pointed to the narrow pathway along the perilous incline. Somehow with this tall, beautiful creature beside him it looked more perilous than before. She may have thought so, too, for she drew in her breath sharply, and sank down again.

"Is there no other way?"

"None!"

"How did *you* happen to be here?" she asked, suddenly, opening her gray eyes upon him. "What did you come here for?" she went on, almost impertinently.

"To fetch a pail of water." He stopped, and then it suddenly occurred to him that, after all, there was no reason for his being bullied by this tall, good-looking girl, even if he *had* saved her. He gave a little laugh, and added, mischievously: "Just like Jack and Jill, you know."

"A SINGLE MISSTEP HERE WOULD HAVE SENT HIM HEADLONG TO THE TOPS OF PINE TREES A THOUSAND FEET BELOW."

"What?" she said sharply, bending her black brows at him.

"Jack and Jill," he returned carelessly. "*I* broke my crown, you know, and *you*—" he did not finish.

She stared at him, trying to keep her face and her composure, but a smile, that on her imperious lips he thought perfectly adorable, here lifted the corners of her mouth, and she turned her face aside. But the smile and the line of dazzling little teeth it revealed were unfortunately on the side *toward* him. Emboldened by this he went on: "I couldn't think what had happened. At first I had a sort of idea that part of a mule's pack had fallen on top of me—blankets, flour, and all that sort of thing, you know, until——"

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Her smile had vanished. "Well," she said impatiently, "until?"

"Until I touched you. I'm afraid I gave you a shock; my hand was dripping from the spring."

She colored so quickly that he knew she must have been conscious at the time, and he noticed now that the sleeve of her frock, which had been half torn off her arm, was pinned together over it. When and how had she managed to do it without his detecting the act?

"At all events," she said coldly, "I'm glad you have not received greater injury from—your mule pack."

"I think we've both been very lucky," he said simply.

She did not reply, but remained looking furtively at the narrow trail. Then she listened. "I thought I heard voices," she said, half rising.

"Shall I shout?" he asked.

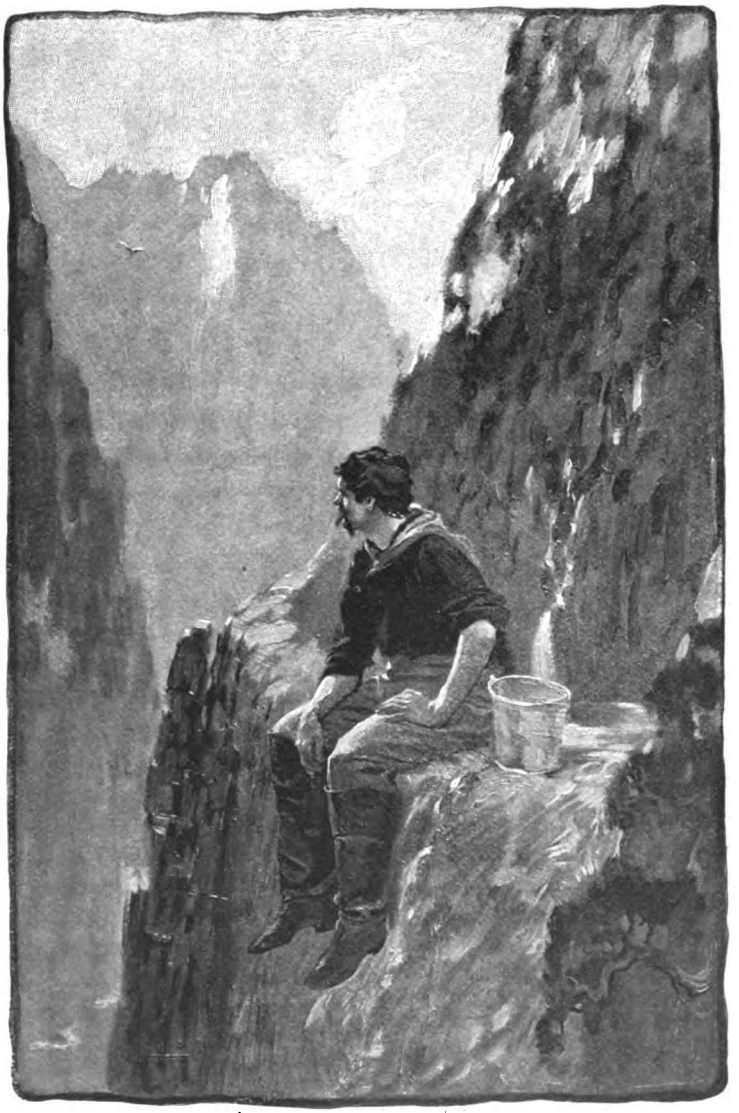
"No!" she said quickly. "You say there's no use—there's only this way out of it!"

"I might go up first, and perhaps get assistance—a rope or chair?" he suggested.

"And leave me here alone?" she said, with a horrified glance at the abyss. "No, thank you. I should be over that ledge before you came back. There's a dreadful fascination in it even now. No; I think I'd rather go—at once! I never shall be stronger as long as I stay near it. I may be weaker." She gave a petulant little shiver, and then, though paler and evidently agitated, composed her tattered and dusty outer garments in a deft, ladylike way, and leaned back against the mountain side. He saw her also glance at his loosened shirt front; and at his hanging neckerchief, and with a heightened color he quickly reknotted it around his throat. They moved from the ledge toward the trail. Suddenly she started back.

"But it's only wide enough for *one*—and I never—*never*—could even stand on it a minute alone!" she said earnestly.

He looked at her critically. "We will go together, side by side," he said quietly; "but you will have to take the outside."



"HE SAT . . . LOOKING ACROSS THE DARK OLIVE DEPTHS OF THE CAÑON BETWEEN HIM AND THE OPPOSITE MOUNTAIN."

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"THEY BOTH STRUGGLED TO THEIR FEET . . . THE SAME THOUGHT IN THE MINDS OF BOTH."

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"Outside!" she repeated, recoiling, "impossible, I shall fall."

"I shall keep hold of you," he said gravely. "You need not fear that. Stop! I'll make it safer." He untied the large bandana silk handkerchief which he wore around his shoulders, knotted one end of it firmly to his belt, and handed her the other. "Do you think you can hold on to that?"

"I—don't know," she hesitated. "If I should fall?"

"Stay a moment. Is your belt strong?" He pointed to a girdle of yellow leather which caught her tunic around her small waist.

"Yes," she said eagerly, "it's real leather."

He gently slipped the edge of the handkerchief under it, and knotted it. They were thus linked together by a foot of handkerchief.

"I feel much safer," she said, with a faint smile.

"But if *I* should fall," he said, looking into her eyes, "you would go too. Have you thought of that?"

"Yes." Her previous charming smile returned. "It would be really Jack and Jill this time," she said.

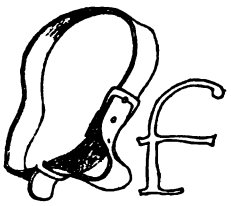
They passed out on the trail. "Now I must take *your* arm," he said, laughingly, "not you *mine*." He passed his arm under hers, holding it firmly. It was the one he had touched. For the first few steps her uncertain feet took no hold of the sloping mountain side, which seemed to slip sideways beneath her. He was literally carrying her on his shoulder. But in a few moments she saw how cleverly he balanced himself, always leaning toward the hillside, and presently she was able to help him by a few steps. She expressed her surprise at his skill.

"It's nothing," he said quietly; "I carry a pail of water up here without spilling a drop."

She stiffened slightly under this remark, and indeed so far overdid her attempt to walk without his aid that her foot slipped on a stone, and she fell outward toward the abyss. But in an instant his arm was transferred from her elbow to her waist, and in the momentum of his quick recovery they both landed panting against the mountain side.

"I'm afraid you'd have spilt the pail that time," she said with a slightly heightened color, as she disengaged herself gently from his arm.

"No," he said boldly, "for the pail never would have stiffened itself in a tiff and tried to go alone."



COURSE not—if it were only a pail," she responded.

They moved on again in silence. The trail was growing a little steeper toward the upper end and the road bank. Bray was often himself obliged to seek the friendly aid of a manzanita or thorn bush to support them. Suddenly she stopped and caught his arm. "There!" she said, "listen! They're coming!"

Bray listened; he could hear at intervals a far-off shout. Then a nearer one—a name—"Eugenia." So that was *hers!*

"Shall I shout back?" he asked.

"Not yet," she said. "Are we near the top?"

A sudden glow of pleasure came over him; he knew not why, except that she did not look delighted, excited, nor even relieved. "Only a few yards more," he said, with an unaffected half-sigh.

"Then I'd better untie this," she said gently, beginning to fumble at the knot of the handkerchief which linked them together. Their heads were close together, their fingers often met; he would liked to have said something—but he could only add: "Are you sure you will feel quite safe? It is a little steeper as we near the bank."

"You can hold me," she said simply, with a superbly unconscious lifting of her arm, as she yielded her waist to him again, but without raising her eyes.

He did, holding her rather tightly, I fear, as they clambered up the remaining slope, for it seemed to him as a last embrace. As he lifted her on the road bank the shouts came nearer, and glancing up he saw two men and a woman running down the hill toward them. He turned to Eugenia. In that instant she had slipped the tattered dust coat from her shoulder, thrown it over her torn sleeve, set her hat straight, and was calmly awaiting them with a self-possession and coolness that seemed to shame their excitement. He noticed, too, with the quick perception of unimportant things which comes to some natures at such moments, that she had plucked a sprig of wild myrtle from the mountain side and was wearing it on her breast.

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"Good Heavens, Genie! What has happened? Where have you been?"

"Eugenia, this is perfect madness!" began the elder man didactically. "You have alarmed us beyond measure—kept the stage waiting—and now it is gone!"

"Genie! Look here, I say! We've been hunting for you everywhere. What's up?" said the younger man, with brotherly brusqueness.

As these questions were all uttered in the same breath, Eugenia replied to them collectively. "It was so hot that I kept along the bank here, while you were on the other side. I heard the trickle of water somewhere down there, and searching for it my foot slipped. This gentleman"—she indicated Bray—"was on a little sort of a trail there, and assisted me back to the road again."

The two men and the woman turned and stared at Bray with a look of curiosity that changed quickly into a half-contemptuous unconcern. They saw a youngish sort of man, with a long mustache, a two days' growth of beard, a not overclean face, that was further streaked with red on the temple, a torn flannel shirt, that showed a very white shoulder beside a sunburnt throat and neck, and soiled white trousers stuck into muddy high boots—in fact, the picture of a broken-down miner. But their unconcern was as speedily changed again into resentment at the perfect ease and equality with which he regarded them—a regard the more exasperating as it was not without a suspicion of his perception of some satire or humor in the situation.

"Ahem! Very much obliged, I am sure. I—er——"

"The lady has thanked me," interrupted Bray, with a smile.

"Did you fall far?" said the younger man to Eugenia, ignoring Bray.

"Not far," she answered, with a half-appealing look at Bray.

"Only a few feet," added Bray, with prompt mendacity; "just a little slip down."

The three newcomers here turned away, and surrounding Eugenia conversed in an undertone. Quite conscious that he was the subject of discussion, he lingered only in the hope of catching a parting glance from Eugenia. The words "*You* do it," "No, *you*," "It would come better from *her*," were distinctly audible to him. To his surprise, however, she suddenly broke through them, and advancing to him, with a dangerous brightness in her beautiful eyes, held out her slim hand. "My father, Mr. Neworth; my brother, Harry Neworth; and my aunt, Mrs. Dobbs," she said, indicating each one with a graceful inclination of her handsome head, "all think I ought to give you something and send you away. I believe that is the way they put it. *I* think differently. I come to ask you to let me once more thank you for your good service to me to-day, which I shall never forget." When he had returned her firm hand-clasp for a minute, she coolly rejoined the discomfited group.

"She's no sardine," said Bray to himself emphatically, "but I suspect she'll catch it from her folks for this. I ought to have gone away at once, like a gentleman, hang it!" He was even angrily debating with himself whether he ought not follow her to protect her from her gesticulating relations as they all trailed up the hill with her, when he reflected that it would only make matters worse. And with it came the dreadful reflection that as yet he had not brought the water to his expecting and thirsty comrades. He had forgotten them for these lazy, snobbish, purse-proud San Franciscans, for Bray had the miner's supreme contempt for the moneyed trading classes. What would the boys think of him? He flung himself over the bank, and hastened recklessly down the trail to the spring. But here again he lingered—the place had become suddenly hallowed. How deserted it looked without her! He gazed eagerly around on the ledge for any trace that she had left—a bow, a bit of ribbon, or even a hairpin that had fallen from her. As he slowly filled the pail he caught sight of his own reflection in the spring. It certainly was not that of an Adonis. He laughed honestly; his sense of humor had saved him from many an extravagance, and mitigated many a disappointment before this. Well, she was a plucky, handsome girl, even if she was not for him and

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he might never set eyes on her again. Yet it was a hard pull up that trail once more, carrying an insensible pail of water in the hand that had once sustained a lovely girl. He remembered her reply to his badinage, "Of course not—if it were only a pail," and found a dozen pretty interpretations of it. Yet he was not in love. No. He was too poor and too level-headed for that. And he was unaffectedly and materially tired, too, when he reached the road again and rested, leaving the spring and its little idyl behind.

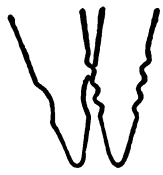
By this time the sun had left the burning ledge of the Eureka Company, and the stage road was also in shadow, so that his return through its heavy dust was less difficult. And when he at last reached the camp, he found to his relief that his prolonged absence had been overlooked by his thirsty companions in a larger excitement and disappointment, for it appeared that a well-known San Francisco capitalist, whom the foreman had persuaded to visit their claim with a view to advance and investment, had actually come over from Red Dog for that purpose, and had got as far as the Summit when he was stopped by an accident, and delayed so long that he was obliged to go on to Sacramento without making his visit and examination.

"That was only his excuse—mere flapdoodle!" interrupted the pessimistic Jerrold. "He was foolin' you. He'd heard of su'then better. The idea of calling that affair an 'accident,' or one that would stop any man who meant business!"

Bray had become uneasily conscious. "What was the accident?" he asked.

"A fool woman's accident," broke in the misogynist Parkhurst, "and it's true! That's what makes it so cussed mean. For there's allus a woman at the bottom of such things—bet your life! Think of 'em coming here. Thar ought to be a law agin it."

"But what was it?" persisted Bray, becoming more apprehensive.



HY, what does that blasted fool of a capitalist do but bring with him his daughter and auntie to 'see the wonderful scenery with popa dear'! As if it was a cheap Sunday-school panorama! And what do these chuckle-headed women do but get off the coach and go to wanderin' about, and playin' 'here we go round the mulberry bush,' until one of 'em tumbles down a ravine. And then there's a great to-do, and 'dear popa' was up and down the road yellin', 'Me cheyld! me cheyld!' And then there was camphor and sal volatile and eau de cologne to be got, and the coach goes off, and 'popa dear' gets left, and then has to hurry off in a buggy to catch it. And so *we* get left too, just because that old fool, Neworth, brings his women here."

Under this recital poor Bray sat as completely crushed as when the fair daughter of Neworth had descended upon his shoulders at the spring. He saw it all. *His* was the fault. It was *his* delay and dalliance with her that had checked Neworth's visit.

Worse than that, it was his subsequent audacity and her defense of him that would probably prevent any renewal of the negotiations. He had shipwrecked his partners' prospects in his absurd vanity and pride! He did not dare to raise his eyes to their dejected faces.

He would have confessed everything to them, but the same feeling of delicacy to her which had determined him to keep her adventures to himself now forever sealed his lips. How might they not misconstrue his conduct—and *hers!* Perhaps something of this was visible in his face.

"Come, old man," said the cheerful misogynist, with perfect innocence, "don't take it so hard. Some time in a man's life a woman's sure to get the drop on him, as I said afore, and this yer woman's got the drop on five of us. But—hallo, Ned, old man, what's the matter with your head?" He laid his hand gently on the matted temple of his younger partner.

"I had—a slip—on the trail," he stammered. "Had to go back again for another pailful. That's what delayed me, you know, boys," he added quickly. "But it's nothing."

"Nothing!" ejaculated Parkhurst, clapping him on the back and twisting him around by the shoulders so that he faced his companions. "Nothing! Look at him, gentlemen; and he says it's 'nothing.' That's how *a man* takes it. *He* didn't go round yellin' and wringing his hands, and sayin', 'Me pay-l! me pay-l!' when it spilt. He just humped himself and trotted back for another. And yet every drop of water in that overset bucket meant hard work and hard sweat, and was as precious as gold."

Luckily for Bray, whose mingled emotions under Parkhurst's eloquence were beginning to be hysterical, the foreman interrupted.

"Well, boys, it's time we got to work again and took another heave at the old

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ledge. But now that this job of Neworth's is over, I don't mind tellin' ye suthin'." As their leader usually spoke but little, and to the point, the four men gathered around him. "Although I engineered this affair and got it up, somehow I never *saw* that Neworth standing on this ledge. No, boys, I never saw him *here*." The look of superstition which Bray and the others had often seen on this old miner's face, and which so often showed itself in his acts, was there. "And though I wanted him to come, and allowed to have him come, I'm kinder relieved that he didn't; and so let whatsoever luck's in the air come to us, five alone boys, just as we stand."

The next morning Bray was up before his companions, and although it was not his turn, offered to bring water from the spring. He was not in love with Eugenia—he had not forgotten his remorse of the previous day—but he would like to go there once more before he relentlessly wiped out her image from his mind. And he had heard that, although Neworth had gone on to Sacramento, his son and the two ladies had stopped on for a day or two at the Ditch Superintendent's house on the Summit, only two miles away. She might pass on the road; he might get a glimpse of her again and a wave of her hand before this thing was over forever and he should have to take up the daily routine of his work again.

It was not love, of *that* he was assured; but it was the way to stop it by convincing himself of its madness. Besides, in view of all the circumstances, it was his duty as a gentleman to show some concern for her condition after the accident and the disagreeable contretemps which followed it.

Thus Bray! Alas, none of these possibilities occurred. He found the spring had simply lapsed into its previous unsuggestive obscurity, a mere niche in the mountain side that held only—water. The stage road was deserted save for an early, curly-headed school-boy, whom he found lurking on the bank, but who evaded his company and conversation.

He returned to the camp quite cured of his fancy. His late zeal as a water-carrier had earned him a day or two's exemption from that duty. His place was taken the next afternoon by the woman-hating Parkhurst, and he was the less concerned by it as he had heard that the same afternoon the ladies were to leave the Summit for Sacramento.

But then occurred a singular coincidence. The new water-bringer was as scandalously late in his delivery of the precious fluid as his predecessor. An hour passed, and he did not return. His unfortunate partners, toiling away with pick and crowbar on the burning ledge, were clamorous from thirst, and Bray was becoming absurdly uneasy. It could not be possible that the accident had been repeated. Or had *she* met him with inquiries? But no, she was already gone.

The mystery was presently cleared, however, by the abrupt appearance of Parkhurst running toward them, but *without his pail*. The cry of consternation and despair which greeted that discovery was, however, quickly changed by a single, breathless, half-intelligible sentence he had shot before him from his panting lips, and he was holding something in his outstretched palm that was more eloquent than words—gold!

In an instant they had him under the shade of the pine tree, and were squatting round him like school-boys. He was profoundly agitated. His story, far from being brief, was incoherent, and at times seemed irrelevant, but that was characteristic. They would remember that he had always held the theory that even in quartz mining the deposits were always found near water, past or present, with signs of fluvial erosion. He didn't call himself a one of your blanked scientific miners, but his head was level. It was all very well for them to say, "Yes! yes!" *now;* but they didn't used to. Well, when he got to the spring, he noticed that there had been a kind of landslide above it—of course from water cleavage—and there was a distinct mark of it on the mountain-side, where it had uprooted and thrown over some small bushes.

Excited as Bray was, he recognized with a hysterical sensation the track made by Eugenia in her fall, which he himself had noticed; but he had thought only of *her*.

"When I saw that," continued Parkhurst, more rapidly and coherently, "I saw that there was a crack above the hole where the water came through, as if it had been the old channel of the spring. I widened it a little with my clasp-knife, and then, in a little pouch or pocket of decomposed quartz, I found that!"

"Not only that, boys," he continued, rising, with a shout, "but the whole slope above the spring is a mass of seepage underneath, as if you'd played a hydraulic hose on it, and it's ready to tumble and is just rotten with quartz!"

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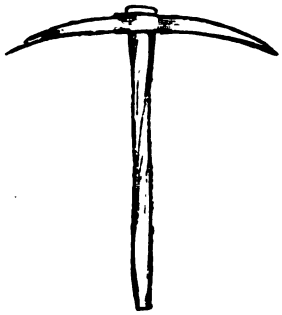

HE men leaped to their feet; in another moment they had snatched picks, pans, and shovels, and the foreman leading, with a coil of rope thrown over his shoulders, were all flying down the trail to the highway. Their haste was wise. The spring was not on *their* claim; it was known to others; it was doubtful if Parkhurst's discovery with his knife amounted to actual *work* on the soil. They must "take it up" with a formal notice, and get to work at once.

In an hour they were scattered over the mountain side, like bees clinging to the fragrant slope of laurel and myrtle above the spring. An excavation was made beside it, and the ledge broadened by a dozen feet. Even the spring itself was utilized to wash the hastily filled prospecting-pans. And when the Pioneer coach slowly toiled up the road that afternoon, the passengers stared at the scarcely dry "Notice of Location" pinned to the pine by the road bank whence Eugenia had fallen two days before.

Eagerly and anxiously as Edward Bray worked with his companions, it was with more conflicting feelings. There was a certain sense of desecration in their act. How her proud lip would have curled had she seen him—him, who but a few hours before would have searched the whole slope for the treasure of a ribbon, a handkerchief, or a bow from her dress—now delving and picking the hillside for that fortune her accident had so mysteriously disclosed. Mysteriously he believed, for he had not fully accepted Parkhurst's story. That gentle misogynist had never been an active prospector; an inclination to theorize without practice and combat his partners' experience was against his alleged process of discovery, although the gold was actually there; and his conduct that afternoon was certainly peculiar. He did but little of the real work, but wandered from man to man with suggestions, advice, and exhortations and the air of a superior patron. This might have been characteristic, but mingled with it was a certain nervous anxiety and watchfulness. He was continually scanning the stage road and the trail, staring eagerly at any wayfarer in the distance, and at times falling into fits of strange abstraction. At other times he would draw near to one of his fellow-partners, as if for confidential disclosure, and then check himself and wander aimlessly away. And it was not until evening came that the mystery was solved.

The prospecting-pans had been duly washed and examined, the slope above and below had been fully explored and tested, with a result and promise that outran their most sanguine hopes. There was no mistaking the fact that they had made a "big" strike. That singular gravity and reticence, so often observed in miners at these crises, had come over them as they sat that night for the last time around their old camp-fire on the Eureka ledge, when Parkhurst turned impulsively to Bray. "Roll over here," he said in a whisper; "I want to tell ye suthin'."

Bray "rolled" beyond the squatting circle, and the two men gradually edged themselves out of hearing of the others. In the silent abstraction that prevailed nobody noticed them.

"It's got suthin' to do with this discovery," said Parkhurst, in a low, mysterious tone, "but as far as the gold goes, and our equal rights to it as partners, it don't affect them. If I," he continued, in a slightly patronizing, paternal tone, "choose to make you and the other boys shares in what seems to be a special providence to *me*, I reckon we won't quarrel on it. It's a mighty curious, singular thing. It's one of those things ye read about in books and don't take any stock in. But we've got the gold, and I've got the black and white to prove it, even if it ain't exactly human."

His voice sank so low, his manner was so impressive, that despite his known exaggeration, Bray felt a slight thrill of superstition. Meantime Parkhurst wiped his brow, took a folded slip of paper and a sprig of laurel from his pocket, and drew a long breath.

"When I got to the spring this morning," he went on in a nervous, tremulous, and scarcely audible voice, "I saw this bit o' paper, folded notewise, lyin' on the ledge before it. On the top of it was this sprig of laurel, to catch the eye. I ain't the man to pry into other folks' secrets or read what ain't mine. But on the back o' this note was written 'To Jack.' It's a common enough name; but it's a singular thing, ef you'll recollect, thar ain't *another* Jack in this company, nor on the whole ridge betwixt

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this and the Summit, except *myself*. So I opened it, and this is what it read." He held the paper sideways toward the leaping light of the still near camp-fire, and read slowly, with the emphasis of having read it many times before:

"I want you to believe that *I*, at least, respect and honor your honest, manly calling, and when you strike it rich, as you surely will, I hope you will sometimes think of Jill."

In the thrill of joy, hope, and fear that came over Bray he could see that Parkhurst had not only failed to detect his secret, but had not even connected the two names with their obvious suggestion. "But do you know anybody named Jill?" he asked breathlessly.

"It's no *name*," said Parkhurst, in a somber voice; "it's a *thing*."

"A thing," repeated Bray, bewildered.

"Yes, a measure, you know; two fingers of whisky."

"Oh, a 'gill,'" said Bray.

"That's what I said, young man," returned Parkhurst gravely.

Bray choked back a hysterical laugh; spelling was notoriously not one of Parkhurst's strong points. "But what's a 'gill' got to do with it?" he asked quickly.

"It's one of them sphinx things, don't you see? A sort of riddle or rebus, you know. You've got to study it out, as them old chaps did. But I fetched it. What comes after 'gills,' eh?"

"Pints, I suppose," said Bray.

"And after pints?"

"Quarts."

"*Quartz;* and there you are. So I looked about me for quartz, and, sure enough, struck it the first pop."

Bray cast a quick look at Parkhurst's grave face. The man was evidently impressed and sincere. "Have you told this to any one?" he asked quickly.

"No."

"Then *don't*, or you'll spoil the charm and bring us ill-luck. That's the rule, you know. I really don't know that you ought to have told me," added the artful Bray, dissembling his intense joy at this proof of Eugenia's remembrance.

"But," said Parkhurst blankly, "you see, old man, you'd just been to the spring, and I kinder thought——"

"Don't think," said Bray promptly, "and above all don't talk. Not a word to the boys of this. Stay! Give me the paper and the sprig. I've got to go to San Francisco next week, and I'll take care of it and think it out." He knew that Parkhurst might be tempted to talk, but without the paper his story would be treated lightly. Parkhurst handed him the paper, and the two men returned to the camp-fire.

That night Bray slept but little. The superstition of the lover is no less keen than that of the gambler, and Bray, while laughing at Parkhurst's extravagant fancy, I am afraid, was equally inclined to believe that their good fortune came through Eugenia's influence. At least he should tell her so, and her precious note became now an invitation, as well as an excuse for seeking her. The only fear that possessed him was that she might have expected some acknowledgment of her note before she left that afternoon. The only thing he could not understand was how she had managed to convey the note to the spring, for she could not have taken it herself. But this would doubtless be explained by her in San Francisco, whither he intended to seek her. His affairs, the purchasing of machinery for their new claim, would no doubt give him easy access to her father.

But it was one thing to imagine this while procuring a new and fashionable outfit in San Francisco, and quite another to stand before the "palatial" residence of the Neworths on Rincon Hill, with the consciousness of no other introduction than the memory of the Neworths' discourtesy on the mountain, and even in his fine feathers Bray hesitated. At this moment a carriage rolled up to the door, and Eugenia, an adorable vision of laces and silks, alighted.

Forgetting everything else he advanced toward her with outstretched hand. He saw her start, a faint color come in her face. He knew he was recognized, but she stiffened quickly again, the color vanished, her beautiful gray eyes rested coldly on him for a moment, and then, with the faintest inclination of her proud head, she swept by him and entered the house.

But Bray though shocked was not daunted, and perhaps his own pride was awakened. He ran to his hotel, summoned a messenger, enclosed her note in an envelope, and added these lines:

DEAR MISS NEWORTH,—I only wanted to thank you an hour ago—as I should liked to have done before—for the kind note which I enclose, but which you have made me feel I have no right to treasure any longer, and to tell you that your most generous wish and prophecy have been more than fulfilled.

Yours very gratefully,

EDMUND BRAY.

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Miss Neworth has been fully aware of that preoccupation with his good fortune which prevented Mr. Bray from an earlier acknowledgment of her foolish note.

WITHIN the hour the messenger returned with the still briefer reply:

Cold as this response was, Bray's heart leaped. She *had* lingered on the Summit and *had* expected a reply. He seized his hat, and jumping into the first cab at the hotel door, drove rapidly back to the house. He had but one idea—to see her at any cost; but one concern—to avoid a meeting with her father first, or a denial at her very door.

He dismissed the cab at the street corner, and began to reconnoiter the house. It had a large garden in the rear, reclaimed from the adjacent scrub-oak infested sand hill, and protected by a high wall. If he could scale that wall, he could command the premises. It was a bright morning; she might be tempted into the garden. A taller scrub oak grew near the wall. To the mountain-bred Bray it was an easy matter to swing himself from it to the wall, and he did. But his momentum was so great that he touched the wall only to be obliged to leap down into the garden to save himself from falling there. He heard a little cry, felt his feet strike some tin utensil, and rolled on the ground beside Eugenia and her overturned watering-pot.

They both struggled to their feet with an astonishment that turned to laughter in their eyes, and the same thought in the minds of both.

"But we are not on the mountains now, Mr. Bray," said Eugenia, taking her handkerchief at last from her sobering face and straightening eyebrows.

"But we are quits," said Bray. "And you now know my real name. I only came here to tell you why I could not answer your letter the same day. I never got it—I mean"—he added hurriedly—"another man got it first."

She threw up her head, and her face grew pale. "*Another* man got it," she repeated. "And *you* let another man——"

"No, no," interrupted Bray imploringly. "You don't understand. One of my partners went to the spring that afternoon and found it, but he neither knows who sent it nor for whom it was intended." He hastily recounted Parkhurst's story, his mysterious belief and interpretation of the note. The color came back to her face, and the smile to her lips and eyes. "I had gone twice to the spring after I saw you, but I couldn't bear its deserted look without you," he added boldly. Here, seeing her face grow grave again, he added: "But how did you get the letter to the spring, and how did you know that it was found that morning?"

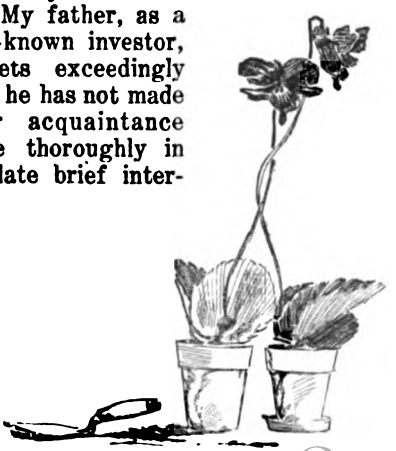
It was her turn to look embarrassed and entreating, but the combination was charming in her proud face. "I got a little school-boy at the Summit," she said, with girlish hesitation, "to take the note. He knew the spring, but he didn't know *you*. I told him—it was very foolish, I know—to wait until you came for water, to be certain that you got the note, to wait until you came up, for I thought you might question him or give him some word." Her face was quite rosy now. "But," she added, and her lip took a divine pout, "he said he waited *two hours*; that you never took the *least concern* of the letter or him, but went around the mountain side, peering and picking in every hole and corner of it, and then he got tired and ran away. Of course I understand it now. It wasn't *you*—but oh, please! I beg you, Mr. Bray, don't."

Bray released the little hand which he had impulsively caught, and which had allowed itself to be detained for a blissful moment.

"And now, don't you think, Mr. Bray," she added demurely, "that you had better let me fill my pail again while you go round to the front door and call upon me properly?"

"But your father?"

"My father, as a well-known investor, regrets exceedingly that he has not made your acquaintance more thoroughly in his late brief inter-



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view. He is, as your foreman knows, exceedingly interested in the mines on Eureka ledge. He will be glad if you would call." She led him to a little door in the wall, which she unbolted. "And now, 'Jill' must say good-by to 'Jack,' for she must make herself ready to receive a Mr. Bray who is expected."

And when Bray, a moment later, called at the front door, he was respectfully announced. He called another day, and many days after. He came frequently to San Francisco, and one day did not return to his old partners. He had entered into a new partnership with one who, he declared, "had made the first strike on Eureka Mountain."

BRYAN.

By William Allen White,

Author of "The Real Issue" and "The Court of Boyville."

Editor's Note.—In the following article, William Allen White begins in McClure's Magazine a series of studies of the most conspicuous of our present-day political figures. The characters to be presented in this series have been chosen irrespective of the political sympathies of either Mr. White or of the editors of McClure's, and solely because of the position they occupy in the mind of the public. Mr. Bryan leads the series because, excepting a few men in official life, he is to-day the most prominent figure in the United States. The next article will deal with a leading Republican.

As is evident from the present study, Mr. White purposes to give a frank portrait of a man as he sees him. He argues neither for nor against his views or deeds. He aims solely to show the reader what manner of man this is that is playing so large a part in our public life. It is the sincere and unreserved expression of his own impressions, after having studied the man without bias or preconceit, that makes the value of the papers.

THE political party is the grandson of the clan. From the clan the party inherits much bigotry. Therefore, partisans generally put one cloak, either of odium or sanctity, on both the principles and the men who lead in their advocacy. It was ever thus. Probably a child of Israel would have laid off his garments as cheerfully to fight at an aspersion cast at the probity of Moses as to uphold the wisdom of the platform which Moses proclaimed. So human nature has made it necessary—and perhaps best—that all over this land two opinions exist about the leader of the minority party in this government. One opinion—that held by his partisans—is this, that William Jennings Bryan has god-like courage and indomitable energy directed by divine wisdom; that he is saintly in self-effacement and heroic in achievement for the poor and the oppressed. Another opinion—that held by those who differ with Mr. Bryan about the coinage of silver—is this, that he is an arrant demagogue, vacillating by nature, consciously dishonest, the malicious soul of error, and the fountainhead of treasonable doctrines which invite anarchy by the attempt to establish socialism.

Of course both estimates of Mr. Bryan's character are incorrect—the estimate of his friends as surely as that of his enemies. Nature never made a human being entirely good or entirely bad. Yet, ordinarily, in presidential years intelligent Americans forget that the habitat of heroes and of villains is in books and plays. Maybe citizens take this unreasonable view of candidates for office because to the popular mind an election is an act in a drama and all the men and women merely players. So it is easy to cry with Richard: "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham;" or off with his reputation, or off with his peace of mind, or off with his ambition. We forget that the hated Buckingham leading the despised opposition may be, after all, an excellent gentleman, with two legs, real blood dancing through a merry heart, delightfully human in his preference for wearing his head above his collar-button rather than in the headsman's basket, eminently sane in his pride in his good name, pardonable in his desire for peace of mind, and with a conscience behind his ambition.

Now the object of this sketch is simply

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to consider one of the foremost characters in contemporary history, not as a hero or as a villain, but as "a prosperous gentleman," without cherubic wings chafed by his suspenders, and without cloven hoofs under his respectable shoes. Perhaps the direct way to this object is to introduce as "Exhibit A" a few lines descriptive of Mr. Bryan as he appears to the naked eye.

The first impression one receives of the man, and the last impression to fade, is that of youth: not the youth of immaturity; not the youth of mad vanity and folly; but the youth of the bridegroom coming forth from his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man; the youth of hope, of enthusiasm, of bright eyes that indicate a good liver and reflect a brave soul. All the lines of the tall figure that enclose over 200 pounds of wholesome flesh and blood are lines of young manhood. The crescent of his slowly growing vest is the crescent of a young moon, and although Bryan's hair is receding from his brow, no wrinkles mark it, and beneath it is a Wellsbach smile, clear and steadfast and cheerful as the sunrise. At home, in his office, or in the street, that smile is winning. It is its owner's talisman. But in public life—and Bryan is more natural there than in private life (indeed he has little private life)—in public life that smile is the pyrotechnic obligato for a saxophone voice. Back of the broad chin is a strong jaw; under the jaw a neck, obstinate as a Turk's, slopes into a pair of as diplomatic shoulders as ever saved an Irishman's head from a blackthorn stick. Bryan's figure is all Irish. His loose hanging arms are Irish. His sturdy well-pegged legs are Irish. And there's an Irish grandsire—who used to smoke a clay pipe probably—and he likes to come back and rest his bones, that have been under the "ould sod" these hundreds of years, by sitting on the small of his grandson's back to view the world from across his grandson's elevated knees. Doubtless if the scion would take a little something at such times, the ancestor would come out of the past and give the young man a philosophy that would smile with the world at its weaknesses and shortcomings. But Bryan is a sober and a virtuous man who neither smokes, drinks, chews, nor swears. So the old one keeps his place and listens while his offspring sighs at the misery and wickedness and woe of this melancholy world.

Clothe a handsome figure in a black tailcoat, and under the awning of a black slouch hat put a low-cut vest, with two studs fastened through the front of a white shirt; tie a black string-tie, the inevitable neckgear of the young lawyer ten years ago, under a lay-down collar; modify the chill atmosphere of the bar by the breezy amiability of a St. Louis shoe-drummer, repressed while he sells a Methodist deacon a bill of goods, and the gentle reader may have a fair idea of how Bryan looks, acts, moves, and has his being, when he is not before an audience. There—but that must come later. Of course he was not modeled as he stands to-day from red clay. He did not spring full-panoplied from the helmet of the statue of Chicago at the Convention of '96. He grew. And the story of his growth is of passing interest.

This story may be told in "the short and simple annals" of the comfortably well-to-do. Bryan was born in 1860, at Salem, Illinois. His father was judge of a district court for twelve years, until 1872, when he ran for Congress, and was defeated, although on a Democratic ticket with a Greenback endorsement. Bryan's mother was a Jennings, and one of his grandmothers a Lillard, of Virginia. In Bryan's book, "The First Battle," his wife has written a short biography of her husband. In this she tells of his boy life; how he did the chores on his father's town farm, how he hunted rabbits, how he "joined church" and decided, as many boys do at some stage of their lives, to become a preacher, and compromised on the bar; how he went to school, and how—this is the first key to his character—"he developed an interest in the work of literary and debating societies." This debating society business was the youth's stronghold. His wife puts it happily thus: "A prize always fired William's ambition. During his first year in the academy (the preparatory department of Illinois College), he declaimed Patrick Henry's masterpiece, and ranked well down the list. Nothing daunted, the next year found him with the 'Palmetto and the Pine' as his subject. The next year, a freshman in college, he tried for a prize in Latin prose, and won half the second prize. Later in the year he declaimed 'Bernardo del Carpio,' and gained second prize. In his sophomore year he entered another contest, with an essay on 'Labor.' This time the first prize rewarded his work. An oration on 'Individual Powers' gave him a place in the intercollegiate contest held at Galesburg, where he ranked second."

Now, if the Republicans fancy that they can talk Mr. Bryan down, they may see their mis-

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take in this record. He is only up to "The Palmetto and the Pine" contest this year, with three more contests yet before him. After graduation, Bryan went into law, and glided from law to politics with "that mild and healing sympathy" that stole away his practice e'er he was aware. He moved from Jacksonville, Illinois, to Lincoln, Nebraska, and in 1888 he stumped the First Congressional District for J. Sterling Morton. Two years later he canvassed the district for himself, and won. After two terms in Congress, one of which was served on the Ways and Means Committee, Bryan came home to find moth and rust corrupting his law books, so he closed them and turned to his true love, "the people." He ran for the United States Senate in '94. When he failed of election, he packed his grip and went forth preaching the silver gospel. He lectured for pay when he could get it, for nothing when he could do no better; but he never stopped talking, and he paid his own way. In the two years preceding '96, Bryan went into nearly every State in the Mississippi Valley, and he spoke but one message—the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1. He set more acres of prairie afire for free silver than any other man. He made friends everywhere, for he has that grace of manner and gentleness of personality that bind friends in sheaves in his path. He has all the charm and winsomeness that Dickens gave to Steerforth. Thus it happened that, when delegates to the National Democratic Convention began to rise in the various States a hundred of them knew Bryan, and scores of them had written to him urging him to run for the presidential nomination. No man was preëminent in the silver movement. It was a struggle for principle among the Western Democrats, not a clamor for a man. The silver leaders conspiring to overthrow the federal appointees' wing of Democracy, were not sure enough of a victory to give much time to the distribution of the spoil.

In the Chicago Convention the theorists prevailed. It was clearly the sense of the meeting that man is a creature of the State, rather than that the State is a creation of man's. It was preëminently an emotional occasion. The orator who could arouse some one, challenge some one, defy some one else, and plead for something—that orator could best voice the sentiments of his auditors. That orator was Bryan. He stepped naturally into supremacy at the talk-feast, because he had been training for that famous speech, and for nothing else, from the hour when he recited "Patrick Henry's Address." All the days of his youth had been spent in practising elocution; the days of maturity in debating. Ambition had led him through green pastures. Physical toil had not twisted his youthful frame; no complaining at fate had put the rasp of despair in his musical voice. He rose in his place in the throng of men who had fought their way to approximate success by hard, disfiguring knocks, and he seemed as one apart from practical life—one exalted. He could not know it, but this distinction gave him his courage. No industrial concern had ever bothered him to act as its director or as its superintendent, or as its foreman or as a laborer; no financial institution had asked him to be its treasurer or its promoter or a member of its advisory board. No social experiment had been put into his hands for development. His knowledge of the actual strength and weakness, quirks and foibles of human nature was a blank page. Upon it he might write a theory of human conduct and argue therefrom with deep, unsimulated feeling. No fluttering wings of doubt, that would have brushed by another man's eyes and made him stammer and hesitate in his climaxes, disturbed Bryan. His magnificent earnestness was hypnotic. Because he lost no force of his eloquence convincing himself, the weight of all his rhetoric, of his splendid magnetic presence, of his resonant voice, fell upon the delegates and filled them with the frenzy that has made every reckless mob of history. Bryan's supremacy in the Chicago Convention was as inevitable as Robespierre's in the Assembly. And he did even more than hypnotize the delegates. Through the nerves of the telegraph that speech thrilled a continent, and for a day a nation was in a state of mental and moral catalepsy.

If the election had been held that July day, Bryan would have been chosen President. Indeed, all his opponents did in the three months following his speech was to arouse the people from their trance. It took much shaking up to break the spell, much marching of the patient up and down the land under torches and to martial music to revive him and restore him to his natural faculties It is not fair, therefore, to say that the man who put the moral and mental faculties of the nation to sleep is not a strong man. He may not be particularly wise, for wisdom and oratorical strength are not inseparably allied.

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Bryan is deadly serious. From the caverns of his inexperience comes no cackle of mirth at his own presumption, such as invariably comes to a man of ripe philosophy. Bryan sees in his creed the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With him an expeditious compromise would be a dishonorable surrender. The easy circumstances of his early life, his present environment in the primrose path, his felicitous career following the beckonings of a mastering ambition—these things conspire to persuade him that he is a statesman of destiny. Men who fight their way up from the bottom to the top of fortune's hill are apt to take personal credit for their victories and believe little in the influence of the State. But Bryan's easy rise has so confused him that it is natural for him to hold that the State can make or break men. His career makes it proper that he should teach that the State by proclamation and enactment can coax the coy millennium out of the roseate dawn and put salt on her tail. For him to hold another view would argue in him a vanity that is foreign to him.

In Bryan's home, the living-room is the library. Around the library walls are pictures of statesmen—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln prominently displayed; Benton, Webster, Calhoun, and the others, in steel engravings, tucked away in odd places. An eagle poised for flight totters in front of Bryan's chair. Just behind it is a picture which more than any other tells its owner's point of view. The picture represents Henry Clay towering almost ten feet high in the foreground, badly out of perspective, pleading with the lilliputian senators—all in stocks and tail coats, like Clay, and all dignified and serious, wrapped in improving meditation. Of course no human beings ever disported themselves in such unwrinkled pomp. But Bryan doubtless draws from this picture many of his fine Fourth-Reader views of the relations of life. The books in the library also make an excellent photograph of their owner's mental equipment. Of fiction there is little. "Caxton editions" of a number of the classic novelists are found in sets. Standard histories and great orations common in schools twenty years ago fill much space. Lord's "Beacon Lights of History," "lives" of statesmen old and new, collections of poetical "gems," published by houses that sell through agents, have shelf room beyond their deserts. On the side of sociology and economics the books are of the sort that may be called propagandist. They were written by partisans of a theory, rather than by well-known scientists seeking the truth. Most of these books might have been issued by the "committee" or by the "league" or by the "association," and with a few exceptions they bear the same relation to sane research in the lines they traverse that "Mother, Home, and Heaven" and "The Royal Path of Life" bear to the work of Matthew Arnold and the inquiries of Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer. Contemporaneous literature of the first order—new books and magazines—and those refinements artistic and literary which two decades of invention and industrial organization have brought to American homes, are conspicuously absent from the Bryan library. "Trilby" is the latest piece of fiction there, and excepting a few economic tracts, the shelves might have been filled by a Virginia country judge before the war. And this is but natural, for Bryan is distinctly of the old school. His broad, studded, antebellum shirt-bosom shows this as clearly as does his child-like faith in the integrity and omniscience of the people. With him *vox populi* is always *vox Dei*. And this, too, in the face of the fact that in modern politics men who affect solicitude for the people are called demagogues. The people—that solidarity of citizens of mutual interest, common aspirations, and similar circumstances that once formed the masses of the early Republic—seem to have resolved themselves into a number of individuals, associated by self-interest in groups, cliques, coteries, classes, companies, corporations, and municipalities. These units ask of government only an honest policeman and an incorruptible umpire to see that the fight is fair. Therefore a large number of Mr. Bryan's fellow-citizens—a majority, in fact—sniffed at his strenuous clamor for "the people" four years ago as the recitations of a demagogue. And like the priest and the Levite, these fellow-citizens passed by on the other side.

Now the truth of the matter is that Mr. Bryan is not a demagogue. He is absolutely honest, which a demagogue is not. He is absolutely brave, which a demagogue is not. He is passionately sincere, which a demagogue is not. When Bryan came to Nebraska, a dozen years ago, his town, his congressional district, and his State were overwhelmingly Republican. A demagogue would have joined the majority party. Bryan took up the cause of tariff reform, and fought a losing fight. When he became convinced that free silver was right, he preached it in

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his congressional district with his party organization and the odds of battle against him. He ran for the United States Senate in '94 with his party's State convention endorsement. If he had trimmed a little on free silver, the Cleveland gold Democrats might have turned the scales in his favor. But he didn't trim; he lost. When Bryan left the volunteer army of the United States in '98, his party had been opposing the ratification of the peace treaty with Spain. Bryan opposed his party, and favored the ratification of the treaty. A dishonest man would have gloried in fighting the treaty. To-day silver sentiment is dying in the West. Bryan would not lose an electoral vote by abandoning silver. He would gain thousands of franchises in the East by such a course. But because he believes that the free coinage of silver is right, wild horses cannot drag him from his stand.

Above everything else, Bryan personally is what may be called a clean man. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, though he does not add to his other fault the "vice of piety." His home life is that of the average well-bred American—simple, affectionate, stimulating. He takes his wife into partnership in all his interests. She is his only confidant and his final adviser. In the town of Lincoln, which does not agree with him politically and will not vote for him, Bryan bears the reputation of a straightforward, honorable man, whose word is good, and whose debts are paid when they fall due. In the intrigues of local politics Bryan is not a dominant force. He has never dominated there. He talked himself into his honors in local politics, instead of winning them in the caucus. Most men in Western politics begin at the bottom—run for county attorney, or the legislature, are graduated into a judicial nomination, and ascend to Congress at the close of their political lives. Bryan, having framed his life after the models in the old school, began at the top.

Bryan shows his greatest personal strength in the fact that he is to-day, as he has ever been, utterly without a political machine. Other men in American politics stand or fall for reasons outside of their personality. Mr. David Hill, for instance, is a geographical location. Mr. McKinley is a kind of syndicate. Roosevelt stands for an ideal of civic righteousness. Mr. Croker is an impudent appetite. Quay is a system of wireless telegraphy. But Bryan is Bryan, and Bryan is his prophet. More power for good or evil rests under Bryan's black slouch hat than under any other single head-piece in America. Bryan is machineless, not because he abhors the machine, but because he ignores it. He would not know what to do with captains and lieutenants. If his party should begin to turn from him, Bryan could not call, "What ho, warder, let the portcullis fall," in a score of States and check the stampede. If oratory would not stop the panic, the multitude would have to leave him as it came to him. After which he would go on lecturing till that gave out, and running for the Senate till that gave out, and for Congress till that gave out, when he would return to his law office, and continue as he was in the beginning, an honest, hard-working, ordinary country lawyer, with an extraordinary voice and a forceful, direct, plausible way of putting short Anglo-Saxon words that often moves juries, but is not so thrilling in briefs.

But if, on the other hand, Bryan's presidential ambition should be gratified, the country would have a startling spectacle. It would be like that of a Southern gentleman in swallow-tails and a choker, but one generation removed from his periwig, suddenly shunted half a century ahead and jammed into the oak-bottomed chair of a railroad president. The gentleman of the old school would try honestly to do his duty. But he would have such difficult things to learn, and such an incapacity for learning them, that he would cut many a fantastic caper and in the end make a mess of it as bad as a thorough-going rascal would. Mr. Bryan, trying to run the presidential office as Jackson ran it, might make many important and expensive personal discoveries. He might discover that the world has moved since Jackson's day; that the present phase of industrial evolution is not a conspiracy against God and man; and that an intelligent conscience is a surer guide than an ear trained to catch the voice of the people.

The danger of men of Bryan's mold to the country is not what they hold true, so much as it is how they hold it; not so much the limit of their intelligence as their attitude toward truth. For Bryan's mental endowment is that of a debater. When he faces an alleged fact, his habit is not to search it for truth, but to answer it. He is not seeking the truth; he has it, and is seeking to make converts. While his marvelous mental acuteness as a debater is a shield that will always ward certain truths from his heart, yet he has one simple oratorical trick, and only one: he begs

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the question. For instance, a reporter recently asked Bryan if the practice of electing senators in Montana by the corrupt use of money is not deplorable. His reply was: "Don't you think the spectacle of Senator Hanna voting to unseat Clark for buying an election is incongruous?" Now the alleged incongruity of Senator Hanna's position in the Clark investigation has nothing to do with the case against the corrupt use of money in elections. But that answer before a crowd would turn the debate into another channel. In his Chicago speech Bryan said: "If they tell us that the gold standard is a good thing, we shall point to their platform and tell them that their platform pledges the party to get rid of the gold standard and substitute bi-metallism. If the gold standard is a good thing, why try to get rid of it?" With the crowd that passes for argument against the gold standard; but the fact is, the merits or demerits of the gold standard are not touched upon at all. In no place in that speech was there a single logical argument offered against the gold standard. Yet the speech was a perfect piece of rhetoric of its kind, and it convinced thousands of the iniquity of the gold standard. Conviction came through bald, unsupported assertion, repeated a score of times in different figures of speech and uttered with a manifest sincerity of belief that was the orator's armament against contradiction. This method of political discussion is not original with Bryan. It is common to all debaters, to all politicians and to many statesmen. But they cannot maintain the unflinching sincerity that Bryan wears, for if they are men of much intelligence, they see their own sham, and having seen it, cannot entirely conceal it. But Bryan, like the lady in the poem, "never can know and never can understand."

And yet it is not the kind of argument Bryan uses which gives him strength, it is not the principles he advocates that draw men to him. At the bottom of the magnetism which pulls men toward Bryan is the growth in the popular mind of a faith in socialism, and a hope to see the State lay hold of the industrial system and untangle its many snarls. During this century of mechanical progress the economic world has literally jumped a cog in the process of its evolution. Many people believe that society is not properly adjusted, that the machinery of industry is not in gear, and too many people are being ground by it. There is a widespread belief that repairs are needed, and because Bryan gets out with his oratorical hammer and knocks upon the industrial system and the existing order, unthinking people have hailed him as the master mechanic. But Bryan is not a builder. Oratory is rarely constructive. It is an illusion, a legerdemain, and the world is learning to disassociate oratory from statesmanship. There is really no more reason for electing an orator to office than for electing a fiddler. Both talents rouse the emotions. Bryan is a voice.

When the master mechanic shall arrive and straighten out the kinks in the great machine of production and distribution, he may be—probably will be—a prosaic, bald-headed old man, whose mind has been trained in the shops, factories, counting-houses, and offices of the world. This man will take a legislative jack-screw, and work an important miracle. When he shall have come and gone—this true master mechanic—men will smile at the remembrance of the passing day when an earnest, honest, gallant, loquacious young man charmed them with the melody of his hypnotic voice.

And yet in every cause there must be a voice crying in the wilderness.

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RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT IN CHINA.

By Wm. Barclay Parsons,

Chief Engineer of the American-China Development Company.

READINESS OF THE COUNTRY FOR DEVELOPMENT.—LINES ALREADY BUILT AND THOSE IN PROSPECT.—RIVALRY OF THE GREAT POWERS.

CHINA is a country that presents the curious anomaly of possessing an extensive and varied commerce, both foreign and domestic, and yet being without artificial means of communication, even the ordinary highways. Other nations, such as India or Japan, when they began to reorganize in line with modern conditions, already had wagon-roads, and needed only to supplement these with railways as development proceeded. Japan, although it is only about as large as one of China's provinces, and although it did not begin the construction of railways until 1871, now has a well-built system ramifying all over the main island, aggregating 3,500 miles in length, and almost exclusively under the management of native officials. China, however, has clung tenaciously to the methods and customs of other years, so that, with an area for the empire proper equal to half that of the United States, she has to-day only 516 miles of railway all told. Her sea-coast and her waterways have been her supports. In both of these particulars nature has been most liberal with her. Her coast line is as long as both the Atlantic and Pacific coast lines of the United States—that is, as long as the distance from Florida to Maine added to the distance from Southern California to Washington. In addition, there are noble rivers penetrating to the very western confines of the empire.

THE JUNK AND THE COOLIE THE CHIEF MEANS OF TRANSPORT.

It is extraordinary to what extent the waterways are employed, in spite of the entire failure to improve their navigation or remove natural obstacles and impediments. Along the coast and for short distances up the chief estuaries, the government has established lighthouses and located beacons and buoys; but up the rivers themselves nothing of the kind has been done. For coast and sea-going work the Chinaman uses a junk of large and strong proportions, and on the rivers one more adapted to the particular needs. No matter where the traveler goes in the interior, he will find along the river front of the cities he visits a veritable forest of masts and a solid raft of hulls. Except for use on the lower reaches of the Yang-tze, where deeper water permits some latitude in construction, the up-river boats are of one general type. The hull is flat-bottomed and constructed of heavy planks, with a stout half-round timber at the deck line, to serve as a guard when the boats are banging together at landing-places. The bow and stern are square, and the latter is curved upward to form a poop. A deck load can be housed under curved covers of bamboo matting resting on permanent frames. Under these covers the crew of five men or more also find quarters, while the owner and his family reside in the stern. There are one or two masts, according to the size of the boat, standing without stays and carrying large sails of cotton canvas or light bamboo mats. Of boats of this description there are tens of thousands, and they pass and repass in endless processions. Usually the boat itself is kept in fair condition, but the same cannot be said of the sails. A new sail is scarcely ever seen, and many of them are so dilapidated as to cause wonder at their being set at all. But a Chinaman never considers time as of value; he feels no incentive to keep his source of motive power in repair, but goes on using it as it is until it can be no longer hoisted. Boats rigged like these, and without keels and of shallow draft, cannot make headway

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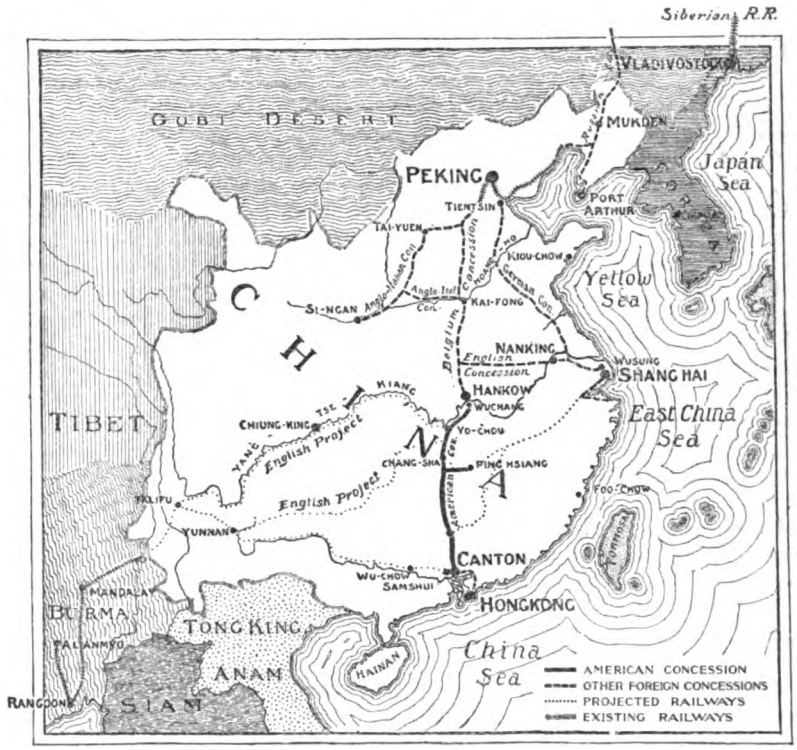
when both wind and current are adverse. When this occurs or when the wind fails entirely, recourse is had to poling, rowing, or the more laborious method of "tracking," which consists in dragging the junk by means of a rope of twisted bamboo fibers attached to the masthead and to yokes over the shoulders of the crew ashore.

On reaching points where the shallowness of the water stops the passage of such junks as draw more than two or three feet, cargoes are transshipped to smaller boats; and this goes on until finally little *sanpans* (literally, "three boards"), boats of the flimsiest description, drawing four inches or less, are employed to carry goods to the very extreme of river navigation. And in the latter portion of the voyage the boats have often to be dragged over shoals and rocks.

Arduous, however, as is the task of transporting goods from, say, Shanghai or Canton into the interior by means of river navigation, it is as nothing compared with the labor required to deliver goods at a destination removed from the waterway. This is done almost wholly by coolies traveling on foot. The horse, except in northern China, is little used. When men receive as wages but five to ten cents per diem, the horse cannot compete, especially when he has not, as with us, the economy of cheaper living, for in China both men and horses are grain fed. There are almost no roads. In general, the nearest approach to a road is a path along which a coolie can trudge. This he traverses with his burden suspended in two packages from the ends of a bamboo stick that rests over either one or both shoulders. Frequently the paths are located along the ridges separating the rice-field terraces, in which case they are increased in length unnecessarily from twenty-five to fifty per cent. If they are subjected to heavy travel, they are paved, with cobble or with flat stones; and if they are in a section of the country where wheelbarrows are used, they have on hills a tramway of stone slabs, in which the wheels cut a deep groove. For convenience of portage over divides between navigable watercourses, where there is concentrated a large amount of through traffic, there are apt to be roads much wider and better than these rude local paths. They are well paved, and are lined with stores, inns, and road-houses; and ponies divide with men the work of transportation.



A MAP OF CHINA, SHOWING THE VARIOUS RAILWAY CONCESSIONS.

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Most of the use of the roads is in the transportation of freight. The attending difficulties are too great to permit much travel. The high-class mandarin or rich native goes about in a sedan chair. The lower-class man walks, and if his wife attends him, he transports her on a wheelbarrow. In the North and in the South there are special means for passenger travel not to be found elsewhere. In the North, where horses are employed, a traveler can hire a two-wheeled, springless cart, an instrument of torture, but one necessarily so on account of the rough roads. In the South, there is found plying on the waters that intersect the province of Kwang-tung and its neighbors a form of large junk, called a Canton River boat, with a large sail, and in addition a stern-wheel like a Mississippi River steamboat. It is worked by a crew of natives ranging from twelve to thirty-six in number, according to the size of the craft, and it carries a hundred or more passengers. For more speedy transit, and contrary to the common belief that the Chinaman does not appreciate quickness, there is the "slipper" boat, so called from its resemblance in outline to that useful article. These little boats are very light in construction, and are propelled by four oarsmen, either men or women, of whom three stand up and push on the oars, while one sits down and pulls. The passengers lie at full length in the toe.

THE RAILWAYS ALREADY BUILT IN CHINA.

It is really many years since railways were first projected for China, for investors recognized early the value and importance of the field. But, on account of the strong national antipathy to change, it was not until 1876 that official consent was obtained for the first line. This was projected to run nine miles, from Shanghai to Wu-chang, at the junction of the Wusung and the Yang-tze rivers, on the former of which Shanghai is situated. The line was constructed with a thirty-inch gauge, and, although it traversed a perfectly flat country, it was given an absurdly tortuous alignment, in order to avoid graves, special tracts of land, houses, and similar obstacles. The Chinese regarded the construction with apparent indifference. But foreigners, although knowing that in itself the line had no great importance, nevertheless hailed it as the opening of the door. Almost immediately after its completion, the Chinese Government bought it, tore up the rails, and threw the cars and locomotives into the river, and with them went all hopes that an era of Chinese development toward occidental civilization had arrived. After this disappointment railway construction languished, and China continued to get along, as she had done for many centuries, and as indeed she does still, with junks, sanpans, ponies, and coolies. Some statesmen, by means of memorials to the throne, urged upon the imperial authorities the advisability of making a change and adopting a new order of things; but the memorials were referred to some government board, where they were conveniently pigeon-holed.

The next actual step forward was in connection with the Kaiping coal mines, eighty-four miles northeast of Tientsin. This fine deposit of really excellent bituminous coal required an outlet to market. In 1881, the construction of a small tramway was begun to transport coal a few miles to a small river, whence it could find its way by junk to tidewater. This little tram-road, projected by the Chinese to be operated by horses, is the real beginning of the Chinese railway system. The work was intrusted to an English engineer, Mr. C. W. Kinder, to whose courage and persistency the present status of railway development in China is largely due; and he began, unknown to the Chinese, the construction of a small locomotive, made up largely from parts of old machines that he could obtain on the ground. This engine, appropriately named the "Rocket of China," was actually put in service on this colliery tram-road during the first year of the road's operation, and so served to convert it from its original character into a real steam railroad. Then, step by step, mile by mile, the little railway was extended, first to Tientsin; then in 1893, ninety miles, to Shan-hâi-kwan, the point where the Great Wall of China runs into the sea; and by 1899 forty miles further, to Chung-hou-so, with construction projected, and at this writing just completed, to New-Chwang, where connection is to be made with the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Manchurian branch of the Russian trans-Siberian road.

Up to the year 1896, connection between Tientsin and Peking, eighty miles, was maintained either by junks on the Pei-ho or by ox-carts. In that year, however, the railway between these two places was begun, and completed in May, 1897. We thus have a line, owned by the government, and constructed by it under the direction of Mr. Kinder and through the instrumentality

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of English banking houses, of 428.6 miles, running from Peking to its port, Tientsin, and thence northeasterly to and through the Great Wall.

In 1896, construction was begun, also under the direction of Mr. Kinder, of the first link in a line connecting Peking with Hankow. This division has a length of eighty miles, is built as far as Pao-ting, and was put into operation in February, 1899.

In the meantime the reconstruction of the destroyed Wu-chang line was decided upon. The work was undertaken by H. E. Shêng Tajen, the Director-General of Imperial Chinese Railways of the South, and was completed during the past year.

We thus have in China in actual operation 508.7 miles of railway in the North, including the line to Pao-ting; and the 8.1 miles of the Wu-chang line in the South, or a grand total of only 516.8 miles for a country of which the area is about 1,400,000 square miles, and of which the population is estimated, on a Chinese basis, at 380,000,000.

A BOY CARRYING COAL FROM THE MINES TO A JUNK.

Few mines are located directly on the water, and the coal often has to be transported by hand in baskets, a laborious task in which even children are engaged. The author saw some coal being thus carried twelve miles over a high ridge. The boy in the picture had a journey of about four miles.

FRIENDLIER ATTITUDE OF THE NATIVES—LINES IN PROSPECT.

That the railway has come to stay in China there is, of course, no question. The energy of the government in pushing the construction of its own system alone proves that the day of tearing up rails, as was done on the Wu-chang line, is past. It is, indeed, the opinion and confident belief of all who have investigated the subject, that the time is at hand when the actual system that is to cover the Empire with its lace-work of steel can, not only be projected on paper, but be materially begun in its practical construction. Things, however, move slowly in China. Although the Northern railway had proved its commercial desirability and success, it was not until the war with Japan had shown the helplessness of the country, by reason of the entire lack of rapid and certain means of communication, that measures were taken looking to decisive action. The country was divided into two sections, called North and South, but with no exact delimitations; over each of these there was installed an official with the title of Director-General of Railways; and railways were talked of and projected for the length and breadth of the land.

There are in China four centers of distribution, made so by geographical considerations, and therefore with a supremacy that will not be overcome. One is Shanghai, at the mouth of the Yang-tze River; it is sometimes called the New York of China. Another is Hankow, at the head of large steamer navigation on the same river, 700 statute miles from its mouth, and at the point of junction with the river Han; it is the great market for the interior, and is known as the Chicago. In the South is Canton, at the head of the river of the same name, a river which is really the estuary for the West (Si), North (Pei), and Pearl rivers. Canton was China's first open port, and it is now the center of the general manufacturing industry. Finally, in the North, there is Tientsin, which, with Peking only eighty miles distant, is frequently alluded to as the "metropolitan district." In the past, China has been able to carry on her commerce because these four cities all had water connections. But modern conditions require a more certain and speedy means of communication. Especially is this the case at Tientsin, where the port is closed by ice for nearly one-third of every year. The lines of primary importance in China's railway system will be those connecting these four

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A HIGHWAY PAVED FOR WHEELBARROWS.

Certain much-traveled highways, in sections where wheelbarrows are used, have on ascents a central pavement of long stone slabs, in which the wheels wear a deep furrow. The highway shown in the picture is said to be over 1,000 years old.

points. Strangely enough, the four are about equally distant from each other, say 700 miles, except that Hankow lies midway and in line between Canton and Tientsin.

For the construction of these and other lines recourse must be had to foreign capital, aided by the Chinese Government. Although the Chinese Government itself, under English advice, has been able to construct and successfully operate 375 miles in and about the "metropolitan district," the task of constructing and organizing the great system that is already so imperatively needed is one from which any government might well shrink. On the other hand, while there is a large amount of private wealth in China, native capitalists have not been instructed in the idea of combining in large joint-stock companies, and therefore the initiative must devolve on the foreigner.

But as the need of railways grows more pressing, a more adventurous spirit is forced upon the Government, and it is now giving foreigners the right to construct and operate railways. The concessions clearly state, however, that the title to the property thus created remains in the Government (according to Chinese theory, the Emperor is the owner of all things), and that the money required for construction is to be advanced by the foreigner as a loan. In order that the latter may recoup himself for this loan, he receives bonds guaranteed, both as to principal and interest, by the Government, bearing five per cent. interest, payable in the current gold coin of the foreigner's country. These bonds are issued at such a reasonable discount as to pay the expense of making the issue to the investing public, and in only such quantities as are necessary to pay the legitimate cost of construction, so that the purchasers of the bonds receive a security based on positive value and without the usual "watering." The time of the loan varies

FAST FREIGHT.

In central China the wheelbarrow is used largely for transportation both of passengers and freight. It has a large wheel, sometimes three feet in diameter, over which the load is balanced, thus relieving the man of much of the weight.

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with each concession, but is usually between forty and fifty years. During this time the control of the property, so far as financial matters are concerned, is vested absolutely in the foreigner's hands, and, so far as local matters are concerned, in a board in which the foreign element and influence predominate. And to pay the foreigner for his labor he is entitled to receive a certain proportion, usually twenty per cent., of the net earnings, if any, after paying operating expenses and interest. The bonds are redeemable at a price fixed in the concession, so that, in the event of the credit of the Chinese Government improving, the first issue may be refunded at a lower rate. At the end of the fixed period the foreigner's interest ceases entirely, and the Chinese take over the management. Other provisions require the foreigner to maintain a school of instruction; to consider Chinese on an equal footing with foreigners for appointment; to permit natives to invest in the securities; to transport government troops and munitions of war at half rates; and, in the event of war between China and another power, not to give aid to the enemy. On the other hand, the full power of the Government is pledged, in addition to its financial guarantee, to protect the foreigner in the full and unrestricted right, according to the terms of the concession, to use and enjoy the fruits of his labors.

A HIGHWAY.

The usual highway in China is the top of one of the terraces separating rice fields, widened to three or four feet, and sometimes paved. The rice fields on either side are flooded. The figures shown in the picture are soldiers, and made part of the author's bodyguard.

DESCENT ON THE SOUTH, OR CHINA SEA, SIDE OF CHELING PASS.

This pass is the highway between the Yang-tze valley and the China Sea, over which a vast trade was once transported. In this journey of thirty miles ponies as well as men are used for carrying goods.

IMPORTANT CONCESSIONS ALREADY GRANTED.

Under such conditions, the first concession granted and accepted for a private railway, except the old Wu-chang line, which was torn up, was for a railway from Peking, or rather from Feng-thai, which is five miles from Peking on the Tien-tsin-Peking line, to Hankow. This was granted to a Belgian

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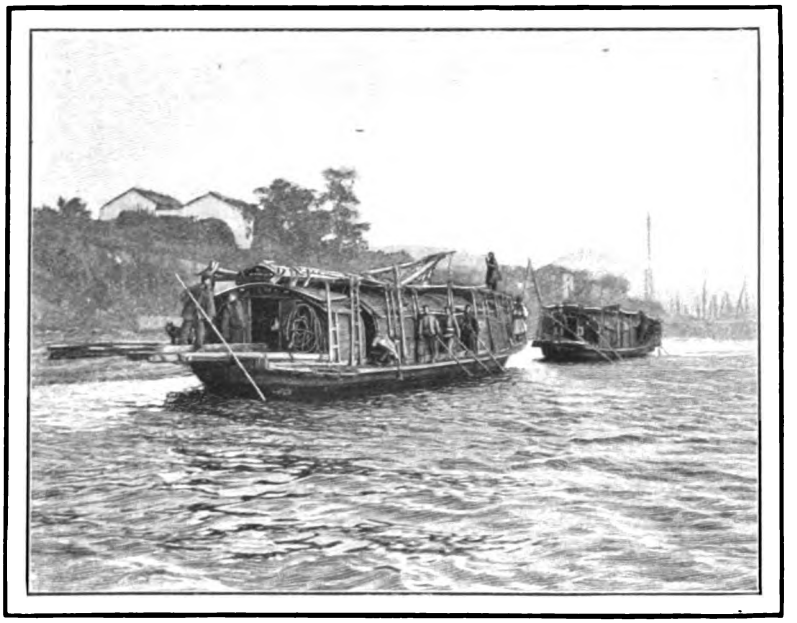
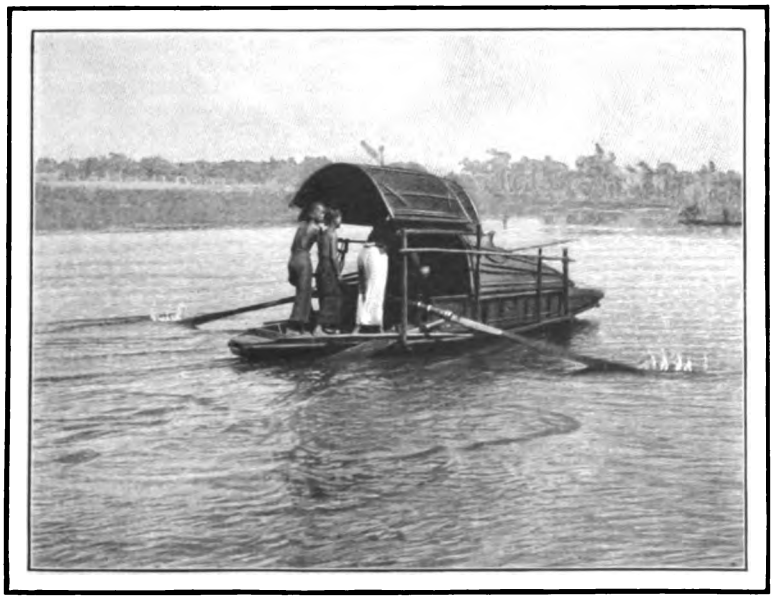


A LARGE FREIGHT BOAT ON THE PEI-HO RIVER.

These boats take goods from Canton to Shao-chau or Lo-chang, there to be reloaded on *san-pans*, and so carried to the foot of the Cheling Pass. In the picture, the wind being adverse, the mast is seen folded back, and the crew are engaged in poling. For convenience in poling each boat is equipped with a running-board on either side. Sometimes, in adverse winds, recourse is had to "tracking," when the boat is hauled along by a rope in the hands of the crew on shore.



A CANTON SLIPPER BOAT.

The "slipper" boat—so named from its shape—is propelled by oars plied by four persons, men or women, three standing and one sitting at the work. It is found in great numbers on the streams around Canton. And it is the nearest approach to rapid transit that Chinese ingenuity has produced. The passengers, usually two in number, recline in the bow, or "toe,"

syndicate, though the general belief in China is that at that time it was supported by Russian influence, in order to get a railway into the heart of the Yang-tze valley. The upper portion of this line was constructed by the Chinese Government itself under Mr. Kinder, but was afterward turned over to the Belgian company, to be operated as a part of the line proposed in its concession.

The next concession was for a continuation of the Peking-Hankow line, extending it from Hankow to Canton. This was given to the American syndicate. The two lines will be of about the same length, 700 miles, so that together they will make a continuous line of about 1,400 miles. This will connect North and South China, and divide the country into approximately two equal parts, east and west; and with the Yang-tze River, which crosses the line near the middle, and which forms the great artery of travel into western China and the interior, will practically

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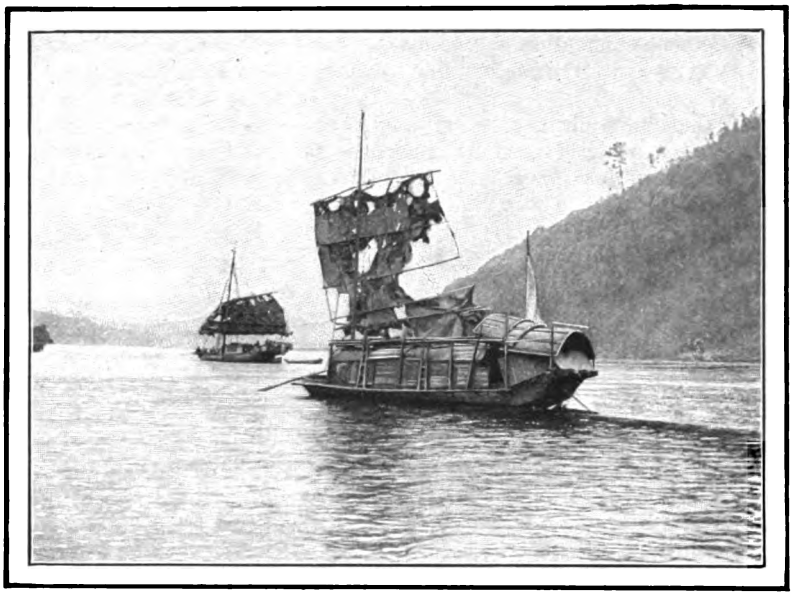
quarter the empire. Hence these two concessions (treating them for the moment as one) provide the great Chinese trunk line, the importance of which to the future transportation system of the country cannot be overestimated. As there is always at least twelve feet of water in the Yang-tze River between Hankow and Shanghai, we shall have, as soon as the railway is finished, good communication established between Hankow and Canton, Hankow and the "metropolitan district," and Hankow and Shanghai.



A SMALL FREIGHT BOAT ON THE PEI-HO.

The Chinese boat-owner, grudging outlay and considering time as of no value, postpones the purchase of a new sail until there is absolutely nothing left of the old.

Of other concessions actually granted, there is one for a line from Shanghai, by way of Su-chau, to Ching-kiang, and so on to Nanking, with an extension crossing the river to Sin-yang, and with a branch extending from Su-chau, by way of Hêng-chau, to Ning-po. This is an English concession, and it has a double value in that it controls the approaches to Shanghai and forms the first step in a line from Shanghai to Hankow.

A fourth concession is to an Anglo-German syndicate for a line from Tientsin, through Shan-tung, along the line of the old Grand

CHANG-SHA ON THE SIANG, THE CAPITAL OF HU-NAN.

Here, as in all Chinese cities with a water front, the shore is lined with rows of junks, all engaged in traffic.

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Canal to the Yang-tze River opposite Ching-kiang, where connection will be made, probably by ferry, with the English line to Shanghai.

We thus have already, either under construction or at least actually conceded, all of the primary lines except the one between Canton and Shanghai and the one between Hankow and Shanghai; and on the latter a beginning has been made, and between Canton and Shanghai there is already good sea communication. The only other concession as yet actually made is for a system of lines connecting the coal-fields in Shan-si and Shen-si, granted to an Anglo-Italian association, usually spoken of as the "Peking Syndicate." For all of the above lines surveys are in progress or have actually been made.

A MILITARY OFFICER ON A JOURNEY.

The officer is attended by two privates. This is the ordinary method of travel, even on military missions.

The present situation in China in regard to railways may, therefore, be summarized as follows:

Lines Constructed.		
Chinese Imperial Railway	428.7	miles.
Wu-chang Railway	8.1	"
Belgian Concession, Feng-thai to Pao-ting	80.0	"
Total	516.8	miles.
Under Construction.		
Belgian Concession (Lu-han Ry.)	600.0	"
Surveyed or Under Survey.		
Lines Surveyed:		
American Concession (Fueh-han Ry.), Hankow to Canton and Branches	900.0	miles.
English Concession (Nanking, Shanghai, Ning-po Concession)	450.0	"
Under Survey:		
English Concession (Nanking, Anyang)	450.0	"
Tientsin-Ching-kiang Line	700.0	"
Peking Syndicate Lines	500.0	"
Total	3,000.0	miles.

Of contemplated lines that are likely to take shape in the near future, the most promising are, first, two English projects—one for a line from Hongkong, or rather Kow-loon, to Canton, 120 miles, to connect there with the American concession; and one for a branch from Hang-chau westward into Kiang-si, about 200 miles; and, second, a Japanese line in the province of Fu-kien, opposite the Japanese island of Formosa.

In style of construction the Chinese railways are a compromise between European and American lines. They are all single-track lines, except the division between Tientsin and Peking. The track is of the American type; the locomotives are partly American and partly English; and the cars, both passenger and freight, are an adaptation of both the American and English patterns, made to conform with local conditions, and to come in their construction within the facilities of local shops, for all the rolling stock, except engines, is home-made. The gauge is standard—four feet, eight and one-half inches; and in this the Chinese lines differ from those of the North, where the Russian gauge of five feet is found; and also from those of the South, where they have the double Indian system gauges of five feet, six inches, and one meter. The early projectors wisely followed Mr. Kinder's advice, and adopted what is now the all but universal gauge of the United States, Great Britain, and Continental Europe except Russia, and will in the end undoubtedly be adopted as the gauge of the world. The time will come, and perhaps at no very distant day, when it will be possible for a traveler to start from, say, Paris, traverse North Europe by way of Berlin and Moscow; thence through Siberia; south through Peking and China; across India, Persia, and Asia Minor; by car-ferry over the Bosphorus; and thence through Austria and the Tyrol to the place of starting, without changing cars.

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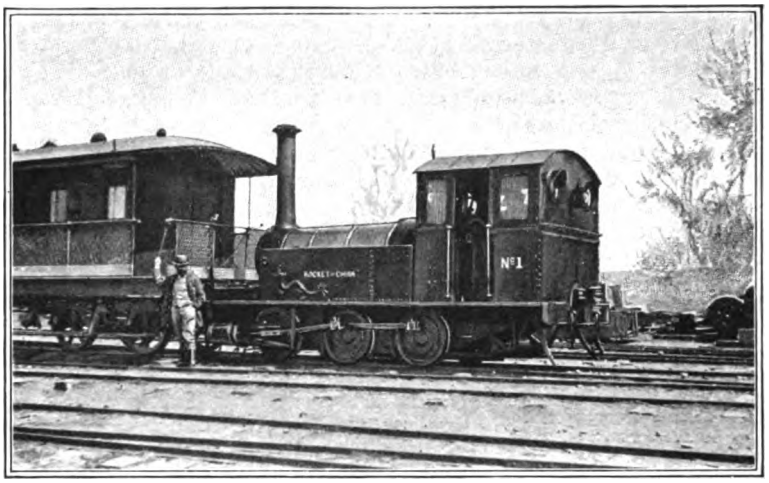
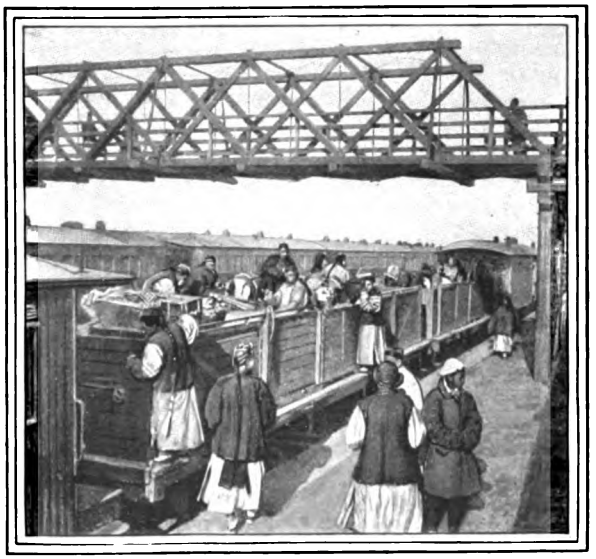


THE "ROCKET OF CHINA," THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE BUILT IN CHINA.

The "Rocket" was constructed in 1880–81 by C. W. Kinder, Engineer-in-Chief of the Imperial Chinese Railway, out of such material as he could surreptitiously get together, and was put into successful service on a little tramway running to the Kaiping coal mines; and this was the real beginning of the steam railway in China. Mr. Kinder is shown in the picture standing beside the engine.

POLITICAL ASPECT OF CHINESE RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

Some of the railway projects in China are prompted much more by political than by commercial motives. As long as other nations have a foothold on Chinese territory under the thin guise of "leases," and either claim to have a voice in the administration of affairs through "spheres of influence" or are possessed with the fear that other nations may in some way secure special favors, the various European powers will endeavor to put themselves in advantageous positions, either to seize territory in the event of a break-up, or to prevent some rival nation from doing so. There exists a general belief in China, which repeated authoritative denials seem, curiously enough, to strengthen, that Russian influence was behind the Belgian syndicate in procuring the railroad concession from Peking to Hankow, Russia's design being either to form a through line some day from St. Petersburg to the Yang-tze River, or to have something to be offered in trade for other concessions in the North of more immediate benefit to herself and of less threatening aspect to Great Britain. This supposed Russian "move" was immediately met by the English Government despatching two parties to China under the charge of army officers to prospect for a route for a railway controlling the Yang-tze valley, usually considered as Great Britain's "sphere," and connecting with the Burma system. One of the lines projected follows up the Yang-tze from Hankow to Chungking, and thence to Burma. The other runs across the northwest corner of Hu-nan, and through Yun-nan, by a more direct route, to the same objective. They would have a length of about 1,700 and 1,550 miles respectively. They could be supported only as a political necessity, for while a part of each would traverse a rich, productive, and remunerative territory, neither as a whole would be



SECOND-CLASS ON THE IMPERIAL CHINESE RAILWAY.

Second-class passengers are usually carried in open cars resembling an American coal car. As a Chinaman dislikes to be separated from his baggage, he prefers to travel in a vehicle where he can keep his goods beside him.

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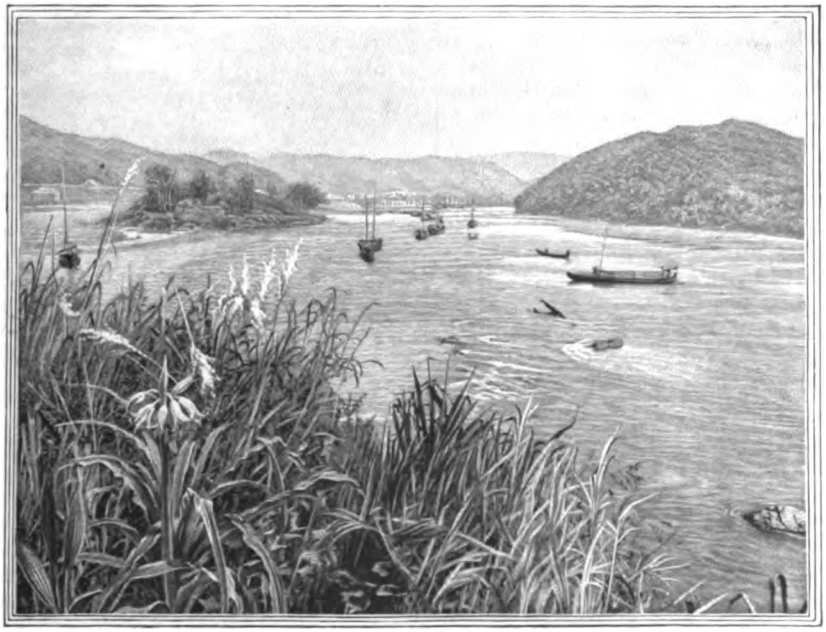
profitable for many years. The other nations that have political interests at stake are Germany, who appears to be content to develop the resources of Shan-tung as a local venture, and France, who, branching out from her Anam and the Tongking possessions, is desirous somehow to reach across the Empire and clasp hands with her Muscovite ally in the north. No sadder thing could happen, not only for China, but for the world at large, than to have some such scheme of interference or European division become a reality.

Whatever opposition there has been to railway construction in China has come largely, I believe, from the official class, who, fearing that the new order of things might reduce their prerogatives or powers, have been apathetic or have worked on the ignorant superstitions of the people to bring them into open antagonism. Now, however, they either recognize the errors of the past or realize that the time for change has come, and are not in open opposition. The people themselves will not obstruct. The employment of laborers and the distribution of benefits will immediately dispel, as has been found in the North, any lingering spirit of hostility.

Small as the existing system is, it has demonstrated that the Chinaman is quick to grasp the benefits of the new mode of conveyance, and will patronize it liberally enough to pay interest on an investment made in gold. The line between Tientsin and Peking, eighty miles, although only three years old, has gross earnings of over $5,100 in gold per mile, and is without any special staple item of traffic such as coal. It carried during the year 1898 over 350,000 passengers. And while the earnings are good the charges are moderate. The passenger rates per mile are, for first-class, one and one-half cents, and for second-class three-quarters of a cent; but the accommodations provided for second-class passengers are open gondola cars, such as with us are used to transport coal. The freight rates vary from one and one-fifth cents to two and one-quarter cents per ton per mile.

The Chinaman does not travel at present because the lack of facilities in the interior prevents him; but give him the opportunity, and there is no one will excel him. The reports to the Canton customs show that the steamers between Hongkong and Canton carry nearly 1,000,000 passengers annually, and there is, in addition, a large travel by junk. The railways of India and Japan clearly show that the Oriental will patronize liberally the better mode of conveyance. What has been shown in these countries will be shown also in China.



LEI-HO RIVER, A TRIBUTARY OF THE SIANG-KIANG.

We have here a good illustration of the difficulties of river navigation; the junks in the picture are being poled against a rapid current, and the wrecks in the foreground show the existence of danger as well as difficulty.

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A LITTLE FEMININE CASABIANCA

· BY ·

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

THE close of the first week of Emmy Lou's second year at a certain large public school found her round, chubby self, like a pink-cheeked period, ending the long line of intermingled little boys and girls making what was known, twenty-five years ago, as the First-Reader class. Emmy Lou had spent her first year in the Primer class, where the teacher, Miss Clara by name, had concealed the kindliest of hearts behind a brusque and energetic manner, and had possessed, along with her red hair and a temper tinged with that color also, a sharp voice that, by its unexpected snap in attacking some small sinner, had caused Emmy Lou's little heart to jump many times a day. Here Emmy Lou had spent the year in strenuously guiding a squeaking pencil across a protesting slate, or singing in chorus, as Miss Clara's long wooden pointer went up and down the rows of words on the spelling-chart: "A-t, at; b-a-t, bat; c-a-t, cat," or "a-n, an; b-a-n, ban; c-a-n, can." Emmy Lou herself had so little idea of what it was all about, that she was dependent on her neighbor to give her the key to the proper starting-point heading the various columns—"a-t, at," or "a-n, an," or "e-t, et," or "o-n, on"; after that it was easy sailing. But one awful day, while the class stopped suddenly at Miss Clara's warning finger as visitors opened the door, Emmy Lou, her eyes squeezed tight shut, her little body rocking to and fro to the rhythm, went right on, "m-a-n, man," "p-a-n, pan"—until at the sound of her own sing-song little voice rising with appalling fervor upon the silence, she stopped, to find that the page in the meantime had been turned, and that the pointer was directed to a column beginning "o-y, oy."

Among other things incident to that first year, too, had been Recess. At that time everybody was turned out into a brick-paved yard, the boys on one side of a high fence, the girls on the other. And here, waiting without the wooden shed where stood a row of buckets each holding a shiny tin dipper, Emmy Lou would stop on the sloppy outskirts for the thirst of the larger girls to be assuaged, that the little girls' opportunity might come—together with the dregs in the buckets. And at Recess, too, along with the danger of being run into by the larger girls at play and having the breath knocked out of one's little body, which made it necessary to seek sequestered corners and peep out thence, there was The Man to be watched for and avoided—the low, square, black-browed, black-bearded Man who brandished a broom

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at the little girls who dropped their apple-cores and crusts on the pavements, and who shook his fist at the jeering little boys who dared to swarm to the forbidden top and sit straddling the dividing fence. That Uncle Michael, the janitor, was getting old and had rheumatic twinges was indeed Uncle Michael's excuse, but Emmy Lou did not know this, and her fear of Uncle Michael was great accordingly.

But somehow the Primer year wore away; and one day, toward its close, in the presence of Miss Clara, two solemn-looking gentlemen requested certain little boys to cipher and several little girls to spell, and sent others to the blackboard or the chart, while to Emmy Lou was handed a Primer, open at Page 17, which she was told to read. Knowing Page 17 by heart, and identifying it by its picture, Emmy Lou arose, and her small voice droned forth in sing-song fashion:

> How old are you, Sue?
> I am as old as my cat.
> And how old is your cat?
> My cat is as old as my dog.
> And how old is your dog?
> My dog is as old as I am.

Having so delivered herself, Emmy Lou sat down, not at all disconcerted to find that she had been holding her Primer upside down.

Following this, Emmy Lou was told that she had "passed"; and seeing from the jubilance of the other children that it was a matter to be joyful over, Emmy Lou went home and told the elders of her family that she had passed. And these elders, three aunties and an uncle (an uncle who was disposed to look at Emmy Lou's chubby self and her concerns in jocular fashion), laughed; and Emmy Lou went on wondering what it was all about, which never would have been the case had there been a mother among the elders, for mothers have a way of understanding these things. But to Emmy Lou "mother" had come to mean but a memory which faded as it came, a vague consciousness of encircling arms, of a brooding, tender face, of yearning eyes; and it was only because they told her that Emmy Lou remembered how mother had gone away South, one winter, to get well. That they afterward told her it was Heaven, in no wise confused Emmy Lou, because, for aught she knew, South and Heaven and much else might be included in these points of the compass. Ever since then Emmy Lou had lived with the three aunties and the uncle; and papa had been coming a hundred miles once a month to see her.

When Emmy Lou went back to school for the second year, she was told that she was now in the First Reader. If her heart had jumped at the sharp accents of Miss Clara, it now grew still within her at the slow, awful enunciation of the Large Lady in black bombazine who reigned over the department of the First Reader, pointing her morals with a heavy forefinger, before which Emmy Lou's eyes lowered with every aspect of conscious guilt. Nor did Emmy Lou dream that the Large Lady, whose black bombazine was the visible sign of a loss by death that had made it necessary for her to enter the school-room to earn a living, was finding the duties incident to the First Reader almost as strange and perplexing as Emmy Lou herself.

Emmy Lou from the first day found herself descending steadily to the foot of the class; and there she remained until the awful day, at the close of the first week, when the Large Lady, realizing perhaps that she could no longer ignore such adherence to that lowly position, made discovery that while to Emmy Lou "d-o-g" might *spell* "dog" and "f-r-o-g" might *spell* "frog," Emmy Lou could not find either on a printed page, and, further, could not tell wherein they differed when found for her; that, also, Emmy Lou made her figure 8's by adding one uncertain little o to the top of another uncertain little o; and that while Emmy Lou might copy, in smeary columns, certain cabalistic signs off the blackboard, she could not point them off in tens, hundreds, thousands, or read their numerical values, to save her little life. The Large Lady, sorely perplexed within herself as to the proper course to be pursued, in the sight of the fifty-nine other First-Readers pointed a condemning forefinger at the miserable little object standing in front of her platform, and said, "You will stay after school, Emma Louise, that I may examine further into your qualifications for this grade."

Now Emmy Lou had no idea what it meant —"examine further into your qualifications for this grade." It might be the form of punishment in vogue for the chastisement of the members of the First Reader. But "stay after school" she did understand, and her heart sank, and her little breast heaved.

It was then past the noon recess. In those days, in this particular city, school closed at half-past one. At last the bell for

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dismissal had rung. The Large Lady, arms folded across her bombazine bosom, had faced the class, and with awesome solemnity had already enunciated, "Attention"; and sixty little people had sat up straight, when the door opened, and a teacher from the floor above came in.

"GUIDING A SQUEAKING PENCIL ACROSS A PROTESTING SLATE."

At her whispered confidence, the Large Lady left the room hastily, while the strange teacher, with a hurried "one—two—three, march out quietly, children," turned, and followed her. And Emmy Lou, left sitting at her desk, saw through gathering tears the line of First-Readers wind around the room and file out the door, the sound of their departing footsteps along the bare corridors and down the echoing stairway coming back like a knell to her sinking heart. Then class after class from above marched past the door and on its clattering way, while voices from outside, shrill with the joy of release, came up through the open windows in talk, in laughter, together with the patter of feet on the bricks. Then as these familiar sounds grew fewer, fainter, farther away, some belated footsteps went echoing through the building, a door slammed somewhere—then—silence.

Emmy Lou waited. She wondered how long it would be. There was watermelon at

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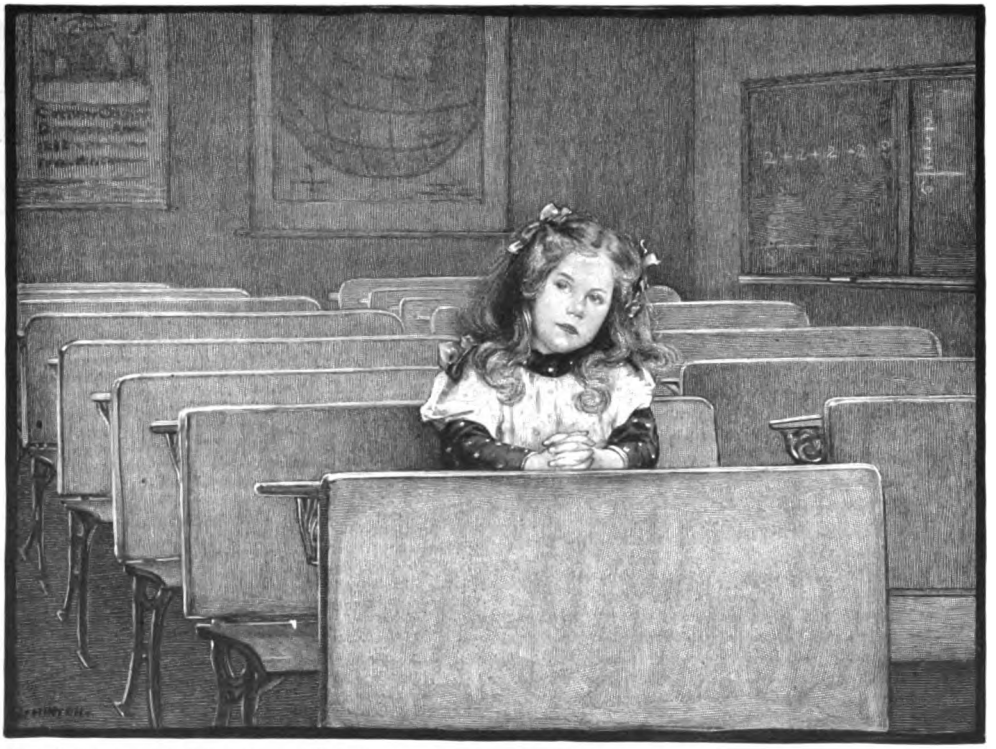
home for dinner; she had seen it borne in, a great, striped promise of ripe and juicy lusciousness, on the marketman's shoulder before she came to school. And here a tear, long gathering, splashed down the little pink cheek.

Still that awesome personage presiding over the fortunes of the First-Readers failed to return. Perhaps this was "the examination into—into—" Emmy Lou could not remember what—to be left in this big, bare room with the flies droning and humming in lazy circles up near the ceiling. The forsaken desks, with a forgotten book or slate left here and there upon them, the pegs around the walls empty of hats and bonnets, the unoccupied chair upon the platform—Emmy Lou gazed at these with a sinking sensation of desolation, while tear followed tear down her chubby face. And listening to the flies and the silence, Emmy Lou began to long for even the Bombazine Presence, and dropping her quivering countenance upon her arms folded upon the desk, she sobbed aloud. But the time was long, and the day was warm, and the sobs grew slower, and the breath began to come in long-drawn quivering sighs, and the next Emmy Lou knew she was sitting upright, trembling in every limb, and some one coming up the stairs—she could hear the slow, heavy footfalls, and a moment later she saw The Man—the Recess Man, the low, black-bearded, black-browed, scowling Man—with the broom across his shoulder, reach the hallway, and make toward the open doorway of the First-Reader room. Emmy Lou held her breath, stiffened her little body, and—waited. But The Man pausing to light his pipe, Emmy Lou, in the sudden respite thus afforded, slid in a trembling heap beneath the desk, and on hands and knees went crawling across the floor. And as Uncle Michael came in, a moment after, broom, pan, and feather-duster in hand, the last fluttering edge of a little pink dress was disappearing into the depths of the big, empty coal-box, and its sloping lid was lowering upon a flaxen head and cowering little figure crouched within. Uncle Michael having put the room to rights, sweeping and dusting, with many a rheumatic groan in accompaniment, closed the windows, and going out, drew the door after him and, as was his custom, locked it.

Meanwhile, at Emmy Lou's home the elders wondered. "You don't know Emmy



"SOUNDS GREW FEWER, FAINTER, FARTHER AWAY . . . A DOOR SLAMMED SOMEWHERE—THEN—SILENCE."

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"'WHAT YOU WANTER DO,' STATED THE SMALL BOY, 'IS FIND UNCLE MICHAEL; HE KEEPS THE KEYS.'"

Lou," Aunt Cordelia, round, plump, and cheery, insisted to the lady visitor spending the day; "Emmy Lou never loiters."

Aunt Katie, the prettiest auntie, cut off a thick round of melon as they arose from the table, and put it in the refrigerator for Emmy Lou. "It seems a joke," she remarked, "such a baby as Emmy Lou going to school, anyhow; but then she has only a square to go and come."

But Emmy Lou did not come. And by half-past two Aunt Louise, the youngest auntie, started out to find her. But as she stopped on the way at the houses of all the neighbors to inquire, and ran around the corner to Cousin Tom Macklin's to see if Emmy Lou could be there, and then, being but a few doors off, went on around that corner to Cousin Amanda's, the school-house, when she finally reached it, was locked up, with the blinds down at every front window as if it had closed its eyes and gone to sleep. Uncle Michael had a way of cleaning and locking the front of the building first, and going in and out at the back doors. But Aunt Louise did not know this, and, anyhow, she was sure that she would find Emmy Lou at home when she got there.

But Emmy Lou was not at home, and it being now well on in the afternoon, Aunt Katie and Aunt Louise and the lady visitor and the cook all started out in search, while Aunt Cordelia sent the house-boy down-town for Uncle Charlie. Just as Uncle Charlie

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arrived—and it was past five o'clock by then—some of the children of the neighborhood, having found a small boy living some squares off who confessed to being in the First Reader with Emmy Lou, arrived also, with the small boy in tow.

"She didn't know 'dog' from 'frog' when she saw 'em," stated the small boy with the derision of superior ability, "an' teacher, she told her to stay after school. She was settin' there in her desk when school let out, Emmy Lou was."

But a big girl of the neighborhood objected. "Her teacher went home the minute school was out," she declared. "Isn't the new lady, Mrs. Samuels, your teacher?" this to the small boy. "Well, her daughter, Hattie, she's in my room, and she was sick, and her mother came up to our room and took her home. Our teacher, she went down and dismissed the First-Readers."

"I don't care if she did," retorted the small boy. "I reckon I saw Emmy Lou settin' there when we come away."

Aunt Cordelia, pale and tearful, clutched Uncle Charlie's arm. "Then she's there, Brother Charlie, locked up in that dreadful place—my precious baby——"

"Pshaw!" said Uncle Charlie.

But Aunt Cordelia was wringing her hands. "You don't know Emmy Lou, Charlie. If she was told to stay, she has stayed. She's locked up in that dreadful place. What shall we do, my baby, my precious baby——"

Aunt Katie was in tears, Aunt Louise in tears, the cook in loud lamentation, Aunt Cordelia fast verging upon hysteria.

The small boy from the First Reader, legs apart, hands in knickerbocker pockets, gazed at the crowd of irresolute elders with scornful wonder. "What you wanter do," stated the small boy, "is find Uncle Michael; he keeps the keys. He went past my house a while ago, going home. He lives in Rose Lane Alley. 'Tain't much outer my way," condescendingly; "I'll take you there." And meekly they followed in his footsteps.

It was dark when a motley throng of uncle, aunties, visiting lady, neighbors, and children went climbing the cavernous, echoing stairway of the dark school building behind the toiling figure of the skeptical Uncle Michael, lantern in hand.

"Ain't I swept over every inch of this here school-house myself and carried the trash outten a dust-pan?" grumbled Uncle Michael, with what inference nobody just then stopped to inquire. Then with the air of a mistreated, aggrieved person who feels himself a victim, he paused before a certain door on the second floor, and fitted a key in its lock. "Here it is then, No. 9, to satisfy the lady," and he flung open the door. The light of Uncle Michael's lantern fell full upon the wide-eyed, terror-smitten person of Emmy Lou, in her desk, awaiting, her miserable little heart knew not what horror.

"She—she told me to stay," sobbed Emmy Lou in Aunt Cordelia's arms, "and I stayed; and the Man came, and I hid in the coal-box!"

And Aunt Cordelia, holding her close, sobbed too, and Aunt Katie cried, and Aunt Louise and the lady visitor cried, and Uncle Charlie passed his plump white hand over his eyes, and said, "Pshaw!" And the teacher of the First Reader, when she heard about it next day, cried hardest of them all, so hard that not even Aunt Cordelia could cherish a feeling against her.

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AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

By A. Maurice Low,

American Correspondent of the "London Chronicle."

CONTRARY to the general opinion of the people of the United States, the present Anglo-American *entente* was not born in the stress of the Spanish War. It came into being three years earlier, in the travail of the Venezuelan affair, and was due to a group of circumstances produced by political necessity and death. The chief of these circumstances were the appointment of Judge Gresham as Secretary of State and Thomas F. Bayard as Minister to England, the death of Judge Gresham, and the appointment of Richard Olney as Gresham's successor.

When Mr. Cleveland came into office for the second time, in 1892, Mr. Bayard was there to be provided for. In the previous administration he had served as Secretary of State. The Bayard who was a power in the Senate, whose name was a tower of strength with his party, who had been a foremost candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, had, at the request of Mr. Cleveland, left the Senate to become the premier of the administration. Much was expected from him; his appointment as Secretary of State inspired great confidence. His administration as minister of foreign affairs was a failure. Now for the second time he was waiting for an office. He could not be put back into the State Department; he did not particularly desire it. There was only one post that his rank, his attainments, and his dignity would permit him to take—the mission to the Court of St. James—and he was duly appointed.

Political exigencies compelled Mr. Cleveland to make Judge Gresham his Secretary of State, than which no more unsuitable appointment could have been made. A man of high character, of great ability, of sound legal attainments, he would have made an admirable Attorney-General or Secretary of the Interior; in fact, he could have filled successfully almost any place except that which political necessities forced the President to ask him to accept. He was by training and by temperament unsuited to deal with foreign questions or the representatives of foreign governments, and he allowed the minister to England to take his own course. Unfortunately, it was one highly offensive to the American people. Mr. Bayard in London as the ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James was living the life he loved best. He was making speeches, speeches somewhat pedantic and somewhat too redundant with classical quotations for this matter-of-fact age, but effusive in compliments to England and Englishmen, and eloquent with dreams of the brotherhood of man and of perpetual concord between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. His popularity was great in England; but in the United States there was an outburst of rage at Mr. Bayard's demonstrative friendliness, the House of Representatives even passing a vote in censure of his conduct.

Most dreams are shattered by a shock. So was Mr. Bayard's. Gresham, Secretary of State, was dead; Olney, Attorney-General, became his successor. Olney was the antithesis of Gresham. Gresham, born in the West, a self-made man who had followed the plow in his youth, was a typical specimen of the West, and even in Washington, while receiving ambassadors in the State Department, he suggested the Western judge. Olney was the type of New England, the New England to which we owe so much. The acknowledged leader of the Boston bar, highly educated, with cultivated tastes, brusque on the surface, but with a nature almost womanly in its sympathies; keenly analytical, superbly courageous, tenacious, introspective, and somewhat cynical, with the contempt a great mind has for men of small minds with small ambitions; by right of office to be regarded as a political leader, and yet despising the petty art of petty politicians—there could be no greater contrast than that between him and his predecessor.

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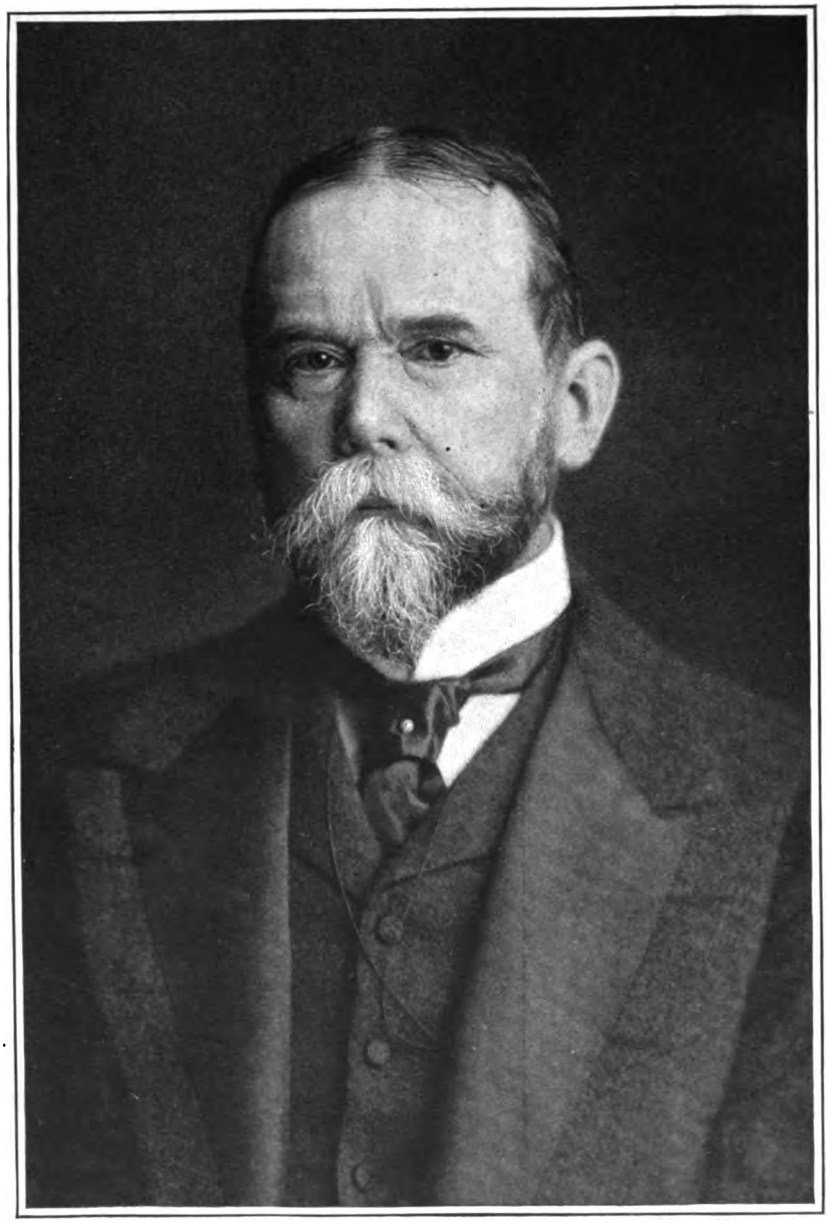

THE HON. JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE.

From a photograph by Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston.

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Between him and Mr. Bayard, too, there could be nothing in common.

To Mr. Olney, as Attorney-General, President Cleveland had referred the long-standing dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain concerning the boundary. Properly the work of the State Department, it had been placed in the hands of the Attorney-General because of the President's confidence in his judgment, his legal ability, and his impartiality. Mr. Olney was convinced that Venezuela had, to say the least, "a case," the merits of which should be passed upon by a competent tribunal. The matter was still before him when he left the Department of Justice to assume charge of the State Department. At once he took up the subject vigorously. He was resolved that Great Britain should submit her pretensions to arbitration and abide by the result.

Of a celebrated despatch written by Mr. Olney in his capacity as Secretary of State, and an equally celebrated message sent by Mr. Cleveland to Congress, little need be said. England was astounded; possibly not more so than America. There was much excitement in high official circles, many consultations of ministers, much diplomatic correspondence, some talk even of squadrons being mobilized. But of all the men amazed and angered there was none to compare with Mr. Bayard. At first he could hardly believe his senses: *this* to be the result of all his fine speeches; *this* to be the end of his Anglo-Saxon brotherhood; and then he saw it all. There were elections coming on: the patriotic heart must be fired; it was a time-honored expedient to fire the patriotic heart by making faces at England. Mr. Bayard's equanimity was restored. He was ambassador of the United States to Great Britain. He must officially do the bidding of the State Department and communicate unwelcome despatches to the Foreign Office, but unofficially he could assure his friends that the Americans were an unruly people and must not be taken too seriously. The thunder was loud, it was unpleasant, but it could do no harm.

There was fury in Washington. If ever man was in deadly earnest it was Richard Olney. He knew the seriousness of his undertaking before he had embarked upon it, he had counted its cost, and his efforts were in danger of being thwarted by the excessive amiability of Mr. Bayard. Worst of all, he could do nothing. To recall Mr. Bayard spelled scandal; more calamitous even, it would have brought the negotiations to a pause and involved delay, and that was the very thing Mr. Olney was anxious to avoid; there had already been too much delay, and time was pressing. Clearly Mr. Bayard must be rendered harmless without his knowledge.

Enter upon the scene another actor, combining with the *savoir-faire* of Bayard the insistence and determination and the clear, far-seeing vision of Olney. John Hay, at one time private secretary to President Lincoln, soldier, diplomatist, poet, man of letters, and above all things man of the world, who knows men, their virtues and their vices, became an unofficial ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James. Never before in the history of our diplomacy has such an appointment been made; never before was a man entrusted with such a delicate task.

To be a successful ambassador—that is, an accredited ambassador—requires great tact, great judgment, the iron hand must always be concealed by the velvet glove, even speech must be velvet. How much greater then the obstacles to be overcome by an ambassador who has no official standing, who can only hope to achieve results by persuasion, and argument, and appeal? He could not stultify his government by casting odium on Mr. Bayard; he could not magnify himself at the expense of Mr. Bayard. All he could do as a private citizen, an admirer of England while none the less firmly convinced of the justice of the position taken by his country, was to impress upon his English friends the foolishness of quarreling with their cousins across the sea. And because he was a private citizen he could talk with men of all parties and all shades of opinion. He was as acceptable to the great conservative leaders, like Lord Salisbury and Arthur Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, as he was to influential men one step below, like Mr. Curzon, then Lord Salisbury's mouthpiece in the Commons; or Liberal leaders, like John Morley or Sir W. Harcourt. Among the press, Buckle, the editor of the "Times," and Moberly Bell, its manager, representing the Conservative thought of England, listened to him as eagerly as did Henry Massingham and Henry Norman, of the "Chronicle," the exponent of Radicalism. Mr. Hay urged that better terms could be obtained from the Cleveland administration than from that of President McKinley, who he felt sure was to be elected; he urged that it would be wise to settle the dispute before Mr. McKinley came into office. Mr. Hay impressed upon his friends that, unfortunately, in this instance, the United States were not engaged in merely the pleasant little elec-

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tion pastime of making faces to terrify England. Words meant all that they said. Mr. Hay had assistance, very able assistance, but there are reasons why other names should not be mentioned. Mr. Bayard was titular ambassador only. Mr. Olney was informed as to the real state of public opinion in England, not through Mr. Bayard, but through other channels. The negotiations were removed to Washington, and carried on between Mr. Olney and the British ambassador, Lord (then Sir Julian) Pauncefote.

In an extremity France supplied us with a friend, and the name of Lafayette is properly held in grateful remembrance. When time has given proper perspective to events, America will learn how much it owes to Lord Pauncefote of Preston, how great the value of his friendship. Loyal to his crown and government, he was none the less loyal to America; in serving England he served the United States; his strong brain, his sense of justice, and his love for the country where he had resided for so many years saved us from humiliation, possibly worse, in a great crisis. He will be heard from again before this chapter is written.

It was no time for compliments and dreams. Iron was striking against iron. When men like Hay and Salisbury, Olney and Pauncefote come together, out of the metal of intellectuality will be forged the steel of right and progress. The air was cleared, and it did not take "a whiff of grape" to blow the haze away. Both sides were the better for it. In England the man in the street had a dim idea that the blooming Yankees had "cheeked" him once more; but in Government circles, among the men who rule England, there was respect for American courage and diplomacy; there was satisfaction that the two nations could so easily settle their disputes. On this side it was not without beneficial results. Mr. Olney entered the State Department not without that prejudice against England which exists nowhere so strongly as it does in New England. England's sense of justice and her anxiety to advance the cause of civilization left an impress upon him, and in an address which he made after he ceased to be Secretary of State he bore handsome tribute to all that England has done in proclaiming liberty.

This was the germ of the *entente*. When Mr. Olney wrote his memorable despatch—one of the most important of state papers, no less remarkable for its lofty tone than its perfect literary style—little did he dream of the service England was so soon to render his country. When Mr. Hay was urging upon his friends in England the expediency of ending an annoying incident, he could have hardly contemplated the next time when he should again appeal to England's love of justice. Christian virtues and the Golden Rule still exist—in Downing Street. Venezuela might have rankled in the breast of a small man or a nation doubtful of its own strength. Not so in the case of Lord Salisbury voicing England.

Mr. McKinley knew when he was elected President he could not escape from the responsibilities of the "Cuban situation." Anxious for peace, anxious to do anything that might properly be done to prevent war, the sum of all equations was Cuba. Once again John Hay was called in. Mr. McKinley at that time had devoted little thought to the study of foreign affairs; his knowledge of European politics was rudimentary. Mr. Hay, diplomatist by training, familiar with world politics, saw at once that, if the United States were to successfully wage war against Spain, Spain must be isolated. To prevent a Spanish alliance was the task of diplomacy. England, mistress of the seas, could make or mar an alliance. And because of that, because London was of even more importance than Washington, Mr. Hay, instead of entering the State Department and becoming premier, went to London once more to make his diplomacy a potent weapon for his country's good.

Personally welcome in England, the times were in favor of the success of Mr. Hay's mission. The British Government as it was constituted in 1898 (and it is the same cabinet to-day) was strongly pro-American. Lord Salisbury, the premier, has a profound admiration for America. "He is," to quote a distinguished servant of the crown who speaks with authority, "impressed with the grandeur of America, the remarkable energy of the Americans, and the great future which lies open to them." Mr. Arthur Balfour, the premier's nephew, First Lord of the Treasury and Government leader in the House, his uncle's confidant, may find distraction in politics and writing books on theology, but if he has a serious passion for anything, it is golf—and America. Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs, has shown his devotion to America by taking to wife a daughter of Massachusetts, descended from one of the oldest Puritan families. Mr. Hay was assured of a sympathetic reception.

In those anxious days before war was declared, but when it was evident to all Eu-

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rope that the sword could no longer remain sheathed, the fate of the United States hung for one moment trembling in the balance. It was proposed by Russia to England that, in the interest of peace and to avert the war which could not be averted in any other way, Spain should be induced to sell or exchange Cuba, which England would find useful to round out her West Indian possessions, while Spain would voluntarily yield her territory rather than risk its loss by conquest. Any objection on the part of the United States that the further acquisition of territory by Great Britain in the western hemisphere would be in contravention of the Monroe Doctrine was to be met by the knowledge that Russia countenanced the transfer, which would be the notification to the United States that if they meant to resist it, Russia as well as England would have to be reckoned with. Germany's acquiescence was to be secured; the passivity of France was pledged by Russia. This Mephistophelian plot failed because Lord Salisbury would not play the rôle of Faust. He feared the gifts which the Muscovite offered him. Emphatically and distinctly the English premier caused it to be known that the Cuban question concerned the United States and Spain alone; that it was a matter with which no other nation had any concern; that if they fought, England would preserve strict neutrality, and in preserving this neutrality, the Russian ambassador was pointedly informed on one occasion, England should expect all the other nations to observe the obligations of neutrality. So the plot failed, and the opportunity to involve England with the United States was lost.

The attitude of England tilted the scale. Spain had appealed to Austria, naturally sympathetic because of family relations, and Austria had in turn sounded her partners in the *Dreibund*—Germany and Italy—only to find that the German Emperor was too cautious to risk everything on such a desperate chance; while Italy, traditionally friendly to England, would hear none of it. France was next appealed to. The old noble families of France and Spain are closely related; the Paris Bourse deals largely in Spanish securities, and, despite the legend of traditional friendship, France has no real affection for the American people. France consulted Russia, with the result already known, and Spain's last hope was gone.

From this time on the action was rapid. Mr. Hay, so soon as he learned that Spain was isolated, that in all the world she could find neither ally nor support, so informed his government in Washington; and when his despatch was received, President McKinley felt safe in embarking on a policy which inevitably could have but one conclusion—Spain must either yield to all of the demands of the United States or else she must be prepared to resist at the risk of war.

Poor Spain! Humiliated, baffled, deserted; crushed by her own folly and dishonesty; still striving to avert the day of doom; clinging as ever to delusions, she still thought she saw a single chance for salvation. Her minister in Washington, a man with a supple mind, very adroit, accomplished in all the arts of diplomacy, understanding thoroughly the temper of the people among whom he lived; knowing that the United States did not want war, but were being actually forced into it; knowing that their influential men were trying to avert war, conceived the brilliant idea that where the chancellors of Europe had failed their ministers might be more successful. In Washington there was a conference of the powers. The ambassadors met at the French embassy to see what they could do to prevent war. Could they act as mediators and save the peace of Europe? There was talk of a note which should have all the force and effect of a restraining order and make the litigants give sureties for their good behavior. Here again the European coalition found an unexpected obstacle. The British ambassador would not lend himself to any scheme which would in any way humiliate or embarrass the United States. He was in favor of preventing war, if war could be prevented without injuring the *amour propre* of the United States, but he was sternly set against defeating the objects which the United States had in view—the house-cleaning in the West Indies which had been so long deferred that they had become a stench in the nostrils of all decent men. The attitude of Sir Julian Pauncefote caused a halt, and the ambassadors had to communicate with their governments for further instructions.

When these *pourparlers* were initiated, the British ambassador subordinated himself; but as the scheme unfolded itself, and the ambassadors saw that Great Britain again held the key to the position, very properly a change of venue was taken, and the succeeding conferences were held at the British embassy. And with the change of scene the situation clearly developed. Sir Julian Pauncefote, to whom Lord Salisbury had given *carte blanche* in the carrying on of the negotiations, announced so clearly the posi-

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tion of his government that it could not be mistaken. His government, he said in effect, would join with the other powers in representing to the President its desire to see bloodshed averted, but not one step further would it go. It was that or nothing. If the other powers were not satisfied, Great Britain would immediately withdraw. And when that had been said and done, Sir Julian did a thing remarkable in the history of diplomacy. Before he would consent to formally join his colleagues in making their views known to the American Government, he informed the President of what had been done and asked whether it would be embarrassing to him to receive the harmless representations of the ambassadors; and when assured that it would not cause embarrassment, Sir Julian consented to unite with his colleagues in the presentation of a collective note.

What followed we all know, because it was made public at the time; what Spain thought of it is known only to a few persons. The Spanish legation in Washington had watched every move with absorbing interest, as it was realized there if nowhere else that the cards were being dealt on the table face up. When Spain knew that the last effort had failed, that Britain had wrecked the concert, a member of the Spanish legation, by descent an Englishman, although by birth and training Spanish, threw up his hands and said: "We are beaten by England. I used to be proud of my English descent. From this time on I repudiate England, I want no more of her. Curse her."

The thunder of Dewey's guns silenced the voice of diplomacy; but although diplomacy was voiceless, its eyes were keen. In Spain, at Gibraltar, in London, in Hongkong, wherever, indeed, British diplomatic or military or naval officers were stationed, the laws of neutrality were violated a dozen times a day in the cause of friendship. Little went on of use to the United States which came to the foreign or war offices in London but it was promptly communicated to this government. A separate chapter might be written on the diplomatic history of Manila Bay; of the orders which were sent to Captain Chichester of H. M. S. "Powerful"; to Admiral Diederichs, the German flag officer; of the despatches which passed between Admiral Dewey and the Navy Department; of the motives which induced him to cable the Washington Government to send him forthwith the "Oregon," for political effect. Those times are still too recent for the whole truth to be told.

Diplomacy spoke again when Spain, brought to her knees, sued for peace, and the United States sent commissioners to Paris to arrange the terms. When the American commissioners left Washington, two of them at least were resolutely determined not to be involved in the acquisition of the Philippines; there was one to whom, as he was departing, a very prominent American statesman said: "Whatever you do, don't be persuaded into keeping the Philippines," and the answer of this commissioner was: "Whatever I do, I shall not agree to keep the Philippines." But men must adjust themselves to circumstances. When the commissioners opened their negotiations in Paris they quickly learned that Spain was once more trying to escape paying the penalty of her folly, even as before the war she had rushed headlong to her fate. The situation was critical in the extreme. Realizing then for the first time that the Philippines were lost to her, Spain would willingly have *given* them to any other power, England excepted, rather than *sell* them to the United States. Again the usual tactics of Spanish diplomacy were employed. Russia, France, and Germany were appealed to, Spain's theory being that, if one of these powers took the islands, the United States would have to look to the new owner for a settlement and not to her. Of all the powers to whom the appeal was made Germany was most inclined to yield to it. The possession of the Philippines was in line with her new policy of colonization, and it would have fitted in amazingly well with her purpose to obtain a foothold in China. Bismarck is dead, but his doctrine of *do ut des* still lives. Germany would willingly have squared France and her ally Russia to obtain the islands of the Pacific; but there was England still to be reckoned with, and England appreciated as keenly as the American commissioners then did how perilously near they were sailing to the rocks. To have backed out from the Philippines then, to have surrendered them because Germany demanded them, to have been robbed of the fruits of victory as Japan had been forced to see the prize snatched from her grasp by a European coalition, would have put the United States in the category of a second-rate power and destroyed their prestige for the next half century. It would have been the admission to the world that, while the United States were able to grapple with and destroy a decadent, enervated nation like Spain, when a nation of the first magnitude spoke, when Russia growled, or France snarled, or Germany blus-

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tered, the United States quailed and yielded like China or any other of the little nations. That would have been humiliation worse than the defeat of battle.

The machinations of Spain and her quondam allies were rendered powerless by the firm stand again assumed by England. England caused it to be once more known that the settlement of the Cuban question, like its beginning, was a purely American question, with which no other nation except Spain had any interest; and that unless the United States voluntarily surrendered their rights to the Philippines, no other power had the right of interference. Nations, like individuals, are not entirely swayed by altruism, and England's objects at this time were not without a shade of selfishness. Had Germany or France or Russia acquired the Philippines, the balance of power in the far East would have been disturbed; war even might have been precipitated. England was fighting for the open door in China. She did not want a military ally, but she welcomed a commercial ally, one who like herself would stand for commercial equality and commercial fairness in the Orient. Mr. Hay had devoted many years of his life to a study of the Chinese question, and had long recognized the necessity of the United States retaining their hold on the markets of China. In the settlement of the Spanish War he saw this opportunity. He forcibly recommended to the President that the Philippines be not surrendered; and when the European powers saw that the United States were in earnest in their intention to remain an Eastern power, and when these same European powers calmly surveyed the field and saw that any attempt to oust the United States would bring England's matchless navy upon their backs, for the second time in less than a year they left poor deluded Spain to her fate, and the end was written in history.

Diplomacy is tergiversation. The peace of nations sometimes hangs upon a word. Of the intrigues, the cabals, the schemes which marked the year 1898, *annus mirabilis* in American history, no word has ever been made public by men whose words have the weight of authority. History is not written by the living; it is garnered from the dead long after their voices have been stilled. The historian, at the end of the first quarter of the new century, will probably give to the world the diplomacy of the war as revealed by the official documents, the letters and despatches of the men who made the history of that year. Then shall we and our children know of those things which only now can be hinted at, but chance sometimes lifts a corner of the past and throws a light on the future. In the Senate last January, when a motion was offered that the President be requested to send to that body the instructions which he gave to the Peace Commissioners and the correspondence which passed between them, the motion was rejected because of the statements made by senators, who spoke with authority, that the publication of this correspondence might be embarrassing to other governments; and then, to prevent discussion in public, a motion was made to further consider the matter in secret session. The proceedings of a secret session are supposed to be secret; I say supposed advisedly, because, while no official report is made, their substance is always known to the initiated in Washington. On that day, January 16th last, Senator Davis, chairman of the committee on foreign relations and one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace with Spain, than whom there can be no more competent authority, told the Senate that, had the United States not taken the Philippines, there was every reason to believe Germany would have taken such islands as suited her colonial policy.

This very briefly, very crudely, very fragmentarily is a sketch of one phase of our diplomacy before and after the war with Spain. It explains in a measure why those in authority have now, as they have had for the last two years, a feeling of gratitude toward England; it explains how, when in our extremity we needed a friend, the only friend we found was England, who stood by us loyally, manfully, and courageously, braving the displeasure of all the world because of the ties of blood; it explains why there is to-day a solidarity of the English-speaking people: a union stronger, better, more powerful than any other union the world has before known; which does not exist by the favor of treaties or the grace of rulers, but which has come into being because it is a union that makes for the peace, the progress, the civilization of the world; which lends encouragement to the peoples still struggling for liberty and who know that to the Anglo-Saxon they must look for their inspiration and their deliverance.

So long as the Blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine; ye shall feel that
my strength is yours:
In the days of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not
fall.

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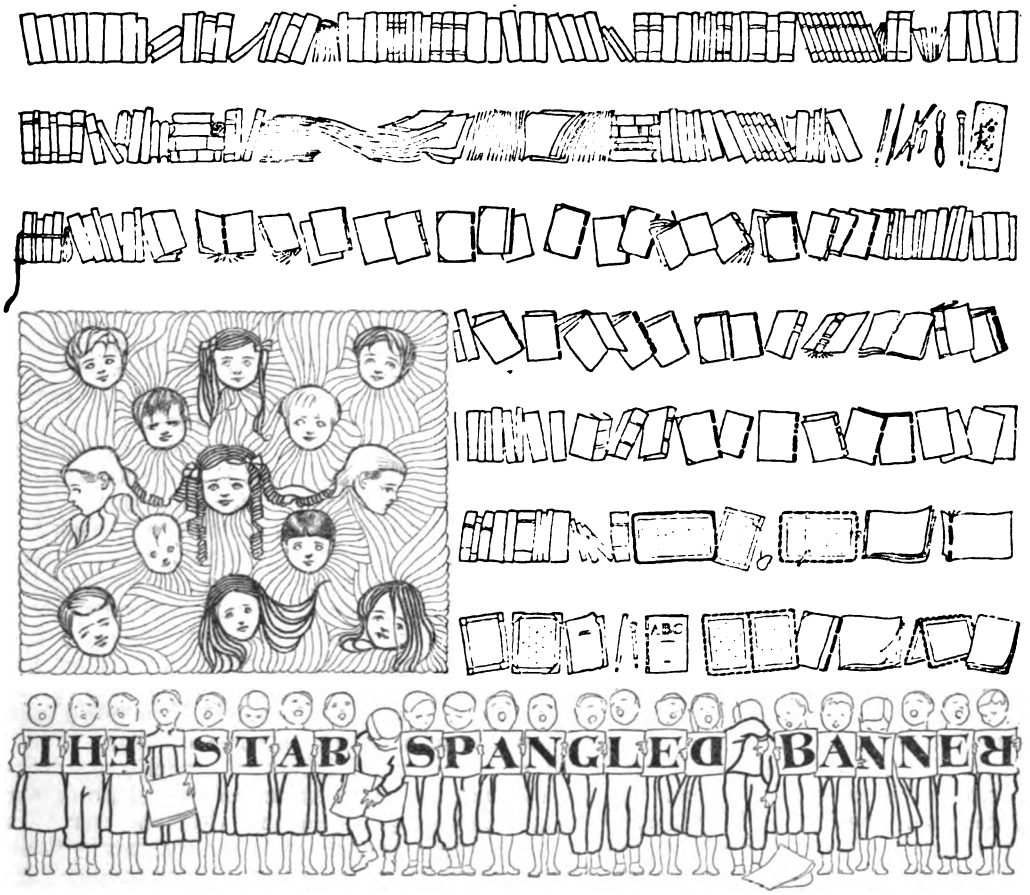

DOES IT GET WEIGHED?

OR YET WADE?

UNCERTAINTY OF MANY SCHOOL-CHILDREN UPON THE SUBJECT

By Marion Hill.

A FEW nights ago, at a home dinner party, one gentleman present, having occasion to quote a few lines of "America," bungled amazingly, as is usual in such attempts, and had finally to desist through ignorance. Seeking for help among his fellows, he found that they, too, knew but little more of the song than the opening lines. Amidst the comments aroused by this not unprecedented incident, the host's ten-year-old daughter volunteered to help the big folks out, and did so by correctly reciting all the verses. In response to flattering questions, she said that she had been taught the song at school. With pardonable pride she added, "I will write it for you, if you like."

Of course we liked, and we furnished her with quieting paper and pencil; and then straightway began to forget her in our vigorous volleys of praise anent the wholeheartedness of public-school education. But she again brought herself to notice by shortly presenting us with the following lines, very prettily written, and, as may be seen, intelligently titled and put into verse form:

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AMERICA.

My country, tissuf the
Sweet land of libaet tea,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my father died,
Land where the Pilgrims pried,
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let fridmen ring.

My native country the
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rots and chills,
Thy woods and temper pills,
My heart with ratcher thrills
Like that above.

Mingled with our amusement was consternation, for this little girl was not only more than ordinarily intelligent, but was also a remarkably good speller, and when she wrote "rots and chills," she most certainly meant nothing less than the indicated putrefactions and ague.

In connection with what follows, this point of spelling is an important one to note. Had the child been stupid and backward, her rendering of "My country" would have been no menace to patriotism, for when a little American bubbles over in hymns to liberty, and means liberty even while writing "libaet tea," the moral exaltation is not impaired in the least; but this child knew enough to spell liberty correctly, had she wanted to use the word. It behooved us, then, to find out what on earth she did mean; so to that end we questioned her, and in giving her replies, we call attention to their unfailing intelligence and directness, even where she was most at fault.

"What is 'libaet tea'?"

"One of our imports, I guess, from China."

"And what is 'tissuf'?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think it is?"

"Maybe it is to fill out the line. Poetry has something that is called meter; maybe 'tissuf' makes the right meter."

"What do you mean by 'pried'?"

"Why, pry means to come where you are not asked to come!" This with a tinge of pity for the ignorance that could ask such a question.

"Then the Pilgrims pried into America?"

"Yes, I think so. Nobody invited them."

"What is 'fridmen'?"

"I don't know. I have thought that over, and can't make any sense to it."

"Why do you love 'rots and chills'?"

"I don't."

"But you say here that you do."

"Oh, *I* don't say it; it's the poetry says that."

"Well, what does the poetry mean by it?"

"I think it means that we must forgive a great many unpleasant things about our country, and say we like them just out of politeness."

"What are 'temper pills'?"

"Pills for temper, don't you think?"

"Did you ever see any such pills?"

"No. Did you? But I'd like to have some."

"Why?"

No answer to this except a half-shy, half-wicked little smile toward her parents.

"What is 'ratcher'?"

"I really don't know."

"Haven't you any idea?"

"Yes, it sounds like a disease."

"How so?"

"It says, 'like that above'—and there are chills a few lines above; and thrills are a sort of chills anyhow. I looked it up in my dictionary."

"This is truly wonderful!" we gasped; and as a reward for the tribute we were invited to attend her school on the morrow, because it would be "patriotic Friday," and

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we could hear them "speak pieces, sing war songs, salute the flag, and talk patriotic things."

Her invitation was too rich in suggestion to resist entirely, and we did visit a school on the "patriotic" morrow; but deciding that our little friend's school had already spoken for itself, we visited another.

A class of about fifty clean, bright-eyed, wriggling boys and girls appeared perfectly charmed at being asked to perform their patriotic exercises, and executed them with a vim and thoroughness very creditable to themselves and to their teacher. They sang as many as a dozen patriotic songs; they knew more about Dewey, Sampson, Schley, and Hobson than those heroes know themselves; they recited more historical facts about George Washington than could be beguiled out of an ordinary man at the point of a pistol (one little girl essayed the life of Theodore Roosevelt, but being unable to keep the lightning-rod and electricity and a kite out of her narrative, sat down bathed in tears); they gave quotations in prose and poetry inculcating love of country; and, with especial ardor, they united in a pretty ceremony which they called "S'lutin' the Flag." The teacher conducted this salute by successive taps of her hand-bell. Tap one, and a curly-haired lassie mounted the platform and unfurled Old Glory; tap two, and the entire class sprang to their feet as one child; tap three, and every hand made a military salute to the accompaniment of the rousing words, "We give our heads and our hearts to our country. One country, one language, one flag!" At the final word every little right hand was raised, the forefinger pointing to the Stars and Stripes. This statuesque pose was sustained until a last tap relaxed the tense muscles and gave signal for the little ones to drop back into their seats. It brought a choke into the throat to see it.

But the demon of investigation was abroad, and refused to be throttled by sentiment. "Children, this has been very interesting; so interesting that I want to ask you some questions about it. For instance, you say that you give your heads to your country: now will one of you tell me how you do that?"

Not immediately. Smiles faded, and a pall settled over the community. At last, one grimy paw waved tentatively.

"Well?"

"We could cut our heads off and give them that way."

The gloom deepened when this answer turned out to be amiss, and all thought desperately. Another paw waved. "What is your answer, little man?"

"We must keep our heads inside of a car window."

This answer seemed so to satisfy the class that it was cruelty to disabuse them. But it had to be done. Another period of horrified reflection ensued, out of which ventured two guesses:

"I could give my head to my country by letting some one put a bullet into it."

"I give my head to my country by putting my hand to my head in the s'lute."

The rejection of these advances created such a weakness among the children that total dissolution was threatened, but a big, handsome boy in the rear saved the day. He was a very big boy, the class dunce probably; one of those chaps who promote themselves in the course of years simply by outgrowing their desks, and who in manhood make fine strides toward success untrammeled by learning. This long, lazy youth (whose extended limbs were undoubtedly the

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factors in the constant anguish of amusement to be seen on the face of the little boy in front of him) had been enjoying the exercises thus far as matters gotten up for his sole entertainment; but now, wishing a change of topic, he put an end to the present foolishness by rising suddenly unbidden and stating, with smiling decision, "We *can't* give our heads to our country. We only say so."

The children settled back in their seats with immense breaths of relief, and we felt that to refuse an explanation so patently incontrovertible would be to lower our dignity; we therefore succumbed.

The heart being a more mysterious organ than the head, which is apt to flourish in memory by being unlawfully tapped by rulers, the second clause in the "s'lute" was passed over by the examiner. So, picking out a tiny damsel, he made on her these easy demands:

"'One country'—what country, little maid?"

"America, sir."

"Yes, indeed. And of course you know who discovered America?"

"Yes, sir. Columbia, sir."

"Well, nearly. Columbus—can you tell me his first name?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"Hail."

To offset this slip, the class was instructed to sing the song in mention, and their performance was beyond cavil, so hearty, so musical were their fresh young voices, and so inexhaustible were their memories—verse after verse rippling spontaneously forth, with never a book in sight!

"Do you like to sing patriotic songs?"

"*YES, SIR!*" this in a thundering chorus.

"Better than other songs?"

"YES, SIR!"

"Why?"

The chorus was silenced. After a pause a bullet-headed, philosophical young Teuton said, with the slowness characteristic of a deep thinker, "For pecause dey makes de piggest noise."

"What do you mean by patriotic, by patriotism?" was naturally the next question.

"Putting flags on your house when somebody dies."

"Getting a half holiday and going down town to holler at the soldiers as they go by."

"Patriotism's killin' Spaniards."

These definitions were given by boys, to the disgust of a tiny girl, who jumped up with an indignant pipe of, "Patriotism is love of your country."

The teacher, who, as might be expected, was not thoroughly enjoying herself, beamed approval at little miss; but the examiner felt an unshaken pride in his own sex, for the reason that the boys' answers published the fact that with them patriotism was synonymous with action.

"What has your country ever done for you that you should love it?" was the next question.

Oddly enough, this simple query was a poser. A timid girl remarked that her country had given her an *exquisition*—something evidently very horrible, for she promptly put her head down upon her desk and howled with grief, utterly refusing to explain herself.

The blank, not to say terrified, faces of the youngsters forced the teacher from the subordinate part of listener to controller, and rising majestically from her seat, she commanded, "Children,

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mention five advantages you derive from being American citizens!"

With immediate cordiality they chanted in chorus, "Liberty, protection at home and abroad, self-government, free schools, and public libraries!"

We couldn't have touched the right button. Encouraged at such unanimous knowledge, we probed it a little, and elicited the facts that liberty meant being out of jail, that you got protection if you could find a policeman, and that self-government was doing as you pleased.

We now asked our victims if they would write for us a verse or two of their favorite patriotic song, and they made no objection, appearing even to like the employment. One child, announcing that she intended to write "Andy's quotation," asked that Andy be allowed to recite it for her as a help to her memory. Andy, who proved to be the long-limbed idler, gallantly went to the trouble of extricating himself from his desk, stepped into the aisle, and apparently repeated these words from Drake's Address to the American Flag:

> Forever float that standard sheet!
> Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
> With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
> And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Apparently. What he really did say was made manifest by his written words, for he, too, chose to write the words for our inspection. We will reproduce them later.

Before commenting upon the papers handed in to us, we wish to present a significant statistic or two: The average age of this class was ten years and one month; in their last spelling review they had taken a percentage of eighty-eight; and they were now allowed to write the song of their own choosing. "The Star-Spangled Banner" seemed to be a general favorite, but certainly not through the merit of being understood; for, from the very beginning, where "dawn's early light" varied from the harmless shibboleth of "don selery eye" to the more sinister "darn surly lie," every line was garbled and twisted into some startling grotesqueness, the whole ending with the agonized appeal, "Oh, say does the star spangled Banner get weighed? or the home of the free? or the land of the brave?" A simple line in the second stanza, "blest with victory and peace," appeared once "less the fig trees and peas"; and another time, "bless with big trees apiece"; while the stanza concluded by asking politely, "Does the star Spangled Banner yet wade?"

Of course, once in a while a phrase was rendered correctly, there being but one song which claimed the distinction of containing a line totally uncomprehended by any child using it. That song was Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the line being the one which pictures the God of Battles as "trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored." Without exception the word "vintage" was interpreted "village," and the rest of the line was varied to suit particular needs; one need expressing itself prosaically thus: "He is tramping round the village where the grapes arrive from shore."

The most damning quality of these extracts was their painfully exact spelling. They could mean nothing else than what they said. In a vilely spelled screed there is always a chance that it may mean the right thing in spite of appearances. For instance, one little chap handed in a paper with the simple, brief announcement, "Gloriglo, halua lua lura halua lua." It was evident at a glance that this was the familiar chorus, "Glory, Glory, hallelujah;" and it was just as good spelled one way as another. But so much cannot be said for "the swine of each pastry Arctic Ocean," which was one child's conception of the "shrine of each patriot's devotion," and preceded the statement that Columbia "roared" safe through the storm. As Columbia had been stigmatized a few lines above as "the yam of the ocean," there must have been quite a mixture of pictures in that child's mind.

It is a pity that religious discussions are tabooed in our public schools, otherwise it might have been profitable to have interrogated the pupil who made a coy suggestion to "blast the popes that have made and preserved us a nation." Her mental concept may have "praised the power," but the situation admits of doubt.

Most of the songs were wonderfully well written and punctuated, the exceptions being rare. Following is given one of the rarest. The lad who wrote was probably tired.

> Dam dam dam the boys are marching cheer up comrads they will come and aneath the tarny pag we will been an airn again in the freedom of our annie ammie ome.

The translation we reserve to ourselves; but of course we cannot prevent the persevering few from finally reducing the "tarny

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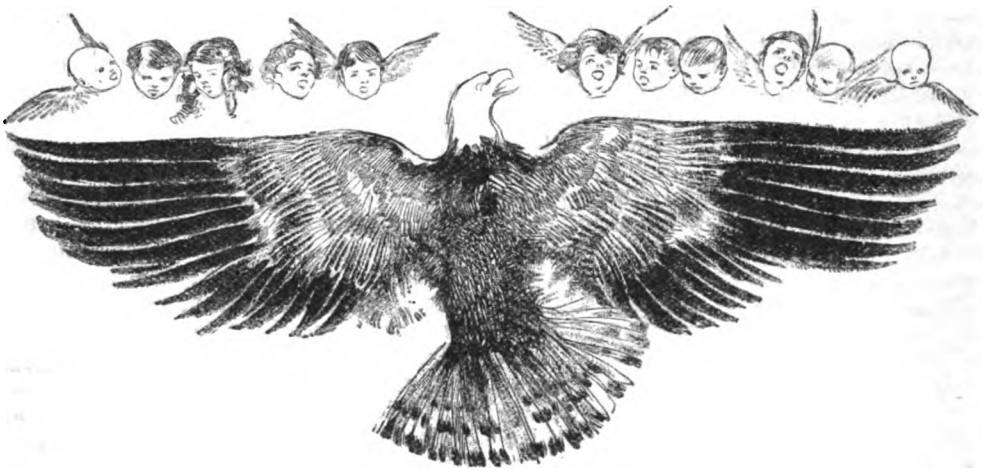
pag," "been an airn," and "annie ammie ome" to simpler terms.

Believing that little children are never too young to be taught to reverence and love their country and to understand its heart-songs, and believing also that a Columbia which is pictured as a cross between a yam and swine cannot be a very lovely figure in a little patriot's mind, the compiler of these notes ventures to suggest that when our little tots at school are taught the words of patriotic songs, plentiful and constantly repeated explanation should go hand in hand with such instruction. Beautiful, indeed, is it to see a class give signs of thorough drill in inspiriting exercises of collective patriotism; but to be ardently effective, the drill should begin with the individual. Then might Andy see some beauty in his address to his loved flag, which at present he is rendering thus:

Forever wave that standing cheat
Where breeze the foe but falls beforus,
With freedoms oil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner screaming orus.



THE FALL OF QUEBEC.

By Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Grip of Honor," etc.

"*Come, each death-doing dog who dares venture his neck,*
Come, follow the hero that goes to Quebec;
Jump aboard of the transports, and loose every sail;
Pay your debts at the tavern by giving leg-bail;
And ye that love fighting shall soon have enough:
Wolfe commands us, my boys; we shall give them Hot Stuff."—Old Song.

On the 29th of February, 1712, when Louis XIV., old, broken, and defeated, was closing his long reign, a little boy was born in the south of France. Fifteen years later, on the 2d of January, 1727, another lad saw the light in the England of George the First. Born under different governmental systems and springing from different racial stocks, standing for different ideas, the lives of these two children were destined to be strangely intermingled. They were to be the chief factors in a great contest in which the stakes were a future empire the like of which the world had not seen. They were to play their great game upon a theater of unparalleled magnificence and before an audience which comprised the world. There were circumstances of great dramatic interest in the careers of both, and in the end each laid down his life in defense of his principles on

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the same blood-stained field. The Frenchman was the son of a great nobleman; the Englishman, a child of the sturdy middle class. Both were soldiers. There were brave days for soldiers then, and both of them saw much hard fighting and arduous campaigning. Both had risen rapidly, and both had been chosen for positions of importance which they had neither sought nor desired, but which both had accepted from the very highest sense of duty and love of country.

Montcalm had signally demonstrated his capacity by inflicting upon the English an overwhelming defeat in the pine woods of Ticonderoga, and Wolfe had shown his ability at the siege of Louisburg. They were now to be matched in a struggle for a point more vital than the fortress in the pine-clad hills or that on the iron-bound coast of Cape Breton. The rifle shots of the Virginians under George Washington in the forest glades of Western Pennsylvania, which struck down young Jumonville, had kindled a conflagration of war which had swept like a besom of destruction from the St. Lawrence to the Ganges, and which had involved every power in the world in a gigantic struggle—England, Prussia, and the American Colonies *contra mundum!* On the icy plains of Russia, 'neath the shadows cast by the Himalayas, and in the forests primeval of the New World the conflict raged.

On this continent two great ideas had stood at swords' points with each other from the landing of the Pilgrims and the voyage of Cartier. In a thin strip upon the Atlantic seaboard from the Penobscot to St. Augustine, the beginning of a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," had been established; and a nation, frugal and industrious, hardy and bold, was in the travail pains of existence. The several English colonies embraced a population of over a million souls. On the back of the continent, with one hand on the great river of the North, the other clutching the great river of the South, lay the domain of France, a country still the most powerful in the great family of nations. A thin chain of military posts dotted along the two rivers and the great lakes represented the barrier by which the advocates of the feudal system—decaying in France, but which it was hoped might be revived in America—strove to hold back the inundation of men already beginning to break upon the mountain chains of what was then the West. Though the province had been most assiduously fostered by the crown, the number of inhabitants in New France did not exceed, at the very highest estimate, 70,000; but every male in the population was liable for military service, and the seigniors of the villages and rude châteaux and the officers of the posts were men of high stamp, bearing some of the noblest names of France. In war they could bring to their assistance hordes of ruthless savages, who, under the teaching of the Jesuits, had added to their natural vindictiveness and ferocity the machinery of the warfare of the time. There were, in addition to the population, some 5,000 regular soldiers in the country, battalions of picked men from some of the finest regiments of the incomparable French infantry. Therefore, while in numbers the odds against the French were heavy, their case was not desperate.

Various disjointed attempts had been made at different points during the Seven Years' War, but after the reduction of Louisburg in 1757, Pitt determined to attack New France at every available point at once, making use of his great numerical superiority and command of the sea for that purpose. Amherst was to move up Lake Champlain, Prideaux and Sir William Johnson were to attack Fort Niagara, Stanwix was to sweep the posts on Lake Erie, and Forbes, with Washington, was to effect the reduction of Fort Duquesne. The main expedition was directed against Quebec itself, and comprised twenty-two ships-of-the-line, with accompanying frigates and transports, under the command of Vice-Admiral Saunders, convoying 9,000 men under James Wolfe. The genius of Pitt had led him to select this young man from hundreds of others, his seniors in rank—an unprecedented proceeding, by the way—and he had given him the temporary rank of major-general for the American campaign. His force, consisting of English and provincial troops, all regulars, was one of the best that had ever been assembled under the British flag. Wolfe's brigadiers, Monckton, Townshend, and Murray, were also young and capable soldiers. The army was officered by young men. Pitt's idea was that an army was to win battles and campaigns, and not to become a plaything for incompetent officers who possessed nothing but rank.

On the 21st of June, the expedition anchored off the Isle of Orleans, a few miles below Quebec, in the noble river St. Lawrence. Leaving the different garrisons along the frontier to defend themselves as best they might, Montcalm had concentrated his army at Quebec. He had under his command a

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force probably of 14,000 men, of which not more than 4,000 were regulars. Of the balance, some were Canadian militia, and the larger number partisans, Indians, and undisciplined peasants. The city he had elected to defend commanded the St. Lawrence, the great way of communication through the country. Its site was one of the most magnificent on the continent, if not in the world. "Que Bec!" had exclaimed the rough sailor of Dieppe in 1535, when he first caught sight of the rock of Cape Diamond, towering for over 300 feet in the air, overlooking the deep, land-locked basin which made the magnificent harbor. Upon the crest of this tremendous mass of granite which stands almost perpendicular to the river had been erected a fortress. Toward the north the rock sloped gently down, until it was broken by a rugged plateau half-way to the water's edge, and upon it stood a walled town containing the Cathedral, the Laval University, the Ursuline Convent, and the Château St. Louis, the residence of the governor. Still farther down on the strand was the lower town, bounded on the north by the river St. Charles. Along the banks of the St. Lawrence for seven miles to the northward straggled the villages of Charlesbourg and Beauport. The St. Charles emptied into the St. Lawrence through a broad expanse of mud-flats almost impassable at low tide, and guarded by heavy fortifications at high water, together with a barrier and two floating batteries. These fortifications were continued for seven miles along the edge of the bluffs of Beauport, and terminated on the deep gorge of the rapid and practically unfordable Montmorency River, which, just before it reaches the St. Lawrence, leaps down the cliffs in a sheer fall of 250 feet, in a glorious and beautiful cataract. Beyond the citadel on the southern side of the city for eight miles there was a continuation of the plateau. The table-land terminated on the river coast in sheer and precipitous rocks overgrown here and there by stunted patches of trees and shrubbery. On the south, at Cap Rouge, it was protected by another gorge and river, and on the other side by rocky and impracticable slopes to the valley of the Charles. One or two places where the cliffs could be scaled were guarded, though their existence was unknown to the English.

Montcalm, after properly garrisoning the town, wisely chose to await attack in the entrenchments at Beauport. But the situation on the French side was not pleasant. The governor of New France, Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, a captain in the French navy, was a jealous incompetent. No sort of harmony existed between him and Lieutenant-General Montcalm. The general administration of affairs was under de Vaudreuil, while Montcalm was supreme as to military matters, with the limitations of power not well defined between them. To further complicate matters, finance and trade were controlled by François Bigot, one of the most consummate thieves and scoundrels that ever lived. The administration of internal affairs was thoroughly corrupt. The king was robbed on the one hand, the people on the other. While the people starved and the army lived on half rations, Vaudreuil and Bigot and their satellites rioted in luxury on the plunder of their country.

Montcalm, a stern and simple soldier, struggled vainly against this state of affairs, but he was without power except so far as military matters were concerned. Before the expedition of Wolfe arrived, realizing the importance of the possession of Quebec, he had sent his lieutenant, Bougainville, afterward the celebrated circumnavigator, to France to beg aid. The king, busy with his Pompadour and his *Parc aux Cerfs* and other similar matters of state, had sent him a promotion, a star, some 400 men, and some scanty supplies, with instructions to hold on to the province at all hazards! "A little is precious to those who have nothing," sadly remarked the Frenchman, when Bougainville exhibited the results of his labors. He said that he would save the colony or die in it. The words meant much from him. The gallant little marquis was a domestic man, and was ever sighing for the advent of that day when he might return to his beloved country-seat at Candiac, and pass his days in peace in the society of his wife and children. Bougainville had brought him word of the death of one of his children, which had been reported just before the ship sailed, and the poor man never found out which child had been taken from him until he met her in heaven. His letters to his wife and mother, read to-day, after a century and a half of silence, still touch the heart with their tenderness and love.

The problem that met Wolfe was one of the most gigantic with which the human mind had ever grappled, and how to compass it he knew not. As a preliminary to the enterprise, however, he captured the Isle of Orleans and the heights of Levis, a bold promontory opposite the city. On the latter, he erected batteries, which by vigorous

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bombardments soon reduced the lower town to ruins, though neither from the batteries nor the ships was he able to secure sufficient elevation to throw shells into the town, much less the citadel. For offensive purposes his ships were more or less useless, for the water was shallow on the Beauport shore and the batteries were so placed that they could fire upon the ships with impunity. But the latter lent mobility to his force, which doubled its effectiveness and signally illustrated the advantage of sea command in warfare.

Wolfe's first attempt was to land his men on the north bank of the Montmorency River, and then try to find some way through the dense virgin forests to cross the river and turn Montcalm's left. The condition of the country made this impossible. There was but one doubtful ford, which was guarded. One of Wolfe's advance parties was badly handled by the French and Indians. The open season, in the latitude of Quebec, lasts but a few months, and the whole army, working during the whole time, could not have opened a road for the advance. The plan was necessarily abandoned.

The cliff over which the Montmorency River rushes to meet the St. Lawrence is several hundred feet back from the low-water mark, and when the tide, which ebbs and flows in the river as in the ocean, was out, it was possible to ford the smaller stream; so Wolfe next decided to make an attack upon some detached fortifications which apparently constituted the extreme flank of Montcalm's line, commanded by De Levis. He trusted that, if he could gain them, he might turn the flank of the line, make the entrenchments untenable, and force Montcalm to fight. Therefore, with the coöperation of the navy, which was always cheerfully given, he determined upon this desperate plan.

On the morning of July 31st, the line-of-battle ship "Centurion," sixty-four, with two armed transports, moved down opposite to the destined spot. The transports went so far in shore that they grounded on the flats, but all opened a furious bombardment on the redoubts. When the tide was completely out, Wolfe, leading in person the Grenadiers, the Royal Americans, and the Highlanders, which had been embarked in boats, made for the land. At the same time Monckton's brigade started down from the entrenched camp upon the heights of Montmorency to support the attack from the river. The Royal Americans and the Grenadiers first reached the shore. Without waiting to be formed and with no attempt at order, disregarding entirely the commands of their officers and without the support of Monckton's column, they rushed impetuously pell-mell toward the redoubts, the French retreating before them as they came on. Swarming over the redoubts they attempted to ascend the hill, which, they discovered too late, bristled with fortifications commanding every slope. They were met by a deadly fire, and in a few moments were driven tumultuously down the hill, where they took shelter behind the useless redoubts. Over 400 had been killed and wounded in a few moments. A violent rainstorm came up, and after it was over Wolfe, who had kept the Highlanders well in hand, seeing the futility of further attack, ordered his men to their boats. Acts of great gallantry were performed by many of the men in bringing in the wounded, whom the Indians were already creeping down the hills to scalp. Monckton's brigade did not get in action at all. Wolfe severely censured the reckless and disorderly conduct of the Grenadiers and Americans; but while the censure was deserved, it is difficult to see how any different result could have been expected. The transports were burned. The French exulted greatly over the repulse.

About this time the English general, whose physique was of the frailest, was seized by a low fever and prostrated by a wasting disease, and his life was despaired of. To the great joy of the army, however, he recovered, in part at least, and resumed command. As the season was drawing on and they had made no progress, in his desperation he suggested to his brigadiers several plans of attack upon Beauport, Charlesbourg, and the lower town, which they wisely rejected as impossible. There remained but one other thing to be tried. If by any means he could get a foothold upon the plateau above Quebec, he could force Montcalm to come out in the open and fight, and, in that event, he had no doubt of the issue. A Scotsman, Captain Stobo, who had been taken as a hostage from Washington's command at Fort Necessity and had been detained for many years at Quebec, had effected his escape that spring and joined Wolfe's army. He informed the commander that there was one practicable path up the cliffs, in a little cove called Anse de Foulon, and he offered to conduct a party to that point. It was their last chance, and Wolfe determined to embrace it.

The army and fleet had not been idle; at different intervals during the summer many ships had succeeded in running the batteries

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of Quebec, and had anchored in the river above the town. Various expeditions had been undertaken, some to ravage the country on every side, and others to menace Cap Rouge and vicinity, to stop the provisions from coming down the river from Montreal. Several attempts to destroy the fleet by French fire-ships had been thwarted by the vigilance of the officers and the daring of the men. Montcalm had detached some 2,000 men under the command of Bougainville, who was stationed at Cap Rouge. Saunders had warned Wolfe that whatever he did he was to do quickly, for the near approach of the Canadian winter rendered it imperative for him to take his ships out of the harbor if they were not to be frozen up until the next spring. The French had about concluded that all danger for the year had passed, but Montcalm had not relaxed his vigilance in the slightest degree. The Canadian peasants, watching the burning of their farm-houses and the devastation of their country from the shores of Quebec, were deserting in great numbers. Provisions were short, and supplies were shorter. Still Montcalm held on, hoping that the cold weather would relieve him from the presence of his persistent enemy; he counted without his host.

On the 3d of September, the camp at Montmorency was abandoned, and troops to the number of 3,600 were embarked on the ships of Holmes' squadron above the town. Wolfe, in a small boat, carefully examined the shore, and verified the existence of Stobo's path. By the white tents at the top of the hill he saw that it was guarded, but he thought there was a possibility that the guard might be negligent and that he could surprise it. On the 4th, he fell desperately ill again. Only his indomitable energy kept him alive. He said to the surgeon that he knew his end was near, but he begged him to patch him up for a few days to enable him to complete the undertaking. On the 7th, he was so far recovered as to order a feint at Cap Rouge. The ships ran into the cove of the river, and smartly engaged the batteries and Bougainville's troops. The next two days it rained, to the great discomfort of every one, and for three days thereafter the ships moved up and down the river with the tide, making feints at landing at different points and completely wearing out the Frenchmen on shore.

On the evening of the 12th, they anchored off Cap Rouge again. It was the night selected for the undertaking. Wolfe had depleted the garrisons at Orleans and Point Levis to the danger limit, and 1,200 men marched up the opposite shore, and lay on their arms until the morning. The total force of the expedition, therefore, was about 4,800 men. Wolfe had lost over 1,000 in killed and wounded in the different attacks and in raids, and there were many sick and disabled in the hospitals. A fortunate circumstance prepared the way for the attack. It had been learned from a deserter that arrangements had been made to float several boat-loads of provisions from Cap Rouge down to Quebec under cover of the darkness. The plan was abandoned, but the sentries on the river were not notified of the change. In the cabin of the "Sutherland" the young commander sat waiting for the ebb. With him was a young naval officer named John Jervis, who had been a schoolfellow and boy-friend in England. He lived to become one of the greatest of English admirals, and he related afterward that Wolfe, after charging him with messages to his mother, took from his neck a miniature of a beautiful young woman, Miss Lowther, to whom he was betrothed, and whose picture he had habitually worn; and that he gave it to his friend with instructions as to its disposition after the action, which he felt assured he would not survive. I like to dwell upon him as he sits there, a dying man, in the flickering lamplight in the rude cabin of the ship, on the eve of his desperate hazard, thinking of home and mother and sweetheart and friends.

About two in the morning, the night being very dark and rainy, the boats were cast off, and silently drifted down the river with the young ebb, the ships following a little later. In the first boat were Wolfe himself with his staff. An officer of the Highlanders who spoke French like a native was stationed forward. In this boat and the next were twenty-four men from the light infantry who had been chosen from numberless volunteers as a forlorn hope to lead the assault. They were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel William Howe, who later crossed swords with Washington from Long Island to the Brandywine. Not a light was shown in any boat, and in perfect silence they swiftly floated down the river. The stillness of the night, the desperate nature of their attack, the mysterious loneliness of the towering shores, must have filled their hearts with awe. In Wolfe's boat, he himself broke the silence by reciting some of the verses of Gray's famous "Elegy." Those who were

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with him loved to recall afterwards that he said he would rather have written that poem than capture Quebec! As the boat passed one of the jutting curves of the Palisades, a sharp voice from the shore broke the silence with the challenge, "*Qui vive!*" "*France,*" was the instant reply made by the Highlander. "*A quel regiment?*" "*De la Reine,*" said the officer with great presence of mind, naming a regiment which was known to be at Cap Rouge. That was all. The hearts of the officers and men in the boats must have stood still. If they were discovered they were lost; but the sentry, apparently satisfied, said nothing more, and they drifted on. They were hailed again, and the same Highlander answered that they were provision boats, and that silence must be kept or they would be betrayed to the English. The current bore them swiftly around a great headland and into a little cove to the landing-place; so swiftly, in fact, that the boats brought to the shore somewhat below the destined spot. It was after four in the morning now.

Led by the Scotsman, they soon reached the foot of the path. On the top of the hill the lights of the small encampment could be seen. Montcalm had ordered the place carefully guarded. A picket of 100 men was stationed there under the command of Captain de Vergor. This captain had been tried for cowardice and gross neglect of duty, of both of which he was undoubtedly guilty, while in command of the fortress of Beausejour. Bigot and de Vaudreuil had, however, interfered to procure his acquittal. In disobedience of his orders, he had now allowed the larger portion of his party, who were Canadian militia, to leave their posts and go home to harvest their crops. He himself was fast asleep, and a negligent watch was kept. A part of the battalion Guyenne, which had been ordered to camp near the spot, by some mistake had never left the Charles River. There were batteries scattered here and there along the shore at Samos and Sillery. Apparently all were asleep and unsuspecting.

As the men disembarked, Wolfe and his officers advanced to the narrow path trailing up the face of the cliff. They found it had been barricaded. Howe and his men, however, thought they could get up the side of the cliff, which is here somewhat less precipitous and is thickly wooded, by clinging to the projecting trees. "You may try it," said Wolfe, "though I do not think you will succeed." In silence he and his companions watched the forlorn hope scale the Palisades, while boat after boat discharged its load and went back to the ships for more. There was a crashing here and there among the trees and bushes as they disappeared; then silence. Presently the eager listeners heard the sound of a rifle shot, and then more and more, a perfect fusillade; then a British cheer! Concealment was at an end. The men at a nod from Wolfe sprang at the barricades on the path and soon tore them to pieces, and then, in a long, sinuous, red line, they toiled up the cliff toward the top, Wolfe among the first. De Vergor, the coward, had attempted to fly, and had been wounded and captured. The fall of New France rests absolutely upon his shoulders. With his picket he could have kept down Wolfe's whole army. As fast as the regiments climbed the hill they were deployed. The day was just breaking. Meanwhile, the boats had been sent back for the party on the other shore, and it was being rapidly ferried over. The sailors of the squadron dragged up two small pieces of artillery. The batteries at Samos and Sillery were attacked at once, and carried by surprise.

At the other end of the long line, Montcalm, supremely confident, was held in his entrenchments by Admiral Saunders. Boats filled with sailors and marines moved to and fro in front of the Beauport shore, and the ships of the fleet moved down and opened a furious cannonade upon the line, as if to cover an attack. Montcalm was up all night, watchful and ready. He was astonished, therefore, when a courier galloped breathlessly up to him, threw himself from his horse, and shouted that the English had established themselves on the Plains of Abraham. "They have got to the weak side of us at last, and we must crush them with our numbers," was the reply. There was galloping in hot haste in every direction. With quick intelligence he realized now that he had to fight a battle, whether he would or no, and that the fate of Quebec hung trembling in the balance. He took horse at once, and after stopping a moment to speak with Vaudreuil, rode in haste toward the town, with fixed look, saying nothing.

In the gray of the morning the soldiers of Beauport and Charlesbourg took up the line of march, trampling over the bridge, passing through the streets of the startled town. Some of the famous battalions of France—Bearn, La Sarre, Guyenne, Languedoc, and Royal Rousillon—were under Montcalm's command, backed by large numbers of mi-

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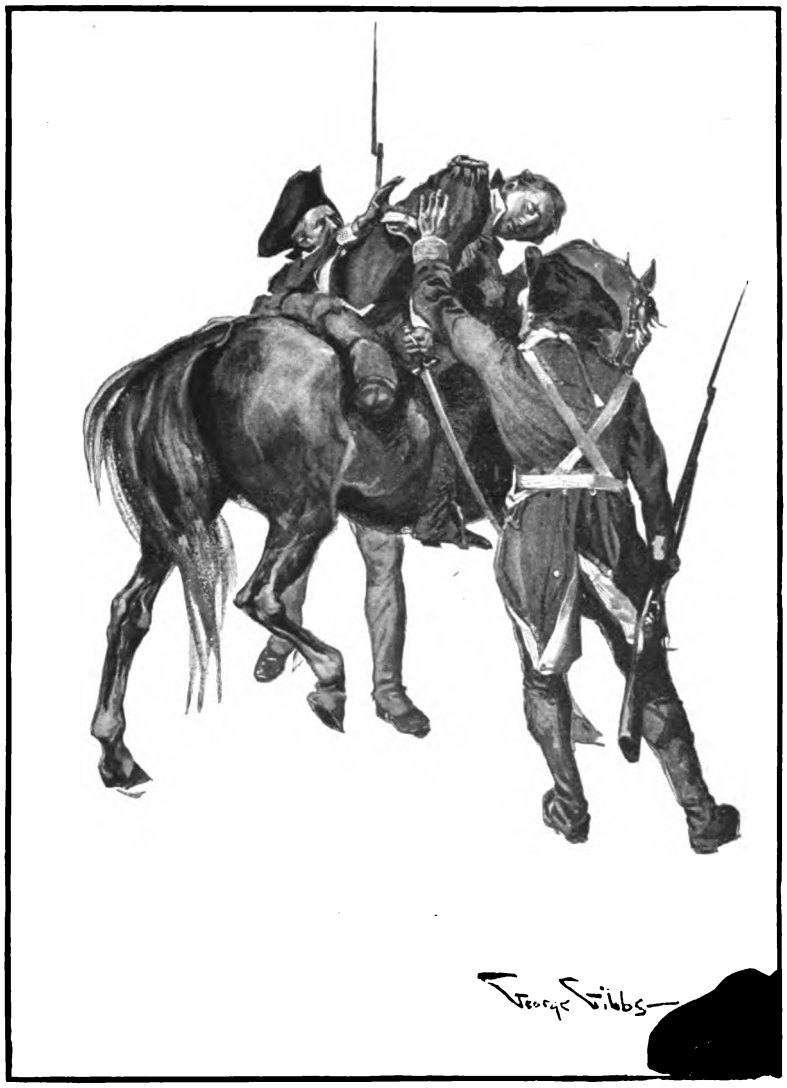
litia, *coureurs de bois* in leather hunting-suits, and painted, plumed Indians. He hoped to drive Wolfe into the sea. Sending expresses to Vaudreuil to bring up the militia and de Ramesay to send him artillery from the battery of twenty-four field pieces in Quebec, other was held in reserve, leaving about 3,500 men on the fighting line. The field was an open one, partly cultivated, with clumps of trees and thickets on either side. Already the underbrush was filling with savages and partisans, and the bullets were beginning to



"HE [MONTCALM] WOULD HAVE FALLEN, HAD NOT TWO SOLDIERS SUPPORTED HIM ON EITHER SIDE."

he rode in person to the scene of the conflict. About six in the morning, the English, who had breakfasted, were drawn up in the battle formation of that day in three ranks. As the line was not long enough to stretch from one side of the plateau to the other, the left flank under Townshend was refused. One regiment had been thrown backward to hold in check Bougainville. An- fall in the English line, the men lying down and skirmishing heavily. The sky was overcast, and the rain fell in fitful showers.

Wolfe commanded in person. He walked up and down exhorting and encouraging his men while he waited for Montcalm. Not a heroic-looking man, with his long, pointed nose, receding forehead and chin, red hair, with a head set upon sloping shoulders; a

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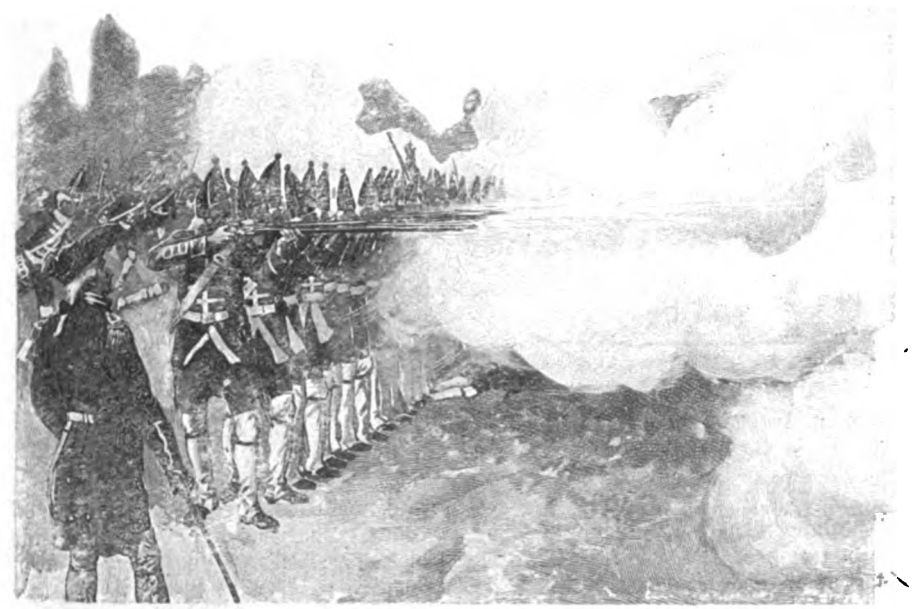
slender, emaciated figure over six feet in height. But there was a flash in his eye and a look in his bearing which proclaimed a soldier, and all the men of his army loved him. His illness was gone, and he seemed full of vigor and energy. As he passed down the lines they greeted him with cheers.

Presently, over the crest of a little hill which shut off the view of Quebec, appeared the white coats of the enemy. Very pretty they looked against the green grass that rainy morning. There was much manœuvering to and fro, readjusting of lines, deploying of battalions. There were men on horseback there, too. The great Frenchman had his moment of parade. He, too, had ridden up and down his line, sword in hand, calling upon the chivalry of France for a last effort to sweep the hated English into the sea, and with equal spirit they had responded. The three field pieces which de Ramesay had grudgingly sent forward began to play on the two naval guns of the English. Throwing a mass of militia, Canadian woodsmen, and Indians on the left flank, to turn it if possible, and opening a heavy fire from the trees and bushes on both sides, at ten o'clock, the French army, numbering about 4,500, began to move, with Montcalm leading in person.

The generalship of Montcalm in making this attack has been questioned. There was no question as to the necessity of fighting. His position was untenable, his communications were broken, his supplies stopped, unless he could drive the English from the position; but the necessity for fighting at that moment was not apparent. There were at Cap Rouge 2,000 good troops under Bougainville, an officer of great merit; back of him, at Beauport, were perhaps 5,000 more, rather indifferent, but still counting for something, if de Vaudreuil could be induced to bring them up. A delay and a more imperative order probably would have brought him more guns than those de Ramesay had sent him. By waiting he might have strengthened his army, and with Bougainville's assistance taken the English between two fires. We can only suppose that he underrated the strength of the thin red line across the greensward, under the great red flag, and that he imagined from his previous experiences with the English, which had been fortunate, that he could easily beat them. He did not realize that they were led by a hero of heroes, that they were among the finest soldiery in the world, that they had their back against a precipice, and that they must conquer or be exterminated. So in a fatal hour he ordered the advance.

The regiments came on in some little con-



"WITH A CRASH LIKE THE DISCHARGE OF A BATTERY OF CANNON, THE FRONT RANK FIRED A VOLLEY . . .

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fusion, but still presented a brave show. They were pouring their fire into the stolid, silent English ranks; the skirmishers had withdrawn on the main body, the men were ready. Wolfe had given strict orders that the fire of his army should be held. The bullets of the French opened gaps here and there; men fell, and lay groaning, or still, on the sod. In obedience to his quick orders, the ranks were continually closed, and the grim front presented itself unbroken. The leader was everywhere cheering and animating his veterans. The French were nearer now, the bullets were coming harder. They were but sixty yards away—fifty—forty—twenty—the English soldiers could see the whites of the eyes of the French. A sharp word of command rang out, the gun-barrels came down; with a crash like the discharge of a battery of cannon, the front rank fired a volley. A moment after, the second rank delivered its fire; and as soon as the smoke cleared away, the third rank poured in a deadly discharge.

The head of the French army literally had been blown to pieces. The advance was halted. The ground was covered with writhing figures, the white coats, blood-stained, showing plainly upon the green grass. The line was reeling to and fro like a drunken man. There were not so many horsemen now. Montcalm, Senezergues, and the other officers made frantic efforts to reform the lines. The French regulars responded gallantly, rallying and returning the fire, but nothing could stand before the deadly regularity of the English discharges. Volley after volley rang out over the plain. The partisans in the bushes still kept up a fire. Townshend led his men forward and cleared the left flank, and then turned on the center, where the French still fought on. Monckton was badly wounded. The battle was not yet over. "Forward! Forward!" cried Wolfe, his soul aflame, and he leaped to the front of the Louisburg Grenadiers on the right. With wild cheers the army advanced, first on the double-quick and then in a wild run. Frazier's Highlanders, throwing aside their muskets and waving their terrible claymores, led them all. Menaced on three sides, there was fight in the French yet. The shattered battalions met the advance with all the heroism and gallantry of their noblest traditions.

A bullet struck Wolfe in the left wrist. He caught his handkerchief about it, and pressed on; another hit him in the body, still he kept his place at the head of the Grenadiers. Presently a third struck him in the abdomen, inflicting a dreadful wound. "Don't let me fall!" he cried to those near-

. . . THE ADVANCE WAS HALTED."

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est him, "lest I discourage the men." One or two sprang to his side, caught him in their arms, and laid him down on the grass. The Grenadiers, who had seen it all, gritted their teeth, and pressed on with red revenge in their hearts. There was a hand-to-hand *mêlée*. The French regulars died gallantly, the Canadian volunteers fled, the Indians had gone long since; but nothing could stop the British bayonet, the Highland steel. The French broke and ran; the real fighting had lasted but a quarter of an hour!

Back on the grass the life-blood of Wolfe was ebbing away. "It is all over with me," he said to one of the bystanders; and a moment after, as he heard one of them cry, "They run! They run!" he opened his eyes, and asked, "Who run?"

"The enemy, sir. They give way everywhere."

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," he returned, still intent upon his duty in the very articles of death, with the clear instinct of a soldier still undimmed; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River to cut off their retreat from the bridge!"

It was his last order. He turned on his side, exclaiming, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," and when they looked at him again, he was dead.

Montcalm, still on horseback, commanding, imploring, entreating, was swept back by the flying crowd toward the town. Just before he reached the St. Louis gate a bullet passed through his body. He would have fallen, had not two soldiers supported him on either side. Inside the gate the townspeople were listening with bated breath to the roar of the battle outside the walls. As he entered, they saw his white shirt covered with blood. "Alas, alas, the marquis is wounded!" cried a woman.

"It is nothing, it is nothing. Have no anxiety for me, my good friends," he replied.

Those of the army who could do so found shelter in the city. The greater number poured down the Côte St. Genevieve toward Charlesbourg bridge to regain their entrenchments. A little body of Canadians threw themselves into a thicket, and opened a hot fire upon the advancing English to protect the retreat, and by their courage redeemed their reputation. They were dislodged by the Highlanders after a furious fight. The delay enabled the fugitives to cross the bridge in safety. In the French camp all was confusion. The English army was recalled from pursuit, and at once threw up entrenchments. When Bougainville appeared, it was too late for his small detachment to do anything.

The casualties on both sides had been frightful. The English had lost some 700 killed and wounded, including Wolfe killed and Monckton wounded. The French had lost upward of 1,500, among them Montcalm and Senezergues, both mortally wounded. There was much that the French could have done; but the spirit went out of the army when Montcalm was stricken down, and they fled precipitately to Cartier, thirty miles away, abandoning Quebec to its fate.

The great commander was dying within its walls. When the surgeon told him that his wound was mortal, "I am glad of it," he replied; and when he was told, in answer to his question, that he had scarcely twelve hours to live, he remarked, "So much the better; I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." He spoke in complimentary terms of Wolfe and of his successor, Levis. When de Ramesay, the commandant of the garrison, came to get orders from him, he refused to give any, remarking, "I have much business that must be attended to of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country." A different ending from that of the great English soldier! Yet he still thought of his men. One of his last acts was to send the following note to Townshend, who had succeeded to the command:

> Monsieur, the humanity of the English sets my mind at peace concerning the fate of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Feel towards them as they have caused me to feel. Do not let them perceive that they have changed masters. Be their protector as I have been their father.

The Bishop of Quebec, himself in a dying condition, administered the last sacraments, and at four o'clock in the morning, on the 14th of September, Montcalm quietly entered into his rest. The wife and the children would wait long for him; he would never return to his beloved Candiac. No one could be found to make a coffin, and an old servant of the Ursuline Convent, procuring a few boards, nailed them together to form a rough box. In it they laid the body of the dead captain, and in the evening of the same day they buried him. There was no escort, no funeral pageantry; the officers of the garrison and some of the people, mostly women and children, joined the silent procession along the deserted streets. A shell bursting under the floor of the Ursuline Convent had made a deep cavity, which had

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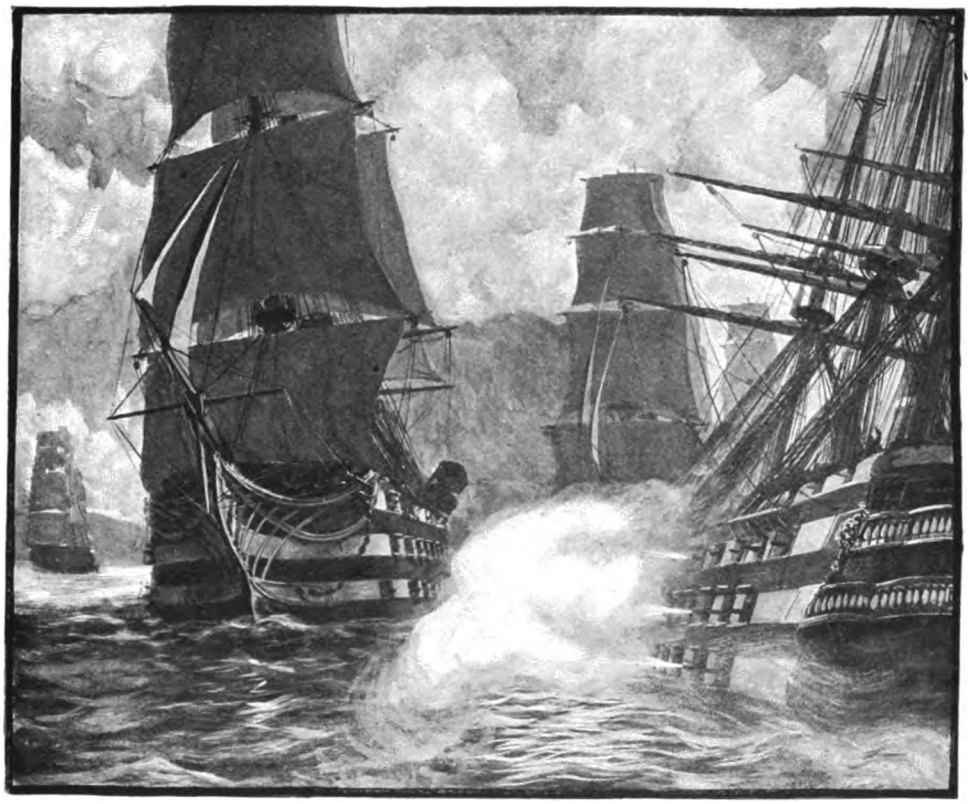
been shaped into a rude grave. There they laid him away, and as the clods fell upon his coffin, they sounded the death-knell of New France. On the 18th of the month, de Ramesay surrendered the town to the English.

A month later a great fleet approached the chalk cliffs of England. On the quarter-deck of the line-of-battle ship "Royal William" lay a coffin. It contained all that was left of Wolfe. A few days before the battle on the Plains of Abraham, Wolfe had sent a frank and despondent letter to Pitt, in which he told of his failures and the slender prospect of success. It had been made public, and the English people were not prepared for the news of the splendid achievement which arrived at the same time as the dead body of the commander. Oh, what a home-coming was there! Such manifestations of joy have not often been seen in England, as when the story of his great victory, the tale of his great success, had been spread abroad. Bonfires blazed on every hill, and the people fairly went mad with enthusiasm; but no sound reached the dull ear of the dead soldier on the great ship, in peace after so much suffering, so much struggling, so much heroism, such high endeavor. There was quiet in one little hamlet, where a bereaved mother thought that not all the Empire of the West, which had been won at the point of his sword, could compensate for the loss of her son; and in another home another woman bowed her head over a miniature placed in her hand by a gallant sailor, who told her the story of that last interview in the cabin of the ship.



"A GREAT FLEET APPROACHED THE CHALK CLIFFS OF ENGLAND. ON THE QUARTER-DECK . . . OF THE 'ROYAL WILLIAM' LAY A COFFIN. IT CONTAINED ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF WOLFE."

"*O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;*
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

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CHILDREN IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

Like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.—MATT., xi. 16, 17. Dr. Watson has imagined Jesus, the keen observer of men and things, seated in a shadowy corner of the market place, and watching a company of children that have come to some disagreement in their play, one party proposing first a wedding and then a funeral, and the other sulkily refusing to take part in either. The children of Syria do not know what toys are. It follows that their play is wholly imitative of what they see; and the dance, the expression of emotion, is the commonest of sights. There is dancing at weddings, gay, vivacious, enthusiastic; and there are also funereal dances, measured, restrained.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

Illustrated from paintings and drawings by Corwin Knapp Linson.

PART VII.—JESUS IN HIS RELATIONS WITH CHILDREN AND IN HIS DEALINGS WITH MEN.

NEVER was gracious teaching commended by a more winsome life than in the case of Jesus, and no feature in His life is more fascinating than His love for children. It may be laid down as a law that every wholesome and sweet-blooded person will delight in little children in exact proportion to his goodness, because they have come so recently from the Father, and show unto us older folk the innocence and simplicity of the Eden state. We read in them the first chapter of our history, before the storm and stress of life begin, and from middle age we regard childhood with wistful regret. As Jesus was the best of us all, He loved children most, and the imperative self-denial of His calling quickened this devotion. Although He loved to describe the marriage procession and the marriage feast, and fondly touched on the joy of the bridegroom and his friends, there could be no marriage joy for Him, and He must be a childless man. While every man went unto his own house —after some gathering of the people—He went to the hillside and to His Father; and while for others there stretched long years packed full of labor and human fellowship, He ever anticipated the tragedy of the Cross. So Jesus, lonely, homeless, doomed, turned unto the children, in whom His longing for affection was satisfied, in whose unclouded faces He forgot for the moment the shadow of the Cross. The children were the consolation of Jesus, who ever loved Him and gave Him welcome, who never suspected or turned against Him. And He was their Protector, who told His disciples that it were better for a man to have a millstone fastened to his neck and be cast into the depths of the sea than to offend one of the children, and who declared that for every child there was an angel, and that the children's angels ever saw the face of the Father.

Apart from the friendship between the children and Jesus, the sympathy of the innocent and the good, Jesus saw in His little companions a likeness of His Kingdom. It was His happy misfortune to come with an Evangel, not only so new and so glad, but also so unworldly and undogmatic that it could hardly find acceptance with the Church of His time. As Jesus looked on the Pharisees, a solid phalanx of fanatics, wedded to tradition, swathed in forms, suspicious of grace, hard of soul, His heart failed; for if this were religion, then there were none to receive His Evangel. He turned from the Pharisees to the children, and saw what He desired—the spirit and type of true religion. Here were an open mind, humility of spirit, a simple trust, a charming fancy, a spring of love. To be religious, what is it? To believe and live like a Pharisee, answered the Church. No, said the Master, to be like a little child; he who hath the child spirit hath the kingdom of God. It was a shrewd charge, and meant more than met the eye, when the Pharisees called Jesus the Friend of sinners, for it assumed a new idea of God. It had been as searching to have called Him the Friend of children, for this reproach would have implied a new idea of religion.

There are four child scenes in the Gospels, and the first was in a market-place. After the business of the day was over and the traders had departed, the open, silent space in the heart of some Galilean village passed into the possession of the children, and in the cool of the day they held their carnival. This evening they had fallen out over the game to be played. One party—having very likely been defeated in the last—were offended, and sulked. The others, having gained and being magnanimous, were full of

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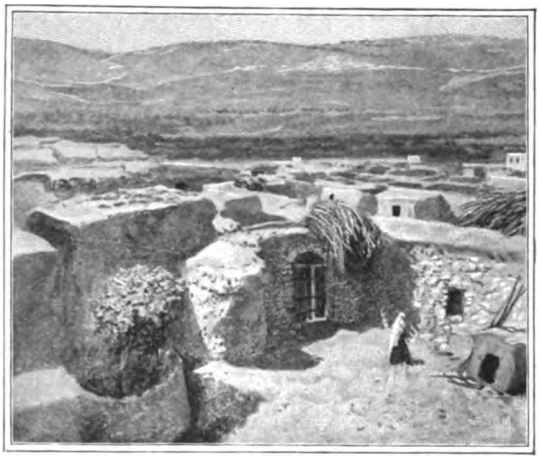
courtesy, and would do anything their playmates wished. Would they have a marriage? A procession is formed, with the bridegroom leading the bride to her new home, and the children dance and sing; but the sullen group in the corner will not move. Ah, they are sad! Then let us have a funeral; and now the procession is with slow step and loud lamentations, as when the dead are carried to the grave. And still their friends will not join. The children play in utter self-consciousness, and give no thought to the figure in the shadow, who has watched the scene with kindly, understanding eye, and will use it with telling effect as a criticism of the generation. As the children fulfil the dramatic instinct which is born in us all, and play their game without guile, without malice, without private ends, in gaiety of heart, Jesus sees human nature in its simplicity. They were not perfect; and if they had been, the children had not been lovable, for then they had been young Pharisees; they were real and unaffected. How good-natured was the one set! And if the others for the moment had lost their temper, we know how soon a child's mood changes. Most likely, before the sun went down and the children left the darkening stage, they had made up their quarrel, and were once more in high fellowship. For children bear no grudge, and carry no account of ill-will from day to day; easily cast down and easily lifted, theirs is unspoiled, natural, uncomplicated humanity. Actors they were that evening, and Jesus was mightily pleased with their acting, as no doubt, like other great souls, He was with all the young folk's games; but how harmless and pleasant was the play! By-and-by these children would grow up and take their places on a larger stage. Their openness and teachableness, their gentleness and pliability would depart, and their fresh young natures would harden into prejudices, and hatred, and ambition, and treachery. Jesus had seen the degeneration, and that is why He turned from the fathers to the children; why He could rest His mind watching the actors in the market-place with human delight, but afterward attacked their elders with scathing invective—"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, actors."



CANA.

From a house-top to which I had gained access, I could see the white road over the hills to Nazareth, and the houses below me like great square wasps' nests baking in the sun.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

The next incident is an interior, and most likely took place in Peter's house at Capernaum. The Master had been making one of His journeys in Galilee, and that day had been telling His disciples of His death with such awe and mystery that they could neither understand nor question Him, but were struck with fear. Jesus went on before, thinking of His coming agony, and the Twelve, having nothing else to do, took up a favorite dispute, who among them should be chief. What a ghastly irony it was—these twelve full-grown men, who yesterday were hauling fishes on the sea of Galilee or receiving petty taxes, falling out and using hot words about honors in the kingdom of God, which were not temporal, but spiritual, and could only be bought with blood! Jesus overheard the squabble—not the last He would have to settle—and it served one good purpose, turning His thoughts for the moment from the Cross; but He waited His turn, who knew the right moment as He ever said the right word. As soon as they had entered the house—Jesus' home in Capernaum—Jesus asked His company what had been the cause of the dispute by the way, and instantly a shamefaced silence fell on the Twelve. They had been very keen and eloquent a few minutes ago, but now they were embarrassed for want of words. One looked at the ceiling, another at the floor, a third was interested in something happening in the street, a fourth made as though he would speak but did not, till it fell to the Master to take speech. With His quick and gentle humor He saw the opportunity for one of those rebukes in parable of which He was so fond, and which He had

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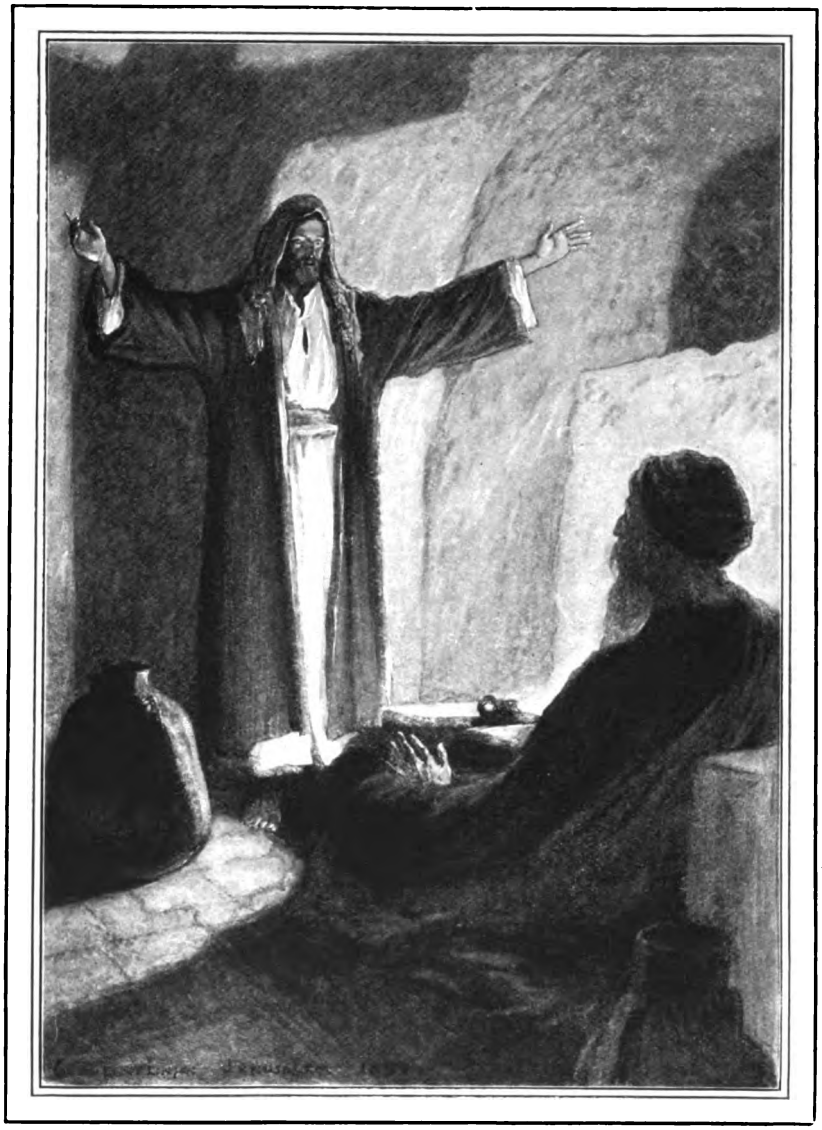
so often to administer to His foolish pupils. Among the inmates of the house was a boy, Peter's little lad, we guess, who was one of the Master's fast friends, and with whom Jesus had many pleasant passages. He came to welcome his friend home, and Jesus took His playmate on His knee—the child had a way of flinging his arms round the Master's neck which scandalized Peter, but which the Master vastly liked—while round them stood the big, hardy, weather-beaten men, the boy's father among them. Jesus looked from the lad to His big children: a word was enough to expound the picture. How modest and unassuming, how free from self-seeking and ambition, is a right-minded child!



JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

Even so must the Son of man be lifted up.'—JOHN, iii. 14. Nicodemus, coming to interview the marvelous new "teacher," finds Him in His poor little room. They seat themselves on mats upon the floor, and Jesus unfolds to Nicodemus his soul, ending with the searching inquiry, "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" Then continuing, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee,"—Jesus is about to impart a startling truth; and rising, he bursts into the prophecy,—"Even so must the Son of man be lifted up!" Nicodemus does not grasp the full truth; he may not understand any of it yet. But he is astonished, rapt, stirred to the core by the earnestness, the mysterious force, the grandeur of the young Prophet's bearing and words; and he becomes, from this time, a secret friend.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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—and Jesus' friend was that. He does not argue nor set up his opinion; he does not assert nor aggrandize himself. He goes where he is told, and takes what is given him; he is accustomed to serve and fulfil other people's wishes. What a kindly, obliging, obedient little fellow was Peter's boy! They all knew him well; for them all he had done some slight service; for him they all had some caress, as the disciples came out and in at the Master's lodging. After all, was not this little self-forgetfulness and sweet humility greater than pride, and honor, and striving, and high places? And Jesus declared that he who had the child's heart possessed the kingdom of God.

The third incident took place in the open, when Jesus had set His face to go to Jerusalem, and it came on the back of an argument with His constant enemies, who dogged His steps in Galilee and followed Him beyond Jordan. With their characteristic taste, and their usual desire to ensnare Jesus, they demanded His judgment on the Mosaic law of divorce, which afforded Pharisees material for much discussion. Jesus discoursing on divorce or Sabbath-breaking or dinner ceremonial was very incongruous; for if there was one subject more alien to the Master's mind than dogma, it was casuistry. He answered His critics with a tired tone, as one who did not relish such subjects; and afterward He had to explain Himself to His disciples, who dwelt upon the subject as if the conditions and circumstances of divorce were a green pasture for the soul. At this very moment, by an interposition of Providence, Jesus was relieved, and was transported from the region He most disliked—the sins of impurity—to that which He loved most—the fellowship of little children. Who should break in on Jesus and His disciples but a company of women—faithful wives and pure mothers—bringing the children God had given them through the pure mystery of marriage, that His Son might bless them. Our worthy and self-important disciples were very indignant that Jesus should be troubled by mothers and children at all and at such a time. Who were they to intrude on theologians clearing up a point in casuistry with their foolishness and prattle? The disciples must guard the Master from this incursion; indeed they were often inclined to guard Him from Himself, who was only too apt to condescend to children and suchlike simple folk when He might have been debating with Pharisees. Like many wiser men, the disciples did not grasp the inwardness of a spiritual situation, and Jesus turned upon them in open anger. If there was such a curse in the world as lust, it must be dealt with; but who would wish to think of lust when Love herself was present? Were not the two glories of the spiritual life Love and Holiness? and the type of the one was a mother, of the other a young child. The mothers, who had shrunk back with their terrified children, came forward again; the frown on Jesus' face changes into a smile, and sunshine lights His eyes. He stretches out His arms, and children nestle in His bosom. The Master is content, and the children are at home with Him, for "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Master met for the last time with His faithful friends in august circumstances, not now in a fisherman's house nor in the open fields, but in the Temple of Jerusalem. He had made His Messianic entry into the capital in meekness and lowliness, while the people cried Hosanna till the streets rang. Then, as He entered the Temple precincts, and the sound of the men's voices died away outside, the children within took up the cry, and for the last time the House of God rang with the praise of Jesus. They paid the last public homage Jesus was to receive before His death, and at the same time they passed the first public censure on His murderers. On the one side were the priests and the Pharisees, now united in hatred against Jesus, and storming at this Hosanna; and on the other side the children full of admiration and love for the Master. Who had spiritual understanding and insight—the rulers or the children? It was taken for granted that day that it was the rulers, and they demanded that the foolish children's mouths should be stopped. Every one knows to-day that the children were wiser than the ancients, and Jesus declared that God had opened their mouths. Between them and their fathers there was this difference, that they had imagination because their hearts were still simple, and the old men had lost theirs because they were proud and worldly. Children are not the slaves of circumstances; they make circumstances serve them. With a pool of water they have an ocean, with a scrap of wood a ship, with a handful of pebbles a crew, and then come distant voyages and romantic adventures. They see what eye hath not seen, they hear what ear hath not heard. The rulers saw a Galilean carpenter, poor and unlearned, and they despised Him; their children saw grace and goodness, and they loved Him. Before the

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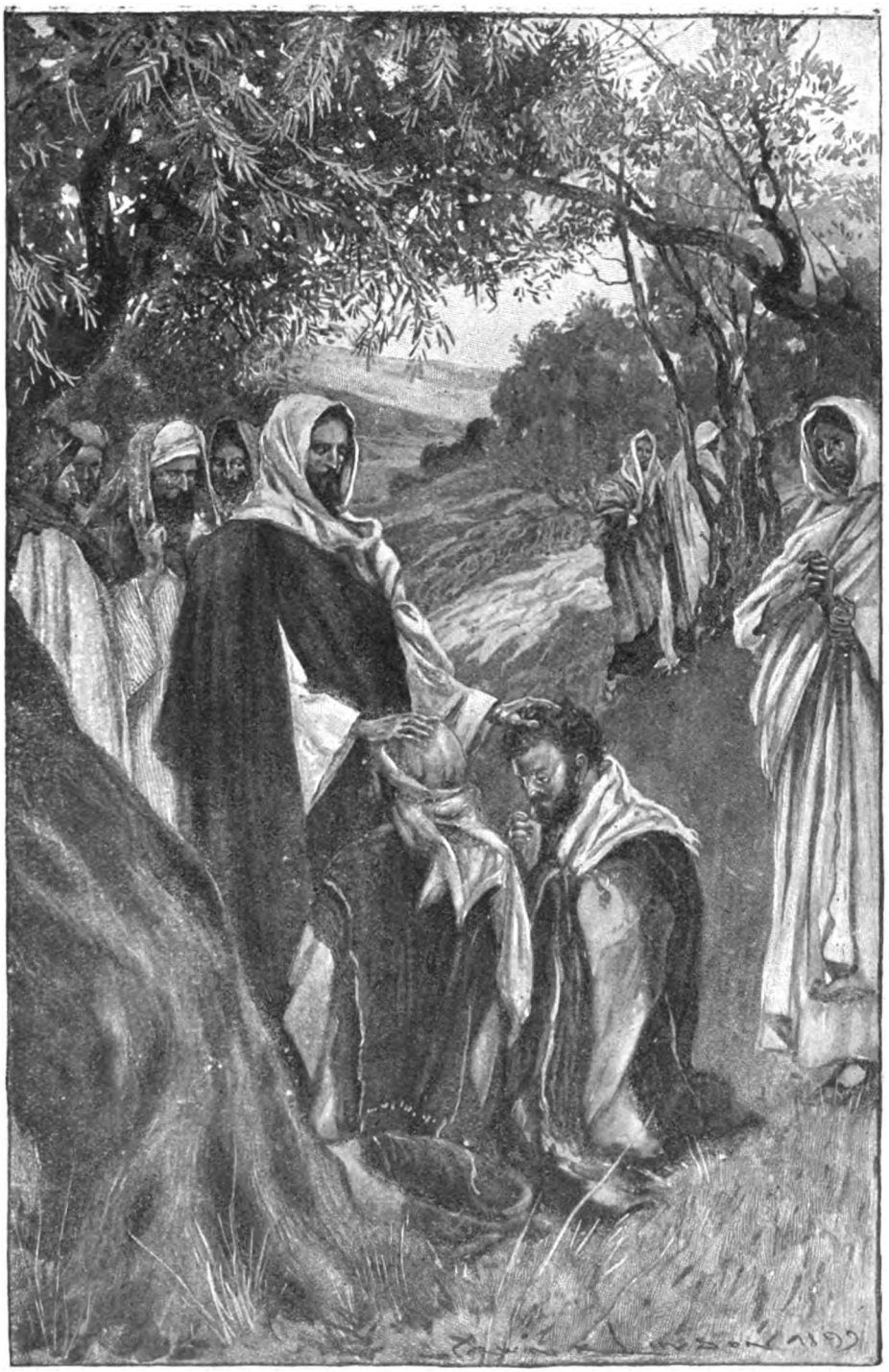

THE CHARGE TO THE TWELVE.

And he called unto him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two. . . . And they went out, and preached that men should repent.— MARK, vi. 7, 12.

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fathers had begun to cry "Crucify Him, crucify Him," the children had encompassed Him with Hosannas, and in their judgment the race unites. For Christianity may be regarded as a creed, with reasoned dogmas; or as worship, with beautiful rites; or as an ethic, with elevated principles: it is first of all and last of all a sublime emotion, and he understands our faith best, and stands highest in our ranks, who has the child-heart.

It is recorded of Jesus in the fourth Gospel that "He knew what was in man," and the Gospels are a commentary on the unerring personal insight of the Master. He estimated each man's character, He read each man's thoughts, He prophesied each man's action. He did not over-value effusive loyalty—putting men to severe tests who declared that they would follow Him whithersoever He went. He did not discourage genuine humility—bidding Mary Magdalene go in peace. If He was betrayed, at least He was not disappointed—He anticipated the treachery of Judas. If He seemed to trust too fondly, in the end He was not disappointed—St. Peter did bravely before His day was done. The poor bravado of the social outcasts did not hide their bitter regret from Jesus, and the dishonest act of the Pharisees did not atone for their profound unreality. When any one's faith was weak, Jesus fostered it; and if it were strong, He tried it. No group of Pharisees could murmur together but He knew what they were saying, and put them to confusion. A few of His disciples could not discuss the meaning of His words without His marking their perplexity and giving them light. He made no mistake in any of His judgments, He had no failure in any of His dealings. And from among His many interviews, with as many types of men, three stand out conspicuous, convincing, final.

A FISHERMAN OF GALILEE.

A study from life.

The first was with a *critic*, who illustrated that state of mind without prejudice or insincerity, which desires to believe, and only asks for sufficient evidence. Nathanael lived on his land at Cana, and gave himself to thought and study. He stood apart from the dogmatists of Jerusalem, for to this man's candid nature the wire-drawn arguments and crass bigotry of the Pharisees were an offense. He stood apart also from the movement of the Baptist, for to this man's refinement the excitement of the multitude was alien. He was as earnest about religion as any young man who hurried up from Galilee and hung upon the lips of the Baptist—far more real than the viper brood who came out from Jerusalem and hated the Prophet. But the form of a man's religion depends on the form into which his nature has been run, and the providences which have shaped his life; and each man must be true to himself in this matter of religion, neither imitating nor judging his neighbor. St. John went to the Jordan because there was quiet there; and Philip, Nathanael's friend, went because there was a multitude. One was a mystic, another was a man of affairs; but Nathanael was a quiet, modest, diffident, questioning person, and he stayed at home.

As the question of the Messiah filled the air, Nathanael was as busy with the quest of the day under his fig tree as the eager crowd which argued round the Baptist; but he chose to use a critical apparatus to arrive at the truth. While John Baptist laid the fear of God upon the people, Nathanael in his study was gathering what was written about the Messiah in Holy Scripture, accumulating, comparing, reconciling evidence, and creating a portrait which would satisfy his reason and by which he could identify the Coming One. He is not for an instant to be confounded with that noisy and irritating class who are proud of their cleverness and their scraps of knowledge and their jingling logic and their freedom from all

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convictions. Between a sceptic and a critic there is this immense difference, that the former demands evidence which cannot be given, and the other only waits for trustworthy evidence to yield full rejoicing faith. Nathanael is the representative of a class of men to be found in all ranks and places, but chiefly among the educated and quiet folk in their retreats, who have not found the Christ, but who would give all they possess to see His face. They read every book and weigh every argument: they say no word against faith, and envy every one who believes; but whatever they lose they are determined not to lose a good conscience, and whatever they suffer they will not suffer the charge of hypocrisy.

A FISHERMAN OF GALILEE.
A study from life.

Nathanael was so fortunate as to have a man of affairs for his friend, whom Jesus took possession of by a word; and it is refreshing to read how Philip bethought himself at once of the student busy seeking the Messiah among his books; how he carried the news of his own discovery to Cana with overflowing confidence; and how he anticipated the immediate satisfaction of Nathanael. How pathetic is it also to imagine the wistful eagerness of the guileless spirit to receive the glad news—the perplexity which clouded Nathanael's face as he heard of Nazareth, and the sad conclusion that this new prophet, who had satisfied uncritical Philip, could not be the Messiah. It was impossible that He should come from that disreputable Nazareth and contrary to the word of prophets. And yet is the question of Jesus to be settled by ancient books and theological arguments? Does it count for nothing that honest Philip has seen Him and been taken captive? Are personal testimony and experience to be ruled out of court? There are times when the sword of common sense cuts the meshes of reasoning, and it was nothing else than an inspiration when Philip advised his learned, speculative, conscientious friend to see Jesus for himself.

It may seem as if Nathanael passed overswiftly from reasonable doubt to enthusiastic faith, but this transition was the great tribute to Jesus' skill and understanding. The Master did not invite a discussion on Nazareth, nor cite quotations from the prophets. What good had been gained by an academical victory over Nathanael? Jesus went to the root of religion, and answered the deepest demand in that heart. Can any one unravel the tangled skein of my thoughts, and feel the force of my temptations, and fulfil the best desires of my soul? Can he explain me to myself? Then he shall be my master, and I shall be his disciple. This is the position of the honest soul, and Jesus answered Nathanael's unuttered prayer. As the patriarch Jacob had wrestled until daybreak to know the name of God, Jesus declares Nathanael a better Jacob—an Israelite with Jacob's desire and without Jacob's guile. And when the good man acknowledges the Divine power which had read his heart and life, and accepts Jesus as the King of Israel, Jesus assures him that this is only the beginning of revelation and that the same who has explained Nathanael to himself will reveal God also to him, and that, like Jacob in his dream, this guileless soul will yet see the heavens opened, and the angels ascending and descending on the Son of Man. And that was how Jesus made a critic into a disciple. He satisfied him.

The second interview was with a *formalist*, who was the most honest Pharisee Jesus met, and it took place on the Master's first visit to Jerusalem. Among the ruling classes there was at least one man who gave a friendly hearing to Jesus. He held high rank in the Council of the nation and had a

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A SCENE IN THE JOPPA OF TO-DAY.

Joppa, now become Jaffa, is a place of about 5,000 inhabitants, of whom less than 200 are Jews: the large majority are Moslems.

reputation for theology, and might have been inaccessible to new ideas. One may be sure that Nicodemus would miss a certain academic flavor in Jesus' speech dear unto scholars, and that his ecclesiastical reverence would be shocked at Jesus' iconoclasm. Still it remains that one honest man recognizes another, and an earnest seeker is ready to welcome truth. The Master had the note of sincerity, and Nicodemus was irresistibly attracted. For years he had been weary of empty rites, hackneyed phrases, barren methods; he craved for reality, and Jesus was real. If there was a secret of truth, this young provincial had it, and Nicodemus determined to have an interview with Jesus.

Had he been a private person—a mere fisherman of Galilee—he had simply followed Jesus along the street and gone openly with Him into His lodgings; the obscure are always disguised. For Nicodemus to accompany Jesus from the Temple might have created a sensation, which would have been most hateful to his temperament and would have led to unprofitable gossip. Besides his scholarly dislike to vulgar notoriety he was bound to consider the effect his action would have on his colleagues, with whom he was bound to act in concert, and on the public, who looked to him for guidance. An irresponsible person might be rash without danger; from him Jerusalem had a right to expect caution and gravity. It may be allowed, as the fourth Evangelist suggests, that fear had something to do with the expedient of Nicodemus. Nothing is more common than the union of physical courage which despises

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pains with intellectual cowardice which refuses light; and of physical cowardice which shrinks from pain with intellectual courage which is afraid of no truth. Of the latter type was Nicodemus, the Erasmus of Jesus' day. His habits made him timid, and he missed the high place which might have been his; but he was honest, and his bravery grew with practice, so that in the end he was one of the faithful few who laid the Master to rest.

St. John seems to have had a house in the capital, and there most likely Jesus and Nicodemus met in the stillness of night, with no sound to disturb save the spring wind blowing down the street, with no witness save John, quiet, watchful, sympathetic, standing in the shadow of the room. They present a vivid and suggestive contrast: the old Rabbi, pallid, thought-worn, weary, the type of that which has grown old and is ready to vanish away; and the young prophet, the child of the open air, with the light of hope upon his face, representing that which is to be. It was the day of transition, and it could not pass without suffering, for the old man's heart would almost break before he closed the door on the venerable and pious traditions of the past which had been his faith; and, before Jesus had finally opened the gate of the new, His hands would be pierced with nails. So in this humble place the old and the new met face to face, and through the open window entered the wind of God.

A JEW OF JERUSALEM.

With his first words Nicodemus reveals his position, and one is struck by the immense difference between the old and the new. Nicodemus acknowledges at once that Jesus is a Rabbi, and that He has Divine sanction, which was very candid and generous, and thus it is evident that after this courteous opening he proposed to discuss the idea of the Kingdom of God on the lines of Jewish history. Jesus anticipates this futility, and interrupts the smooth flow of the good Rabbi's speech with one of His most startling sayings: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, unless a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Nicodemus began with one idea of religion, and Jesus with another. To the Jewish scholar religion was the acceptance of dogma, the observance of ritual, the performance of good works, with the conventional view of God as a judicial and national Deity. To the Galilean prophet religion was an intuition of goodness, a spirit of sonship, a service of liberty, with God as the universal Father, spiritual, compassionate, beneficent. Unto Nicodemus religion was a rule; to Jesus it was a life, and one could only shift from the one position to the other by an inspiration from above. How often had Nicodemus desired to escape from his environment, of which he was weary, with its words, forms, unreality, and find himself in a new, fresh, real world! As if an old man, gray, bloodless, shriveled, should be born again, and begin life with the wonder, trust, and gladness of a little child. This vague longing Nicodemus had cherished beneath his formalism, but had put aside as a dream; and now Jesus had come to confirm the secret expectation of his soul. This was how a doctrinaire passed into a disciple. Jesus emancipated him.

The third interview was with a *sinner*, Zaccheus, a chief publican in Jericho: and had any one been in the town when Jesus passed through, he had been apt to suspect that there were two men called Zaccheus, with the most remarkable physical likeness and the most extreme moral unlikeness. A Pharisee would give an exceedingly discouraging biography of Zaccheus: that he had prosecuted a disreputable business with brazen effrontery, and accumulated a fortune out of the sufferings of the poor; that he had been guilty of many acts of gross injustice, and that he associated with the most abandoned people; that he never attended the synagogue; and that, as he, the Pharisee had reason to believe, he led a wicked life. And all this the Pharisee believed, for this was the only Zaccheus the Pharisee knew. When Jesus caught the look in the publican's face, and remembered what he had heard of him, He saw another Zaccheus, who had once cherished the enthusiastic dreams of youth and had been lowered by circumstances into an unfortunate business; who had allowed himself to do many things which filled him with disgust, and who winced under the ostracism of society; who could not cross the door of the synagogue because he had been excommunicated, and who had flown in the face of conventional religion be-

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cause conventional people had insulted his wife and children; who would have given all he had to win the good opinion of his fellow-men, and who longed for some one to hold out a helping hand to him. This was the Zaccheus Jesus knew.

For years the religious people of Jericho had been doing all they knew with Zaccheus, and they had made a poor business of their efforts at salvation. They had tried advice, denunciation, ostracism, excommunication, in vain: one plan they had not thought of, and that was believing in Zaccheus. This was the original idea of Jesus, who did not preach at Zaccheus, but instead thereof asked his hospitality. He could have stayed at any house in Jericho; He went to the house of a man who had been put in the pillory and pelted for a generation. When the Master said, "Zaccheus, come down, I must abide at thy house to-day," the publican heard the Gospel for the first time, and saw the clouds break above his head. One man trusted him, and that man Jesus of Nazareth. As Jesus went along the street with him under the reproach of the people, as the Master spake kindly to His host, who had never received a gracious word in his life from a good man, as the Friend of women and children gave gentle, respectful greeting to Zaccheus' family, the heart of Zaccheus melted within him. Jesus had treated him as if he were the most honorable, generous, and upright man in Jericho. This, God knew, he had not been; but this, with God's help, he was going to be. "Lord, the half of my goods I now give to the poor." Jesus had not asked him. "If I have wronged any man, this day shall I return him fourfold." Jesus had not suggested such misdeeds. Before the charity of the Master the chains of avarice, and dishonesty, and pride, and bitterness broke, and Zaccheus stood a free man before God and his fellow-men. This was God's Zaccheus. Who had been right, the Pharisee or Jesus, in his judgment or his method? "Behold him," said Jesus in the triumph of grace, "he also is a son of Abraham." And so Jesus saved a sinner by believing in him.

(To be continued.)

A JEW OF JERUSALEM AND HIS DONKEY.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR AUGUST

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Two Letters

(Extract from a letter written by a subscriber of The Ladies' Home Journal, in Yokohama.)

"I do not think that **Pears' Soap** is in need of any further advertising. I have traveled in every part of the globe, and it seems to me I have seen its advertisements and heard of it in the smallest places. In my own family here I have used it for eleven years, and never want any soap to take its place."

Extract from a letter written by a reader of The Century Magazine, in New-York.

"You may be interested to know that although I have seen the advertisements of **Pears' Soap** for a long time, I had never used it until I saw the January CENTURY advertisement, which influenced me to try it.

"Since that time I have come to believe that **Pears'** is altogether the most satisfactory soap in existence."

There are soaps offered as substitutes for Pears' which are dangerous—be sure you get PEARS'.

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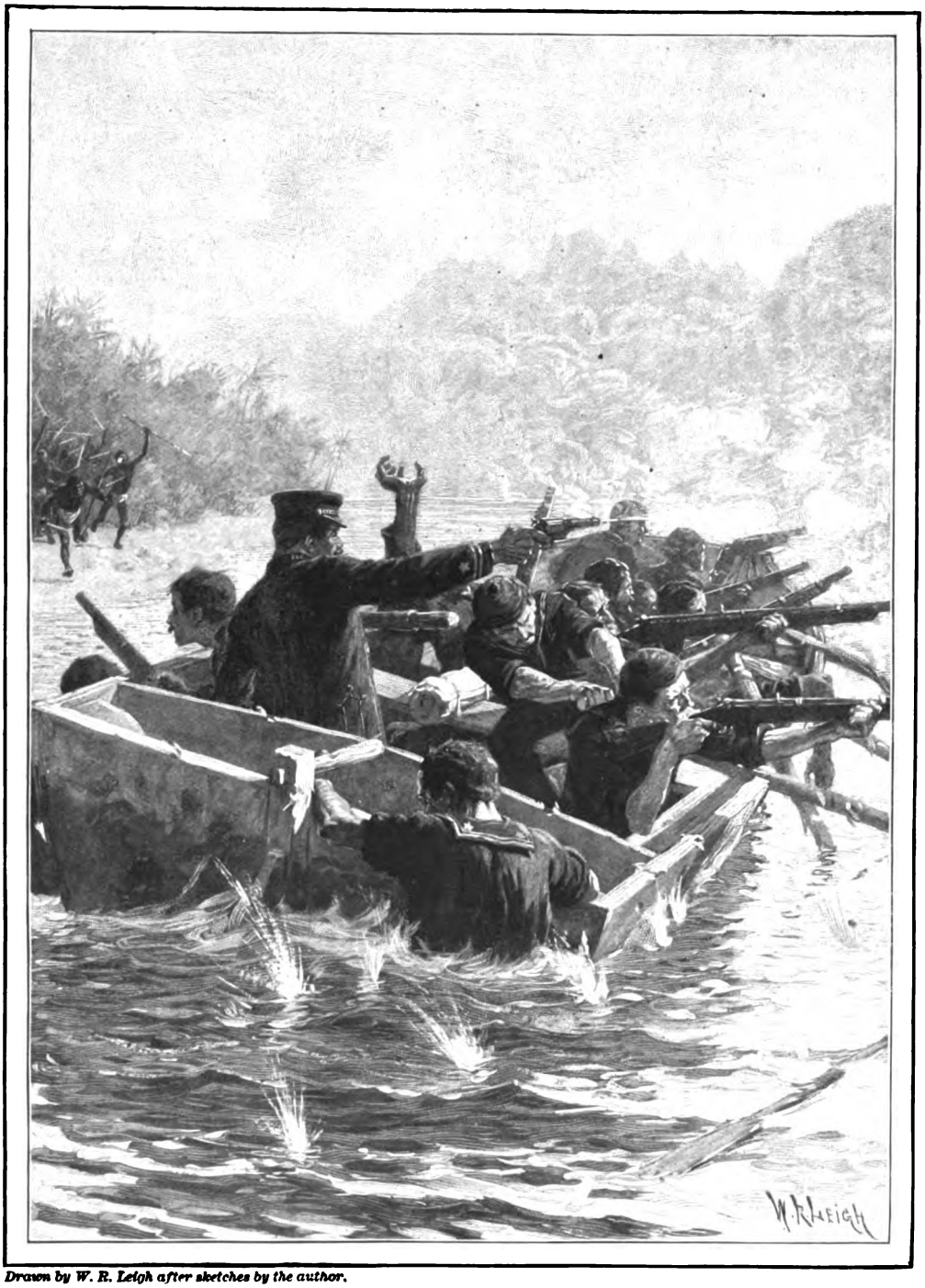

Drawn by W. R. Leigh after sketches by the author.

THE END OF THE BOAT-BATTLE.

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McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XV. AUGUST, 1900. No. 4.

A PRISONER AMONG FILIPINOS.

By Lieutenant-Commander James C. Gillmore, U. S. N.

With Illustrations by W. R. Leigh, from Sketches and Plans by the Author, and drawn under his personal supervision.

Editor's Note.—In the following paper, and in another to be published in the September number of McClure's Magazine, Lieutenant Gillmore tells the story of his boat-battle with Filipinos on the east coast of Luzon, his capture and narrow escape from execution, his extraordinary experiences during eight months of captivity, his journeys for hundreds of miles through the interior of Luzon, and his rescue by American troops just after he and his six comrades had been abandoned by their guards in the mountains and when their murder by the savage tribes seemed imminent.

FOR more than eight months a little band of fifty Spanish officers and men had held out against 500 Filipinos. The Spaniards were in a church at Baler, a straggling town on the east coast of Luzon. They had barricaded doors and windows, and transformed the shambling old church into a rude fortress, stocked with provisions and ammunition. Night and day, by unceasing vigilance they had fought off the persistent besiegers. Admiration for human bravery is as wide as the world, and stops at no frontiers of race or nation. Admiral Dewey and General Otis, the American naval and military commanders at Manila, though not without troubles of their own, felt deep sympathy for the handful of Spaniards engaged in that long, desperate struggle against heavy odds. At length a rescuing expedition was decided on, and the "Yorktown" was assigned to the difficult task of relieving the besieged men. I had just arrived in the Philippines, and right glad was I when ordered aboard the "Yorktown" as navigating officer. The adventure was quite to my liking. We steamed from Manila round the southern coast of Luzon and arrived at Baler Bay April 11th.

A wooded shore spread out before us. We could smell the fragrance of the forest. At the southern side of the bay was a small cove, where luxuriant plants and underbrush ran almost to the water's edge, and the shadows of the forest fell invitingly upon sandy beach and rippling shoals. Just north of this was the mouth of the Baler River, and along the shore upon the far side we could see a number of sentry boxes, and Filipino soldiers running about among them, apparently in a state of great excitement. The town of Baler was not to be seen, even from the masthead of the "Yorktown," for it lay two miles up the river, and was screened by the tropical forest which grew all round it. Before plans could be laid for the relief of the garrison it was necessary to locate the church and the enemy's defenses, if any existed. Accordingly Ensign Standley was sent ashore under a flag of truce. His instructions were to communicate with the Spaniards, if the insurgents would permit him to do so, and if he thought it prudent

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to make the effort. To his surprise the native officers promptly agreed to permit him to visit the church, accompanied by an interpreter and two of his men. There was something suspicious about the alacrity with which the natives assented to this proposal. Filipino treachery was not by any means an unknown thing among our American troops, and Ensign Standley decided not to place himself within the power of the uncertain foe. He returned to the ship and offered to lead a scouting party ashore.

The commanding officer of the "Yorktown" at once sent for me. He had a little job for me to do, one which would probably keep me away from the ship for an hour or two. I was to take a boat and crew next morning, and under cover of darkness land Ensign Standley and Quartermaster Lysac, who were to make a reconnoissance. I was not to go ashore myself, but having landed the two men was to sound at the river's mouth and survey the coast. If necessary I was to make a demonstration, which might serve to divert attention from the two scouts.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER J. C. GILLMORE, U. S. N.

Drawn from life, June, 1900, Washington, D. C.

THE LANDING.

It was still dark when we left the ship in the second cutter a little after four o'clock the morning of the 12th. There were seventeen of us in the boat, all told—Standley and Lysac, the scouts; myself and boat crew composed of Chief Quartermaster Walton, Sailmaker's Mate Voudoit, Coxwain Ellsworth, Gunner's Mate Nygard, Seamen Rynders, Woodbury, Brisolese, and McDonald, Landsmen Dillon, Morrissey, Edwards, and Anderson, and Apprentices Venville and Peterson. With muffled oars, and every man forbidden to speak above a whisper, we pulled for the cove. In the thickest of the shore-line shadows we landed the two scouts, who quickly disappeared in the woods. Not a sound had we made, and we were flattering ourselves that the stupid Filipinos had been completely outwitted; but at the critical moment, as we were pulling out of the cove, the day came down upon us. Like a flash the tropical dawn spread over sea and coast, first lifting the "Yorktown" out of darkness, then dissolving the shadows round about our boat, and finally blotting out the blackness of the wooded shore-line, and streaking and dotting it with expanding lights. The men rowed silently and swiftly toward the ship, while I swept the shore with my glass. I saw a patrol pacing to and fro upon the beach. He walked sleepily. His gun was held at a lazy angle over his shoulder. Suddenly he paused. The butt of his rifle was plumped down into the sand. His right hand came up to shield his eyes from the fast-rising eastern light. Then he started running and waving his arms, and out over the waters I could hear the echoes of his shouts of alarm.

Nothing would have been easier for us than to finish rowing our way back to the "Yorktown." But the two shipmates hiding over there in the woods were first to be thought of. Fearing the sentry might suspect we had landed men in the cove, and wishing to do all I could to deceive him and thus avert pursuit of our scouts, I had the boat pulled round to the mouth of the river, as if we had been seeking the river all the time, but had gone into the cove by mistake. To promote the deception, I stopped at the bar to make soundings and to sketch the

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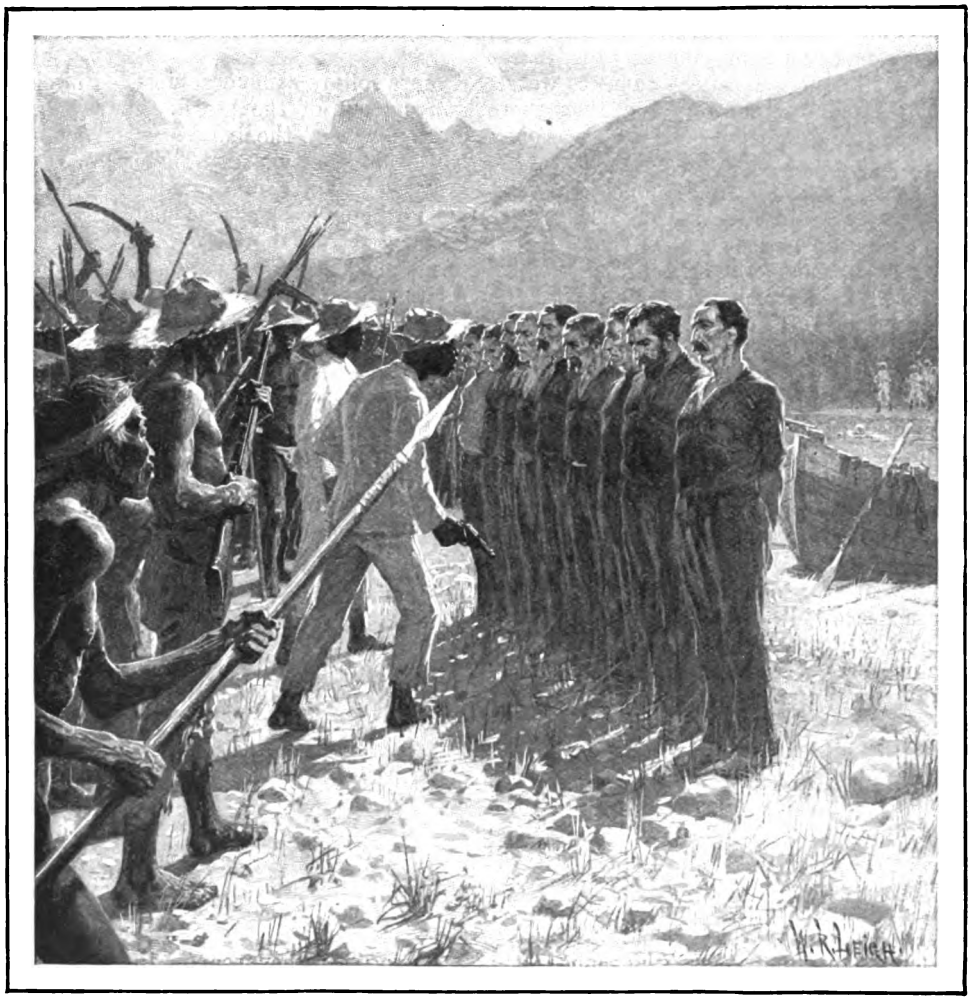
coast, as ostentatiously as I could, as if that were the only errand which had called us forth so early in the morning. Then we continued up the river for about a thousand yards, sounding and sketching as we went along. I knew that we should have to sustain the fire of the enemy as we came out of the river, but we were not afraid of that. Filipino marksmanship is never good; besides, we had a Colt gun in the bow of our boat, and most of our crew were armed with Lee rifles, which they knew how to use, and their ammunition belts were well filled. To tell the truth, we were more than willing to have a little brush with the foe, especially if that would help to avert suspicion and danger from brave Standley and Lysac, who had a few moments before jumped into the enemy's country with their guns and their lives in their hands. Our ruse worked successfully so far as the scouts were concerned, for they got back to the ship that afternoon. We were not so lucky.

When we had pulled up the river as far as I thought it prudent to go, we found the right bank high, steep, and thickly wooded. We had no reason to fear attack from that quarter, but cautiously kept well over to the other side of the channel. There the shore was low and marshy, deep with mud, covered with high swamp grass; clearly the enemy could not get at us from this bank.



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"The natives lined us up in a row on the sand-bar. . . . they were going to shoot us."

THE AMBUSH.

I had just given the order to return, and the men were in the act of swinging the cut-

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ter round, when before our astonished eyes the low mud shore lifted into a bit of high, wooded ground. It was not more than fifty or sixty yards from us. There stood a sentry, and he saw us the very moment we saw him. He fired his rifle as a signal, and disappeared in the woods. Still, we did not fully realize our danger. We thought we should be attacked, but we could reply. If the range was short for the foe, it was no longer for us. If worst came to worst, we could pull farther off; and then there was the rapid-firing Colt. Trouble was coming—that seemed clear enough—but on the whole we were rather glad, and we had not the slightest doubt the other fellows were going to get at least their fair share of it.

Trouble came more quickly than we had bargained for. Within a minute after the disappearance of the sentry a volley burst out of the thick brush which covered the bit of high ground. Bullets hissed all round us. Some of them took effect. Morrissey was shot through the head and instantly killed. His brains flew over the boat and the crew. He fell heavily, like a tree struck by lightning, and carried another man down with him. Dillon was pulling at his oar. A ball caught him in the eye, and he never knew what had hit him. He, too, toppled over and plowed down through the sailors sitting, oars in hand, upon the thwarts, knocking one or two of them into the bottom of the boat. Rynders, the starboard stroke oar, felt something go wrong with his left hand. A chance shot, running along the oar and taking advantage of the tense muscles and taut joints, had cut off all the fingers as a surgeon's knife might have done it. The man held the bleeding stumps up for me to see.

"You are fearfully wounded, Rynders," said I; "you may drop your oars."

"Oh, no, it is not much," he replied; "I am used to this sort of thing. I used to be in the Dutch navy."

That he had once served in the Java fleet was one of Rynders' little hobbies, and as he returned to his work I had just time to think something about the ruling passion. Then I looked at the other men. They, too, were calm. They did not speak to one another or cry out. They were trying their best to obey my order to back oars so as to work the boat farther out. Some of the landsmen were firing their Lees. Walton and Voudoit were in the bow, trying to get the Colt into action again. They had fired a few rounds from it, but it had been disabled by the enemy's second volley, the ammunition box being shattered and the loading tape cut. The two men were cool and deliberate, but they were not able to repair the gun. Walton had the visor of his cap shot away. Voudoit found several holes in his jacket.

THE BOAT-BATTLE.

More volleys came cracking and hissing at us from out of the brush. I was standing in the stern of the boat. By my side were McDonald and Nygard. They fell, both mortally wounded, adding their bodies to the heap which was fast accumulating in the cutter's bottom. At this moment it seemed to me my boat-crew had almost disappeared. As a matter of fact, two men were lying in the bottom of the boat, dead. Two were mortally wounded—Dillon was just then dying. Two more were seriously wounded, and two or three, who had been toppled over by the fall of their comrades, were struggling out from under the mass of bleeding flesh. The wounded were begging us to shoot them, that they might not fall into the hands of the savages. Their cries were heart-rending. There was blood everywhere—on men, oars, thwarts, guns. Still, those of us who survived—and who were able to handle a rifle—managed to return the enemy's fire. The worst was, we could not see any one to shoot at. We could not even see the smoke from the insurgents' rifles, so warily did they cling to their ambush in the thick undergrowth. I remember most vividly the fierce desire I had at that moment to get back at the foe—to see some of them fall and bite the dust and writhe in pain as our men were doing. For a short time the fighting instinct crowded out of my mind pity and fear.

Having no other weapon than a revolver, useless at that range, I reached for the rifle dropped by one of the dead. It had been hit in the lock, and the clip was jammed in.

Venville, one of our apprentice boys, attempted to fix it. A bullet went through the flesh of his neck.

"Mr. Gillmore, I'm hit," he said. But he continued working at the rifle.

A second shot plowed through the boy's breast and came out in his arm-pit.

"I'm hit again, Mr. Gillmore!"

He was still trying to pull out the jammed clip when a ball cut a furrow in the left side of his head.

"Mr. Gillmore, they've hit me again!"

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THE BRAVERY OF A BOY.

He wiped the blood from his brow and eyes with his coat-sleeve, and then returned to his task as calmly as if it were only a mosquito that had stung him. It was not three minutes till a ball crashed into his ankle, inflicting a painful hurt. There was just a slight quiver in the lad's voice as he looked up to me and said:

"Mr. Gillmore, I'm hit once more. But I've fixed the gun, sir!"

This beardless boy of seventeen had never been under fire before.*

I heard bullets singing past me. One cut the loose folds of my blouse. Others passed so near to my face that I could feel little whirrs of air brushing cool against the skin. Obviously the insurgents were concentrating their fire upon me. First McDonald and Nyberg, and then little Venville, had stopped the bullets which just missed the man at whom they were aimed. I fired at the brush again and again, but it was maddening to hear the incessant whistle of bullets and see one's men dropping round him and not be able to draw sight upon a single one of the foe. I had been under fire before, but never like this. I remember when I stood upon the deck of the "St. Paul" as we attacked the "Terror" off San Juan. Heavy shot were flying, and there was danger, but I did not mind it at all. There every man had as good a chance as every other man—it was only a few shot against a big ship. Here I felt that I was the target, the hunted man, and this made it all the more bitter to be compelled to endure a galling fire which could not be effectively returned. Would the cowards never show themselves?

Now the boat was drifting with the strong tide nearer and nearer the enemy. The men at the oars worked nobly—and it required nerve to sit there and keep stroke with one's back turned to a rain of lead—but no headway was made. Several of the starboard oars had been shattered by the heavy .45 Remington balls, and that side of the cutter was pierced with many bullet-holes. Ellsworth, the coxswain, who also occupied an exposed position, flinched not a hair's breadth under the hot fire, but coolly directed and encouraged his men. Seeing that it was useless to struggle further with the oars, Ellsworth, Woodbury, and Edwards jumped overboard on the port side and tried to swim the boat out. Despite their efforts, we drifted slowly toward a bank of sand. Soon we struck. More bullets whistling round our heads, and still not an enemy to be seen! Do the wretches never intend to show themselves in the open?

* The fate of the boy Venville is unknown. Lieutenant Gillmore has done his best to learn what became of the lad, and in his inquiry has had the assistance of Admiral Watson. The wounded apprentice was left at Baler, and no tidings of him have since been received.

THE CAPTURE.

Here they come, after all—a motley crew, like savages, half-nude, some in shirts, some with only trousers, a few with nothing more than breech-clouts, armed with bolos, spears, and a rifle here and there, all mad with joy, yelling and brandishing their weapons—running down the spit of sand from the right bank of the river. They were Tagals, Principes, and other tribesmen. By my order the white flag was hoisted at this moment. The man who held it aloft received a ball in the wrist, and the banner came fluttering down to the bottom of the boat. If the tide would not let us get away, if the foe would not permit us to make surrender, there was one thing we could do with what strength we had left, and that was to go on fighting. We resumed our fire.

From the left bank we had heard nothing up to this time but the crack of unseen rifles. Now a voice rang out from the thicket. It announced to us in Spanish that unless we ceased firing and surrendered we should all be murdered in our tracks. The tones were those of an officer—a voice accustomed to command—and realizing that the threat might quickly be made good, I threw up my arms in token of submission. There were no more shots.

In an instant the savage band were upon us. They were wild with excitement. They jabbered incessantly, and threatened us with their bolos and spears. But they did us no harm. One by one, those of us who were living they took out of the boat. They were not rough or cruel. They treated the wounded carefully. More than our lives they appeared to covet our personal belongings. In a twinkling we were stripped of our coats, hats, shoes. They rifled our pockets for money, watches. They even pulled the rings from our fingers. All this time my men were calm and silent. They did not resist.

THE INTERRUPTED CEREMONY.

Then the natives lined us up in a row on the sand-bar. They tied our hands behind

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our backs with bamboo thongs. We thought they were merely making ready to carry us away as prisoners. But soon we perceived it was worse than that—they were going to shoot us. By signs I objected to having my arms bound. I tried to show that it was my right as an officer to die with my hands free. This brought on a difference of opinion, a noisy discussion, among our captors, who, though soldiers in the Filipino army, appeared to be without officers and without discipline. The delay thus secured, short as it was, served a good purpose. The natives who carried guns stepped out in front of us. They lowered their rifles and cocked them. They were taking aim. I was just thinking: "Well, it will all be over in a few seconds —why did I not take out more life insurance before I left home?" when we heard a shout from the right bank. We all looked that way, Tagals and Americans. A native officer came running toward us along the sand-spit. He was shouting and brandishing a sword. We did not understand him, but the Filipinos did. They dropped their rifles and crowded about us. We were not to be shot, so it didn't make any difference about that life insurance, after all.

This Tagal officer sent us aboard our boat and ordered us to row over to the left bank of the river. We started to obey, but had to stop and bale out the cutter and plug up the bullet holes in its side. When we reached the opposite bank, an officer and forty men were drawn up to receive us. The officer was a Spaniard. We were allowed to take the two mortally wounded men out of the boat, and make them as comfortable as we could in the shade of trees. All we could do was to place tourniquets on their wounds and leave water beside them. The natives would not permit us to bury our dead comrades, and their bodies were left lying in the boat. I asked the officer to have a surgeon sent down to look after the wounded, but I could never ascertain whether this was done or not.

Leaving our dead and dying behind and carrying our wounded with us, we were marched under guard to the commandante's office, a mile or so away. We passed within sight of the church where the Spanish garrison were still besieged. The outer walls had been battered down, but the natives were careful not to go within gunshot, and by this we knew the Spaniards were still on guard within. Besides, a Spanish ensign was flying from the top of the fortress, and I confess it did me good to see it there. On our way to the commandante's Woodbury said to me:

"Mr. Gillmore, I think I am wounded."

"Pull up your shirt and let me see."

Sure enough, in the fleshy part of his back I found a gaping wound. In it was a .45 Remington brass ball from a Filipino rifle, and this ball was embedded in a brass cartridge case torn out of Woodbury's ammunition belt. The piece of brass was bent V-shaped in the sailor's body; it had checked the force of the bullet and saved his life. Woodbury said he had received the wound at the first volley, before he jumped overboard and tried to help swim the boat out.

The commandante asked us many questions. He was particularly eager to learn what we had been doing in the river. He evidently suspected we had landed scouts, but I told him I had been making a survey. He permitted me to write a letter to the commander of the "Yorktown," and he promised to have it delivered under a flag of truce. He never did so.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Next we were marched a mile and a half to a bamboo church in the outskirts of Baler. We saw the town as we passed—a mere huddle of native huts; the women and children, most of them half nude, ran excitedly after us. On the way our wounded suffered severely. It was only with great difficulty some of them could drag themselves along. Others we had to carry. At the church a good Samaritan came to their assistance. He was an old man, poorly attired, but he had fine eyes and a kindly, almost fatherly, manner. He ran out into the woods and hastily gathered some large leaves. From these he squeezed a white liquid and let it run in the wounds. For a few moments the agony was so great the sufferers thought they could not endure it. They cried out that they were being burned to death, that the old man had poisoned them. Perspiration poured from their bodies. The old man smiled and tenderly stroked the head of the boy Venville, and muttered in Spanish that they would all feel better by and by. He was right. In ten or twelve minutes the men were free from pain. The inflammation was gone and their fever had subsided. Venville's foot, which had been frightfully swollen, resumed nearly its natural size. The succored men seized the old man's hand and shook it in gratitude. If we had had anything left we should have made him pres-

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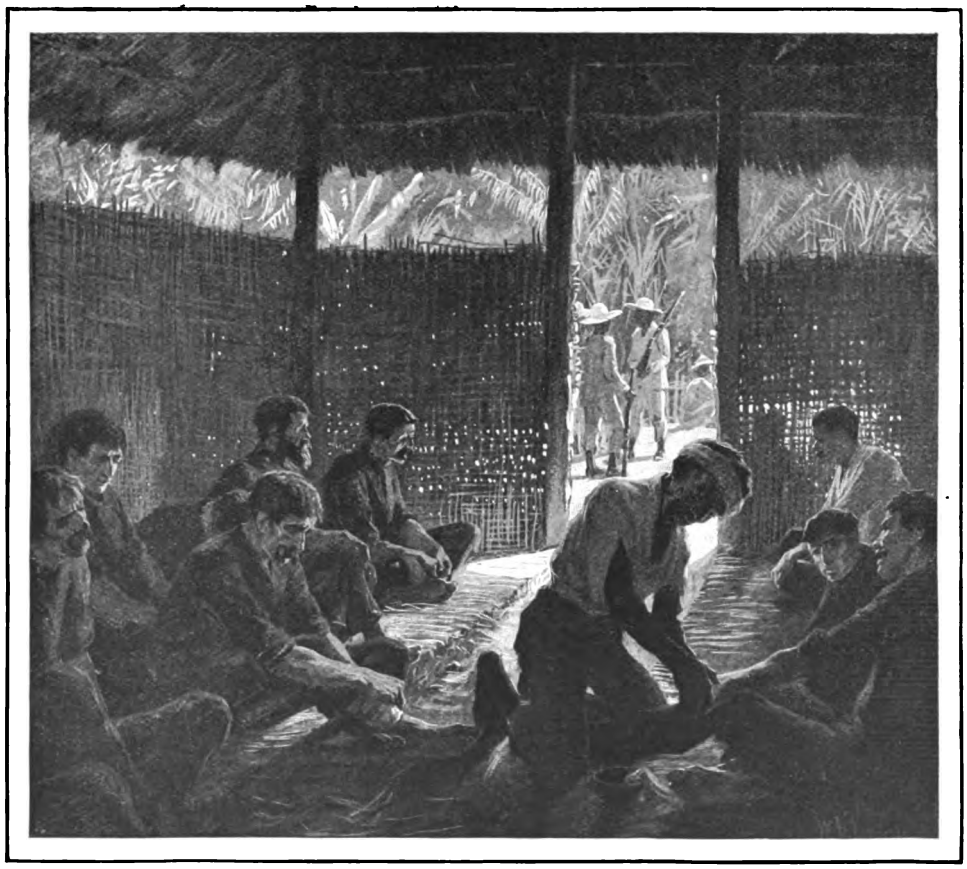
ents. We all felt better for this one touch of nature there in the jungle. I could never learn anything more about the old man or his healing herb, though I made many inquiries then and afterward. Some day, perhaps, the world may get a new balm out of Luzon.

That day and night we passed in this rude church, a mere shed of bamboo in the midst of the forest. The unwounded men and myself lay on one side, the wounded on the other. The guards were kind enough, but very careful that we should have no opportunity to escape. All through the night they kept a bright fire just without the door. The unwounded men were bound together by a long rope. For some reason I was not bound. The Filipinos are great respecters of military rank, and perhaps my protest against the bamboo thongs down on the sand-bar had produced some effect upon them. So greatly were we fatigued that we all slept well. Now and then in the night a wounded man cried out for water, and a guard carried him drink.

ON THE MARCH.

Next day a runner brought orders from Aguinaldo to march us to St. Isidro, the insurgent capital. In the afternoon eight of us, all who were able to travel, set out upon a journey through the interior of the enemy's country—a journey so long and at times so hopeless that we often despaired of ever reaching the end of it. A sorry-looking lot we were. All of us were bareheaded and barefooted, save that I had managed to secure the return of my coat and shoes, the latter mere slippers which I had worn from the ship because it would be easy to kick them off in case I were forced to take to the water. Our clothing was so scanty that it barely sufficed to cover our nakedness. For two days the route led us through tortuous river-beds. We had to wade the swift



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"At the church a good Samaritan came to their assistance."

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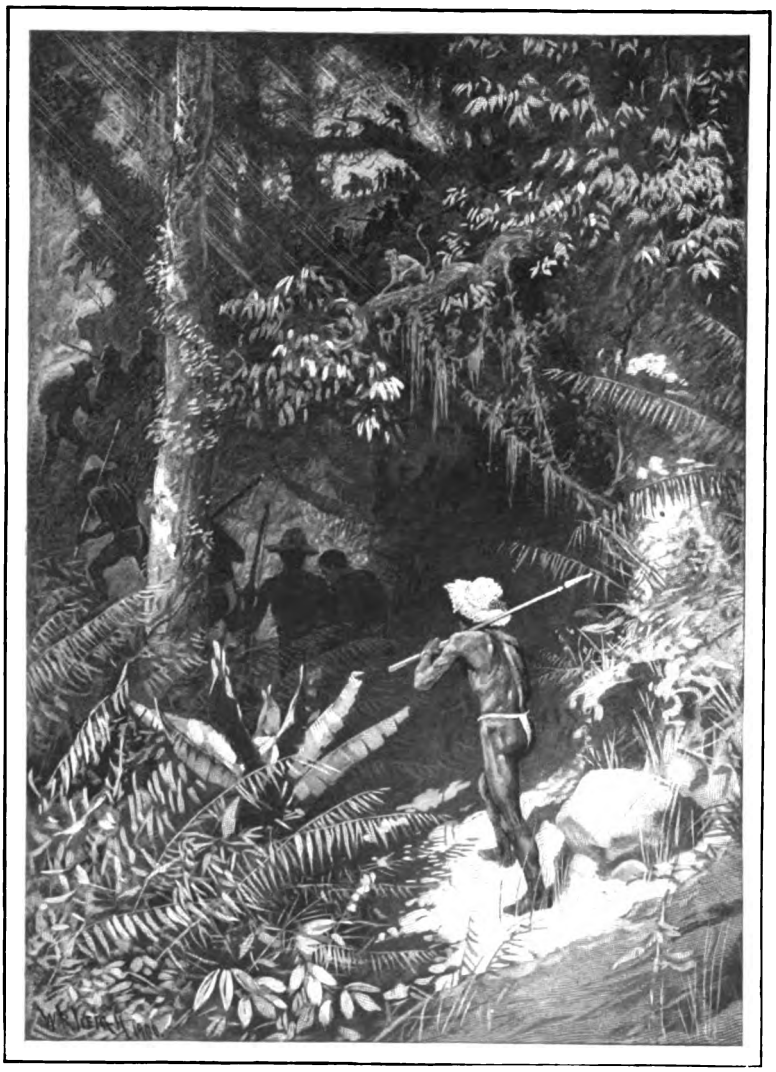
streams, in water from our knees to our necks, twenty, thirty times in a day. Our feet were cut by the sharp stones of the path. Our hands and shins were bruised clambering over great boulders and up and down steep, stony banks. The heat was oppressive, and the fierce rays of the sun blistered our unprotected faces and gave us frightful pains in the head. Our guard, a straggling band of semi-savages, carrying bows and arrows and spears and bolos, and commanded by a Tagal corporal, urged us unceasingly on.



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"A mere path trodden in the thick undergrowth. . . . monkeys jabbered angrily and threw nuts and twigs at us as we passed."

The first night out we were well up in the mountains. It was cold there. To make matters worse, a heavy rain came on, and we were without shelter save that each man was given two big leaves of the bamboo palm. These we arranged over our heads in the vain hope that they might serve to keep off some of the rain. A few of the men managed to sleep a bit, but my eyes did not close through the whole night. I sat on a boulder in a pool of water till daybreak. We had but little to eat, though there was consolation in the fact that our guards had no more than we. At this camp old man Voudoit came near dying. He had suffered a sort of sunstroke while on the march in the broiling sun.

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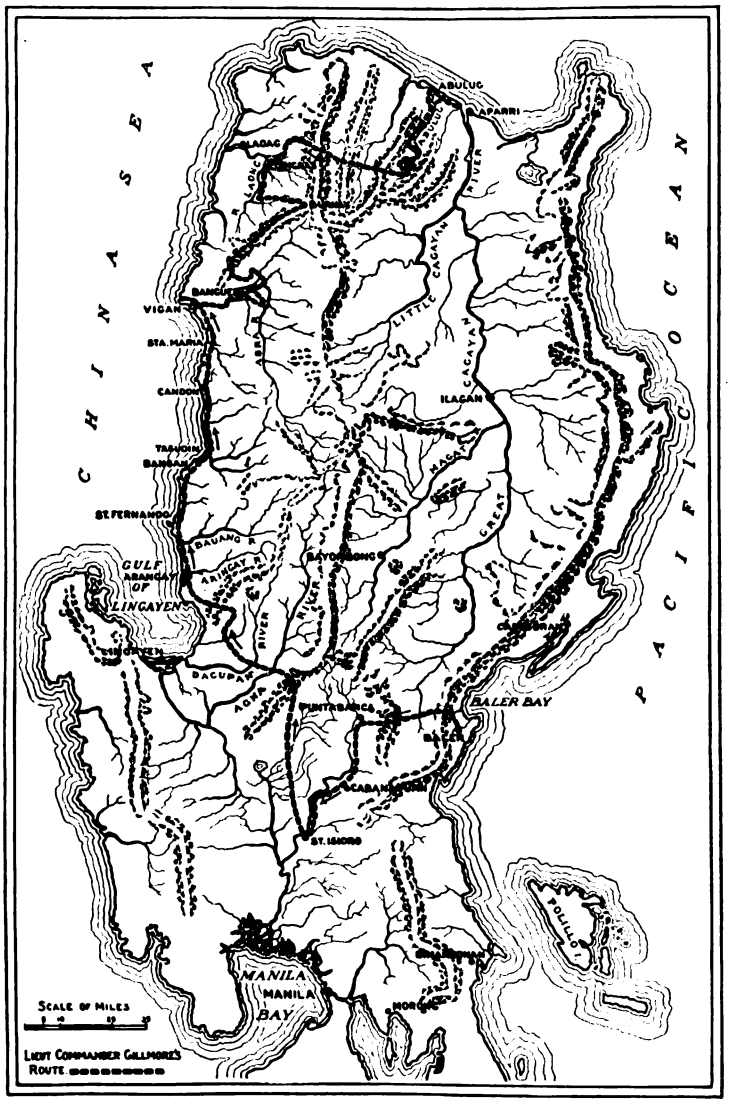
We set out early the next morning with only a few mouthfuls of rice for breakfast, and all chilled and soaked to the marrow. Again the intense heat of the sun. Once more the rocky river-bed with the great boulders to clamber over, the banks to crawl up and down, the waters to wade. At this time some of the men thought of attempting an escape, which could mean only a shot in the back and a quick way out of their troubles.

Finally we struck a trail through the primeval forest—a mere path trodden in the thick undergrowth beneath the branches of mighty trees. So steep was the way that our weakened, foot-sore men made progress only at the cost of constant suffering. There were monkeys in the trees, and they jabbered angrily and threw nuts and twigs at us as we passed. They afforded us some amusement, these monkeys, and we were interested in the brilliant plumage of the birds. Under proper conditions we should have enjoyed this novel journey from two to three thousand feet up the wild mountain-side. Now it was like a long nightmare.

THE WONDERING NATIVES.

After traveling forty miles or more along this winding, painful path we at last reached the level table-land and the town of Puntabanca. Here, as everywhere along our route, the news that the "Americanos" were coming had attracted crowds of natives from all the surrounding region. It was like a circus in the country districts of America. We were the show, and the people, bursting with curiosity, nearly mobbed us as we passed along the roads. They were not vindictive or rude, except in spots; in fact they were, for the most part, rather kindly. It was easy to see that curiosity was their predominant emotion. They not only wanted to see us but to touch us, to see how strong we were, what kind of teeth we had, if we were built like other men. We learned that strange tales as to the physical characteristics of Americans had run all through these gossiping provinces, and this was the first opportunity the natives had had to see for themselves what the wonderful strangers were like.



MAP OF THE NORTHERN PORTION OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON, SHOWING THE ROUTE FOLLOWED BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GILLMORE.

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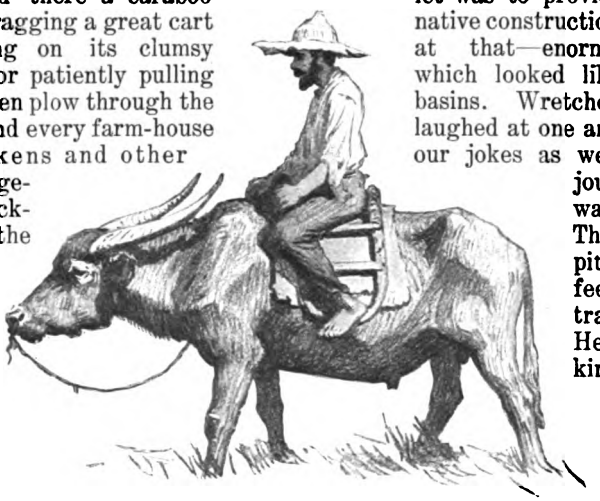
We were well received by the commandante of Puntabanca. His name was Maria, and he had been a captain in the Spanish army. But he had married Aguinaldo's niece—a love-match it was, so they told us—and had then taken an important command in the Filipino ranks. He made the men as comfortable as he could in the convent—at that time almost every church or convent in Luzon was a jail, a fortress, an arsenal, or a hospital—and he took me to his own house and gave me a good dinner. He appeared rather weary of his native associates, and glad of the chance to talk once more to a civilized and traveled man.

This eastern part of Luzon was a rather poor sort of country. For miles and miles upon the table-land there was no cultivation. The hard, beaten road led across a barren waste baked in the sun of centuries. In other sections there were bamboo huts scattered about in the woods, surrounded by little patches of tilled ground devoted to vegetables and tobacco. There were no fences, no marking of the dividing line between one plantation and another. Off the main road, which had been built by the Spanish military officers, there were only trails through the brush. These farmers had but few live-stock; here and there a caraboo might be seen dragging a great cart staggering along on its clumsy wooden wheels, or patiently pulling a primitive wooden plow through the black soil. Round every farm-house swarmed chickens and other fowl. Rice, vegetables, and chickens are almost the only articles of food the natives know.



The people came out of the brush and lined the trail to see us pass. They were docile enough, almost like children. Nearly all of them were wretchedly clothed, many being almost naked. Yet we could not fairly call them an uncivilized people—only their civilization, like that of all peoples under Spanish rule, was a couple of centuries behind the times. In every little bamboo hut there was a book or two. The people spoke to us in Spanish or Tagal. All were eager to learn English. One native, wearing not much more than a breech-clout and a smile of child-like pride, sang out to me, "Hello!" as I passed him, and his comrades looked up to him with increased respect because of his mastery of that one English word. Now and then we came upon a little village—a few score bamboo huts clustered about a brick or wooden church with its convent annex. The priests or friars in charge of these buildings received us in a kindly way and gave us food. It was easy to see they were the civil as well as the spiritual leaders, the dominating force of their communities. One good thing they did—they kept school in every village, and the native children were compelled to attend.

We were nearly as naked as the poorest of the natives, though our skin had not been hardened through generations of exposure to the rays of the sun, and we were soon covered with blisters. Worse than all, our heads and feet were still bare. At Puntabangua we were placed in charge of Captain Pading y Gill, another former Spanish officer who had cast in his lot with the Filipinos. This officer, like all the Spaniards we met, treated us with consideration. He tried to procure clothing and shoes for us, but the best he could do in this little mountain hamlet was to provide us with hats of native construction, and second-hand at that—enormous contrivances which looked like inverted wash-basins. Wretched as we were, we laughed at one another and cracked our jokes as we set out upon our journey, so grotesque was our appearance. The captain, taking pity upon our bleeding feet, had procured us transportation, too. He meant it as a kindness, and so we could not well complain, but hard as it was to go on walking with bruised and blistered bare feet, most of us preferred it to riding a caraboo. These native oxen of the Filipinos are not easily managed. They are guided by a rope through their nostrils—three jerks for a turn to the left, one jerk for a turn to the right. Their sliding, reeling gait is something dreadful to the man sitting upon their back, and the saddle was never invented that could save him from being jolted and pounded into

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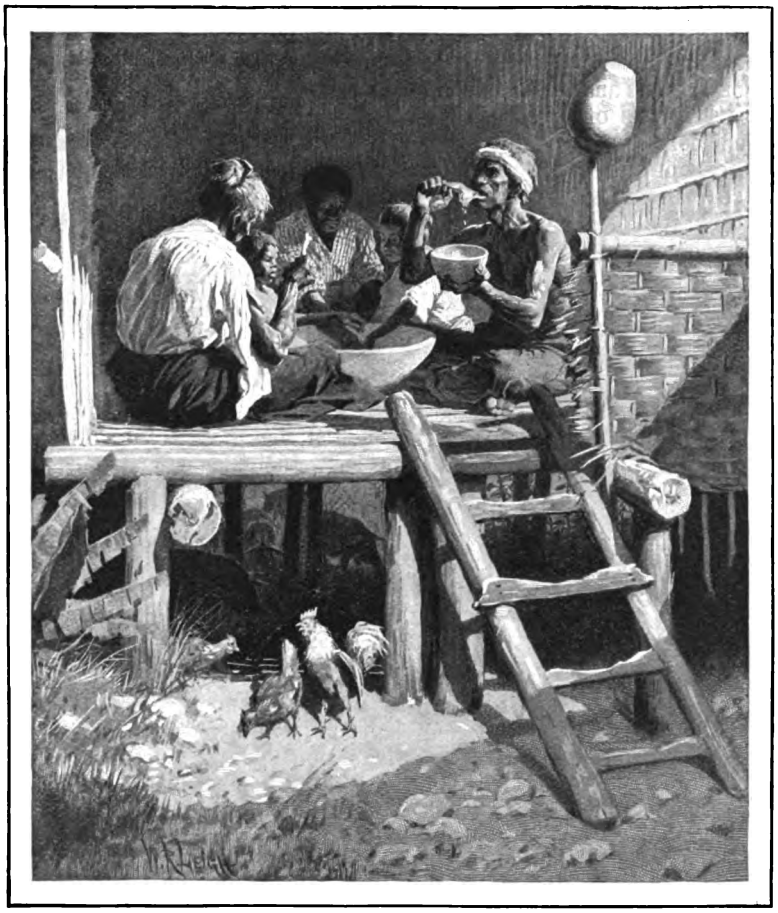
perpetual misery. If the caraboo is not watered every other hour he goes "water-mad," making the lot of his rider infinitely worse.

A wonderful journey we had one night in the soft moonlight—over precipitate mountain spurs, down into gloomy, broken cañons, crawling around immense boulders, fording swift streams, forcing our way through dense brushwood. So rough was the trail that even the caraboo could not keep their feet, and we had many tumbles. The scenery was most beautiful, and if the caraboo had been a little surer-footed if they had not jolted us till we were black and blue all over our bodies, if the brush had not torn our scanty clothing and lacerated our poor flesh, we might have enjoyed the picturesque surroundings. At Bongabong we ran into a dense crowd of natives who fought with the guards for the privilege of getting close to the "Americanos." Here the Spanish priests had told the people we were red Indians, who wore feathers in our hair and scalped our victims in war. I think the priests got the notion from some old school-books and really believed it themselves. One native woman followed me persistently, and finally, after much trouble, succeeded in getting close enough to pinch my arm and to ask in Spanish what I had done with my feathers.



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

DINNER TIME IN A FILIPINO HUT.

These native huts, built on piles about three feet from the ground, have for a floor simply a layer of bamboo poles, between which the bones, rice, and other morsels from the family meal are dropped to the pigs and chickens which swarm beneath.

This childlike curiosity followed us wherever we went. It really formed one of the most objectionable features of our captivity. When we arrived at Aguinaldo's capital, St. Isidro, several thousand people met us and hooted and jeered and called us all

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manner of vile names in Tagal and Spanish. Our sailormen, after the manner of their kind, hurled back at them as good as they sent, or perhaps I should say worse. This was one of the peculiarities of our little band—they did not appear to be afraid of anything in the island of Luzon. They ordered the guards about like servants, "sassed" the natives all along the road, blarneyed prison keepers and minor officials, and laughed in the faces of Filipino bravos who brandished bolos in their faces and threatened to disembowel them. I think this intrepidity of our men earned for us the respect of our captors. At any rate, we were treated much better than the Spanish prisoners who at times formed part of our caravan. Nor were any of us ever flogged, as many of the Spanish prisoners were. In many ways we could see that the Filipinos had kindlier feelings toward Americans than for Spaniards, and they may have had a secret fear, too, that in the end our people were going to get the upper hand of them, and punish them for all transgressions of military law. In the case of the Spaniards the Tagals were merely paying off old scores.

At St. Isidro the governor asked me the same questions which all the petty presidentes had asked in the villages along our route: "Where were you captured?" "What were you doing there?" "Why are the Americans, our former friends, now fighting us?" This governor was a man of superior education. He had living with him as interpreter, David Brown, an English-Canadian prisoner, and was himself learning English. After cross-questioning me half an hour, and giving me a suit of undercloth-ing, he sent me off to jail, where my men and many other American prisoners were confined. It was a crowded, filthy prison—why is it that Spanish jails the world over are so vile?—and I was confined in a room about fifteen by twenty-six feet along with a dozen native prisoners. Some of them were murderers, others thieves; but they treated me very well, spending most of their time gambling. The only complaint I had to make of them was their curiosity, the national weakness. Though I tried my best to secure a little privacy by rigging up a curtain in my corner of the room, my fellow-prisoners, male and female, were always spying upon me, particularly when I bathed.

This curiosity was not confined to the prisoners. After bathing a few days in a trough at the well in the prison court-yard, used by men and women together, I secured permission to go once a day to the river. The hour of our bathing was known to the townspeople, and it appeared to be quite an event in their daily lives, for they had a habit of gathering upon the river bank, men, women, and children, all smoking cigars, patiently waiting for a close view of the half-stripped "Americanos."

While we were at this jail about fifty Negritos were brought in from the front. They were all that remained of a regiment which had been forced to face our American troops, though armed only with bows and arrows, spears and bolos. It was simple murder to send these unwilling wretches to fight against modern magazine rifles, and this little band had refused to remain longer under fire. Then they were arrested and treated as common criminals. In prison they were miserably fed, and their captors often forced them to show their games and war dances for our amusement. These Negritos were undersized, nearly naked, and remarkably ugly. They had all had their teeth filed down sharp, like the teeth of a saw. However, they were good-humored fellows, and we got along quite well with them. All they wanted was tobacco and something to gamble with.

Aguinaldo's capital was a well-built town with regular streets and many brick buildings, not unlike a European town of 8,000 or 10,000 population. The house occupied by the family of the insurgent chief was pointed out to us, but we did not see him; and as we were locked up all the time, of course we had no opportunity to ascertain what sort of a government organization he maintained there. In a few days there were rumors of a near approach of the American troops, and great excitement prevailed among the people. From our prison we could see them running to and fro. The streets were filled with caratons, or native carts, laden with all manner of household effects, and surrounded by panic-stricken, jabbering men, women, and children, breaking for the mountains. Once we thought we could hear the distant rumble of our artillery, and then it was our turn to become excited. Perhaps rescue was at hand.

But no. Orders soon came to march, and in a few hours we were again on our weary way over the hills, through the mud, across the rivers, from jail to jail in Luzon.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

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LUCIUS HITCHCOCK

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

A NEBRASKA STORY.

By George Beardsley.

"WHY certainly I'll dubate with him of course why not, do you see¿ Why looky here blank blankit if he wants to dubate with me why in blank blank shouldn't I give him the chance, do you see¿"

The speaker was Bobbie Grant, Populist candidate for the Legislature. He spoke very fast, in the high-keyed voice common to a class of rural Nebraskans, without punctuation until the end, where he turned the interrogation point upside down after his inevitable "do you see¿"

"That's all right, Bob," said Smith, the Fusionist county chairman, a little one-eyed old Mormon, with a quaver in G, and a stout cane. "I admire your nerve, Bobbie, and all that; but Port Ricker's a lawyer, you want to remember, and a skilled debater; and, on top of that, he's unscrupulous, as everybody knows."

"'Aw, skillt your left eye-winker! And as for unscroopolous what the divvel has that got to do with it when I've got the right on my side, do you see¿"—the farmer smote the air—"and most of the brains and the substance and the hard work of Nebraska at

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me back, do you see¿ Never you worry, old man, I reckon I'll have to do more or less of the give and take kind o' spoutin' up at Lincoln when I'm elected, and it's as well if I get some practice this side the Roobicon, which is the North Platte, do you see¿"

"But you're as good as elected now, Bobbie, my man. You've everything to lose and nothing to gain."

"Well blank blankit I don't stand on that for a minute, blank blanked if I do. If our side's right, blank blankit, it'll win, spite o' dubates, grasshoppers, the divvel and the long drouth itself, do you see¿ And *what's* more"—the candidate riveted the watery glance of the politician with his own honest eyes—"and *what's* more, me friend, Bobbie the Populist, blank blankit, is not the man to be afeared to stand up for what he represents, do you see¿ Why of course, yes indeed, I'll meet him, and so help me Bryan I'll not make any mistake, do you see¿"

The emphatic Scotchman's primitive trust in the strength of his cause had convinced more pertinacious minds than that of the county chairman.

"Well, well—as you will, Bobbie," said that official. "It's yourself that's running, to be sure; and, if you choose to accept the challenge, why, I say go in and wipe up the Platte Valley with him. How's your folks, now, Bob?"

The reply came in an altered, lower tone, with a note of anxiety.

"Only toler'ble, no more'n toler'ble, I might say, Joe, thank you. As you know, the woman's ailin' consider'ble this fall—rheumatiz and such; and here lately it's 'fected her lungs. It was her account, as you know, I missed the meetin' at the Crick last week."

"Well, don't worry on that score; our fences are all right out that way."

The husband paid no attention to the political remark.

"She ought to have let up on the work long 'go," he said, "but my g-goodness, she's that sot she just couldn't stop workin'. But good-day to you, Joe. You can arrange the deetails of that dubate—any way suits me, only, say, put it the last day 'fore election—grand climax, you know; make it a sort o' picnic for the folks—they mostly need it, workin' as they are night and day with the corn and the stock, do you see¿"

The candidate hurried off before the manager had time to object to this most dangerous of all dates for what he considered a dangerous joint debate. But he reflected that all his efforts to make the farmer candidate see the wisdom of tactical politics had been breath wasted, and so he went forthwith and accepted the challenge officially.

You may be sure the challenger made no objection to the date so innocently suggested by his adversary. The debate was fixed for the very last afternoon before the election, at Platteville, and out of doors if the weather should permit. Ricker, the lawyer candidate, hugged himself with surprised delight when he learned that his loaded gauntlet was taken up so unsuspectingly. "Why, I'll make such a monkey of Bob," he chuckled at headquarters,

"And as for unscrupolous what the divvel has that got to do with it when I've got the right on my side . . ."

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"The lawyer launched into his set campaign speech."

"there won't be a jack-rabbit in the county but will be ashamed to vote for him next day."

All the particulars were arranged, and Platteville and the country round billed accordingly. Half-sheet posters in gorgeous red and green types announced:

UNPRECEDENTED POLITICAL FORENSICS!
POPULIST-REPUBLICAN JOINT-DEBATE.

HON. PORTER RICKER
vs.
HON. ROBERT GRANT,
Opposing Candidates for the Legislature,
AT
PLATTEVILLE (COTTONWOOD GROVE),
MONDAY BEFORE ELECTION, 2 P. M.
Special Rates on the U. P.
BRING YOUR DINNERS AND YOUR LADIES, AND HEAR BOTH SIDES!
COME ONE! COME ALL!

Then the campaign waxed warm. Ricker, the lawyer, spoke twice a day—afternoon meetings at outlying crossroads (your simon-pure farmer will not come to an evening meeting, as every political manager knows)—evenings in the towns. The prospect of a tongue-to-tongue set-to with his inexperienced antagonist at the critical moment put him in fine fettle. He went about with the air of confidence and good cheer of a man who expects to win. Sometimes, when his audience was one-sidedly cordial to his speech, he would throw out little daring prognostications of how he would carry the enemy's works by storm on the next to the last day. "Come and see the fun!" he shouted, and the good-natured rustics grinned and cheered and led him on. If his spirits were extremely high, perhaps he would throw reserve to the winds and troll out jauntily—

Went to the animal fair,
All the Pops were there;

and he and everybody laughed boisterously over the conjured scene of Bobbie's rhetorical discomfiting, and the exposé of his Arcadian unfitness for the office of legislator to the mighty interests of Nebraska.

Bobbie, meanwhile, pursued the even tenor of his own campaign. As the weeks sped and the days before the "big dubate," as he called it, became few, and he heard of Ricker's boasts, he was not disconcerted. He was the same emphatic, profane, genial Bob. "Are you shiverin', Bob?" a member of his audience called up to him once. "Pshaw! don't be silly," said Grant; "why in—" he checked himself—"why should a fellow shiver? There's nought but one side to this thing, as it happens, and that's the side we happen to stand on, do you see¿" He had trained himself to leave off the blankity-blanks in his public speeches; but the "do you see¿" if he was momentarily off his guard, stuck, and, I think, lost him no votes. He, like Ricker, as epilogue to his speech these last days and nights, invited his hearers to come to the "big dubate," but he never permitted himself to be drawn into any boast that he would have the advantage. Some one asked from the crowd: "What you goin' do to him, Bobbie?" and the hirsute Bobbie looked bland and replied, "Why, haven't you heard? it's a joint dubate—stand up and knock down argufying, half-hour rounds, do you see¿—come, and bring the women and the babies!" And the

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women agreed that Bobbie Grant did have a "way with him."

But these final days, those close to Grant when the meetings adjourned marked the disappearance of the confident look, and the coming in its place of a worried expression and a glance less stout-hearted. "How is the woman to-day, Bob?" they would ask sympathetically, and the big fellow answered only by a slow, solemn shake of the head.

"First time I ever seen Bob when he wasn't cock-sure, dead certain, and blankity-blank blank about a thing, do you see¿" said Somerville, the wag, aside.

The afternoon of Monday, the fifth, the day before election, was crystalline. The November sun seeped through the rifts of the cottonwood trees, warming the air to a sparkling tonic, so that it was like a perfectly mellowed wine. The farmers and small merchants and their families assembled in holiday spirits. Old men were seen arguing the issue earnestly with their brawny sons; wives sought to convince other wives; sweethearts in self-conscious white shoes bandied the ball of debate, and opposition babes cooed and crowed at one another over their mothers' shoulders

Two o'clock came, and the meeting was not called to order. The minutes slipped by, and the murmur was passed round that one of the speakers was late. At 2.30 the party managers and the vice-presidents of the meeting, the chairman, and one of the candidates climbed the flag-crowned creaking platform gingerly. Voices everywhere demanded, "Where is Bobbie Grant?" Somerville, the wag, cried, "Bobbie's turned up missin'," and there was a laugh. Populist faces grew long and those of the opposition triumphant.

"Backed down!" hazarded a fellow nobody knew, evidently from the marches. Half-Rome frowned, the other Half-Rome cheered at first, and then thought better of it and smothered the cheer. The chairman of the meeting used his gavel.

"So far," said he, "Mr. Grant has not put in an appearance. He is doubtless detained unavoidably. As for backing down, I think I may say that no one who has even so much as a bowing acquaintance with a single hair of Bobbie Grant's whiskers would dream of hinting at such a thing."

The entire audience cheered. The chairman was the Platteville patriarch, beloved of all, and was known as a pronounced enemy of what he called the Don Quixote school of bewhiskered politics; so that his defense of the absent candidate was especially gratifying as a piece of fair play. Ricker, the lawyer, who sat on the stage complacently twirling his black mustache, cheered with the loudest of them. One of his trump cards was the admission of his opponent's solid human traits; he was content to argue that these alone could not make a statesman. His friends now called him to his feet. He responded gracefully, beginning by saying that he would be the most disappointed man on the ground "if Bobbie didn't show up." A voice: "What were you goin' to do to him, Port?" "Oh, nothing much," came the ready answer from the speaker. The crowd applauded, and he added rather importunately:

"In fact, I didn't intend to do a thing to him."

At this went up a howl of delight, which, however, was not general. Bobbie's friends began to drop away from the edges of the gathering, then rapidly the meeting passed into the hands of the other side. The lawyer candidate launched into his set campaign speech. Smith, the Fusionist county chairman, tried to interrupt him to say that a messenger had been dispatched on horseback to Mr. Grant's house, but the audience jeered and yelled, "Sit down, Smith!"

The next thirty minutes were about the longest one-half of that multitude had ever waited out. Drifting from the crowd, they met in knots of eight and ten about the grove to discuss in low, serious voices the surprising turn affairs had taken.

"It will kill him at the polls," said many.

"It will," others assented, "unless he explains mighty handily, mighty soon."

"I bet his woman's worse," guessed one man.

"I expect; she's been right poorly here lately."

Here and there a man speculated that perhaps, after all, it was best for Bobbie that he had stayed away. "Port's a powerful sharp 'un." But the farmer's backers would hear no apology for their favorite; they were as sure he would have come off with glory if he had met the appointment as they were that he was staunch to the last and that his absence would be well accounted for.

At length the messenger was descried returning down the road full gallop. While they waited impatiently the countrymen made small wagers on the character of Bob's explanation.

"Bet a heifer it's his woman." The odds were four to one that Bob's "woman" had

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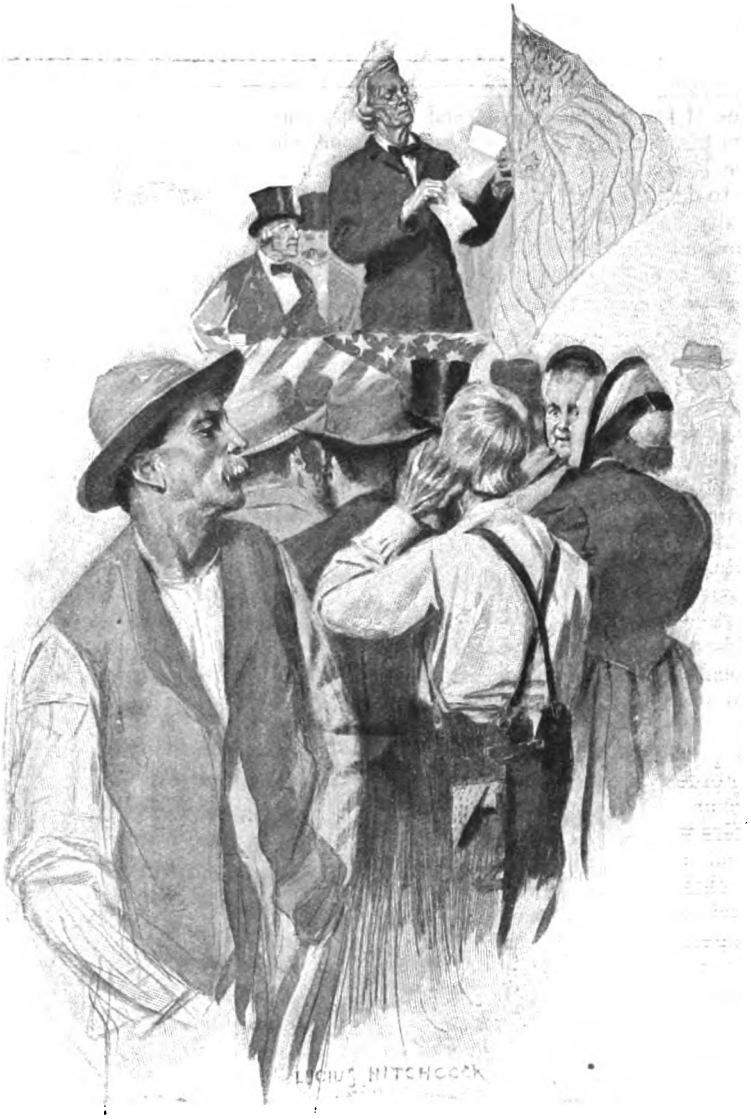

An uncertain silence followed the sensational announcement."

had a "sudden turn." They gathered about the messenger as he rode up, demanding to know his news. But this the young man refused to disclose to any but his chief, Chairman Smith of the Fusion organization. To that little man on the platform he elbowed his way with some difficulty, and there was a whispered report lasting some seconds. The audience fidgeted and coughed through the awkward suspense. Ricker had politely left off speaking when the courier arrived, and he, too, looked around quizzically to Smith for the expected explanation. When the ex-Mormon arose you could have heard a pin drop. Smith was no hand at public speaking, and wisely made short shrift of the intelligence he had to impart.

"The simple fact is, ladies and gentlemen," said he, coming forward, "Mr. Grant is staying at home with his wife. . . . . No, she is not worse—at least, he doesn't say she is worse—but she is poorly, very poorly, as we know, and it turns out that this is her birthday. Bob says he never once thought about the day before election being the fifth of November, or of course he would not have agreed to this date for the debate, much less suggested it himself. He further says that to-day, with all their talk and thought in connection with the an-

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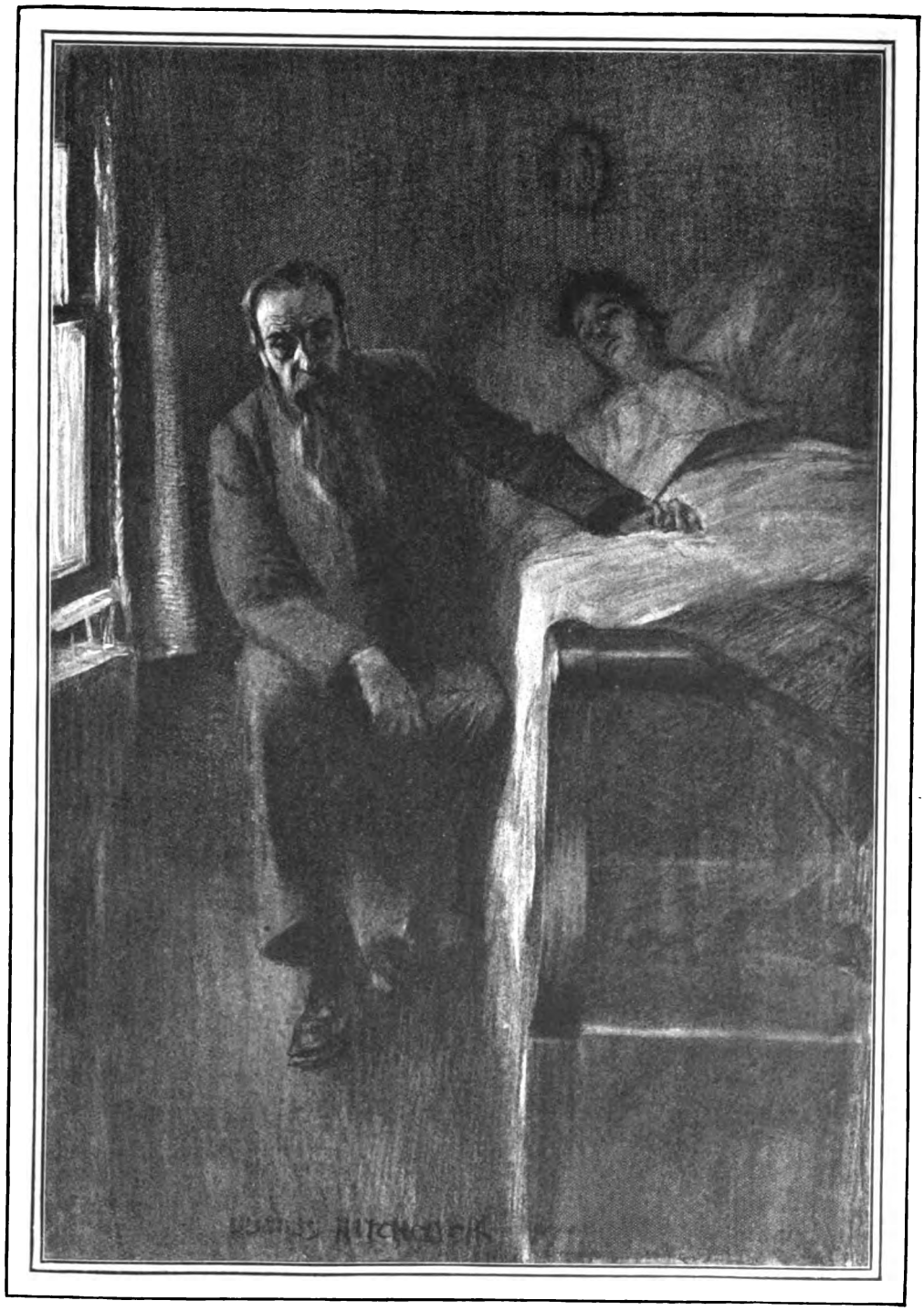

". . . He forgot all about the debate."

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niversary, he forgot all about the debate until the messenger arrived. He says that he has always made it a rule to spend this anniversary by his wife's side, and could not think of leaving her now, especially as she is very sick. I may suggest that it will be hard for us to blame him when we consider that he probably feels this may be the last time they will celebrate her birthday together. Bob sends his apologies for disappointing the audience, his opponent, and the officers of this meeting."

An uncertain silence followed the sensational announcement. The situation was unusual,and not what had been expected. When at length the stillness was broken, it was broken by none other than Ricker, the Republican candidate, and what he did was to nod his head in decided approval and set up a vigorous hand-clapping. The audience took the cue instantly, and cheer upon cheer went up for the devoted Bobbie, making an ovation such as few men are ever honored with in our matter-of-fact political life. Populists forgot they were Populists, and Republicans that they were Republicans; all joined together in unfeigned homage to the chivalry of the absent candidate.

After the demonstration the meeting quickly dissolved. The people appeared quite to have transcended political matters. Neighbors who had begun the afternoon with bandying the thread-worn arguments of the campaign now exchanged kindly greetings in modulated voices. Pairs of sweethearts drove away with subdued glances to be by themselves. Good wives had tender words and inquiries for good wives, and the children nestled sleepily amid the straw in the wagons. The "big dubate" was a thing of the past. The teams rattled off along the road, separated at the forks, and scattered homeward over the prairie.

The following winter, in the halls of legislation at the State Capitol, one of the notable figures among the new members was a very tall, broad-shouldered, Scotchy man with attenuated whiskers, who wore a wide black band around his hat. His fellow members listened respectfully when he addressed the House—which, however, was not often—and, when they approached, spoke to him with awed voices, remembering the story that had gone the rounds in the lobby and the committee rooms of the member from Vista's joint-debate.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

By E. S. Martin.

Read at Phillips Academy, Andover, Commencement, June 27, 1900.

We learned some Latin thirty years ago,
Some Greek; some other things—geometry;
Baseball; great store of rules by which to know
When thus was so, and if it *was* so, why.
And every day due share of pie we ate,
And Sunday under hour-long sermons sate,
And thrived on both; a sound New England diet,
And orthodox. Let him who will decry it.

We spoke our Latin in the plain old way.
Tully was Cicero to Uncle Sam,
And Cæsar, Cæsar. Footballs in our day
Were spheres of rubber still. When Autumn came

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We kicked them, chasing after; but the sport
Was a mere pastime, not at all the sort
Of combat,—strenuous, Homeric, fateful,—
Whence heroes now wrest glory by the plateful.

The higher criticism was an infant then.
Curved pitching had not come, nor yellow shoes,
Nor bikes, nor telephones, nor golf, nor men
In knickerbockers. No one thought to use
Electric force to haul folks up a hill.
We walked, or rode on Concord coaches still;
Expansion's quirks stirred then no fiercer tussles
Than such as vexed the growing vogue of bustles.

Girls then, as now, to seminaries went,
But not so much as now to colleges.
The female understanding's scope and bent
Was thought to crave a round of 'ologies
Less full than man's. We've learned, it seems, since then
That women need whatever's good for men,
And that, though boys are tough and girls more tender,
Knowledge is power, without regard to gender.

The shade austere of Puritan restraint
Showed sharper outlines, may be, then than now.
But not to hurt. For now the old complaint
Of joys curtailed, gives place to wonder how,
'Twixt stress of sports and pleasant things to do,
And waxing claims of growing knowledge too,
The modern lad gets time to feel the joy
It was, and still must be, to be a boy.

A checkered joy! Progress is man's desire.
And boys progress with swifter strides than men
To greater changes. Little boys aspire
To bigness, and it comes; nor turn again
Regretful eyes toward childhood. To grow strong,
And apt, and swift; to learn; to press along
Up life's first steeps and glory in each rise,—
That's boyhood, as it seems to older eyes.

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Time dwarfs the bulk of most material things.
The giants of our youth less monstrous seem,
Its wonders shrink when wider knowledge brings
The great world's standards to amend our dream.
But youth itself to backward glances looms
Up bigger than it is. The boy assumes,
To eyes that comprehend, the form and place
That gathering years may summon him to grace.

And what place is it he should strive to gain?
What ends achieve, to what his powers apply?
The same old simple precepts still obtain
That served for all men fit to pattern by.
Dear lads, we say, the greatest thing on earth
Is service: that's what justifies our birth.
Life can't be made worth living to a shirk.
You can't have even fun, unless you work.

Go make your bodies strong, your minds alert;
Train both to do for you the most they can.
Life's goal no runner reaches by a spurt;
Doing the daily stint's what makes the man.
And making men is Nature's chief concern;
For right men bring things right, each in its turn.
Strive then to help yourselves, and that much learned,
Help others; nowise else contentment's earned.

Oh, money's good to have, and fame is sweet,
And leisure has its use, and sport its joys.
Go win them, if you may, and speed your feet!
But this regard: that even splendid toys
Are only toys: the important thing's not play,
But work. Who shun the burden of the day
Shall miss as well the strength they gain who bear it;
The fellowship they only feel who share it.

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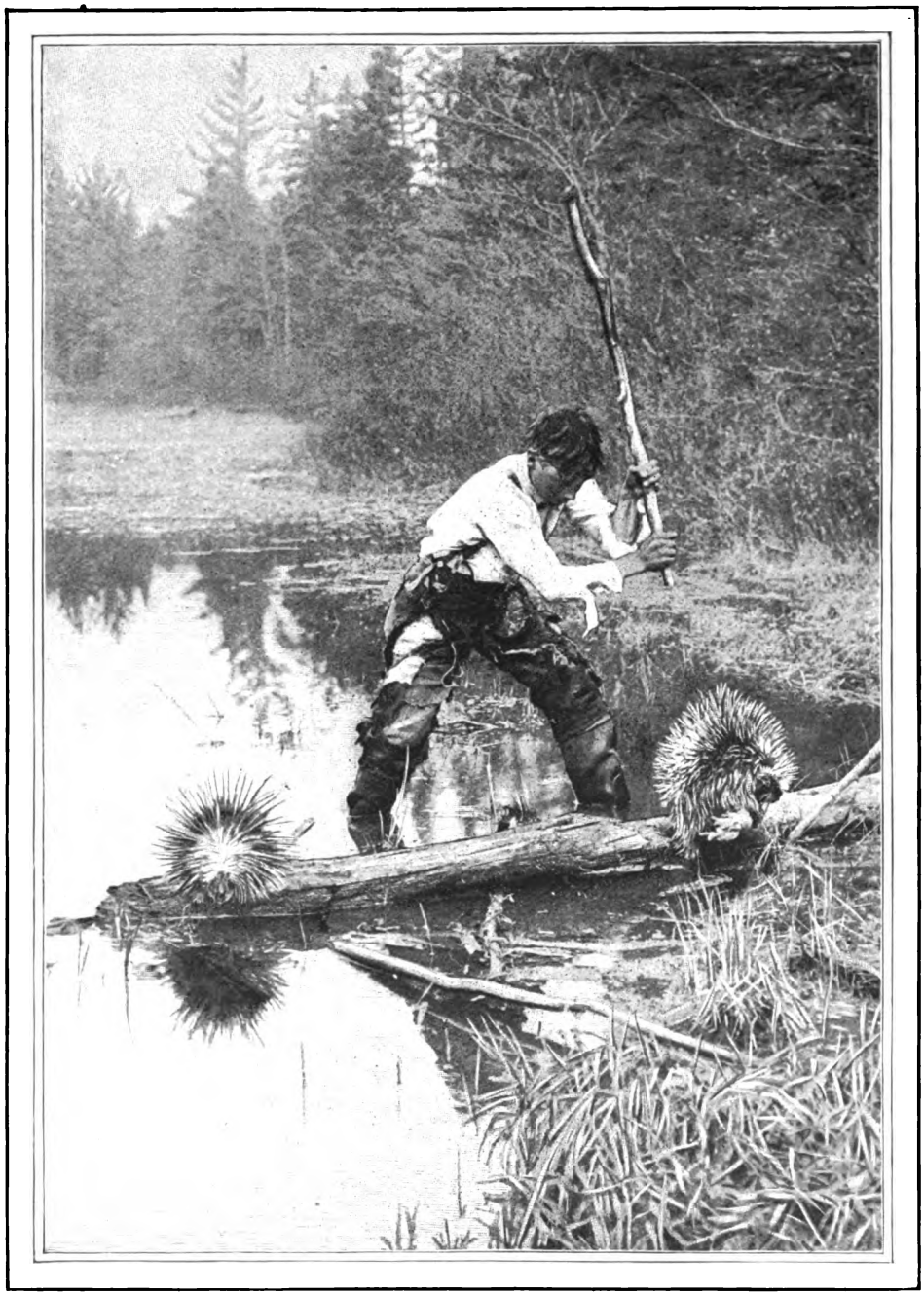

"SHE DREW HERSELF INTO A BALL, WITH HER HEAD DOWN . . . AND HER QUILLS STANDING OUT LIKE NEEDLES ON A PIN-CUSHION."

At the slightest prospect of being attacked, the porcupine immediately turns tail to his would-be assailant, for therein is his one and only method of defense, one that is quite effective with most of his enemies. His tail, which is wonderfully quick to strike at anything within its reach, is hard and heavy, and is well supplied with quills. Another reason for not facing his enemies is that while a stroke from a stick on the back will seldom injure the "fretful porcupine," it requires but a slight blow on the head to either stun or kill him. Thus it is that instinct leads even the young animal to protect its head and let other parts take care of themselves.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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POINTERS FROM A PORCUPINE QUILL.

By William Davenport Hulbert.

With illustrations from photographs of wild porcupines taken expressly for this article by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

The climbing ability shown by porcupines seems entirely foreign to their somewhat clumsy build. A tree with fairly rough bark is climbed with the greatest ease and considerable speed. About a minute is occupied in reaching a height of sixty or eighty feet.—Artist's Note.

THE HISTORY OF A MICHIGAN PORCUPINE.

THE original owner of this quill was born in a hollow hemlock log that lay beside the Glimmerglass, on a wild April morning when the north wind was whipping the lake with snow, and when the winter seemed to have come back for a season. The Glimmerglass was neither glimmering nor glassy that morning, but he and his mother were snug and warm in their wooden nest, and they cared little for the storm that was raging outside.

It has been said that porcupines lay eggs, the hard, smooth shells of which are furnished by a kind and thoughtful providence for the purpose of protecting the mothers from their prickly offspring until the latter have fairly begun their independent existence. Other people say that two babies arrive at once, and that one of them is always dead before it is born. But when my Porcupine discovered America, he had neither a shell on his back nor a dead twin brother by his side. Neither was he prickly. He was covered all over with soft, furry, dark-brown hair. If you had searched carefully along the middle of his back you might possibly have found the points of the first quills, just peeping through the skin; but as yet the thick fur hid them from sight and touch, unless you knew just where and how to look for them.

He was a very large baby, larger even than a new-born bear cub, and he grew rapidly, as porcupine babies always do. Long hairs, tipped with yellowish-white, came out through the dense fur; and by and by the quills began to show. His teeth were lengthening, also, as his mother very well knew; and, between the sharp things in his mouth and those on his back and sides, he was fast becoming a very formidable nursling. Before he was two months old she was forced to wean him, but by that time he

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was quite able to travel down to the beach and feast on the tender lily-pads and arrow-head leaves that grew in the shallow water, within easy reach from fallen and half-submerged tree-trunks.

One June day, as he and his mother were fishing for lily-pads, each of them out on the end of a big log, a boy came down the steep bank that rose almost from the water's edge. He was a strange-looking boy, not the kind that you would enjoy meeting. His clothes were dirty and torn, and his face was in much the same condition. His hat was gone, and his hair had not seen a comb for weeks. The mosquitoes and black flies and "no-see-em's" had bitten him until his skin was covered with blotches and his eye-lids were so swollen that he could hardly see. But worst of all was his look of hunger, of utter famine and starvation. There was almost nothing left of him but skin and bones, and his clothing hung upon him as it would on a framework of sticks.

His face brightened a very little when he saw the old she-porcupine, and he picked up a heavy stick and waded out beside her log. She clacked her teeth together angrily as he approached, but he paid no attention. Then she drew herself into a ball, with her head down and her nose covered by her fore-paws. Across her back and down each side was a belt or girdle of quills, the longest and heaviest on her whole body, which could be erected at will; and now they stood as erect as young spruce-trees. Their tips were dark brown, but the rest of their length was nearly white, and looking at her from behind she seemed to have a pointed white ruffle, edged with black, tied around her body. But the boy wasn't thinking about ruffles. He gave her such a thrust with his stick that she had to grab at the log with both fore-paws to keep from being shoved into the water, and he lifted his weapon and brought it down across her unprotected nose, once, twice, three times. Then he picked her up by one foot, very gingerly, and carried her off; and that was the last that our Porcupine ever saw of his mother.

Perhaps we had best follow her up and see what finally became of her. Half a mile from the scene of the murder the boy came upon a woman and a little girl. I sha'n't try to describe them, except to say that they were even worse off than he. Perhaps you read in the papers, some years ago, about the woman and the two children who were lost for several weeks in the woods of northern Michigan.

"I've killed a porky," said the boy.

He dropped his burden on the ground, and they all stood around and looked at it. They were hungry—oh, so hungry!—but for some reason they did not seem very eager to begin. An old porcupine with her clothes on is not the most attractive of feasts, and they had no knife with which to skin the animal, no salt to season the meat, no fire to cook it, and no matches with which to start one. Rubbing two sticks together is a very good way of making a fire when you are in a book, but it doesn't work very well in the Great Tahquamenon Swamp. And yet, somehow or other—I don't know how, and I don't want to—they ate that porcupine, and it did them good. When the searchers found them, a week or two later, the woman and boy were dead, but the girl was alive, and for all I know she is living to this day.

Let us return to the Glimmerglass. The young Porcupine ought to have mourned deeply for his mother, but I grieve to say that he did nothing of the kind. I doubt if he was even very lonesome. He certainly managed very well without her, and dispensed with her much more easily than the woman and the boy and girl could have. He watched stolidly while the boy killed her and carried her off, and a little later he was eating lily-pads again.

In truth, he had some very good reasons for being satisfied with his prospects in life. He knew pretty well how to take care of himself, for that is a kind of knowledge which comes early to young porcupines. His quills would protect him from most of his enemies, perhaps from all of them. And, best of all, he need never suffer from a scarcity of food. Of all the animals in the woods, the porcupine is probably the safest from starvation, for he can eat anything, from the soft green leaves of the water-plants to the bark and the small twigs of the tallest hemlock. Summer and winter, his storehouse is always full. The young lions may lack, and suffer hunger, and seek their meat from God; but the young porky has only to climb a tree and set his teeth at work.

And, by the way, the Porcupine's front teeth were a great institution, and were quite worth talking about. They were long and yellow and sharp, and there were two in the upper jaw and two in the lower, with a wide gap on each side between them and the molars. Like a beaver's, they were formed of thin shells of hard enamel in front, backed up by softer pulp behind; and of course the

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softer parts wore away first and left the enamel projecting in sharp, chisel-like edges that could gnaw crumbs from a hickory axe-handle.

The next few months were pleasant ones, with plenty to eat, and nothing to do but keep his jaws going. By and by the leaves began to fall, and whenever the Porky walked abroad they rustled around him like a silk skirt going down the aisle of a church. A little later the beechnuts came down from the sky, and the Porky feasted on them till his short legs could hardly hold his fat little belly off the ground.

Then came the first light snow, and his feet left tracks which bore a faint resemblance to a baby's—that is, if your imagination was sufficiently vigorous. It grew deeper and deeper, and after a while he had to fairly plow his way from the hollow log to the trees where he took his meals. It was hard work, for his clumsy legs were not made for wading, and at every step he had to lift and drag himself forward, and then let his body drop while he shifted his feet. A porcupine's feet will not go of themselves, as other animals' do. They have to be picked up one at a time and lifted forward as far as they can reach—not very far, at the best, for they are situated at the ends of very short legs. It almost seems as if he could run faster if he could drop them off and leave them behind. But no matter how difficult the walk might be, there was always a good square meal at the end of it, and he pushed valiantly on till he reached his dinner-table. Sometimes he stayed in the same tree for several days at a time, quenching his thirst with snow, and sleeping in a crotch.

He was not by any means the only porcupine in the woods around the Glimmerglass, although weeks sometimes passed without his seeing any of his relatives. At other times there were from one to half a dozen porkies in the trees close by, and when they happened to feel like it they would call back

"THE BACON RIND . . . INTERESTED HIM MOST, AND HE CHEWED AND GNAWED AT IT WITH A RELISH THAT AN EPICURE MIGHT HAVE ENVIED."

The porcupine's love of salt, and in fact of anything that has been used by human beings, leads him, often at cost of his life, to visit camps, not only those that are deserted, but also those in use. Everything, even old clothes, is eaten with a relish. One animal even went so far in his fearless explorations as to smell my man's face as he lay asleep on the ground. Luckily the fellow realized the situation and refrained from striking the "hedgehog" with his hand.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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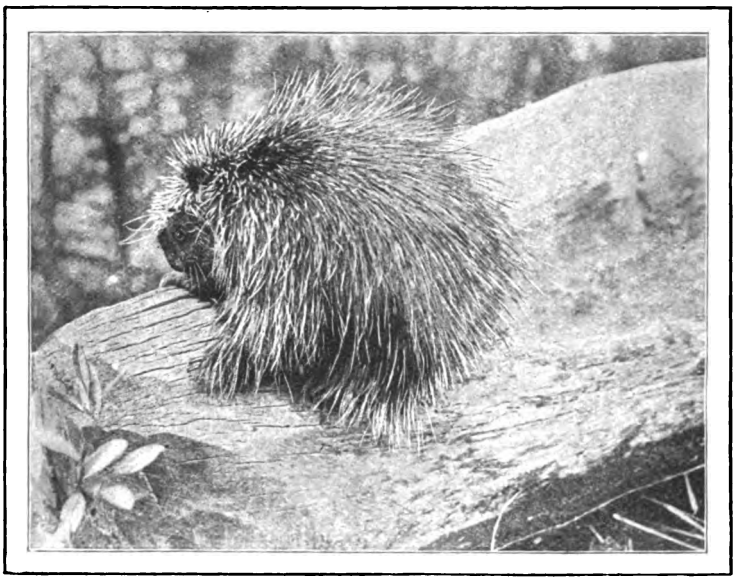

"ON THE TRUNK OF A TREE . . . HARDLY MORE THAN A FOOT FROM THE WATER."

and forth to each other in queer, harsh, and often querulous voices.

One afternoon, when he and another porcupine were occupying trees next each other, two land-lookers came along and camped for the night between them. Earlier in the day the men had crossed the trail of a pack of wolves, and they talked of it as they cut their firewood, and, with all the skill of the *voyageurs* of old, cooked their scanty supper, and made their bed of balsam boughs. The half-breed was much afraid that they would have visitors before morning, but the white man only laughed at the idea. The meal was hardly finished when they lay down between the blankets, the white man to sleep, and the half-breed to lie awake and listen, listen, listen, for the coming of the wolves. Beyond the camp-fire's little circle of ruddy light the vague shadows were moving mysteriously, as if living things were prowling about among the trees and only waiting for him to fall asleep. Yet there was no wolf-howl to be heard, nothing at all to break the dead silence of the winter night, save perhaps the causeless dropping of a dead branch, or the splitting open of a tree-trunk torn apart by the frost. And by and by, in spite of himself, the half-breed's eyelids began to droop.

But somebody else was awake—awake, and tempted with a great temptation. One of the porcupines—not ours, but the other—had caught the fragrance of coffee and frying bacon. Here were new odors, different from anything that had ever before tickled his nose, strange, but indescribably delicious. He waited till the land-lookers were snoring, and then he started down the tree. Half-way to the ground he encountered the cloud of smoke that rose from the camp-fire. Here was another new odor, but with nothing pleasant about it. It stung his nostrils and made his eyes smart, and he scrambled up again as fast as he could go, his claws and quills rattling on the bark. The half-breed woke with a start. He had heard something. He was sure he had; the wolves were coming, and he gave the white man a punch in the ribs.

"Wake up, wake up, m'shoor!" he whispered excitedly. "The wolves are coming. I can hear them on the snow."

The white man was up in a twinkling, but by that time the porcupine had settled himself in a crotch out of reach of the smoke, and the woods were silent again. The two men listened with all their ears, but there was not a sound to be heard.

"You must have been dreaming, Louis."

The half-breed insisted that he had really heard the patter of the wolves' feet on the snow-crust, but the timber-cruiser laughed at him and lay down to sleep again. An hour later the performance was repeated, and this time the white man was angry.

"Don't you wake me up again, Louis. You're so rattled you don't know what you're doing."

Louis was silenced, but not convinced, and

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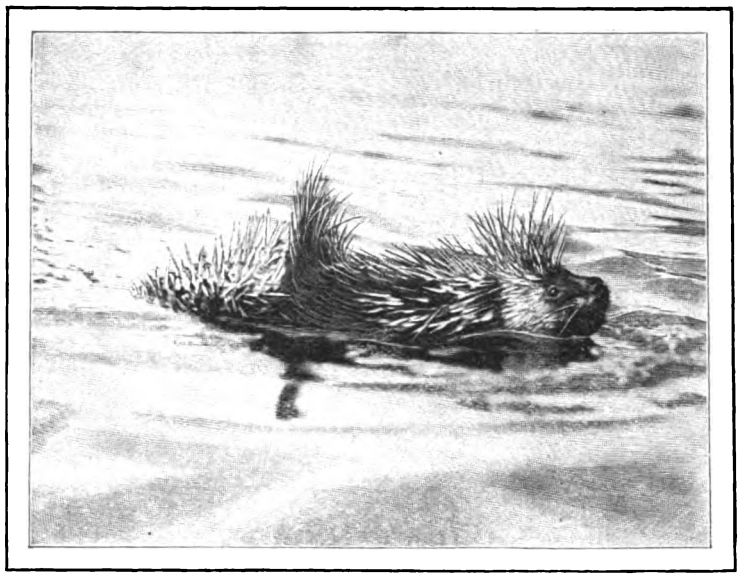

"HE RAPIDLY MADE HIS WAY TO THE BEACH."

Only when forced to it does the porcupine take to the water, and then only with an expression of utter disgust. In the above photograph the characteristic swimming position is correctly shown. The tail being very heavy, sinks, and cannot of course be seen in the picture. The tuft of hair on the back and the quills are elevated just as when the animal fears attack.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

now he did not let himself go to sleep. The fire was dying down, and little by little the smoke-cloud grew thinner and thinner until it disappeared entirely. Then the half-breed heard the same sound again, and his wide-awake ears told him that it came from the tree overhead, and not from across the snow. He waited and watched, and presently a dark brown animal, two or three feet in length, and about the shape of an egg, came scrambling cautiously down the trunk. The visitor reached the ground in safety, and searched among the tin plates and the knives and forks until he found a piece of bacon rind; but he got just one taste of the tidbit for which he was giving his life, and then Louis hit him on the head with a club. Next morning the land-lookers had porcupine soup for breakfast, and they afterward told me that it was very good indeed.

Our Porky had seen it all. He waited till the men had tramped away through the woods, with their packs on their shoulders and their snow-shoes on their feet, and then he too came down from his tree on a tour of investigation. His friend's skin lay on the snow not very far away, but he paid no attention to it. The bacon rind was what interested him most, and he chewed and gnawed at it with a relish that an epicure might have envied. It was the first time in all his gluttonous little life that he had ever tasted salt or the flavor of wood-smoke; and neither lily-pads, nor beechnuts, nor berries, nor anything else in all the woods, could compare with it. Life was worth living, if only for this one meal; and, perhaps—I don't say positively, but perhaps—he stowed a dim memory of it away in some dark corner of his brain, and hoped that fortune would some day be good to him and send him another bacon rind.

The long, long winter dragged slowly onward, the snow piled up higher and deeper, and the cold grew sharper and keener. Night after night the pitiless stars seemed sucking every last bit of warmth out of the old earth, and leaving it cold and dead forever. And famine, too, came stalking through the woods. The buck and the doe had to live on hemlock twigs till they grew thin and poor, and their flesh came to have the flavor of resin. The partridges, huddled together to keep warm during some driving storm, were buried in a drift; the hard, icy crust closed over them, and they starved to death. The lynxes and the wild cats hunted and hunted, and hunted, and found no prey; and it was well for the bears and the woodchucks that they could sleep all winter and did not need food. Only the Porcupine had plenty and to spare. Starvation had no terrors for him.

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"HIGH UP IN THE TOP OF A TALL TREE."

During the month of May (perhaps also at other times), the porcupines are heard at night and during the early hours of the morning calling to each other from the trees. The note is a very peculiar harsh low squeak or grunt, and from what I could observe is used not only as a call to mates but to offspring. One old mother, I noticed, called repeatedly to her partly grown youngster that had climbed into an adjoining tree.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

Yet the hunger of another may seem danger for us, as the Porcupine discovered. In ordinary times most of the animals let him severely alone. They knew better than to attack such a living pin-cushion as he; or, if they did try it, one touch was generally enough. But when you are ready to perish with hunger you will take risks which at other times you would not even think about, and so it happened that one afternoon a fierce-looking animal, with dark fur, bushy tail, and pointed nose, sprang at the Porcupine from behind a tree and tried to catch him by the throat, where there were no quills; nothing but soft, warm fur. The Porky promptly made himself into a prickly ball, very much as his mother had done seven or eight months before, his head to the ground and his fore-paws clasped over his face; but the sharp little nose dug into the snow and wriggled its way nearer and nearer to where the jugular vein was waiting to be tapped. The fisher must have understood his business, for he had chosen the one and only way by which a porcupine may be successfully attacked. Another inch and he would have won the game, but he was in such a hurry that he grew careless and reckless, and did not notice that he had wheeled part way round, and that his hind quarters were alongside the Porcupine's.

Now, sluggish and slow though a porcupine may be, there is one of his members that is as quick as a steel trap, and that is his tail. Something hit the fisher a whack on his flank, and he gave a cry of pain and fury, and jumped back with half a dozen spears sticking in his flesh. He must have been so badly rattled that he did not know what he was doing, for before he knew it his face also had come within range of that terrible tail and its quick, vicious jerks. That ended the battle, and he fled away across the snow, almost mad with the agony in his nose, his eyes, his forehead, and his left flank.

The bay lynx fared still worse, for he did not know the very first thing about the proper way to hunt porcupines. He ought not to have tried it at all, but he was literally starving, and the temptation was too much for him. Here was something alive, something that had warm red blood in its veins and a good thick layer of flesh over its bones, and that was too slow to get away from him; and so he sailed right in, tooth and claw, regardless of the consequences. The next second he had forgot all about the Porcupine, his own hunger, and everthing else but the terrible pain in his face and his forepaws. He made the woods fairly ring with his howls, and he jumped up and down on the snow-crust, rubbing his head with his paws, and driving the little barbed spears deeper and deeper into the flesh. And then, all of a sudden, he ceased his leaping and bounding and howling, and dropped on the snow in a limp, lifeless heap, dead as last summer's

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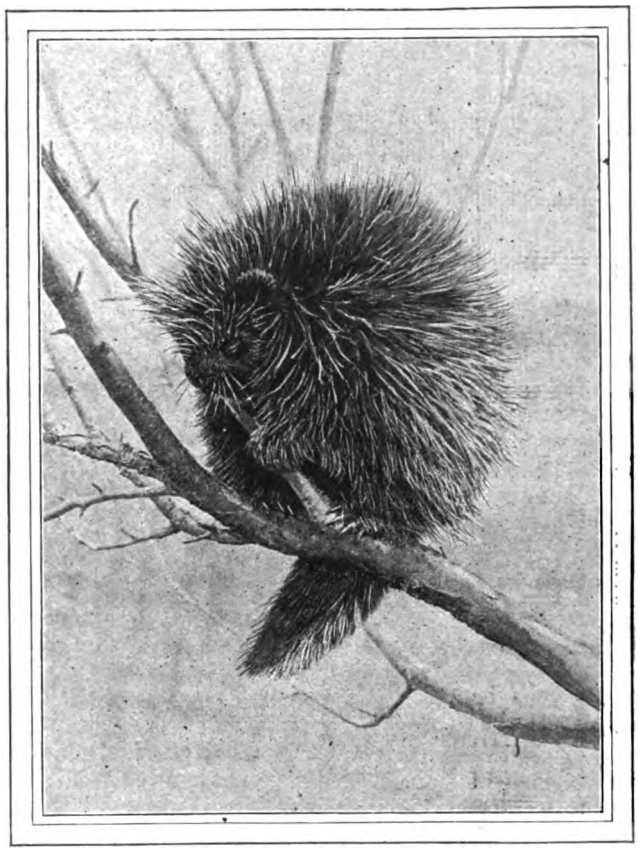
lily-pads. One of the quills had driven straight through his left eye and into his brain. Was it any wonder if the Porcupine came to think himself invulnerable?

Even a northern Michigan winter has its ending, and at last there came an evening when all the porcupines in the woods around the Glimmerglass were calling to each other, from one tree to another. They couldn't help it. There was something in the air that stirred even their sluggish blood to a vague restlessness and uneasiness, and our own particular Porky sat up in the top of a tall hemlock and sang. Not like Jenny Lind, nor yet like a thrush or a bluebird; but his harsh voice went squealing up and down the scale in a way that was all his own, without time or rhythm or melody, in the wildest, strangest music that ever woke the silent woods. I don't believe that he himself quite knew what he meant or why he did it. Certainly no one else could have told, unless it was some wandering Indian or trapper who may have heard the queer voices and prophesied that a thaw was coming.



ASLEEP.

All the porcupines observed during my trip in the woods slept thus on the branch of a tree, with their weight resting on the hind feet, while the fore feet clasped a higher part of the branch. One I noticed sat on a branch while his fore feet held on to a branch of an adjoining tree. The animal remained in this position during the entire morning, stretching and contracting as the two trees swayed back and forth in the wind.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

The thaw arrived next day, and it proved to be the beginning of spring. The summer followed as fast as it could, and again the lily-pads were green and succulent in the shallow water along the edge of the Glimmerglass, and again the Porcupine wandered down to the beach to feed upon them, discarding for a time his winter diet of bark and twigs. Why should one live on rye bread when one can have cake and ice-cream?

And there among the bulrushes, one bright June morning, he had a fight with one of his own kind. Just as he was approaching his favorite log, two other porcupines appeared, coming from different directions, one a male and the other a female. They all scrambled out upon the log, one after another, but it soon became evident that three was a crowd. Our Porky and the other bachelor could not agree at all. They both wanted the same place and the same lily-pads, and in a little while they were pushing and shoving and growling and snarling with all their might; each doing his best to drive the other off the log and into the water. They did not bite—perhaps they had agreed that teeth like theirs were too cruel to be used in civilized warfare—but they struggled and chattered and swore at each other, and made all sorts of queer noises while they fought their funny little battle. It did not last long. Our Porky was the stronger, and his rival was driven backward little by little till he lost his hold completely and slipped into the lake. He came to the surface at once, and quickly swam to the shore, where he chattered angrily for a few minutes, and then, like the sensible bachelor that he was, wandered off up the beach in search of other worlds more easily conquered. There was peace on our Porky's log, and the lily-pads

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"PORKY . . . DETERMINED TO GO AFT AND GET ACQUAINTED."

Any one who has tried to handle porcupines has noticed their remarkable tenacity of purpose. It seems almost impossible to change their course. If thwarted, they will lower their head and push on blindly. The more you obstruct their passage the more determined are they on it.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

that grew beside it had never been as fresh and juicy as they were that morning.

Two months later, on a hot August afternoon, I was paddling along the edge of the Glimmerglass in company with a friend of mine, each of us in a small dug-out canoe, when we found the Porky asleep in the sunshine. He was lying on the nearly horizontal trunk of a tree whose roots had been undermined by the waves till it leaned far out over the lake, hardly more than a foot from the water.

My friend, by the way, is the foreman of a lumber camp. He has served in the British army, has hunted whales off the coast of Greenland, married a wife in Grand Rapids, and run a street-car in Chicago; and now he is snaking logs out of the Michigan woods. He is quite a chunk of a man, tall and decidedly well set up, and it would take a pretty good prize-fighter to whip him; but one must remember that a porcupine at close quarters is worse than a trained pugilist.

"Look at that Porky," he called to me. "I'm going to run my canoe against the tree and knock him off into the water. Just you watch and you'll see some fun."

I was somewhat uncertain whether the joke would ultimately be on the Porcupine or the man, but it was pretty sure to be a joke worth seeing, one way or the other, so I laid my paddle down and awaited developments. Bang! went the nose of the dug-out against the tree, and the Porcupine dropped, but not into the water. He landed in the bow of the canoe, and the horrified look on my friend's face was a delight to see. The Porky was wide awake by this time, for I could hear his teeth clacking as he advanced to the attack.

"Great Scott! He's coming straight at me!"

The Porcupine was certainly game. I saw the paddle rise in the air and come down with a tremendous whack, but it seemed to have little effect. The animal's coat of quills and bristles and fur was so thick that a blow on the back did not trouble him much. If my friend could have struck him across the nose it would have ended the matter then and there, but the canoe was too narrow and its sides too high for a crosswise stroke. He tried thrusting, but that was no better. When a good-sized porcupine has really made up his mind to go somewhere, it takes more than a punch with the end of a stick to stop him; and this porky had fully determined to go aft and get acquainted with the foreman. My friend couldn't even kick, for he was kneeling on the bottom of the dug-out, and his feet were behind him. If he tried to stand up he would probably capsize.

"Say, Hulbert, what am I going to do?"

I didn't give him any advice, for my sympathies were largely with the Porcupine. Besides, I hadn't any advice to give, and I am not sure that I could have spoken if I had tried. Just then the canoe drifted

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around so that I could look into it; and I beheld the Porcupine bearing down on my helpless friend like Birnam Wood on its way to Dunsinane, his ruffle of quills erect, fire in his little black eyes, and a thirst for vengeance in his whole aspect. My friend made one or two final and ineffectual jabs at him, and then gave up.

"It's no use," he called, "I'll have to tip over"; and the next second the canoe was upside down and both belligerents were in the water. The Porcupine floated high—I suppose his hollow quills helped to keep him up—and he proved a much better swimmer than I had expected, for he quickly made his way to the beach and disappeared in the woods, still chattering disrespectfully. My friend waded ashore, righted his canoe, and we resumed our journey. I don't think I'll tell you what he said. He got over it after a while, and in the end he probably enjoyed his joke more than if it had turned out as he had intended.

The summer followed the winter into the past, and the Moon of Falling Leaves came round again. The Porcupine was not alone. Another Porky was with him, and the two seemed very good friends. In fact, his companion was the same lady porcupine who had stood by while he fought the battle of the log and the lily-pads, though I do not suppose that they had been keeping company all those months, and I am by no means certain that they remembered that eventful morning. Let us hope that they did, for the sake of the story. Who knows how much or how little of love was stirring the slow currents of their sluggish natures—of the love that keeps the buck beside the doe in the hour of danger, and that binds the dove or the eagle to his mate? Not much, perhaps; yet they climbed the same tree, ate from the same branch, and drank at the same spring; and the next April there was another arrival in the old hollow log—twins, this time, and both of them alive.

But the Porcupine never saw his children, for a wandering fit seized him, and he left the Glimmerglass before they were born. Two or three miles away was a little clearing where a mossback lived; and one night, as that mossback lay half asleep, he heard something that said "*chew-chew-chew-chew-chew-chew-chew,*" about as fast as a locomotive that has its train fairly moving and is just beginning to get up speed. Suddenly the sound stopped short, and after a pause of a few seconds it began again at exactly the same speed, stopped again, and began a third time. And so it kept on, *chewing* and pausing, *chewing* and pausing, with always just so many *chews* to the second, and just so many seconds to each rest. The mossback was wide awake now, and he muttered something about "another of those pesky porcupines." He had killed the last one that had come around the house, and had wanted his wife to cook it for dinner and see how it tasted, but she wouldn't. She said that the very sight of it was enough for her, and more than enough; and that it was all she could do to eat pork and potatoes after looking at it.

He turned over and tried to go to sleep again, but without success. That steady "*chew-chew-chew*" was enough to keep a woodchuck awake, and at last he got up and went to the door. The moonlight on the snow was almost as bright as day, and there was the Porcupine, leaning against the side of the barn and busily rasping the wood from around the head of a rusty nail. The mossback threw a stick of stove-wood at him, and he lumbered clumsily away across the snow. Twenty minutes later he was back again, and this time he marched straight into the open shed at the back of the house and began operations on a washtub, whose mingled flavor of soap and humanity was quite irresistible. Again the mossback appeared in the doorway, shivering a little in his night-shirt.

The Porcupine was at the foot of the steps. He had stopped *chewing* when the door opened, and now he lifted his forepaws and sat half-erect, his yellow teeth showing between his parted lips, and his little eyes staring at the lamp which the mossback carried. The quills slanted backward from all around his diminutive face, and even from between his eyes—short at first, but growing longer toward his shoulders and back. Long whitish bristles mingled with them, and he made the mossback think of a little old, old man, with hair that was grizzly gray, and a face that wore a look half stupid and half sad and wistful. He was not yet two years of age, but I believe a porcupine is born old. Some of the Indians say that he is ashamed of his homeliness, and that that is the reason why, by day, he walks so slowly, with hanging head and downcast eyes; but at night, they say, when the friendly darkness hides his ugliness, he lifts his head and runs like a dog.

In spite of the hour and the cheering influence of the washtub, our Porky seemed even more low-spirited than usual. Perhaps

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the lamp-light had suddenly reminded him of his personal appearance. At any rate, he looked so lonesome and forlorn that the mossback felt a little thrill of pity for him, and decided not to kill him, after all, but to drive him away again. He started down the steps with his lamp in one hand and a stick of wood in the other, and then—he never knew quite how it happened—but in some way or other he stumbled and fell. Never in all his life, not even when his wildest nightmare came and sat upon him in the wee small hours, had he ever come quite as near screaming out in his terror as he did at that moment. He thought he was going to sit down on the Porcupine. Fortunately for both of them, and especially for the man, he missed him by barely half an inch, and the Porky scuttled away as fast as his legs could carry him, thoroughly frightened for once.

Yet in spite of his scare he hung around the edges of the clearing for several months, and enjoyed many a meal such as seldom falls to the lot of the average porky. Once he found a bacon rind among some scraps that the mossback's wife had thrown away. Later on he invaded the sugar-bush by night, gnawing deep notches in the edges of the sap-buckets and barrels, and helping himself to the syrup in the big boiling-pan. Life was not all feasting, however. There was a dog who attacked him two or three times, but who finally learned to keep away and mind his own business. Once, when he had ventured a little too close to the house, and was making an unusual racket with his teeth, the mossback came to the door and fired a shot-gun at him, cutting off several of his quills. And still another night, late in the spring, when he was prowling around the barn, a bull calf came and smelled him. Next morning the mossback and his boys threw that calf down on the ground and tied his feet to a stump, and then three of them sat on him while the fourth pulled the quills from his nose with a pair of pincers. You should have heard him grunt.

Then came the greatest adventure of all. A railway crossed one edge of the clearing, and beside it was a small platform on which supplies for the lumbermen were sometimes unloaded from the trains. Brine and molasses and various other delectable things had leaked out upon the platform from barrels and kegs and boxes, and the Porcupine discovered that its planks were very nicely seasoned and flavored. He visited it once too often, for one summer evening, as he was gnawing away at the site of an ancient puddle of molasses, the accommodation train rolled in and came to a halt. He tried to hide behind a stump, but the trainmen caught sight of him, and before he knew it they had shoved him into an empty box and hoisted him into the baggage-car. They turned him loose among the passengers on the station platform at Sault Ste. Marie, and his arrival created a sensation.

When the first excitement had subsided, all the girls in the crowd declared that they wanted porcupine quills for souvenirs, and all the young men set to work to procure them, hoping to distinguish themselves by proving their superiority in strength and courage over this poor, little, twenty-pound beast just out of the woods. Most of them succeeded in getting some quills, and also in acquiring some painful experience, especially the one who attempted to lift the Porcupine by the tail, and who learned that that interesting member is the very hottest and liveliest portion of the animal's anatomy. They finally discovered that the proper way to get quills from a live porcupine is to hit him with a piece of board. The sharp points penetrate the wood and stick there, the other ends come loose from his skin, and there you have them. The Porky lost most of his armor that day, and it was a good thing for him that departed quills, like clipped hair, will renew themselves in the course of time.

One of the brakemen carried him home, and he spent the next few months in the enjoyment of city life. Whether he found much pleasure in it is perhaps a question, but I am rather inclined to think that he did. He had plenty to eat, and he learned that apples are very good indeed, and that the best way to partake of them is to sit up on your haunches and hold them between your forepaws. He also learned that men are not always to be regarded as enemies, for his owner and his owner's children were good to him and soon won his confidence. But, after all, the city was not home, and the woods were, and so he employed some of his spare time in gnawing a hole through the wall in a dark corner of the shed where he was confined, and one night he scrambled out and hid himself in an empty barn. A day or two later he was in the forest again.

The remaining years of his life were spent on the bank of St. Mary's River, and for the most part they were years of quietness and contentment. He was far from his early

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home; but the bark of a birch or a maple or a hemlock is much the same on St. Mary's as by the Glimmerglass. He grew bigger and fatter as time went on, and some weeks before he died he must have weighed thirty or forty pounds.

Once in a while there was a little dash of excitement to keep life from becoming too monotonous—if too much monotony is possible in a porcupine's existence. One night he scrambled up the steps of a little summer cottage close to the edge of the river; and, finding the door unlatched, he pushed it open and walked in. A girl in the next room heard him tramping around, and she got up and struck a light. It so happened that the Porcupine himself was the only gentleman in the house, and his reception was a remarkable one, to say the least, for his hostesses stood around on chairs and the tops of washstands, and bombarded him with curling-irons, poked feebly with bed-slats, and shrieked with laughter till the farmers over on the Canadian shore turned in their beds and wondered what could be happening on Uncle Sam's side of the river. The worst of it was that in his travels around the room he had come up behind the door and pushed it shut; and it was some time before even the red-haired girl could muster up sufficient courage to come down from her perch and open it again.

At another time an Indian robbed him of the longest and best of his quills—nearly five inches in length, some of them—and carried them off to be used in making ornaments for birch-bark baskets. And on still another occasion he narrowly escaped death at the hands of an irate canoeman, in the side of whose Rob Roy he had gnawed a great hole.

The end came at last, and it was the saddest, hardest, strangest fate that can ever come to a wild creature of the woods. He—who had never known hunger in all his life, who was almost the only animal in the forest who had never looked famine in the eye, whose table was spread with good things from January to December, and whose storehouse was full from Lake Huron to the Pictured Rocks—he, of all others, was condemned to die of starvation in the midst of plenty. The Ancient Mariner, with water all around and not a drop to drink, was no worse off than our Porcupine; and the Mariner finally escaped, but the Porky didn't.

One of the summer tourists who wandered up into the north woods that year had carried with him a little rifle, more of a toy than a weapon, a thing that a sportsman would hardly have condescended to laugh at. And one afternoon, by ill luck, he caught sight of the Porcupine high up in the top of a tall tree. It was his first chance at a genuine wild beast, and he fired away all his cartridges as fast as he could load them into his gun. He thought that every shot missed, and he was much ashamed of his marksmanship, but—he was mistaken. The very last bullet broke one of the Porcupine's lower front teeth, and oh, how it hurt! It jarred him to the very end of his tail, his head felt as if it was being smashed to bits, and for a minute or two the strength all went out of him, and if he had not been lying in a safe, comfortable crotch he would have fallen to the ground.

The pain and the shock passed away after a while, but when supper-time came—and it was almost always supper-time with the Porcupine—his left lower incisor was missing. The right one was uninjured, however, and for a little while he got on very well, merely having to spend a little more time than usual over his meals. But that was only the beginning of trouble. The stump of the broken tooth was still there and still growing, and it was soon as long as ever, but in the meantime its fellow in the upper jaw had grown beyond its normal length, and the two did not meet properly. Instead of growing together edge to edge, as they should have done, each wearing the other down and keeping its growth in check, each one now pushed the other aside, and still they kept on growing, growing, growing. Worst of all, in a short time they had begun to crowd his jaws apart so that he could hardly use his right-hand teeth, and they, too, were soon out of shape. The evil days had come, and the sound of the grinding was low. Little by little his mouth was forced open wider and wider, and the food that passed his lips grew less and less. His teeth, that had all his life been his best tools and most faithful servants, had turned against him in his old age, and were killing him by inches. Let us not linger over those days.

He was spared the very last and worst pangs; for that, at least, we may be thankful. On the last day of his life he sat under a beech-tree, weak and weary and faint. He could not remember when he had eaten. His coat of hair and quills was as thick and bushy as ever, and outwardly he had hardly

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changed at all, but under his skin there was little left but bones. And as he sat there and wished that he was dead—if such a wish can ever come to a wild animal—the Angel of Mercy came by in the shape of a man with a revolver in his pistol-pocket. And the man liked to kill things.

"A porky!" he said. "Guess I'll shoot him, just for fun."

The Porcupine saw him coming, and knew the danger; and for a moment the old love of life came back as strong as ever, and he gathered his feeble strength for one last effort, and started up the tree. He was perhaps six feet from the ground when the first report came.

"*Bang! bang! bang! bang!*" four shots, as fast as a self-cocking revolver could pour the lead into his body. The Porky stopped climbing. For an instant he hung motionless on the side of the tree, and then his forepaws let go and he swayed backward and fell to the ground. And that was the end of the Porcupine.

GRIT OF WOMEN.

By Jack London.

A WOLFISH head, wistful-eyed and frost-rimed, thrust aside the tent-flaps.

"Hi! Chook! Siwash! Chook, you limb of Satan!" chorused the protesting inmates.

Bettles rapped the dog sharply with a tin plate, and it withdrew hastily. Louis Savoy refastened the flaps, kicked a frying-pan over against the bottom, and warmed his hands. It was very cold without. Forty-eight hours gone, the spirit thermometer had burst at sixty-eight below, and since that time it had grown steadily and bitterly colder. There was no telling when the snap would end. And it is poor policy, unless the gods will it, to venture far from a stove at such times, or to increase the quantity of cold atmosphere one must breathe. Men sometimes do it, and sometimes they chill their lungs. This leads up to a dry, hacking cough, noticeably irritable when bacon is being fried. After that, somewhere along in the spring or summer, a hole is burned in the frozen muck. Into this a man's carcass is dumped, covered over with moss, and left with the assurance that it will rise on the crack of Doom, wholly and frigidly intact. For those of little faith, skeptical of material integration on that fateful day, no fitter country than the Klondike can be recommended to die in. But it is not to be inferred from this that it is a fit country for living purposes.

It was very cold without, but it was not over-warm within. The only article which might be designated furniture was the stove, and for this the men were frank in displaying their preference. Upon half of the floor pine boughs had been cast; above this were spread the sleeping-furs, beneath lay the winter's snowfall. The remainder of the floor was moccasin-packed snow, littered with pots and pans and the general *impedimenta* of an Arctic camp. The stove was red and roaring hot, but only a bare three feet away lay a block of ice, as sharp-edged and dry as when first quarried from the creek bottom. The pressure of the outside cold forced the inner heat upward. Just above the stove, where the pipe penetrated the roof, was a tiny circle of dry canvas; next, with the pipe always as center, a circle of steaming canvas; next a damp and moisture-exuding ring; and finally, the rest of the tent, sidewalls and top, coated with a half-inch of dry, white, crystal-encrusted frost.

"*Oh!* Oh! OH!" A young fellow, lying asleep in the furs, bearded and wan and weary, raised a moan of pain, and without waking, increased the pitch and intensity of his anguish. His body half-lifted from the blankets, and quivered and shrank spasmodically, as though drawing away from a bed of nettles.

"Roll 'm over!" ordered Bettles. "He's crampin'."

And thereat, with pitiless altruism, he was pitched upon and rolled and thumped and pounded by half a dozen willing comrades.

"D—n the trail," he muttered softly, as he threw off the robes and sat up. "I've run across country, played quarter three seasons hand-running, and hardened myself in all manner of ways; and then I pilgrim it into this God-forsaken land and find myself an effeminate Athenian without the simplest rudiments of manhood!" He hunched up to the fire and rolled a cigarette. "Oh,

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I'm not whining. I can take my medicine all right, all right; but I'm just decently ashamed of myself, that's all. Here I am, on top of a dirty thirty miles, as knocked up and stiff and sore as a pink-tea degenerate after a five-mile walk on a country turnpike. Bah! It makes me sick! Got a match?"

"Don't git the tantrums, youngster." Bettles passed over the required fire-stick and waxed patriarchal. "Ye've gotter 'low some for the breakin'-in. Sufferin' cracky! don't I recollect the first time I hit the trail! Stiff? I've seen the time it'd take me ten minutes to git my mouth from the water-hole an' come to my feet—every jint crackin' an' kickin' fit to kill. Cramp? In sech knots it'd take the camp half a day to untangle me. You're all right, for a cub, an' ye've the true sperrit. Come this day year, you'll walk all us old bucks into the ground any time. An' best in your favor, you hain't got that streak of fat in your make-up which has sent many a husky man to the bosom of Abraham afore his right and proper time."

"Streak of fat?"

"Yep. Comes along of bulk. 'Tain't the big men as is the best when it comes to the trail."

"Never heard of it."

"Never heered of it, eh? Well, it's a dead straight, open-an'-shut fact, an' no gittin' round. Bulk's all well enough for a mighty big effort, but 'thout stayin' powers it ain't worth a continental whoop; an' stayin' powers an' bulk ain't runnin' mates. Takes the small, wiry fellows when it comes to gittin' right down an' hangin' on like a lean-jowled dog to a bone. Why, hell's fire, the big men they ain't in it!"

"By gar!" broke in Louis Savoy, "dat is no, vot you call, josh! I know one mans, so vaire beeg like ze buffalo, but no fat 'tall. Wit him, on ze Sulphur Creek stampede, go one small mans, Lon McFane. You know dat Lon McFane, dat leetle Irisher wit ze red hair and ze grin. An' dey walk an' walk an' walk, all ze day long an' ze night long. And beeg mans, him become vaire tired, an' lay down mooch in ze snow. And leetle mans keek beeg mans, an' him cry like, vot you call—ah! vot you call ze kid. And leetle mans keek an' keek an' keek, an' bime by, long time, long way, keek beeg mans into my cabin. Tree days 'fore him crawl out my blankets. Nevaire I see beeg squaw like him. No nevaire. Him haf vot you call ze streak of fat. You bet."

"But there was Axel Gunderson," Prince spoke up. The great Scandinavian, with the tragic events which shadowed his passing, had made a deep mark on the mining engineer. "He lies up there, somewhere." He swept his hand in the vague direction of the mysterious east.

"Biggest man that ever turned his heels to Salt Water or run a moose down with sheer grit," supplemented Bettles; "but he's the prove-the-rule exception. Look at his woman, Unga—tip the scales at a hundred an' ten, clean meat an' nary ounce to spare. She'd bank grit 'gainst his for all there was in him, an' see him, an' go him better if it was possible. Nothing over the earth, or in it, or under it, she wouldn't 'a' done."

"But she loved him," objected the engineer.

"'Tain't that. It——"

"Look you, brothers," broke in Sitka Charley from his seat on the grub-box. "Ye have spoken of the streak of fat that runs in big men's muscles, of the grit of women and the love, and ye have spoken fair; but I have in mind things which happened when the land was young and the fires of men apart as the stars. It was then I had concern with a big man, and a streak of fat, and a woman. And the woman was small; but her heart was greater than the beef-heart of the man, and she had grit. And we traveled a weary trail, even to the Salt Water, and the cold was bitter, the snow deep, the hunger great. And the woman's love was a mighty love—no more can man say than this."

He paused, and with the hatchet broke pieces of ice from the the large chunk beside him. These he threw into the gold pan on the stove, where the drinking-water thawed. The men drew up closer, and he of the cramps sought greater comfort vainly for his stiffened body.

"Brothers, my blood is red with Siwash, but my heart is white. To the faults of my fathers I owe the one, to the virtues of my friends the other. A great truth came to me when I was yet a boy. I learned that to your kind and you was given the earth; that the Siwash could not withstand you, and like the caribou and the bear, must perish in the cold. So I came into the warm and sat among you, by your fires, and behold, I became one of you. I have seen much in my time. I have known strange things, and bucked big, on big trails, with men of many breeds. And because of these things, I measure deeds after your manner, and judge men, and think thoughts. Where-

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fore, when I speak harshly of one of your own kind, I know you will not take it amiss; and when I speak high of one of my father's people, you will not take it upon you to say, 'Sitka Charley is Siwash, and there is a crooked light in his eyes and small honor to his tongue.' Is it not so?"

Deep down in throat, the circle vouchsafed its assent.

"The woman was Passuk. I got her in fair trade from her people, who were of the Coast and whose Chilcat totem stood at the head of a salt arm of the sea. My heart did not go out to the woman, nor did I take stock of her looks. For she scarce took her eyes from the ground, and she was timid and afraid, as girls will be when cast into a stranger's arms whom they have never seen before. As I say, there was no place in my heart for her to creep, for I had a great journey in mind, and stood in need of one to feed my dogs and to lift a paddle with me through the long river days. One blanket would cover the twain; so I chose Passuk.

"Have I not said I was a servant to the Government? If not, it is well that ye know. So I was taken on a warship, sleds and dogs and evaporated foods, and with me came Passuk. And we went north, to the winter ice-rim of Bering Sea, where we were landed—myself, and Passuk, and the dogs. I was also given moneys of the Government, for I was its servant, and charts of lands which the eyes of man had never dwelt upon, and messages. These messages were sealed, and protected shrewdly from the weather, and I was to deliver them to the whale-ships of the Arctic, ice-bound by the great Mackenzie. Never was there so great a river, forgetting only our own Yukon, the Mother of all Rivers.

"All of which is neither here nor there, for my story deals not with the whale-ships, nor the berg-bound winter I spent by the Mackenzie. Afterward, in the spring, when the days lengthened and there was a crust to the snow, we came south, Passuk and I, to the Country of the Yukon. A weary journey, but the sun pointed out the way of our feet. It was a naked land, then, as I have said, and we worked up the current, with pole and paddle, till we came to Forty Mile. Good it was to see white faces once again, so we put into the bank. And that winter was a hard winter. The darkness and the cold drew down upon us, and with them the famine. To each man the agent of the Company gave forty pounds of flour and twenty of bacon. There were no beans. And the dogs howled always, and there were flat bellies and deep-lined faces, and strong men became weak, and weak men died. There was also much scurvy.

"Then came we together in the store one night, and the empty shelves made us feel our own emptiness the more. We talked low, by the light of the fire, for the candles had been set aside for those who might yet gasp in the spring. Discussion was held, and it was said that a man must go forth to the Salt Water and tell to the world our misery. At this all eyes turned to me, for it was understood that I was a great traveler. 'It is 700 miles,' said I, 'to Haines Mission by the sea, and every inch of it snowshoe work. Give me the pick of your dogs and the best of your grub, and I will go. And with me shall go Passuk.'

"To this they were agreed. But there arose one, Long Jeff, a Yankee-man, big-boned and big-muscled. Also his talk was big. He, too, was a mighty traveler, he said, born to the snowshoe and bred up on buffalo milk. He would go with me, in case I fell by the trail, that he might carry the word on to the Mission. I was young, and I knew not Yankee-men. How was I to know that big talk betokened the streak of fat, or that Yankee-men who did great things kept their teeth together? So we took the pick of the dogs and the best of the grub, and struck the trail, we three—Passuk, Long Jeff, and I.

"Well, ye have broken virgin snow, labored at the gee-pole, and are not unused to the packed river-jams; so I will talk little of the toil, save that on some days we made ten miles, and on others thirty, but more often ten. And the best of the grub was not good, while we went on stint from the start. Likewise the pick of the dogs was poor, and we were hard put to keep them on their legs. At the White River our three sleds became two sleds, and we had only come 200 miles. But we lost nothing; the dogs that left the traces went into the bellies of those that remained.

"Not a greeting, not a curl of smoke, till we made Pelly. Here I had counted on grub; and here I had counted on leaving Long Jeff, who was whining and trail-sore. But the factor's lungs were wheezing, his eyes bright, his cache nigh empty; and he showed us the empty cache of the missionary, also his grave with the rocks piled high to keep off the dogs. There was a bunch of Indians there, but babies and old men there

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were none, and it was clear that few would see the spring.

"So we pulled on, light-stomached and heavy-hearted, with half a thousand miles of snow and silence between us and Haines Mission by the sea. The darkness was at its worst, and at mid-day the sun could not clear the sky-line to the south. But the ice-jams were smaller, the going better; so I pushed the dogs hard and traveled late and early. As I said at Forty Mile, every inch of it was snowshoe work. And the shoes made great sores on our feet, which cracked and scabbed but would not heal. And every day these sores grew more grievous, till in the morning, when we girded on the shoes, Long Jeff cried like a child. I put him at the fore of the light sled to break trail, but he slipped off the shoes for comfort. Because of this the trail was not packed, his moccasins made great holes, and into these holes the dogs wallowed. The bones of the dogs were ready to break through their hides, and this was not good for them. So I spoke hard words to the man, and he promised, and broke his word. Then I beat him with the dog-whip, and after that the dogs wallowed no more. He was a child, what of the pain and the streak of fat.

"But Passuk. While the man lay by the fire and wept, she cooked, and in the morning helped lash the sleds, and in the evening to unlash them. And she saved the dogs. Ever was she to the fore, lifting the webbed shoes and making the way easy. Passuk—how shall I say?—I took it for granted that she should do these things, and thought no more about it. For my mind was busy with other matters, and besides, I was young in years and knew little of woman. It was only on looking back that I came to understand.

"And the man became worthless. The dogs had little strength in them, but he stole rides on the sled when he lagged behind. Passuk said she would take the one sled, so the man had nothing to do. In the morning I gave him his fair share of grub and started him on the trail alone. Then the woman and I broke camp, packed the sleds, and harnessed the dogs. By mid-day, when the sun mocked us, we would overtake the man, with the tears frozen on his cheeks, and pass him. In the night we made camp, set aside his fair share of grub, and spread his furs. Also we made a big fire, that he might see. And hours afterward he would come limping in, and eat his grub with moans and groans, and sleep. He was not sick, this man. He was only trail-sore and tired, and weak with hunger. But Passuk and I were trail-sore and tired, and weak with hunger; and we did all the work and he did none. But he had the streak of fat of which our brother Bettles has spoken. Further, we gave the man always his fair share of grub.

"Then one day we met two ghosts journeying through the Silence. They were a man and a boy, and they were white. The ice had opened on Lake Le Barge, and through it had gone their main outfit. One blanket each carried about his shoulders. At night they built a fire and crouched over it till morning. They had a little flour. This they stirred in warm water and drank. The man showed me eight cups of flour—all they had, and Pelly, stricken with famine, 200 miles away. They said, also, that there was an Indian behind; that they had whacked fair, but that he could not keep up. I did not believe they had whacked fair, else would the Indian have kept up. But I could give them no grub. They strove to steal a dog—the fattest, which was very thin—but I shoved my pistol in their faces and told them begone. And they went away, like drunken men, through the Silence toward Pelly.

"I had three dogs now, and one sled, and the dogs were only bones and hair. When there is little wood, the fire burns low and the cabin grows cold. So with us. With little grub the frost bites sharp, and our faces were black and frozen till our own mothers would not have known us. And our feet were very sore. In the morning, when I hit the trail, I sweated to keep down the cry when the pain of the snowshoes smote me. Passuk never opened her lips, but stepped to the fore to break the way. The man howled.

"The Thirty Mile was swift, and the current ate away the ice from beneath, and there were many air-holes and cracks, and much open water. One day we came upon the man, resting, for he had gone ahead, as was his wont, in the morning. But between us was open water. This he had passed around by taking to the rim-ice where it was too narrow for a sled. So we found an ice-bridge. Passuk weighed little, and went first, with a long pole crosswise in her hands in chance she broke through. But she was light, and her shoes large, and she passed over. Then she called the dogs. But they had neither poles nor shoes, and they broke through and were swept under by the water. I held tight to the sled from behind, till the

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traces broke and the dogs went on down under the ice. There was little meat to them, but I had counted on them for a week's grub, and they were gone.

"The next morning I divided all the grub, which was little, into three portions. And I told Long Jeff that he could keep up with us, or not, as he saw fit; for we were going to travel light and fast. But he raised his voice and cried over his sore feet and his troubles, and said harsh things against comradeship. Passuk's feet were sore, and my feet were sore—ay, sorer than his, for we had worked with the dogs; also, we looked to see. Long Jeff swore he would die before he hit the trail again; so Passuk took a fur robe, and I a cooking pot and an axe, and we made ready to go. But she looked on the man's portion, and said, 'It is wrong to waste good food on a baby. He is better dead.' I shook my head and said no—that a comrade once was a comrade always. Then she spoke of the men of Forty Mile; that they were many men and good; and that they looked to me for grub in the spring. But when I still said no, she snatched the pistol from my belt, quick, and as our brother Bettles has spoken, Long Jeff went to the bosom of Abraham before his time. I chided Passuk for this; but she showed no sorrow, nor was she sorrowful. And in my heart I knew she was right."

Sitka Charley paused and threw pieces of ice into the gold pan on the stove. The men were silent, and their backs chilled to the sobbing cries of the dogs as they gave tongue to their misery in the outer cold.

"And day by day we passed in the snow the sleeping places of the two ghosts—Passuk and I—and we knew we would be glad for such ere we made Salt Water. Then we came to the Indian, like another ghost, with his face set toward Pelly. They had not whacked up fair, the man and the boy, he said, and he had had no flour for three days. Each night he boiled pieces of his moccasins in a cup, and ate them. He did not have much moccasins left. And he was a Coast Indian, and told us these things through Passuk, who talked his tongue. He was a stranger in the Yukon, and he knew not the way, but his face was set to Pelly. How far was it? Two sleeps? ten? a hundred?—he did not know, but he was going to Pelly. It was too far to turn back; he could only keep on.

"He did not ask for grub, for he could see we, too, were hard put. Passuk looked at the man, and at me, as though she were of two minds, like a mother partridge whose young are in trouble. So I turned to her and said, 'This man has been dealt unfair. Shall I give him of our grub a portion?' I saw her eyes light, as with quick pleasure; but she looked long at the man and at me, and her mouth drew close and hard, and she said, 'No. The Salt Water is afar off, and Death lies in wait. Better it is that he take this stranger man and let my man Charley pass.' So the man went away in the Silence toward Pelly. That night she wept. Never had I seen her weep before. Nor was it the smoke of the fire, for the wood was dry wood. So I marveled at her sorrow, and thought her woman's heart had grown soft at the darkness of the trail and the pain. It was not till afterward that I came to understand.

"Life is a strange thing. Much have I thought on it, and pondered long, yet daily the strangeness of it grows not less, but more. Why this longing for Life? It is a game which no man wins. To live is to toil hard, and to suffer sore, till Old Age creeps heavily upon us and we throw down our hands on the cold ashes of dead fires. It is hard to live. In pain the babe sucks his first breath, in pain the old man gasps his last, and all his days are full of trouble and sorrow; yet he goes down to the open arms of Death, stumbling, falling, with head turned backward, fighting to the last. And Death is kind. It is only Life, and the things of Life that hurt. Yet we love Life, and we hate Death. It is very strange.

"We spoke little, Passuk and I, in the days which came. In the night we lay in the snow like dead people, and in the morning we went on our way, walking like dead people. And all things were dead. There were no ptarmigan, no squirrels, no snowshoe rabbits—nothing. The river made no sound beneath its white robes. The sap was frozen in the forest. And it became cold, as now; and in the night the stars drew near and large, and leaped and danced; and in the day the sun dogs mocked us till we saw many suns, and all the air flashed and sparkled, and the snow was diamond dust. And there was no heat, no sound, only the bitter cold and the Silence. As I say, we walked like dead people, as in a dream, and we kept no count of time. Only our faces were set to Salt Water, our souls strained for Salt Water, and our feet carried us toward Salt Water. We camped by the Tahkeena, and knew it not. Our eyes looked upon the White Horse, but we saw it not.

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Our feet trod the portage of the Canyon, but they felt it not. We felt nothing. And we fell often by the way, but we fell, always, with our faces toward Salt Water.

"Our last grub went, and we had shared fair, Passuk and I, but she fell more often, and at Caribou Crossing her strength left her. And in the morning we lay beneath the one robe and did not take the trail. It was in my mind to stay there and meet Death hand-in-hand with Passuk; for I had grown old, and had learned the love of woman. Also, it was eighty miles to Haines Mission, and the great Chilcoot, far above the timber-line, reared his storm-swept head between. But Passuk spoke to me, low, with my ear against her lips that I might hear. And now, because she need not fear my anger, she spoke her heart, and told me of her love, and of many things which I did not understand.

"And she said: 'You are my man, Charley, and I have been a good woman to you. And in all the days I have made your fire, and cooked your food, and fed your dogs, and lifted paddle or broken trail, I have not complained. Nor did I say that there was more warmth in the lodge of my father, or that there was more grub on the Chilcat. When you have spoken, I have listened. When you have ordered, I have obeyed. Is it not so, Charley?'

"And I said: 'Ay, it is so.'

"And she said: 'When first you came to the Chilcat, nor looked upon me, but bought me as a man buys a dog, and took me away, my heart was hard against you and filled with bitterness and fear. But that was long ago. For you were kind to me, Charley, as a good man is kind to his dog. Your heart was cold, and there was no room for me; yet you dealt me fair and your ways were just. And I was with you when you did bold deeds and led great ventures, and I measured you against the men of other breeds, and I saw you stood among them full of honor, and your word was wise, your tongue true. And I grew proud of you, till it came that you filled all my heart, and all my thought was of you. You were as the midsummer sun, when its golden trail runs in a circle and never leaves the sky. And whatever way I cast my eyes I beheld the sun. But your heart was ever cold, Charley, and there was no room.'

"And I said: 'It is so. It was cold, and there was no room. But that is past. Now my heart is like the snowfall in the spring, when the sun has come back. There is a great thaw and a bending, a sound of running waters, and a budding and sprouting of green things. And there is drumming of partridges, and songs of robins, and great music, for the winter is broken, Passuk, and I have learned the love of woman.'

"She smiled and moved for me to draw her closer. And she said: 'I am glad.' After that she lay quiet for a long time, breathing softly, her head upon my breast. Then she whispered: 'The trail ends here, and I am tired. But first I would speak of other things. In the long ago, when I was a girl on the Chilcat, I played alone among the skin bales of my father's lodge; for the men were away on the hunt, and the women and boys were dragging in the meat. It was in the spring, and I was alone. A great brown bear, just awake from his winter's sleep, hungry, his fur hanging to the bones in flaps of leanness, shoved his head within the lodge and said, "Oof!" My brother came running back with the first sled of meat. And he fought the bear with burning sticks from the fire, and the dogs in their harnesses, with the sled behind them, fell upon the bear. There was a great battle and much noise. They rolled in the fire, the skin bales were scattered, the lodge overthrown. But in the end the bear lay dead, with the fingers of my brother in his mouth and the marks of his claws upon my brother's face. Did you mark the Indian by the Pelly trail, his mitten which had no thumb, his hand which he warmed by our fire? He was my brother. And I said he should have no grub. And he went away in the Silence without grub.'

"This, my brothers, was the love of Passuk, who died in the snow, by the Caribou Crossing. It was a mighty love, for she denied her brother for the man who led her away on weary trails to a bitter end. And, further, such was this woman's love, she denied herself. Ere her eyes closed for the last time she took my hand and slipped it under her squirrel-skin *parka* to her waist. I felt there a well-filled pouch, and learned the secret of her lost strength. Day by day we had shared fair, to the last least bit; and day by day but half her share had she eaten. The other half had gone into the well-filled pouch.

"And she said: 'This is the end of the trail for Passuk; but your trail, Charley, leads on and on, over the great Chilcoot, down to Haines Mission and the sea. And it leads on and on, by the light of many suns, over unknown lands and strange wa-

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ters, and it is full of years and honors and great glories. It leads you to the lodges of many women, and good women, but it will never lead you to a greater love than the love of Passuk.'

"And I knew the woman spoke true. But a madness came upon me, and I threw the well-filled pouch from me, and swore that my trail had reached an end, till her tired eyes grew soft with tears, and she said: 'Among men has Sitka Charley walked in honor, and ever has his word been true. Does he forget that honor now, and talk vain words by the Caribou Crossing? Does he remember no more the men of Forty Mile, who gave him of their grub the best, of their dogs the pick? Ever has Passuk been proud of her man. Let him lift himself up, gird on his snowshoes, and begone, that she may still keep her pride.'

"And when she grew cold in my arms I arose, and sought out the well-filled pouch, and girt on my snowshoes, and staggered along the trail; for there was a weakness in my knees, and my head was dizzy, and in my ears there was a roaring, and a flashing of fire upon my eyes. The forgotten trails of boyhood came back to me. I sat by the full pots of the *potlach* feast, and raised my voice in song, and danced to the chanting of the men and maidens and the booming of the walrus drums. And Passuk held my hand and walked by my side. When I laid down to sleep, she waked me. When I stumbled and fell, she raised me. When I wandered in the deep snow, she led me back to the trail. And in this wise, like a man bereft of reason, who sees strange visions and whose thoughts are light with wine, I came to Haines Mission by the sea."

Sitka Charley threw back the tent-flaps. It was mid-day. To the south, just clearing the bleak Henderson Divide, poised the cold-disked sun. On either hand the sun-dogs blazed. The air was a gossamer of glittering frost. In the foreground, beside the trail, a wolf-dog, bristling with frost, thrust a long snout heavenward and mourned.

CONDUCTOR PAT FRANCIS.

By Frank H. Spearman,

Author of "The Nerve of Foley," "The Million-Dollar Freight Train," and Other Stories.

HOW THE YELLOWSTONE EXCURSION ESCAPED ITS PURSUER.

THERE had been some talk at headquarters about our conductors. It was intimated, and freely, from the auditing department that the men of the punch were not dividing fairly with the company. To this effect the general manager wrote Bucks, superintendent of the mountain division. Bucks filed the letter away in the stove. Another communication fared no better. But there were some new people at headquarters; they had a record to make, and they proposed to write part of it on our backs. Bucks got another letter; he threw it in the stove.

Pat Barlie often and often said he recommended no man to drink whisky; he only

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recommended the whisky. I recommend no rising railroad man to burn the third letter on the same subject from his general manager; I merely recommend Bucks. He was at that time running the West End. They had tried running the West End without Bucks a while; then they had tried again running it with him. In both instances it was different.

But the next time the general manager was out in his "special," he spoke to Bucks on the subject as if the mention were a virgin touch. Bucks muttered something about the general character of the trainmen and the decent lives and habits of the passenger conductors, and finished with an incidental expression of confidence in the men; that was about all.

But the headquarters people, who were largely Boston, had ways and means all their own; and failing to interest Bucks in their hobby, they took a tack like this.

To begin with, the night was bad. A holy fright, Pat Francis called it, and Pat had seen most of the bad nights in the mountains for twenty-two years steady. It was snowing and raining and sleeting that night, all at once; and blowing—it blew the oil out of the guide-cups. From the platform of the Wickiup—nobody in the gorge would call it a depot—from the Wickiup platform at Medicine Bend, Number One seemed to roll into division that night one reeking sheet of alkali ice—soda and frost solid from lamp to lamp.

She was late, too, with a pair of the best engines that ever climbed a mountain heading her. She had lost time every mile of the way from the plains, and she was ordered west with another double-head and a pusher all the way over the Horseback. It was because there was a Yellowstone excursion aboard. The Columbian Pacific connection was on that account especially desired; and that night at twelve o'clock, mountain time, with Number One especially late into the Bend, and the track especially bad, and the pull especially heavy, it looked—that Columbian Pacific connection—especially doubtful, except over in the despatchers' offices, where they were being pounded to make it by the excursion bureau.

Bucks was down that night. There were many bad nights in the mountains, but Bucks never missed any of them by going to bed. On bad nights, Bucks, like a switchman's pipe, was always out. He—Bucks—personally appeared at the Wickiup to see that things went. The men liked him because he was always ready to do anything he asked them to do. There was an *esprit*, a *morale*—whatever you call it—and a loyalty to Bucks personally, which made our men take the chances that pay checks don't cover.

So, although the Columbian Pacific connection looked especially doubtful that night, nevertheless there was Bucks, under a slouching Stetson and an Irish frieze that caught all the water coming its way, standing at the drivers of the head engine, while Jack Moore, in leather from heel to jaw, went into the slush under her to touch up an eccentric with a reputation for cussedness in a pinch. And a minute later Bucks was walking back to figure with the out conductor, Pat Francis, how to make schedule across to Wild Hat; though, as they talked, each man knew the other was not thinking at all of how to make schedule, but thinking—though never a word out loud of it, and hell to face all the way up the gorge on top of it—of how with flesh and blood and steel to beat schedule that night and land the uncertain connection, in spite of wind and weather and the bureau's fears and the despatchers' growls.

And all this for what? To dump a hundred or two Brooklyn people into the Yellowstone twenty-four hours earlier than they otherwise would have been dumped, though without doubt they would have been just that much better off loafing twenty-four hours longer away from their newspapers and ferries and street cars. Pat Francis listened grimly. A short, stocky fellow, Pat Francis. Not fat, but firm as a Bessemer bar, and with considerably quicker play in his joints. He listened grimly, for he thought he could domino every play Bucks could make when it came to tricks for saving time on the Wild Hat run. Yet it heartened even Pat Francis, uncompromising and grim, to have his superintendent there in the storm helping cut out the work for such a particularly beastly pull.

As Bucks broke away and started for the door of the Wickiup, Morris Barker—the conductor who had just brought the train in—saluted, walking out. With his coat buttoned snug, in the comfortable insolence of a man going home, Morris stepped to the edge of the platform to exchange confidences with Pat Francis.

"Pat, there's a half-fare back in the Portland sleeper. I heard McIntyre say at McCloud that some of Alfabet Smith's men are working up here. Anyway there's a cattle-

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man in a canvas coat in the chair car, smooth face, red tie, to look out for. He got on at Harding and tried a short fare on me. I sized him up for a spotter."

"Why didn't you chuck him off?" growled Pat Francis.

"He put up after a while—and you bet that fare goes in with an embroidered report. Well, good luck, Patsy."

Pat Francis raised his lamp through the fog and rain at the engineers. Jack Moore coughed, suddenly and twice, with his hollow whistle. The hind engine saluted hoarsely; from the rear the pusher piped shrill, and Bucks in the doorway watched the panting train pull taut up the Bend into the swirling snow. And he knew as he watched that nothing worth considering would get away from Pat Francis—not a scheme nor a cut-off nor a minute nor a re-vamped coupon ticket. Pat before quitting at Benton, Pat up the gorge and over the Horseback, was pretty sure to catch everything inside the vestibules.

He swung up on the platform of the baggage-car as the train moved out, and shook the snow off his cap as he opened the door. He set his lamp on an up-ended trunk, took off his overcoat and hung it up. In the front end of the car a pack of hunting dogs yelped a dismal chorus. Old John Parker, the baggageman, was checking up a pile of trunks that rose tier on tier to the roof of the car. John Parker wore a pair of disreputable iron spectacles. His hair, scant where it wasn't extinct, tumbled about his head loose at both ends. His gray beard was a good bit stronger in the fly than in the hoist, and it blew in the wind thin as a coach whip; but old John had behind his dirty spectacles a pair of eyes just as fine as steel. Francis opened his train box and asked the baggageman why he didn't kill those dogs, and getting no answer—for John Parker was checking hard and stopped only to shift his whiskers off the clip—the conductor got out his blue pencil and his black pencil and filed them away, took up his punch and his trip checks and put them in their proper pockets, shifted his time-table from the box to still another pocket, and picked up his lantern. The head-end brakeman coming in just then with a sash puller, Francis asked him to clean up the globe.

While the brakeman fished for a piece of waste, the conductor moved his wet overcoat a peg nearer the stove and spread it out better, and listened to a wild rumor old John Parker had picked up about Number One's being turned into a strictly 'limited" and carrying a "diner" west of Bear Dance. Without wasting any comment, Pat looked at his watch and listened to the click of the truck over the fish-plates under foot, and to the angry tremulous roar of the three furnaces melting coal to push Number One up against the wind, that curled like a corkscrew down the long, narrow gorge. Then he took the lantern from his menial, and strode quickly through the vestibule into the dirty light and foul air of the smoker.

"Tickets!"

No "please," that night, just "Tickets!" short and snappy as a bear trap. He could talk very differently at home to the babies—but there was no suggestion of kootsying in the tone that called for transportation in the smoker. He passed down the aisle, pulling, hauling, shaking the snoring brutes, noting, punching, checking under the rays of his lamp, until the last man was passed and he walked into the chair car. There was only one "go-back," a sleepy Italian who couldn't—even after he had been jerked out of his seat and turned upside down and inside out, and shaken and cursed—still he couldn't find his ticket. So Pat Francis passed him with the shocking intimation which amounted to an assurance, that if he didn't find it by the time he got back he would throw him off.

The transportation on Number One was mostly through tickets and required only ordinary care as to the date limits; not much scalpers' stuff turned up on the west-bound. Pat called again as he closed the door of the chair car behind him a shade less harshly for tickets, because one naturally respects more people who ride in the chair car; and then there are women. One speaks more civilly to women passengers, but scans their transportation more carefully. However, he wasn't thinking of women's wiles as he quietly roused the sleepers and asked for their credentials. They were worn, tired-looking women; haggard, a good many of them, from cat naps snatched in the specially devised discomfort chairs, while their more fortunate sisters slept peacefully back in the hair-mattressed Pullman berths. He was thinking solely as he mechanically went through the checking operations, of a cattleman in a canvas coat, smooth face, and red tie, who should by rights be now halfway down the car, just ahead of him. But conductor Francis didn't look. His eyes never rose beyond the passenger under his nose, for in front of a company detective

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the hate and the curiosity are all concealed; the conductor is strictly on dress parade with a sting in his right arm that he would like to land directly under the spotter's ear.

A shabby traveling man—a cigar man—handed up a local ticket. It was for Antelope Gap. Pat Francis looked at it for a minute before he punched it and stuck it in his pocket.

"We don't stop at Antelope Gap to-night," said he shortly.

"Don't stop?" echoed the cigar man, wide awake in a fraction of a second. "*Vy*, since ven? Dey *tolt* me you dit," he cried in the most injured tone on the train.

"Can't help it."

"Bud *vy-e?*"

"I'm late."

"Bud y' god-do!" cried the cigar man, raising a note of absolute terror, as Pat Francis passed calmly on without attempting to controvert the confidence of the drummer.

"Ain't you *god-do?*" appealed the latter, weakening a bit as he realized he was against a quiet man and hard.

"Not on local transportation. Ticket!" he continued to the next.

But the cigar man happily came of a race that does not uncomplainingly submit, and he kicked vociferously, as Pat Francis expected he would. By the time the excited salesman had woke everybody up in his end of the car and worked himself into a lather, Pat came at him with a proposition.

"Where you going from Antelope?"

"*Vild* Hat."

"What's the matter with going up to Wild Hat to-night, and I'll give you a train check back to Antelope on Two to-morrow; then you can get back on Seventy-One to the Bend?"

The injured man considered quickly, accepted speedily. Two hundred miles for nothing. "My frient! Haff a cigar, aber *don* for-ged my dransbordation back, *vill* you?" The conductor nodded as he took the cigar stoically and moved on. It was one stop saved, and the Antelope stop was a terror any time with a big train like Number One.

Francis had reached the rear of the chair car, when he had an impression he had forgotten something. He stopped to think. The cattleman! Turning, he looked back sharply over the passengers. He even walked slowly back through the car looking for the fellow. There was no cattleman in sight, and walking back, Francis dismissed him with the conclusion that he must have gotten off at the Bend; and at once the air in the chair car smelt fresher and cleaner. Into the sleepers then—that was easy. Only to take the batch of envelopes from each porter or conductor, and tear off the coupons, and in the Portland sleeper a half-fare which meant only a little row with the tactless man who had gone into a bitter discussion with a conductor the day before away back at the Missouri River, as to whether his boy should pay fare. Instead of gracefully paying when called on, he had abused the conductor, who, maybe because there was a "spotter" sitting by, had felt compelled for self-protection to collect the half rate. But in retaliation for the abuse the conductor had reported to the next conductor a half-fare in the Portland sleeper, and thus started an endless chain of annoyance that would haunt the traveler all the way to the coast. But sometime travelers will study tact, and forswear abuse and its penalties.

Conductor Francis, finishing the string of loaded Pullmans, sat down in the smoking room of the last car with the hind end brakeman to straighten out his collections. The headlight of the pusher threw in a yellow dazzle of light on them, and the continuous cut of its fire boomed from the stack. Pat Francis, setting down his lamp, began to sniff.

"Smell anything?" he asked presently of his companion.

"No," answered the brakeman, drawing his head from the curtain hood under which he had been looking out into the storm.

"Something here don't smell right," said Francis shortly, sorting his tickets. "Where are we?"

"Getting out of the gorge."

Francis looked at his watch. "Is Jack holding his own?" ventured the brakeman.

"Just about."

"Stop at Antelope to-night?"

"Not on your life."

"Red Cloud?"

"Not to-night."

"How about the pusher?"

"All the way over the Horseback to-night."

"That's the stuff."

"That's Bucks. Bucks is the stuff," said Pat Francis, arbitrarily picking up his lamp to go forward. Two minutes later, he was in the smoker, bending over the Italian and shaking him.

"Got your ticket, Tony?"

"No gotta ticket."

"Money?"

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"No gotta d'mun."

"Come on, then!" Francis gripped him by the collar.

"Whata do?"

"Throw you off."

The Italian drew back to resist. They parleyed a moment longer, only because Francis was bluffing. If he had meant to stop the train at any point he would have said nothing—simply dragged the fellow out by the hair.

At last the Italian produced three dollars and a half. It was only enough to check him to Red Cloud. He wanted to go through, and the fare was eleven dollars and twenty cents.

The silent conductor stuck the money in his pocket, and drew his cash-fare slips. Just then the pusher whistled a stop signal. Francis started, suddenly furious at the sound. Shoving the slips into his pocket, he hurried to the vestibule and put his head angrily out. Ahead he saw only old John Parker's lamp and streamers. John had slid his door before Francis could open the vestibule. That was why the conductor loved him, because nobody, not even he himself, ever got ahead of John. When Francis poked his head out to look for trouble, John Parker's head was already in the wind inspecting the trouble, which came this time from the hind end. Looking back, Francis saw a blaze leaping from a journal box.

"Just as I expected," he muttered, with a freezing word. "That hind-end man couldn't smell a tar bucket if you stuck his head into it. Get your grease, John," he shouted at the old baggageman, "and a pair of brasses. Hustle!"

There was hardly time for the crew to slip into their overcoats, when Moore made a sullen stop. But old John Parker was ready, and waiting ahead of the stop with a can of grease, because John didn't have any overcoat. He hustled bad nights without an overcoat; for his two girls were at boarding school back in Illinois. John picked up enough every month carrying dogs to buy an overcoat, but the dog money went largely for music and French, which were extras in Illinois; so the girls *parlez-vous'd*, and John piled out without any overcoat.

Pat Francis stormed worse than the mountains as he followed him. All the scheming to save a single stop was blazing away in the hot box. Moore, on the head engine, was too angry to leave his cab. It was just a bit too exasperating. The pusher crew stood by, and the second engineer helped just a little.

But it was Pat Francis and John, with the safeties screaming bedlam in their ears, with the sleet creeping confidingly down their backs, and with the water soaking unawares up their legs—it was Pat and John, silent and stubborn, who dug bitterly at the sizzling box, flung out the blazing waste, set the screw, twisted it, hooked out the smoking brasses, shoved in the new ones, dumped the grease, stuffed the waste, and raised their lamps for Moore before the last of the bad words had blown out of the head cab and down the cañon. With a squeaking and groaning and jerking, with a vicious breakaway and an anxious interval whenever a pair of drivers let go, Moore got his enormous load rolling up the grade again, and kept her rolling hour after hour along curve and tangent to the Horseback, and across.

At the crest day broke, and the long, heavy train, far above the night and the storm, screamed for the summit yard, slowed up, halted, and every man jack of the train crew and engine crews jumped off to shake hands with himself on the plucky run—in spite of it all, schedule and a hair better.

"How'd you ever do it, Jack?" asked Pat Francis at the head engine, as Moore crawled out of her undersides.

"How late are we?" returned the engineer, stowing his can and calling for a wrench.

"Three hours."

"Beat the time a little, didn't we?" laughed Moore, with a face like a lobster. "*Couldn't* done it, Pat, if you'd stopped me anywhere. I wouldn't done it—not for anybody. Burdick is knocked clean out, too. Are you all ready back there?" The pusher, disconnected, galloped by with a jubilant kick for the round-house; and the double-header, watered and coaled afresh, started with Number One down the mountain side.

A different start that—a running past the wind instead of into it; a sluing that brought excursionists up in a tumble as the sleepers swung lariat-like around the cañon corners. It was only a case of hanging on after that, hanging on all the way to Wild Hat; and then, just as the Columbian Pacific train passengers left their breakfasts at Benton, Number One, gray and grimy, rolled into the junction thirty-five minutes late—and the agony was over. The connection was safe, but nobody noticed who made it. Everybody was too much occupied with the sunshine and the scenery to observe a pair of disreputable, haggard, streaked, hollow-eyed tramps who made their way modestly

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along the edge of the crowd that thronged the platform. It was only Francis and Moore, conductor and engineer of Number One.

The agony was over for everybody but Pat Francis. Ten days later, Bucks, superintendent of the mountain division, sat in his den at the Wickiup, reading a letter from the general manager.

Sir: On Thursday, June 28th, Conductor P. Francis, leaving M. B. on Number One, collected a cash fare of three dollars and fifty cents from one of our special service men. He failed to issue a cash-fare slip for this as required; furthermore, he carried this passenger all the way to Benton. Kindly effect his discharge. Let it be distinctly understood that all delinquencies of this nature will be summarily dealt with.

A. W. BANNERMAN,
General Manager.

It wasn't a letter to go to the stove—not that kind of a letter; but Bucks fingered it much as Pat Francis ought to have fingered the clever detective who turned from the chair car to the "smoker" on him and from a cattleman to a "dago."

Bucks called the trainmaster. Francis was west, due to leave Benton that afternoon on Two, and, as luck would have it, to bring back the Brooklyn party from the Yellowstone. And the passenger department in Chicago was again heating the wires with injunctions to take care of them, and good care of them, because the excursion business on a new line is not only profitable, but it is hard to work up, and trouble with an excursion in the beginning means a hoodoo for months, and maybe for years to come.

Bucks felt especially gratified to know that Pat Francis had the precious load, but what about the cash fare from Medicine Bend to Red Cloud? Bucks knew these things couldn't be trifled with—not on his line—and he faced the pleasant prospect of next morning greeting his right bower in the passenger service with an accusation of theft and a summary discharge. If he had only asked me for three dollars and a half, thought Bucks sorely. He would rather have given his own pay check than to have had Pat Francis hold up one dollar.

And Pat Francis, taciturn, sphinx-like, was punching transportation at that particular moment on Number Two on the run east from Benton. Checking passengers, keeping one eye on the ventilators and the other on the date limits, working both pencils, both hands, both ears, both ends of the punch, and both sides of the car at the same time.

There wasn't a cinder to break the even enjoyment of the run up to the clouds. Everybody was going home, and going home happy. From the Pullmans—it was warm and sunny in the mountains—came nothing but rag time and Brooklyn yells. To describe our scenery might be invidious, but the grade where Number Two was then climbing would alone make the fortune of an ordinary eastern scenic line.

The Overland Freight, Number Sixty-six, east-bound with a long train of tea, was pulling out of Toltec station as Number Two stuck its head into the foot of the Noose.

At Toltec, on the day run, we take a man's breath and give him large value for his money in a bit of the prettiest engineering anywhere on earth.

Toltec lies in the Powder Range, near the foot of a great curve called the Noose, because every time an engineer slips the head of his train into it he is glad to hold his breath till he gets it out.

The Toltec Noose is engineering magnificent; but it is railroading without words—unless one counts the wicked words. Eagle Pass station, the head of the Noose, looks across an unspeakable gulf directly down into Toltec, 500 feet below, and barely a mile away. But by the rail we count seven miles around that curve, and without any land-grant perquisites, either.

Every train that runs the Noose is double-headed both ways, and now—this was before—they add, to keep trainmen off the relief scrap, a pusher.

That day there was no pusher behind the Overland Freight, and Number Two's crew, as they pulled out of Toltec to climb the loop, could plainly see, above and across, the storming, struggling, choking engines of the tea train as they neared with their load the summit of Eagle Pass.

The wind bore down to them in breaking waves the sucking, roaring cut of the quivering furnaces. Pat Francis stood in the open door of the baggage-car, old John Parker and the head brakeman beside him, looking together at the freight with the absorbed air of men at the bottom of a well who watch the loaded bucket near the top.

Through the thin, clear mountain air they could almost read the numbers on the engine tenders. They could see the freight conductor start over his train for the head-end, and as they looked they saw his train break in two behind him and the rear end, parting like a snake's tail, slough off, lose headway, and roll back down the hill. The hind-end brakeman, darting from the caboose, ran up

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the ladder like a cat, and began setting brakes. The passenger crew saw the brake-shoes clutch in a flame at the slipping trucks, but the drawbars couldn't stand it. From one of the big tea cars a drawhead parted like a tooth. The tea train again broke in two, this time behind the rear brakeman, and the caboose with five 60,000-pound cars shot down the grade; and Number Two was now climbing above Toltec.

A volley of danger signals curled white from the freight engine across the gulf. Pat Francis sprang for the bell cord, but it was needless; his engineers at the very moment threw double chambers of air on the wheels.

It caught cards off the whist tables, and swept baked potatoes into the bosoms of astonished diners, it spoiled the point of pretty jokes and broke the tedium of stupid stories, it upset roysterers and staggered sober men, it basted the cooks with gravy and the waiters with fruit, it sent the blood to the hearts and a chill to the brains, it was an emergency stop and a severe one—Number Two was against it. Before the frightened porters could open the vestibules the passenger engines were working in the back motion, and Number Two was scuttling down the Noose to get away from impending disaster. The trainmen huddled again in the baggage-car door, with their eyes glued on the runaways; the Noose is so perfect a curve that every foot of their flight could be seen. It was a race backwards to save the passenger train; but for every mile they could crowd into its wheels the runaways were making two. Pat Francis saw it first—saw it before they had covered half the distance back to Toltec. They could never make the hill west of the Noose; it wasn't in steam to beat gravity; moreover, if they crowded Number Two too hard she might fly an elevation, and go into the gulf. It is one thing to run down hill, and another thing to fall down hill. The tea train was falling down hill.

Francis turned to bareheaded John Parker, and handed him his watch and his money.

"What do you mean?" John Parker choked the words out, because he knew what he meant.

"Turn this stuff in to Bucks, John, if I don't make it. It's all company money."

The brakeman, greenish and dazed, steadied himself with a hand on the jamb; the baggageman stared wild-eyed through his rusty lenses. "Pat," he faltered, "what do you mean?"

"I'll drop off at the Toltec switch and maybe I can open it to catch that string—we'll never make it this way, John, in God's world."

"You might a'most as well jump out into the cañon; you'll never live to use a switch key, Pat—we're crowding a mile a minute—"

Francis looked at him steadily as he pulled his ring and took a switch key off the bunch.

"They're crowding Two, John."

The car slued under them. John Parker tore off his spectacles.

"Pat, I'm a lighter man than you—give me the switch key!" he cried, gripping the conductor's shoulder as he followed him out the door to the platform.

"No."

"Your children are younger than mine, Pat. Give me the key."

"This is my train, John. Ask Bucks to look after my insurance."

With these words, Francis tore the old man's hand roughly away. When a minute is a mile, action is quick. Sixty, seventy seconds more meant the Toltec switch, and the conductor already hung from the bottom step of the baggage-car.

Pat Francis was built like a gorilla. He swung with his long arms in and out from the reeling train into a rhythm, one foot dangling in the suck of dust and cinders, the other bracing lightly against the step tread. Then, with the switch key in his mouth; with Parker's thin hair streaming over him, and a whirlwind sucking to the wheels under him; with Number Two's drivers racing above him and a hundred passengers staring below him, Pat Francis let go.

Men in the sleepers, only half understanding, saw as he disappeared a burst of alkali along the track. Only old John Parker's gray eye could see that his conductor, though losing his feet, had rolled clear of the trucks and drivers, and was tumbling in the storm center like a porcupine. Above him the tea cars were lurching down the grade. Old John, straining, saw Francis stagger to his feet and double back like a jack-knife on the ballast. A lump jumped into the baggageman's throat, but Francis' head rose again out of the dust; he raised again on his hands, and dragging after him one leg like a dead thing, crawled heavily towards the switch. He reached the stand and caught at it. He pulled himself up on one leg, and fumbled an instant at the lock, then he jerked the target. As it fell, clutched in both his hands, the caboose of the tea train leaped on the tongue

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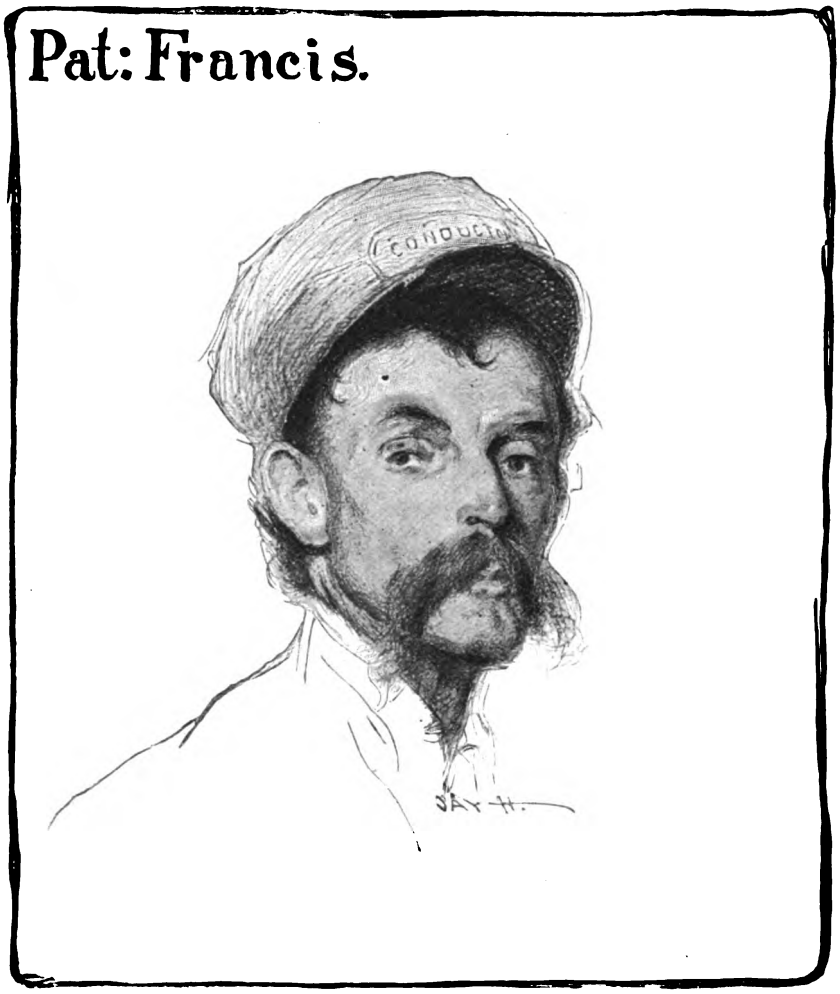

rail. The fore truck shot into the switch. The heels, caught for a hundredth of a second in the slue, flew out, and like the head of a foaming cur the caboose doubled frantically on its tailers. The tea cars tripped, jumped the main rail like cannon balls, one, two, three, four, five—out and into the open gulf.

The crash rolled up the gorge and down. It drove eagles from their nests and wolves from their hollows. Startled birds wheeling above the headlong cars shrieked a chorus; a cloud like smoke followed the wreck down the mountain side. And the good people on Number Two, the pleasure seekers that Pat Francis was taking care of—for $125 a month—saw it all and tried to keep cool and think.

He lay prostrate across the road, a bruised and dirty and bloody thing. John Parker, stumbling on rickety knees, reached him first, and turned him over. John first spoke to him, but he spoke again and again before the blood-shot eyes reluctantly opened. And then Pat Francis, choking, spitting, gasping, clutching at John Parker's bony arm, raised his head. It fell back into the cinders. But he doggedly raised it again—and shook the broken teeth from between his lips—and lived. His face was like a section of beefsteak, and the iron leg that struck the ballast last had snapped twice under him. A few minutes afterward he lay in the stateroom of the forward sleeper, and tried with his burning, swollen tongue to talk to Brooklyn men who feelingly stared at him, and to Brooklyn women who prettily cried at him, and to old John Parker who unsteadily swore at him as he fanned his own whiskers and Pat Francis' head with the baggage clip.

When Number Two rolled into Medicine Bend next morning, Bucks climbed aboard, and without ceremony elbowed his way

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through the excursionists dressing in the aisles to the injured conductor's stateroom. He was in there a good bit. When he came out, the chief priests of Brooklyn crowded around to say fast things to the superintendent about his conductor and their conductor. As they talked, Bucks looked in a minute over their heads; he did that way when thinking. Then he singled out the Depew of the party and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Look here," said Bucks, and his words snapped like firecrackers, "I want you gentlemen to do something for your conductor."

"We've made up a purse of $300 for him, my friend," announced the spokesman gladly.

"I don't mean that; not that. He's in trouble. You needn't waste any breath on me. I know that man as well as if I'd made him. I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come upstairs and dictate your account of the accident to my stenographer. While you're eating breakfast, he'll copy it and you can all sign it afterward. Will you?"

"Will we? Get your slave!"

"I'll tell you why," continued Bucks, addressing the Brooklyn man impressively. "You look like a man who, maybe, knows what trouble is—"

"I do."

"I thought so," exclaimed Bucks, warming. "If that's so, we belong to the same lodge—same degree. You see, there's charges against him. They've had spotters after him," added Bucks, lowering his voice to the few gentlemen who crowded about.

"There's plenty of Brooklyn men here for a lynching!"

Bucks smiled a far-off smile. "The boys wouldn't trouble you to help if they could catch them. I want your statement to send in to headquarters with Francis' answer to the charges. They tried to make him out a thief, but I've just found out they haven't touched him. His explanation is perfectly straight."

The men of Brooklyn tumbled up the Wickiup stairs. At breakfast, the news traveled faster than hot rolls. When the paper was drawn, the signing began; but they so crowded the upper floor that Bucks was afraid of a collapse, and the testimonial was excitedly carried down to the waiting-room. Then the women wanted to sign. When they began, it looked serious, for no woman could be hurried, and those who were creatures of sentiment dropped a tear on their signatures, thinking the paper was to hang in Pat Francis' parlor.

In the end Bucks had to hold Number Two thirty minutes, and to lay out the remains of the tea train, which was still waiting to get out of the yard.

After the last yell from the departing excursionists, Bucks went back to his office, and dictated for the general manager a report of the Toltec wreck. Then he wrote this letter to him:

Replying to yours of the eighth, relative to the charges against conductor P. J. Francis. I have his statement in the matter. The detective who paid the cash fare to Red Cloud was not put off there because no stop was made, the train being that night under my orders to make no stops below Wild Hat. It was the first of the Brooklyn Yellowstone excursions, and Chicago was anxious to make the Columbian Pacific connection. This was done in spite of Number One's coming into this division three hours late and against a hard storm. At Wild Hat the detective, rigged as an Italian, was overlooked in the hurry and carried by. While no cash-fare slip was issued, the fare was turned in by Conductor Francis to the auditor in the regular way, and investigation of his trip report will, he tells me, confirm his statement of fact. If so, I think you will agree with me that he is relieved of any suspicion of dishonesty in the matter. I have nevertheless cautioned him on his failure to hand the passenger a fare-voucher, and have informed him that his explanation was entirely satisfactory; in fact, after the affair at Toltec he deserves a great deal more from the company. By request of the Brooklyn excursionists, I inclose an expression of their opinion of Conductor Francis' jump from Number Two to set the Toltec switch. All of which is respectfully submitted.

F. BUCKS,
Superintendent.

Pat Francis is still running passenger. But Alfabet Smith's men work more now on the East End.

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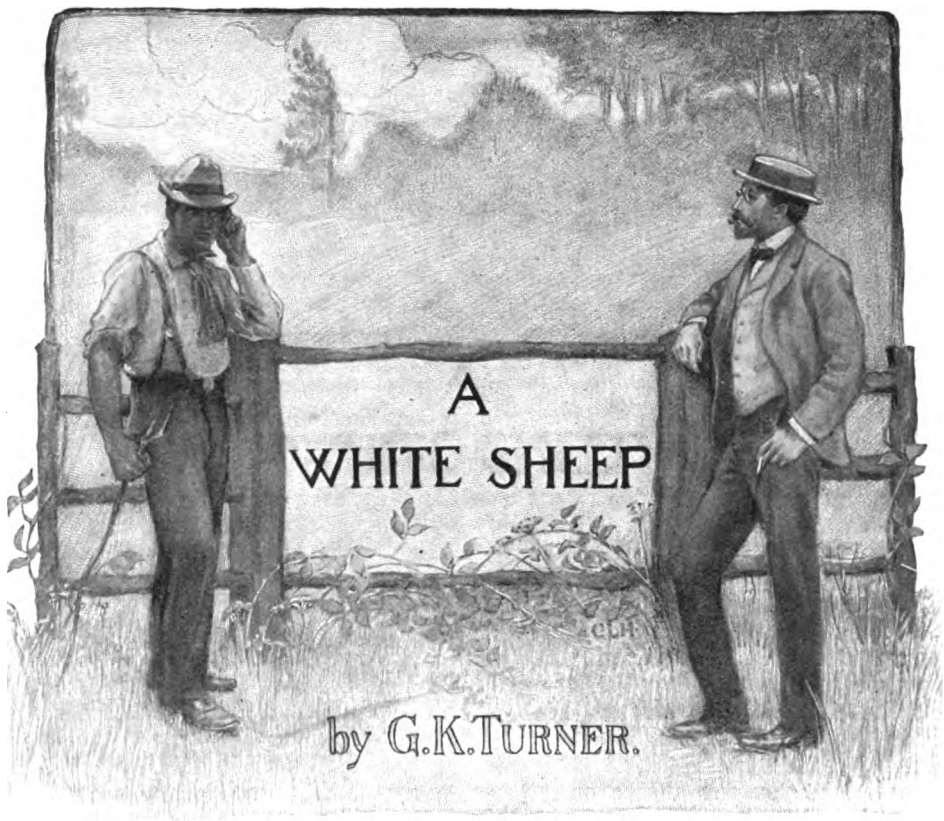

A STORY OF ORPHAN SCHOOL LIFE.

THE colored youth was not strikingly intelligent, but he was deeply and impressively dramatic. He was the chance acquaintance of a summer afternoon—a great, still, empty Sunday afternoon in the country, when chance acquaintances are at a premium. He was a more than ordinarily accomplished story-teller. His fixed and distant eye, his great, glistening, crescent smile, and his enormous hands, gave vivid emphasis to his primitive but intense emotions. All that afternoon this grotesque being—but three removes from the African jungle—sat beside me in that bare New England pasture and told me the story of his short and unenviable career. Below us, beyond the stone wall at the foot of the slope, the clumsy Sunday vehicles of the countryside rattled slowly by, and disappeared up the winding road in a trailing cloud of thick brown dust. And in the maple trees the vireos wound out their interminable sultry song.

His case was not unusual. The last two generations of his race had been seeing life in the slums of a great city. His parents, when he was but two years old, had succumbed almost simultaneously to delirium tremens, or some similar refinement of civilization, and left him in the great, cold lap of the mother State. At a tender age she had sent him out to bear the bitter bondage of a small New England farmer. Since then he had remained in this country place—a fixture, apparently, upon the soil. "Where were you," I asked, "before they sent you here?"

"At the State primary school, Boss—the one in Munster."

I knew the place. It is a big white, cold, old-fashioned barn of a building, set at the summit of a barren hill. I remembered all I had seen there—the long lines of squirming, shuffling, bullet-headed small boys, looking for all the world like gray rats, in their dull State uniforms; the hulking, vicious big boys—half-fledged, callow criminals, hungering and thirsting after wickedness; the un-

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feminine little girls, with their sharp features and straight hair; the sickening smell of coarse boiled food in the empty kitchens; the rows of iron beds, the keepers, and, over all, the tall, lank, sallow superintendent, with his cold, fishy gray eyes and black side-whiskers, cut well up toward his cheekbones—a model for an immortal statue of the institution autocrat. It was no picture of happy childhood to treasure in a sentimental memory.

"Yes, sah," he continued. "I was there foh a long time—from when I was jest a baby till I was most fo'teen."

"How'd you like to go back, George," said I, "and finish your education?"

The question excited him. He started up quickly from his lounging position. "I wouldn't do it. No, sah. I don't want none of them educationin' me no more. I wouldn't go back there. No, sah; I'd die fust, I would. I'd die right hyar."

"Why not?" said I.

"Why not. 'Cause I wouldn't—that's why. Look hyar, Boss," he said, lowering his voice to a vast confidential whisper, "you don' know 'bout that there primary school. That was a bad place, it was. Yes, sah. They didn't act as if you had no feelin's there; they treat you jest lake you was sheeps or cows or dogs. The fellers there, too, they was mighty bad ones. Oh, they despret—fightin' all the time, jest lake lions and tigers. Yes, sah, and steal and lie and do everythin'. Oh, they was dangerous. You know that Ed Fitts that killed a woman in Manchester las' spring. He's one of 'em. Yes, sah, I knows him; he was there. And there's lots more of 'em there, too—jest such as him—in prison now, hundreds of 'em."

"Weren't there any good ones?" I asked.

"No, sah, nothin' to speak of. They was most all jest the same as that."

"Say, George," said I, remembering the famous investigation, "you must have been there when that Pierpont boy was there."

"Who's that?" said the youth; "that little fellow. Yes, sah, I remember him; I recollect him mighty well."

"What kind of a fellow was he?" said I.

"Oh, he was awful smart little feller, and a mighty good feller, too. He was different, he was; yes, sah."

"How'd he get along there?" said I.

"Say, Boss, I'll tell you all 'bout that little feller if you wants me to," said the youth.

"Go ahead," said I.

This was his story:

Yes, sah, that little feller, I recollect the very fust day he come there. I was wukkin' on the house job, and I was in the supintenant's office when they took him in. He was a little white, puny feller. His legs weren't no bigger'n little pieces of grass. But his eyes kept lookin', lookin' right straight ahead—jest lake a lion's. Yes, sah, he had terrible bright eyes, he did.

"What's you name?" says ol' supintenant.

"I dunno."

"You dunno?" says supintenant, kind o' mad lake.

Then the feller that brings him in says, "Cornelius Sullivan, that's his name."

"No 'tain't, neither," says little feller.

"That's what his mother says befoh she dies," says the man.

"She ain't my mother," says the little feller, starin' at the man, with them eyes a-blazin'.

"What's you name then?" says ol' supintenant.

"I dunno," says little feller, lookin' down. "I don' remember; I was sick; I forgot."

"Guess he sick all right," says the man, rappin' on his head.

"You liar," says little feller. "You lemme go; you ain't got no right to take me hyar."

"That'll do; that'll do," says ol' supintenant. "You march inside there pretty mighty quick." So little feller march in; he couldn' do nothin' else.

They puts him in the Little Yard, 'long with the other little boys. Fust other fellers don' know whether they likes this little feller or not. Fust time new fellers come, they all jest the same. Fust week they cry, cry all the time. This little feller different; he don' cry much—only a little, way round back where they don' see him. Then the fellers goes up to him: "Say, what's you name?"

He don' answer.

"Oh, never min', you all right; you'll lake it here. What's you name?"

He don' answer one word.

"I know what's his name," I says. "I heard it in supintenant's office. His name's Cornelius Sullivan."

"You liar," says little feller, "I ain't no Irish feller."

The other fellers, they all laugh when they hears that. There's all kinds of boys there—Irish, Italians, Germans, colored fellers—everythin', exceptin' only Chinamens. They ain't no Chinamens there. I guess not! No, sah; they'd kill *them*. Then one feller hollers out: "I'll tell you what' we'll do;

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we'll call him Irish." So after that they always calls him Irish—all the time.

Fust he don' like it; he wants to fight. Then he don' care 'tall. After a while they all lake him better. He ain't afraid of nothin'. Fust day he come he wants to fight Mike Finnegan. That Mike Finnegan, he's the biggest feller there is in the Yard. Everybody's 'fraid of him; he's 'busin' you all the time, makin' you do things you don' want to, and twistin' you arm and all such as that. Fust day Irish comes, he's twistin' little feller's arm, when the Boss of the Yard ain't lookin.'

"Oh, lemme go, lemme go," little feller hollerin' like that, kind of under his breath, so Boss can't hear him. "*Please* lemme go; I won't never do it again."

Irish, he walks right up to him. He say: "Leggo him, you big caff, you." Then nobody say a word. Seems lake he ain' more'n half as big as Mike.

Mike stops twistin' little feller. "Who goin' to make me?" he say.

"I am."

"Who's you?"

Oh, they'd been a fight right there, only the Boss he come back. Out there at school you can't fight, without you gets permission. No, sah. If you does, they goin' to lambaste you. So Mike, he say, under his breath lake: "You jest wait; I'll fix *you*." After that they both waitin', waitin'. Irish he don' say nothin', but he ain' 'fraid, neither.

Right after that they had that fight with them town fellers down at Munster. Out there at school you's all graded—fust grade and second grade and third grade and all lake that—'cordin' to how puffect actin' you is. Fust grade and second grade can go down town sometimes. All the others, they can' go outside the groun's. When the fellers go down to town they shamed—they all walk with their heads down, lake this—all jest the same, I don' care who 'tis—jest lake they was in prison. Only Irish when he fust come, he don' care. He hol' his head right up in the air.

Well, that time I was tellin' you 'bout, whole lot of school fellers goes down to Munster. The other day jest before that, Munster fellers comes up to school to play base-ball, and we licks 'em. We always does—those fellers at school plays ball all the time—ever since they so high. Munster fellers, they mad. When they sees school fellers down town, they all holler "Jail-bird, Jail-bird," loud's they can holler.

That make school fellers mighty mad; only they won't fight; they don' dare to for fear what they'll get when they gets back to school. But Irish starts it; he ain't 'fraid.

Then pretty soon they all fightin'—throwin' rocks, too. One Munster feller gets his head cut mighty bad. Then they all runs; they ain't hollerin' "Jail-bird" no more. School fellers foller 'em, throwin' stones and rocks. They don' care now; they started, they despret; chase Munster fellers all over, and break winders and holler.

Then right away Munster cop comes along, and they runs back to school. He can't catch 'em; he ain't no good—big fat feller, different from city cop. He's nothin' only one of them kind of farmer policemens. He comes up to school right away, puffin' and blowin', and goes to ol' supintenant. He say: "Them boys been down breakin' winders and chasin' our boys. They most kill one feller." He don' say nothin' 'bout them Munster fellers beginnin' it.

Then ol' supintenant calls fellers all in and gets 'em all up in a row. He say: "Who's that hit that Munster boy?"

"I dunno."

"I dunno."

Nobody knows.

"Sit on the bench foh eight days," he say. Yes, sah, eight days. Jest lake, say, to-day's Monday; well, way round by Monday again. Jest set there; can't go out 'tall. When supintenant say that, Irish he jump right up. "Don't keep 'em in," he say, "I'm the feller; I started it."

"Oh, you did, did yer?"

"Yes, sah. They hollerin': 'Jail-birds, jail-birds,' all the time. They ain't got no right to holler at us lake that. I ain't no jail-bird."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't yer? I'll show yer. I'm goin' to jail-bird *you*."

Then ol' supintenant takes him right out before rest of 'em, and lambastes him awful. Irish he don' holler or nothin', Only he jest kind of white and ol' lookin'. Ol' supintenant can't make *him* cry. And it don' make no difference after all. We all sets on the bench eight days jest the same.

After that, fellers all lake Irish—all only Mike Finnegan, he don' lake him; he's 'busin' him all the time. Irish he wants to fight him. He goin' to the Boss all the time and sayin' "I wants to fight that feller."

Out there to school you fights—they don' mind it 'tall—providin' you goes and gets permission. Then they makes a ring, lake that, and they all stan' round and the Boss he say: "Ready—go." Then they fights.

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They don' hol' their hands up lake that; they holds 'em down, this a way. Oh, they fighters down there; they know how—little fellers, no bigger'n that.

When Irish asks the Boss, he jest laugh and say: "You don' want to fight him; you ain't big enough." But all the time Irish keeps at him. He's gettin' stronger lookin' then, all the time. The ol' woman who had him before didn't give him enough to eat, so he's better off at school. Pretty soon Boss he say: "All right; go ahead."

Then they makes the ring, and they goes at it. Golly, how they fights. They never see no fightin' lake that there before. Mike Finnegan, he's biggest feller in the Yard, and mighty good fighter too. Irish, he's only a little feller, but you never see such a fighter. He went foh him, and smashed him and hammered him, jest sayin' nothin' 'tall, only fightin'. Mike he couldn't stan' it. He had to quit. Little feller had him licked all to pieces. Then how they hollered; and the Boss, he jest laugh and laugh. "What's matter with you, Mike?" he say. "Sick?"

Mike he don' say nothin'.

"Look hyar," says Boss to Mike. "Don' you try none of you dirty tricks on that feller. If you do, you goin' to be mighty sorry."

That Mike, he mighty mean feller; he do anythin'. After that, Irish, he's head rooster of that Yard. All the fellers lake him too, mighty well. Little while after that our Boss, he leaves. He's got another job. Fellers hates to have him go. They lakes him, better'n teachers, or anybody. They makes him a mighty fine box out of wood in the wuk-shop, wukkin' playtimes to get it done. And they buys him a gran' necktie down to Munster—one of them red velvet ones, with gold spots in it.

The next Boss he's mighty different. He's kind of relation to the supintenant, and he don' care. He's big fat feller, with great big neck, and awful red face. Fellers don' lake him 'tall. He's all time hollerin' and interferin'. He don' call us by our name, neither—only jest by number. He say: "You all got numbers, ain't you, where you sleeps and eats?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, then, I'm goin' to call you by number, understan'? I ain't got no time to learn all you names."

He's all time sayin', "Hyar, Hyar. Look hyar, you stop that." And "go get my coat," and "black my shoes." And "you do that" and "you do this." He don' do nothin' himself. Then he's smashin' us all the time. For nothin', too; he can't stop it. Everybody's 'fraid; he's strong jest lake a giant. Irish, he's lucky; he keeps out of his way long time. By and by one day, Boss he hollers "Number 14"—that's his number—"you come hyar."

Irish he don' budge.

Then he holler again.

Irish he don' stir.

He say: "Oh, you won't, won't yer?" and he goes over and gets him. Boys all mighty solemn. "What you mean not comin' when I calls yer?"

"You didn't call me."

"Didn't I call you number?"

"I dunno, and I don' care; I ain't no number, I'se a boy. I got a name jest same you has."

Then Boss he starts to smash him. But he don' smash him much. Foh all of a sudden the fellers they can' stan' it no longer. They all breaks loose and comes for him, more'n about fifty of 'em. Oh, they despret. They climbs all over that Boss; they knocks him down, and poun's him, and kicks him fearful—yes, sah—and breaks his watch. He hollers loud's he can holler. All the rest comes rushin' in; ol' supintenant and all. Supintenant, he say: "What's this? What's this?" He terrible mad.

New Boss he can't hardly speak."

"This goin' to stop," says ol' supintenant. "Who's the fellers started it?"

"That's the feller," says the new Boss, puffin' and blowin', pointin' his finger at Irish.

"So, it's you again, is it?" says ol' supintenant, jest glarin' at him fearful.

"'Tain't my fault," says Irish. "He's smashin' us all the time, and callin' us numbers. He ain't got no right to. Look-a there, where he's been smashin' me."

"You keep still," says ol' supintenant. "I don' want to hear nothin' from you."

New Boss, he comes round all right, only he's got a mighty black eye. Ol' supintenant say: "We goin' to stop this, we goin' to stop it right away. I don' care if you kill half of 'em doin' it." Then he takes Irish over to the Boss, and he wallops him right there; he wallops him fearful. Irish he jest stands it. He don' holler or nothin'.

Ol' supintenant say: "He's bad one."

"Never mind, I'll take care of *him*," says the Boss, lookin' dangerous.

After that he smashes us more'n ever. We don' do nothin' no more. It ain't no use. Only Mike Finnegan; he don't smash *him*.

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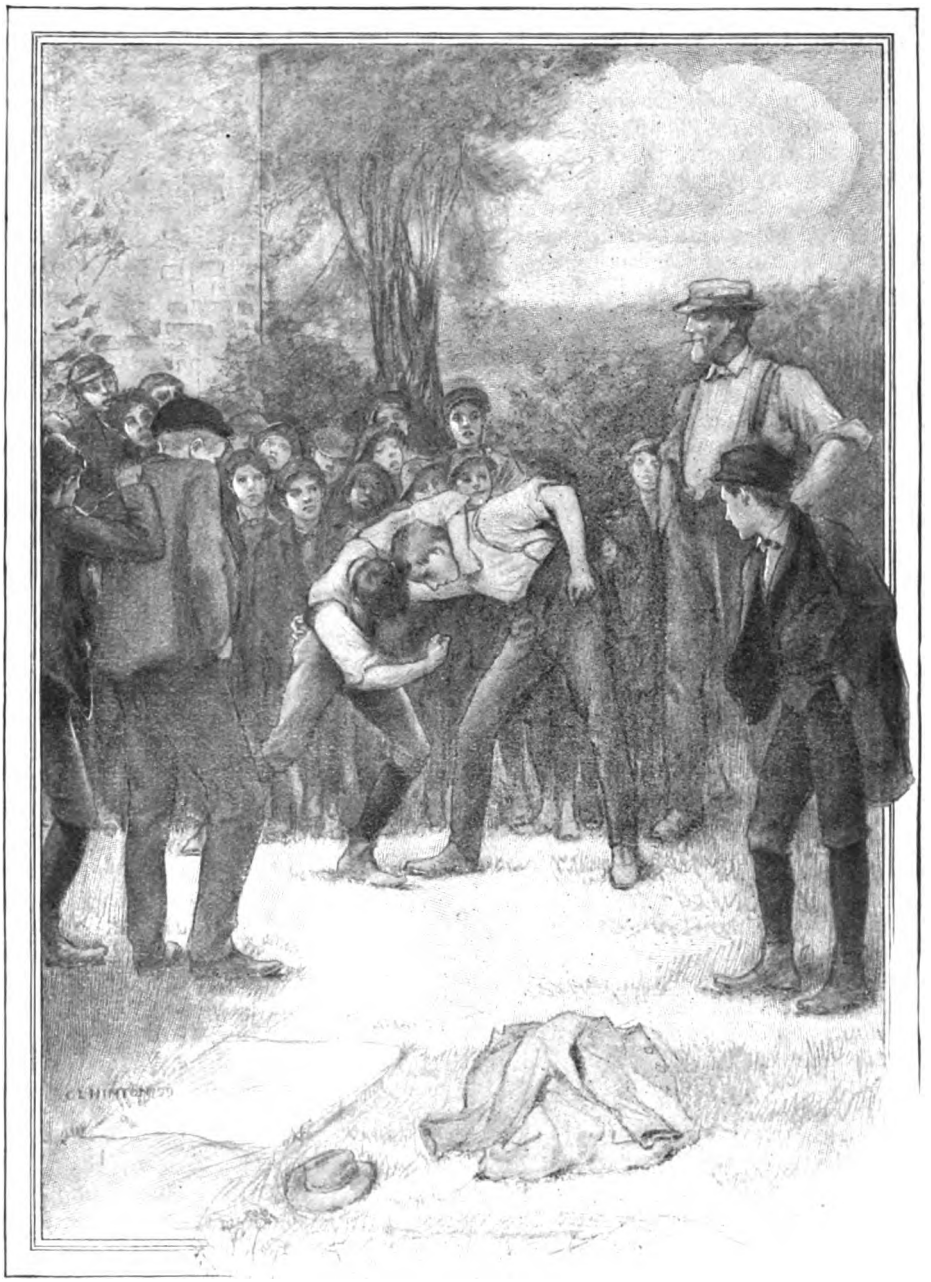

"THE BOSS HE SAY: 'READY, GO.'"

Mike he's too cunnin'. He tells him he didn' fight him that time—and likely he didn' neither. He won't do nothin' that Irish starts. Mike he's sayin': "Yes, sah," "yes, sah," "yes, sah," all the time, and runnin' and gettin' his coat, and all such as that. But the Boss, he's jest layin' foh Irish. He lambastes him, and he wuks him, and he sends him way from the table before he's got 'nough to eat—all foh nothin'; and he makes him lift heavy things he hadn't ought to. He say: "I'se goin' to break you. You see."

Irish he can' hardly stan' it. He's gettin'

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thin, and his back is all over long white marks. He shows 'em to us at night. Bye and bye fellers find out somebody's tellin'—tellin'—mostly on Irish. He can' do nothin'. We dunno who 'tis, but we guess mighty near. It's Mike Finnegan; he's gettin' back at Irish. Fellers don' lake it. Irish he ain't sayin' nothin', but he's actin' mighty queer. He's earnin' pennies and savin' 'em all the time. Oh, he's a regular miser feller. The other fellers don' know what it means. He don' want 'em to; he's gettin' ready to run away.

Pretty soon the Boss gets mad at Mike Finnegan. He catches him lyin' to him. Then he smashes him; he smashes him good. Mike he don' say nothin'; he waitin', waitin'.

Right after that, Irish he wake up in the night, and see Mike Finnegan crawlin' out of bed. He goes creepin', creepin' over into the corner, and lights a match—careful, careful, so they won't hear him. Irish he follows him soft in his bare feet. Right there's a lot of shavin's and oil he's stole from the lamps, stuffed into a hole in the floor. Everybody sleepin' and snorin'; all dark. Irish grabs him.

"Look hyar, what you doin'?"

He jumps; he thinks he's caught. Then he don' care; he' sees it's Irish, "I'm goin' to burn up this place. Then we'll all get away."

"You stop that business mighty quick. You'd burn all the girls up, and most of the fellers too, pretty likely. If I catches you out again I'll kill you."

So he goes back, swearin' and cussin'. Some of the fellers wake up then, though they whisperin' all the time. "We've got to keep watchin' him," says Irish. "Maybe he'll do it again. We'll all get burned to death sleepin'."

So they keep watchin', all night long, but he don' get up again. Next mornin' they throw all the stuff away, and nobody knows nothin' about it. Oh, that's a bad place; lots of things they never know about just such as that.

Next day, Irish he says to fellers: "You know what he's goin' to do, if that fire'd gone? He's goin' tell 'em I done it. They'd believe it, too." That's right, too. That Mike Finnegan, he's a mean one—if we all burned up, he don' care; then he'd say Irish done it.

After that Irish he still savin', savin'. He ain't goin' off without no money. The fellers that does that they don' get nowhere. They always get caught. He's goin' to get one dollar—jest one dollar—and then he's goin'. One old feller in the big yard, who's run away a lot, tells him he's jest *got* to have a dollar. Then he'll run and get a freight train, and by and by he'll get off at a little small station, and buy a ticket, and they won't never see *him* again. The brakemens on a freight train, they mighty good to a feller. They feeds you and helps you, too. But when you gets to the city, the policemens always lookin' for you on freight trains. They don' never look on passenger trains; they don' think you'd be there.

So Irish he's wukkin' and slavin' to earn his dollar—jest one little dollar. It don' seem so little there, though; it's mighty big. They ain't scarcely no way to get it. But Irish he's makin' boxes for fellers who's got some money, to send home to their folks, and he's holdin' hosses and all such as that.

Everybody that comes drivin' up, Irish he says: "Won't you *please* lemme hold your hoss. Oh, go on, lemme, please."

Pretty often they let him. He's so pleadin' and peaked lookin'. Irish he ain't lookin' good—he's jest like a sick feller. They looks at him and they says: "Poh boy, poh boy, what's the matter with you?"

Irish say, "Oh, nothing much. I jest ain't feelin' good." He knows if he says what's the matter with him, he won't get a chance to hold no more.

Then they used to be some fellers come out there from the city—awful rich fellers. They stops and throws out pennies on the ground, and the school fellers, they jumps over the picket fence and fights for 'em. Irish he used to set there waitin' for 'em. When those rich fellers come along, he say: "Ain't you goin' to feed the chickens to-day?" (That's what they called it—feedin' the chickens.) "Oh, please, Mister, go on. Please do."

Then the rich fellers they laughs, and throws 'em out some pennies, and the fellers all scratch foh 'em—fightin' jest like cats and dogs. Irish, he always gets some. Yes, sah, he always does.

All the time Irish he's savin', savin'. And all the time he's lookin' sicker and sicker. That Boss, he's breakin' *him* all right, he certainly is. He's cussin' him all the time, and he's smashin' him and he's puttin' him onto bread and water, sometimes foh two or three days—punishin' him foh things he ain't never done. When he comes out, sometimes he's kind of tottery on his legs. That Boss he laugh. He say: "Ain't feelin' so *funny* as you was, is yer?"

Irish he ain't sayin' a word; he ain't al-

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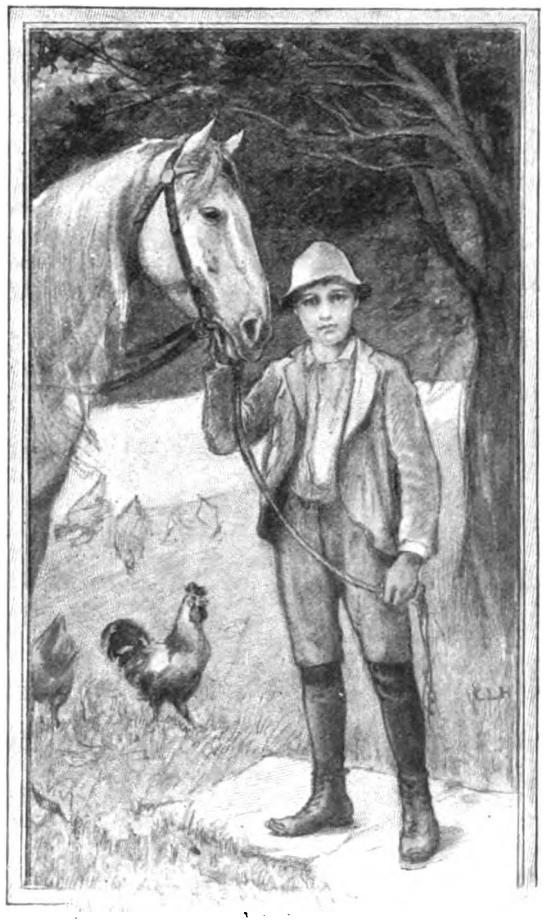
lowin' he's broke yet. But he ain't feelin' very strong. Sometimes when Boss hits him, he falls right over. The Boss he's hittin' other fellers, too. Only not lake he is him.

By and by—after long time—Irish he's got sixty-seven cents. Don' seem lake he ever *can* get as much's he wants. He's feelin' mighty blue. It's considerable trouble keepin' money there, too. Oh, they stealin' all the time out there. There's one feller, named Hen' Vestry—he's regular thief—get's up at night and goes feelin', feelin' round you clothes. You can't keep nothin'. 'Tain't no good to him, neither. He ain't in fust or second grade—he can't go outside the yard to spend it. He jest can't help it. By and by one feller comes to Irish: "Say, make me a box; I'll give you twenty-five cents."



"AND HE'S HOLDIN' HOSSES AND ALL SUCH AS THAT."

Irish tickled to death; he makes the box right away. Then he gets his money. He never was so glad. He's whistlin' and singin' to himself. He's goin' next evenin'. The fellers is sniggin' bread and meat from dinner so's he can have somethin' to eat.

Then Mike Finnegan gets back at him. That very next mornin' a feller wakes up. "Who's stole my quarter?" Yes, sah, somebody's been stealin' from him.

Then the Boss he say: "Who stole that feller's money?"

"I dunno."

"I dunno."

Then he always stan' 'em up in a row and he look through 'em—through all their pockets and the linin' of their coats—lake that—and by and by, he find a little hard bunch. Oh, he always finds it; I dunno how 'tis—he always does. But this time when they all stan's up, he don't have to do it. Mike Finnegan, he say: "I know who stole that money?"

"Who did?"

"That feller"—pointin' at Irish—"I wakes up in the night and sees him." (He knows Irish has got some money.)

Then Boss he say, "Come hyar." Then he look all through him, and he finds his money. "Look hyar, you, how'd you get that money?"

"I earned it."

"You lie, you stole it."

Boss say to feller that lost his money: "Hyar you, come get you quarter." Then he give it to him.

"Irish" he say: "You stealin' from me." He's awful pale and white.

"You shut up," Boss says, smashin' him.

Then he say: "Anybody else had his money stole?"

"No, sah."

"No, sah."

Then Boss say: "Guess I'll keep this here till I finds where it come from. Got anythin' more?" he say. Then he looks through the linin' of his coat.

"What's that?"

"'Tain't nothin'."

Then the Boss takes it out. "What's this?" It's a little round thing—one of these little lockets—all gold—and inside there's a piece of kind of yeller hair.

"That's my locket," says Irish. "You give me that; you ain't got no right to it. Give it back to me."

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"Where'd you get that?"

"I always had it."

"You liar; you stole it before you come here. I'm goin' to keep it till I finds out who it belongs to."

Then Irish he fights for it, and the Boss smashes him. He smashes him awful with his fist. Irish he falls right over—he's fainted away.

Boss say: "Get up, there," and he kicks him with his foot.

Irish he don't move.

"He's dead," says one feller.

The Boss he's scared. He say: "Shut up. Go get some water. Hurry up."

But Irish he ain't dead. By and by he comes to, and they puts him to bed.

Hen' Vestry—that thievin' feller—he's so tickled, he 'most bust laughin'. The fellers say: "What you laughin' at?"

"Oh, I dunno. I was 'fraid he'd come and take my quarter away from me."

"Where'd you get any quarter?"

"I had it given to me."

"Aw, go on."

They knows better. Only 'tain't no use to say nothin'.

I sleeps right close up to Irish that time. All that night he's kind of cryin' to himself.

"Say, Irish," I says, "what's matter? What's matter?"

"He's gone stole my locket. Now I can' find my folks, never. Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do?"

Next day he say: "I'm goin', anyhow. I can' stan' it. I jest got to go, he's killin' me."

The fellers they're runnin' away all the time them days; they can' stand it. Long toward night time, when the fellers go in from the yard, they jest slips behind the door and stays outside. Then the Boss calls the names.

"Where's that feller?"

"I dunno."

"I dunno."

Um-hum, *he's* gone.

Yes, sah, that evenin' Irish he run away. All that night they looks foh him. There's a feller there named Mr. Fox don't do nothin' else only look foh boys. Oh, he's suah. They don't get away from him. Fust he telegraph all round. Then sometimes he goes after 'em; and sometimes all day long he jest stan' there by the gate with his spy-glass—jest lake that—lookin', lookin'. By and by he sees a little thing 'way off—jest lake a little pin walkin'. Then they goes and catches the feller and brings him back. Mr. Fox, he gets five dollars for every boy he catches—say, ten boys he gets ten five dollars. Oh, he's rich.

It don't take him long to find Irish. Next day he comes bringin' him back. They catch him on a freight train. He's lookin' worse'n ever. You wouldn' know him, he looks so bad. He's all mud and dirt and his clothes is all torn. He's sick. Boss he don' lick him much. He don' dare to.

But Irish he don' care. He jest sets around with his head down, mopin', mopin'. He's most broke this time. Out there to school fellers gets that way sometimes—nothin' ails 'em much; they jest mopin', mopin' all the time. Then after a while they don' never get well; they dies. Irish he's that way 'most a week. He don' care; he's done for anyhow.

But one day he's standin' out in the yard, and a big carriage drives up and a gran' lady gets out—all dressed in black. Irish he wants to hol' the hosses. He's got used to holdin' 'em; he likes it.

Lady say: "Poor boy, poor boy, how sick you lookin'. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothin'. I'm all right."

Then she kisses him. Yes, sah, right there. She's got tears in her eyes. She say: "Poh boy, ain't you got no home but this?"

"No'm."

She's holding his hand a minute and he's looking at her. Jest a minute. Then he runs away in back where nobody's goin' to see him, and cries some up against side of building. Nobody ain't never kissed out there to school. Probably it makes Irish feel mighty queer. He ain't very strong anyhow.

Some fellow sees him out there. "Hey, fellers, come hyar and look at Irish."

Irish he turns roun' mighty quick "You lemme alone. I'll break you back if you don'."

Lady she's gone inside and seen ol' supintenant.

"I los' my little boy last year. He died. My husband, he's died too. Peoples in city say maybe they'd be a good boy here I could take home with me."

Ol' supintenant smile and say: "Yes'm, yes'm, yes'm. I'll have 'em brought in; then you can see 'em foh yourself."

Then he brings 'em all in and stands 'em all up in a row. The lady she's there. Oh, she's beautiful—white, jest lake a lily, with black cloth hangin' down by her face. An' she's dressed gran', jest lake some of the ladies in the play. Any feller's mighty lucky that goes with her, I tell yer.

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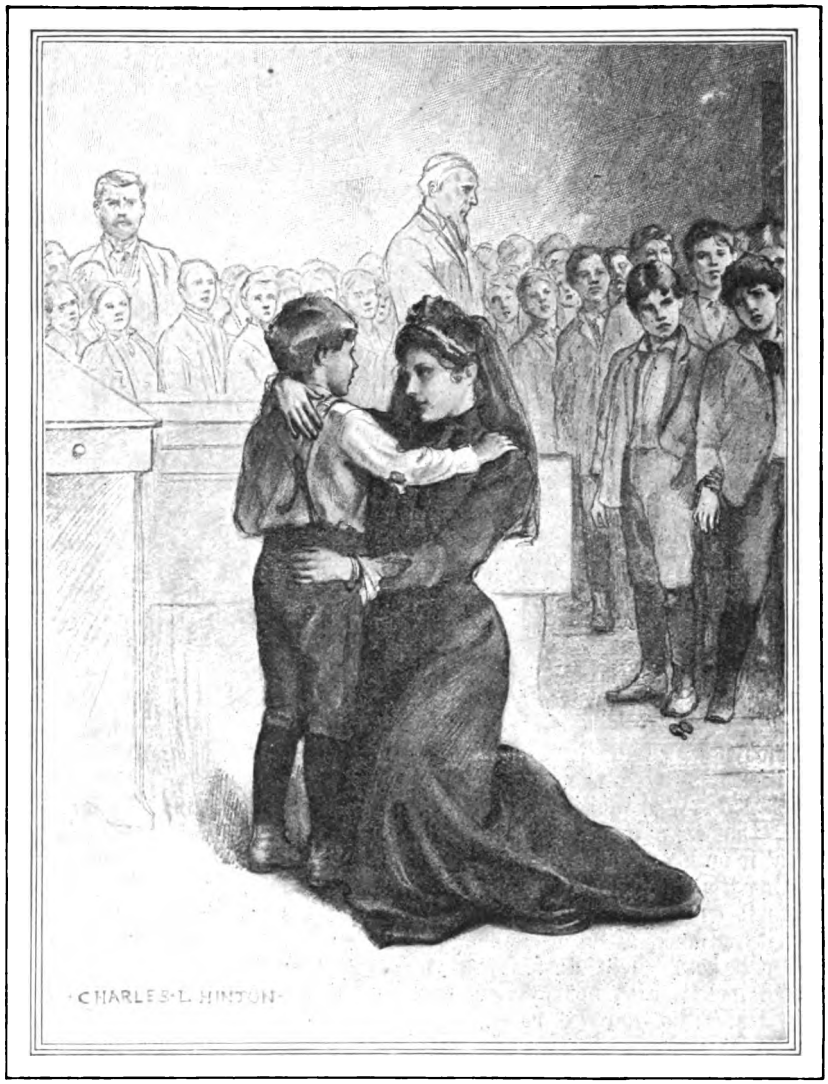

"'YOU POH LITTLE MOTHERLESS BOY!'"

Ol' supintenant he says to her: "This here's our little flock"—he always talks lake that when they's visitors. "Pretty lively boys, but pretty good boys, too. Ain't you, boys?"

"Yes, sah."

"Yes, sah."

Then he laughs silly.

"They lake it here. They gets good food, and they's treated first-class. We never strike our boys. It's 'gainst the rules." He always talks lake that—kind of sweet-lake.

Then the lady, she's lookin' all round at all the boys. She don' seem to find what she wants. Then she say: "Where's that little boy I saw out in the yard. I don' see him hyar."

"Who's that, boys?" says ol' supintenant.

"Irish," says two or three fellers.

Irish was 'way in back. They makes a hole so they can see him, and he comes out.

"That's the little boy," lady says.

"I don' believe you want *that* boy," says ol' supintenant. "He's been a pretty bad one since he come here."

"That ain't so. I don' never have no show hyar," says Irish.

The lady's lookin' at him. She seems to kind o' lake him. She don' take no notice

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of what ol' supintenant says—jes' lake she don' hyar him.

"He's got a nice face," she says, kind of under her breath lake. "Come hyar, little boy. What's yoh name?"

"I dunno."

"Yoh dunno?"

"No'm; I was sick. Ol' Irish woman had me. I remember her, but I don' remember no more. I wasn't her boy, though," he say, tryin' to stan' up straight.

Lady she's lookin' at him—lookin', lookin'.

"Don' you remember anything more—not jest a little teenty bit?"

"I dunno. Seems if I kind o' remember somethin'—a kind o' big house—and a big clock, higher'n my head—and—a great big yeller dog—and a lady—seems if—a lady, with big eyes, kind o' smilin'—somethin' lake you, she looks—and—and—I guess that's all."

"Poh boy, poh boy," lady says, "prob'ly that's you' mother. Couldn't you never find her?"

"No'm, maybe she's dead."

"Ain't you got nothin' to remember by?"

"No'm, not now. I did have my locket befoh they took it away from me."

"Where is it? Who took it?"

"He did, that man there. He's got it now, wearin' it on his watch-chain."

"Sah, bring that boy's locket hyar."

He brings it over mighty quick. Lady she looks at it and looks at it. "Poh boy," she say, "poh boy. Jest nothin' but a common gold locket, with nothin' in it but some hair. I'm 'fraid you won't never find your mother with that."

Then foh a moment they didn't say nothin'; she was thinkin'.

Then Irish says, kind of soft lake, lookin' at her: "I wish you'd been my mother."

Then all at once he can't stan' it; he's cryin' to her and catching hold of her hand.

"Oh, don' leave me; please don' leave me. Take me with you, please do. I'll do anything foh you, I will. I'll work and slave and die for you if you wants me to. Only don' leave me. Jest try me—only once. You don' have to keep me if you don' want to. You can sen' me back."

The lady, she's down on her knees in front of him, sort of crying.

"You poh little motherless boy!" she says, "I will take you. It will be better foh both of us."

Then Irish, he's jes' hanging onto her and cryin', and they sends us all out of the room.

When we was goin' out Hen' Vestry, he try to steal that gol' locket she's dropped there on the floor. Every feller round kicks him and punches him and makes him throw it down again.

Jest right after that they drives out of there in their gran' carriage. They don' stop at all. The beautiful lady's in the back seat, and Irish's sittin' right up close to her and kind of smilin'. The old supintenant's standin' in the door-way, and bowin', and tryin' to look sweet; and all the boys jest hollerin' their heads off. Irish, he's got through.

Sometimes he comes back after that and sees us. He's drivin' in a team with the lady; or he's ridin' on his hoss. He's got a hoss of his own. Oh, he's awful rich feller. He's good feller, too. He don' forget. He's done an awful lot for other fellers. Yes, sah, he has—that's right.

The colored youth's tongue had run down. His story was done. "He started the big investigation, didn't he?" said I.

"Yes, sah, that's right; he was the feller. Right after that they began investigationin.' Ol' supintenant and Boss, I guess they're mighty sorry they licked *that* feller. They don' lick no other fellers, they don'; they gets right out of there after they've investigationed 'em. 'Tain't lake it was over ther'; no, sah.

"It's mighty different. They got a new supintenant and new Boss and everythin'."

"I guess you boys were mighty glad that fellow was sent to school," said I.

"Yes, sah, we was. It's the best thing ever happened to that school. They ain't no doubt 'bout that. You ought to been there the last time ol' supintenant and Boss went away."

"Did the boys holler?"

"*Did* they holler. Oh, no, I guess not. You could hear 'em most a mile, I bet yer. Yes, sah—more'n that—ten times more."

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"He . . . saw, peacefully at anchor, the beautiful craft seemingly sleeping upon the waters of the bay."

A PIRATE AND A PRINCESS.

By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey.

THERE can be nothing more pleasing to the eye than the spectacle of a modern steam yacht lying at anchor off a wooded shore, lazily rising and falling upon the gentle swell that finds its way in from the endless stretch of ocean beyond. About such a vessel there is a touch of romance, and an individuality which, in one aspect at least, is overawing. It is as though the men grouped upon her decks were mere incidents in her career, as if the yacht were the thing of life, the mental process, the power and the intelligence, and her crew the mechanism which she directs. Even a landsman feels the indefinable influence which she exerts, but to a man who loves the sea, and who has passed all the years of his life beneath the scepter of Neptune, it is at once

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seductive, inspiring, and overwhelming. Unless your life has been passed upon the surface of the deep, unless you have battled with the elements which have their lair in mid-ocean, and have struggled, sometimes vainly, against a "six" or "eight" gale mercilessly forcing you upon the rocky battlements of a lee shore, you can never feel this indescribable thrill. How it quickens the pulse and warms the cockles of the heart to look down upon such a scene, suddenly and unexpectedly presented to view, after deliberately having forsworn all participation in the life of a sailor, and having voluntarily adopted a new career!

Craddock drew a deep breath and muttered something very much like an oath when he appeared upon the top of the rocky promontory and saw, peacefully at anchor, the beautiful craft seemingly sleeping upon the waters of the bay.

The sun, just risen, smiled complacently upon the scene; and from where Craddock stood there was not visible another sign of life than the yacht itself. She might have dropped from the clouds or have risen out of the depths of the ocean, for when the sun went down she was not there; with the birth of a new day she appeared to have been there always.

While he looked, shading his eyes with his hands, a white-clad figure issued from the companionway, and after sweeping the face of the bluff with a glass, waved a cap to the man on the shore. The greeting was returned with manifest eagerness; and a moment later, as if invoked by some unknown magic, other forms appeared upon the deck of the vessel, the port davits were swung away, a boat was lowered, and the man with the binoculars, having taken his place in the stern, was propelled rapidly toward the base of the bluff, upon the summit of which stood the motionless figure shading his eyes with his hand.

As the small boat came nearer, he turned and gazed backward along the path by which he had approached the bluff, until his eyes rested upon the outlines of a house half-hidden among the trees, where the noise of the surf could only reach it in murmurs. He sighed deeply, hesitated a moment more, and then turned again and plunged down the precipitous path which led to the shore of the bay at the point where the boat must touch. They arrived at the spot simultaneously. The man with the binoculars leaped ashore—a Hercules in physique, a mountain lion in litheness and grace of action, a tawny-haired, tawny-bearded Thor in aspect, and stretching out both arms, seized Craddock's hands in a strong, relentless grasp.

For a moment neither man uttered a word. They looked into each other's eyes, shook hands again and again, and then stepped away from each other silently.

"You received my letter, Craddock?" asked the yachtsman presently.

"Yes; more than a week ago."

"I may count upon you?"

Craddock shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply.

"Shall we go to your house, or——"

"No; not there," interrupted Craddock with a quick gesture of dissent.

"To the yacht, then. You shall breakfast with me."

"I have sworn——"

"D—n your swearing, Craddock! It is not going to sea to board the 'Carlotta.'"

"You have named her that?"

"Yes—but she bears a false name for the present. That you shall hear when we are alone in the cabin. *Vamonos, amigo!* All aboard! Ready, lads! Away with you! Egad, old fellow, doesn't this reanimate the dead corpuscles in your sluggish blood? What is there in that solitary life of yours to compare with this? There is a flush upon your cheeks already; there is a new light in your eyes; your nostrils dilate, even now; the war-horse hears the bugle sound the charge; the son of Neptune listens to the wind whistling in the shrouds and feels the breathing of the ocean's lungs. Here we are! Up with you, Craddock—up and in; but stop! Look forward, and then look aft. Experience once more the sensation of being a king, a monarch, an emperor, a god. Rest your nautical eye upon those sticks. Aren't they beauties? Did you ever see a rake like that, even in the old days of wind-jamming? Could a battle-ship or a cruiser be more perfectly appointed? Is there a shroud or a stay or a thing that you can criticise? Look at that low, wide funnel. Compound, triple-expansion engines, Crad. Twin screws, everything the best; nothing that floats can catch her. Come!"

He seized his friend by one arm and led him to the cabin, and a moment later they sat facing each other, half buried in huge leather chairs, with a steaming pot of fragrant coffee between them.

For several moments the yachtsman silently regarded his friend, who was feasting his

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eyes upon a vision that he loved more dearly than all else in the world—the luxurious cabin of a perfectly appointed yacht.

"Do you like the picture?" he inquired presently. "Is there anything that can improve it? My fortune is here. My home is here. I shall never live ashore again. This yacht is my sweetheart, my wife, my world, unless—! If she goes to the bottom, I go with her, with everything I possess.

"It is piracy, Ralph, no more, no less. Besides, I cannot go, anyhow."

The handsome face of the yachtsman became sullen, and he pulled at his tawny beard with a savage energy that threatened its destruction.

"You did not read all my letter," he said, finally.

"I read it through to the end, many times."

"IT IS PIRACY, RALPH, NO MORE, NO LESS. . . . I CANNOT GO."

Now, Craddock, tell me—you are going with me on this cruise?"

"No."

"Crad!"

"I cannot go."

"Why?"

"It is piracy."

"Legally, you are correct," replied the yachtsman, after a pause, and his voice was low and calm; "but by every moral law, human and divine, the cause is just, and honorable, and right."

"Then you know the fate of Carlotta if I do not carry out my purpose."

"Yes."

"And you still refuse to go, even though, against her will, they will wed her to another?"

"I still refuse to go."

"Let me repeat the story in words. Letters are cold things at their best."

"It is useless, Ralph. Was I not with you when you met this woman for whom you would now sacrifice so much? I warned you

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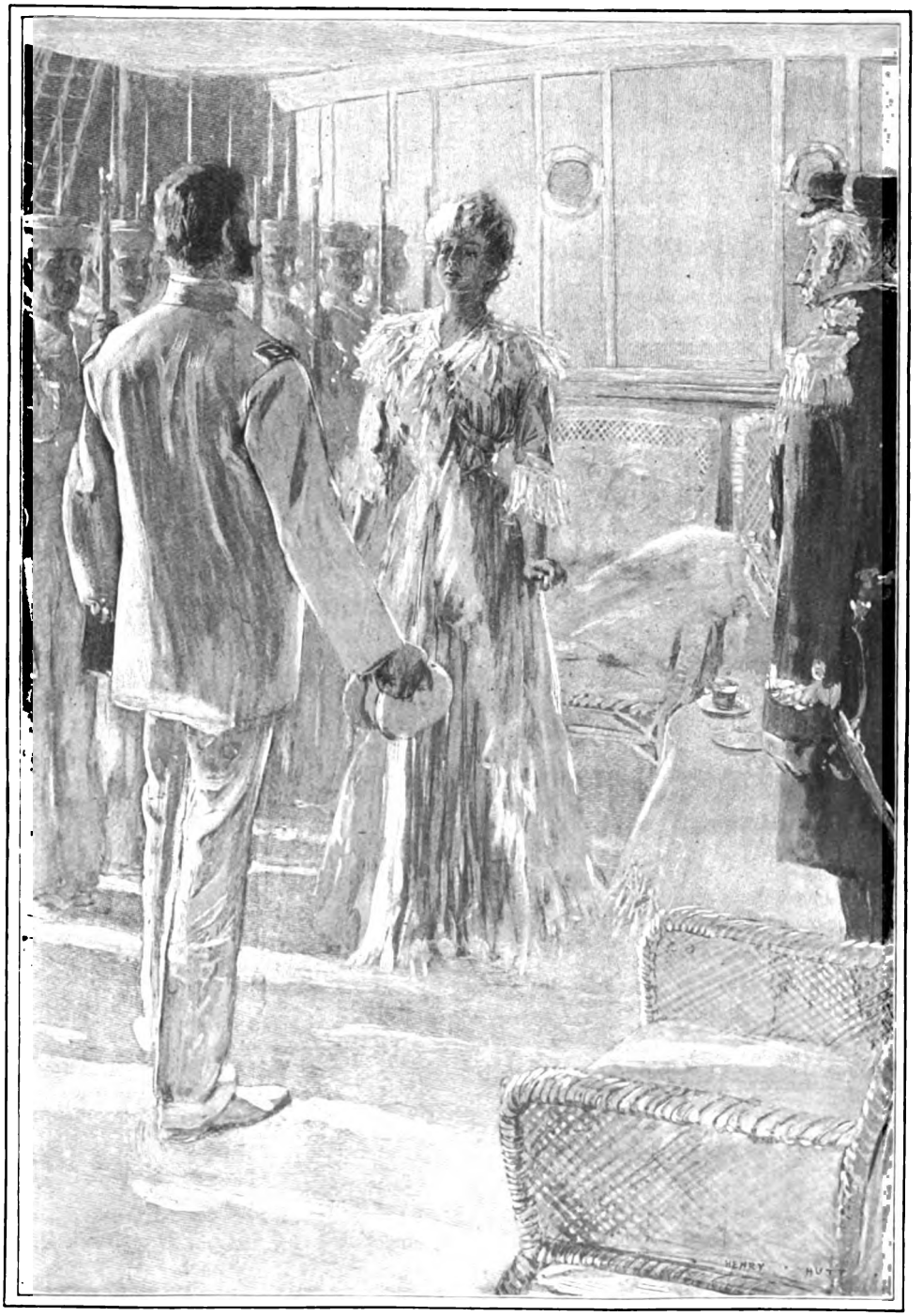

"YOU HAVE DARED TO COME TO ME, PAST ALL BARRIERS . . ."

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then, I have warned you since, I warn you again, now. If in making this sacrifice there existed one chance of success, heaven knows I would not hold you back from the enterprise, even if the lifting of one little finger would accomplish it. But there is no chance of success—not one. There is nothing but death—dishonorable death, presumably at the end of a rope dangling from a yard-arm for you, and eternal disgrace for her."

Craddock rose from his chair and with his hands behind him strode several times the length of the cabin. Then he resumed his seat and continued: "Can nothing deter you from this step, old friend? Let us review it for a moment. We were boys together. We went to sea together. Together we made our fortunes at the very moment when the world seemed darkest. During twenty-seven years we were never apart, except for a few hours at a time. We were ten when we met, thirty-seven when we separated four years ago. Twenty years of toil, seven years of adventure, and four years of contemplative quiet surely should have brought us wisdom. If you saw me about to embark in an enterprise which you knew would end in my undoing, would you not endeavor to hold me back from it? Would you not refuse to enter upon it with me, even if you were differently situated from the way that I am now? Because it was your ill-fortune to save the life of a princess—the daughter of a king—is it logical that you should deliberately sacrifice your life and honor, and hers also, to the love that was born to both of you by that event? Where, if this Utopian scheme of yours should succeed to the point of capturing this vessel upon which she is to be a passenger—where, pray, do you propose to hide? Where, in all the wide world, will you find a haven where you dare even hope to escape capture? Aboard this yacht? The combined navies of the world will pursue you. There is no far corner of land or sea where you will be secure."

"You forget——"

"I do not forget—Empire Island—our island, where we were wrecked, and where we lived in solitude nearly three years—is 12,000 miles away. You could not sail one-tenth part of the distance without capture—and, besides, you cannot go there. Your oath to me binds you not to do so. We mutually agreed never to return to that spot, unless in company, or with the express permission of the absent one. I will not go with you, and I refuse the permission. You will not break your word to me; therefore you cannot go there, even if it were otherwise possible. Hush! You need not speak! I know that you are angry. Do not utter now words which you will regret later; but I would rather live the remainder of my life under the ban of your undiminished rage, than to relax one single effort that I can make to turn you aside from this awful venture that you contemplate. You are a madman to undertake it; you were mad when you conceived it; you will be hanged as a felon before you can half consummate it.

"And for what, and for whom do you undertake it?" Craddock continued, with more excitement than he had shown hitherto, rising from his chair and again pacing the cabin deck. "For a woman whom you never saw but once in your life, in whose company you have passed less than five hours out of the forty-one years of your existence. For a woman who is related to every crowned head in Europe, whose portrait is familiar to every reader in the world, whose disappearance would arouse every human energy on earth and sea to effect her recapture and your destruction. You tell me in your letter that you have been planning this enterprise three years; if you had consumed 300 years in the work, it could offer no hope of success. She sails on the royal yacht on such a date, bound so-and-so; well, all the world knows that. You will pursue, and if perchance there is a storm, or an accident, or if God or the Devil intervenes in some inconceivable way, you will attack the yacht in the open sea, seize your prize, and sail away, confident that nothing that floats can outsail you. What, in heaven's name, will the two cruisers which accompany the yacht be doing while this piratical outrage is going on? Eight and ten-inch shells travel faster than this floating palace of yours.

"Again, if neither God nor the Devil interferes to assist you in this plan, you believe that you will find your opportunity in the Mediterranean when the yacht is at anchor and the royal party is resting. Bah! Don't you know that the cruiser-consorts will lie either side of her, and aren't you sailor enough to know that you will have no more chance of getting within hail of the vessel you would attack, without being fired upon, than you would have of capturing the 'Oregon' in an open fight with this puny craft? Are you mad, Ralph? I know you are in earnest, but have you lost all reason?"

"Have you quite finished, Craddock?"

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asked the yachtsman calmly. There was not a trace of anger left upon his face; indeed, he was smiling now.

"Yes," was the short reply.

"Shall I order breakfast served?"

"No. Send me ashore."

"Very good. But another question, first. Do you still refuse me permission to visit Empire Island without you?"

"Yes. I still refuse; now, and forever, unless you give up this enterprise."

"What was the promise we made each other? Will you state it for me? I may have forgotten the exact wording."

"The agreement was that neither of us should ever visit the island again, during the life of the other, except in each other's company, or with the express permission of the absent one. It is clear enough."

"Quite so. Thank you. Will you not breakfast with me now?"

"No. I will go ashore. You need not accompany me to the deck. Shake hands, and let us part here."

"It is my turn to refuse, Craddock. When we meet again, if we ever do, I will offer you my hand. You may not feel disposed to take it. It is better, therefore, that you should leave it untouched now. I will go with you to the deck. I will not sail till some time in the night. If you change your mind, come off to me. Tomorrow morning I will have gone."

Thor—we will call him so, after the Norwegian god he so greatly resembled, for he must be nameless here—leaned idly against the taffrail and watched the figure of his departing friend until he had scaled the cliff and, with a last wave of his hand, disappeared beyond it. There was a strange smile, half sad, half mocking, upon his determined features, which in every line gave evidence of unfaltering courage and relentless purpose.

"Too bad, Craddock," he murmured, still with his eyes fixed upon the point where his friend had disappeared. "I cannot visit Empire Island without you; therefore I must take you with me. There is nothing in the promise which says that either may not take the other by force; ergo, you must accompany me. Craddock, my friend, we sail tonight—and we sail together."

The night was cloudy, with here and there a star peeping out, and there was a number two breeze jostling among the leaves of the trees above the bluff. Two bells had just sounded on board the yacht, and nine o'clock had just struck in the house where Craddock lived, when he heard a summons at the door. He sprang toward it quickly, believing that his friend had thought better of his mad venture. He threw it open. A dozen forms leaped into the wide hallway. He was seized, and in a moment bound; and all the while Thor stood, with folded arms, idly leaning against one of the pillars of the portico.

"I cannot force permission from you, Craddock," he said, when the deed was done, "but I can compel you to accompany me. Is there anything that you would have me do before we go aboard?"

"Yes. My motherless child and the nurse must accompany me."

Two hours later the yacht had sailed.

Craddock imperturbably resigned himself to the inevitable. During the days which followed, while the yacht was coursing like a meteor toward the European coast, he gave no outward sign of the indignation he felt, other than totally to ignore the existence of Thor; and Thor chose not to see that he was ignored. His high spirits and boundless enthusiasm were unquenchable, and he seemed not to notice that his running fire of talk was never commented upon nor answered.

The voyage across the ocean was uneventful. The yacht slipped through the English Channel into the North Sea, and glided rapidly onward toward her first anchorage, which must not be named; and there came a day, approximately two weeks after the American coast was lost to view, when she glided to her moorings not three cable-lengths from the royal craft upon which the princess was soon to embark. Thor's great stature seemed taller than ever then. His eyes—colored like the water in the Gulf of Salerno with the sun at meridian—shone brighter and with greater steadfastness. There was a constant smile about his mouth, and his brows wore the half-frown of concentrated thought. He placed no guard whatever upon the actions of his friend, but two sailors were ever at the side of Craddock's child and nurse when they loitered upon the deck. Craddock, watching him furtively, wondered if he contemplated making the assault there, in the presence of the fleet and with the narrow neck of water between two forts bristling with guns as the only avenue of escape. Such an attempt on the part of Thor would not have surprised him.

But the Titan made no sign. Calmness and complacency seemed adjuncts of his or-

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ganism. He always smiled; he perpetually frowned. His deep voice, like the mellow tone of an organ, was never unsteady; and on the fifth day after their arrival they put to sea again.

"We are bound out, Craddock," he said, in one of those one-sided conferences often held, wherein the American listened without comment, and the Norwegian talked without compensation. "The royal party sails at dawn to-morrow. We will precede them through the channel and down the coast; and then—what then, *amigo? Quien sabe?* Shall I put you ashore, my friend, or will you see it out, now that you are embarked?"

"Did you see her, Crad?" he asked later. "Did you see her when she went aboard with her suite? High heaven, what beauty! What majesty! What infinite tenderness and love! Ah! If you had been with me on the quay! If you could have seen the start of surprise that she gave when she saw me—the roses that bloomed all in an instant upon her cheeks. The flush, the smile, the frown, the pathetic entreaty, the defiance, the undying love, the unalterable resolve. I made no sign. She made none; but her heart is beating now just as mine beats—like the piston in the high-pressure cylinder below, with terrific force, but steady and true—steady and true, Crad; never quickening or lessening a beat, never increasing or diminishing its force; steady and true, Crad; steady and true! You saw her from the deck, Craddock, with her eyes shining like the stars in heaven, with her head eating into the wind like the forefoot of a clipper ship. You saw her, did you not? The daughter of a hundred kings; the progeny of forgotten rulers of men; the acme of every promise of heaven and of earth! Crad, can you keep silent now!"

Two hundred and thirty knots, or thereabouts, off that part of earth where the Bay of Biscay eats into the coast of France, with the wind on a hitch between four and five, combing the tops of the waves into seething flakes of foam, like goat's milk in the whey, coursed Thor's masterpiece of mechanism. Off to starboard, thirteen miles away, the sun dipped moodily, half veiled in cloud. On the port quarter, six miles astern, was a white line surmounted by a column of somber smoke, and beyond and behind it were three lesser columns issuing from the funnels of the cruiser-consorts. When the sun dipped out of sight the wind freshened, and then, with a puff, went out. Craddock played with his little daughter. Thor rested his bulk against the port davits and struggled with his beard—the only evidence of impatience he manifested.

"Neither God nor the Devil will intervene," he said at last, approaching Craddock. "I quote you, my friend, not my own thought. In the Mediterranean it will be different." Then he sought his cabin.

There is something uncanny in the dead calm of a Mediterranean night, when the elements are asleep, and earth and sky and ocean are in repose; when even the billows cease their restless undulations, and anchored craft lie inanimate. The royal yacht was one of these.

There was life upon her decks, however. Here and there a sailor leaned idly against the bulwark and gazed abstractedly off into the night. The watch paced its restless tread fore and aft and athwartships; but the watch was sleepy-eyed, and yawned as he walked, for the duty was one simply of routine. Abeam, on either side, floated two of the cruiser-consorts; dead astern rested the third; sluggish, yawning, half sleeping, all of them. Beneath the awning, half in repose, yet keenly alert to every beauty of the night, flanked by maids and guarded by marines, though in utter solitude, reclined the Princess whom we have called Carlotta.

Of the royal party she alone remained upon the yacht. Why, she could not have explained, except that the night appealed to her in a new way; and for some unaccountable reason her mind was upon the Titan form and tawny-bearded face of her rescuer of long ago. Her glance swung lazily to seaward, where a green light hung motionless over the waters of the bay, and then turned shoreward again toward the point where her friends had disappeared. A haze, unlike mist but still a haze, mellowed the softness of the night. Repose, solitude, peace, memory, were in the air she breathed.

Then, out of the haze, at the point upon which her eyes were fixed, leaped a shape, and the heart of the Princess bounded, paused, fluttered, and again began its ceaseless counting of the periods in her life, for with the looming of the shape out of the haze had come a yodel-song, sharp and clear and strong. A cry heard once, never to be forgotten; a cry which she had heard but once, never to forget. She did not move. Her maids still whispered together. The marines remained deaf.

The shape was the launch that had conveyed her friends ashore. It flew the pen-

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nant of its royal owner. It approached unchallenged. There was a sharp command from amidships on the yacht. The deck swarmed with men. The boom was manned, the steps were lowered. Officers stood at attention. Marines lined up, presented arms, and fixed their eyes upon nothing. The launch had returned; what mattered it whom it brought?

One form only leapt to the deck; *lèse majesté* was in his demeanor. It was Thor, grand in his daring, and smiling with that half-frown of definite purpose.

The Princess rose from her chair calmly and with deliberation. A quiet word, spoken in an undertone, relegated her attendants to a distance. Half-way along the promenade she encountered her guest, and there she paused with extended hand, while he dropped upon one knee, and tenderly clasping the hand in both his own, pressed it to his lips.

He would have spoken, but she silenced him by a gesture, and so they remained for seconds which seemed hours to both. Then she spoke.

"You have dared to come to me, past all barriers," she said, tremulously. "I cannot say that I am not glad. Do not speak. I must not hear the sound of your voice. My destiny was shaped when the world was young; defiance cannot alter it. You have dared all things for the sake of seeing me again—that I might see you once more. I must ask even greater courage of you now. Leave me, my friend, with everything that you would say unspoken. I must not listen—but I know. We may not mention love—but afterward, afterward, when this earthly destiny is fulfilled, then, my friend, I will seek you as you have sought me now. Rise. Rise and go, lest my strength should fail me in this supreme moment. God be with you! Rise; do not speak; by your love for me, by my love for you, leave me! Do not look back. I beseech—no, I command! Leave me! My spirit will accompany you. My body—it is nothing—it must remain here. Afterward—yonder—in the life to come—I will seek for you! For the love of God, leave me!"

Upon the palm of her hand he pressed his lips, and then, without a word, he left the deck, dropped into the launch, and disappeared in the haze.

The Pillars of Hercules were dipping into the ocean far astern when Thor sought his friend on the after deck of the yacht "Carlotta." It was during the middle watch of the succeeding day. Outwardly he was unchanged, except that his smile was deeper and the half-frown had disappeared.

"The enterprise is abandoned, Craddock," he said, calmly; "will you take my hand now?"

"Gladly, Ralph; in full forgiveness, too."

Thor seemed not to hear, but continued, dreamily:

"There is little that I can tell you. With my men I seized the launch and boarded the yacht. She was there. I saw her. She gave me her commands and a promise. I obeyed, and I wait. That is all. Shall we go to Empire Island now, and rest?"

"If you wish it, yes."

TRUE STORIES FROM THE UNDER-WORLD.

By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton.

I.—IN THE MATTER OF "HIS NIBS."

Editor's Note.—The following story is the first of a series by Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton, men who have spent many years studying the criminal classes. Their methods are original. They live among the criminals and are known amongst the "profession" as men of their own class. It is needless to say that their life amongst them is not to break the laws, but to understand as thoroughly as possible the motives and methods of that great part of the community which they describe as "The Under-World." These stories are not fiction in the ordinary sense; they are entertaining stories, but more than this they are philosophical studies, about a class concerning which the great mass of people knows nothing, except that they are lawbreakers. All the names in these stories are fictitious, but the characters are real and the incidents have all occurred at various times and places. The stories are intended to point a moral as well as adorn a tale.

THERE were two James Disons, one a respected citizen of a small city in New York; the other was "one of the boys" in the naughty city of Manhattan and Long Island. These two gentlemen never met, though they possessed a metaphysical iden-

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tity with each other and an alternate existence. When James Dison of the small city went to the metropolis to purchase goods, James Dison of the naughty city received his letters and answered them, in particular letters from Mrs. Dison, in reply to which he insisted, very properly, on his eagerness to return to the delights of her society, which demonstrated that, even during his absence, his thoughts were with the community at home. In return for these courtesies in the metropolis, when James Dison of the small city returned to his accustomed office, it was his practice to sign and forward to the naughty city certain checks in payment of bills which his metaphysical double had contracted; some of them for ponderable goods to be delivered in the small city, others for imponderable goods such as the naughty city notoriously affords.

One evening in April, 189–, James Dison of the naughty city found himself possessed of a roll of bank-notes, and of a handsome watch which bore a striking resemblance to a gift officially and oratorically presented in February, 189–, by the Chamber of Commerce and the Bankers' Association of the small city to their "eminent and universally honored and esteemed fellow-citizen, James Dison, who by a timely exhibition of public spirit and self-sacrifice, lamentably rare in these times of pecuniary ambition and short-sighted greed, had saved the prosperous city from a local panic." The roll of bank-notes, James Dison of the naughty city diminished from time to time in the course of the evening, with the manner and gesture of never-mind-the-change; the watch he consulted toward six o'clock in the morning with an intellectual intensity, and decided, in a moment of lucidity remarkable under the circumstances, that he had made "a night of it" and would take a Turkish bath. When he had emerged from the bath and had breakfasted, he remembered that he had an appointment in Newark at the hour of ten, and that the ideal way to go to Newark, at which it is inconceivable a man should wish to arrive, is to take the "trolley." The conductor, who was an artist in words, politely requested the motorman to be good enough to "turn on that juice."

Burke Ryan was a gentleman who took his fun where he found it, and to whom the universe owed a living. A certain portion of his fun he found in the naughtier delights of the naughty city, but he had received a good education and read Tacitus and Livy in the "aboriginal," and was a connoisseur in scarf-pins. In the intervals of his pleasures he collected what the universe owed him; and if he discovered it in the pockets of other people, so much the worse—for the other people: a man has a right to his own.

At the time when James Dison was making a night of it, Burke Ryan saw his watch-chain and surmised his watch, and took stock of his roll of bills and of his manner and gesture of never-mind-the-change. He also recognized that by a singular exhibition of astuteness he had himself that day at the races lost the largest odds it was mathematically possible to lose, and that it was "up to him" to cut and cash with all possible promptitude a number of the coupons on the securities to which his creditor, the universe, had given him a right. One of the coupons that was obviously due lay for safe-keeping at the end of Dison's watch-chain in Dison's waistcoat pocket. He had discovered this fact at the moment when Dison had returned his watch to its resting-place after having consulted it with an intellectual intensity. Dison's manner of handing out his bills Burke had looked upon with a near approach to moral indignation; there was an offensive lack of principle in throwing away money that the universe owed to some one else.

When Dison entered the bath-house Burke also entered it. He had not wanted a Turkish bath, but he took one out of *complaisance:* what he wanted really was to "touch" the little sum which was coming to him, and to go to bed. When Dison lingered at breakfast, he also lingered at breakfast, though with a growing impatience at the prolix etiquette of modern times. Not so many hundreds of years ago a baron of the Under-World in his position would have taken shame to himself: he would have advanced upon Dison openly, and tapping him familiarly on the breast, would have explained that he had taken a fancy to certain insignificant trinkets, of which he doubted not their actual possessor, whose attention as a man of taste he claimed for a glance at the elegance of his stiletto, would be delighted to make him a present. When Dison entered the trolley-car in Jersey City, Burke also entered it and took a place beside him. He had been seemingly much chagrined at not having found it possible to obtain a place beside him on the "elevated" or the ferry; for his own part, he had no business in Newark whatever. When Dison slept, his watch transferred itself to Burke's waistcoat; when Dison woke he discovered in his trousers pocket the two longest and deftest

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fingers of Burke's right hand. Burke was at once so obliging as to withdraw the fingers and with them the remnant of Dison's roll of bills. Then the etiquette of modern times ceased to be prolix, and the scene was as mediæval as Burke could have wished.

Dison seized Burke by the shoulder and spoke his mind with a mediæval vigor and idiom which it would be an anachronism to record. There were two women and twenty men in the car; the two women expressed the judgment of their sex upon the situation inarticulately at the top of their voices; the twenty men with one impulse lurched toward Burke. Burke possessed no stiletto to the elegance of which he could call Dison's attention as a connoisseur, but he produced a remarkably handsome razor, to the elegance of which he called Dison's attention and the attention of every one in the car. Every one, Dison in particular, evinced a sudden interest in reaching the street. They fell over themselves in their eagerness, the women forgot even to scream, and one of them forgot the way to the door and used the window. The facetious conductor said the reason he got off was that he wanted to see what Burke's razor would look like from a distance. The last to desert his place was the motorman, whom Burke's approach seemed to afflict with acute insanity. As a preliminary to jumping off he turned on the full current, and when the car bounded forward at full speed he leaped. He did not wait to hold by the handles and steady himself before his feet touched the ground; he just naturally got off and did gymnastics. When he was picked up afterward he explained that he had been in a hurry.

James Dison.

"Stop thief," yelled the chorus in the road.

"Go to—" grinned Burke.

"Find a telephone," said one of the crowd, while another called on a man on a bicycle to "catch that car," and explained that there was a thief on it. When they explained also the nature of the thief and of his company, the bicyclist guessed he was tired, and that they might catch the car themselves. "If any of you gentlemen wants the loan of my wheel, he can have it," he said generously; "but for me, to-day's Friday: it's always bad luck for me to catch stolen trolleys on Friday." None of the gentlemen wanted the loan of his wheel.

None of them wanted to risk a pistol-shot by riding forward and attempting to keep Burke within hailing distance. The car was speeding along a stretch of deserted road, with the first house by the wayside a half-mile away. Every one preferred to assure every one else that Burke must leave the trolley soon, for he would overtake the car ahead of him; though what difference it made, when once he was out of sight, whether he left the trolley soon or not, nobody could suggest.

He did leave the trolley soon. In front of the one house visible stood a horse and buggy, which he halted the car to borrow, saying that he needed them in his business. A minute afterward he had disappeared.

In the meantime James Dison discovered that he had lost his watch.

It was distinctly understood in the "Front Office" that the "force" is the servant of the public, and that every member of the public, whether a big man or a little one, was entitled to receive the best attention the force could give. It was distinctly understood also that this theory was in the nature of a party platform or declaration of principles, and was well enough in its place, but that its place was not in practice. In practice there are differences to be observed. The chief had found it necessary to become

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well-to-do on his savings from a small salary, and he had achieved this seeming miracle by exercising the virtues of judicious discrimination and friendship. He had never soiled his hands with bribes—he had "never done nothing not morally right, savvy?"—but it was undeniable that he had discretionary powers and undeniable that he used them. As nobody will suppose that he used them to comfort his enemies and to discomfit his friends, it must be found natural that he received a just return for benefits bestowed.

When James Dison of the naughty city discovered that he had lost his watch, the first step he took in regard to it was admirable. The first step, to be Irish, was to stand still and meditate on what his metaphysical double should say to Mrs. Dison; in particular if the affair should reach the newspapers, and the omniscient reporter should employ his inalienable right of pertinent scandal. He could see the headlines as he stood there. He had an exquisitely tender sensibility for what concerned his double; he felt for him as for himself. He escaped with all possible haste from the witnesses of his mischance and declined to give his name. His second step was to seek out the "Front Office" and obtain a private interview with the chief; and here for a moment he made a blunder. He had the temerity to demand a favor before he had founded its indispensable basis in friendship. The chief paused in the midst of his scrutiny of a pile of documents, and official business was suspended everywhere within earshot, and Mr. Dison listened to the voice of authority. The chief was a man of wrath, and his speech was rude and his figures of rhetoric unconventional. "No, I will not. You will take your chances like anybody else. I will keep nothing quiet. Every dashed up-State son of a hay-rick thinks he can come down here an' play the goat and go back home and forgit it. If my town's tough, it's you hoosiers that come down here an' turn yourselves loose an' make it so; and it's me the newspapers roast."

Burke Ryan.

At this point James Dison of the naughty city was inspired to remember that James Dison of the small city owned a block of delegates at the State capital, and was high in the good graces of a Great Personage. He recited his titles to respect and mentioned the Great Personage.

"I don't care who you are, or who you know," thundered the Olympian, in a passion of rectitude that made him superior to grammar. "I don't owe you money nor anybody else. You can go tell him so. I'm not put here to do favors; I'm put here to execute the law, and you bet your life I'll do it!"

This was diplomacy. There are forms of speech in the Great Republic which it needs a long initiation to interpret, and James Dison was initiated. The chief had the most exalted friendship for the Great Personage whom Mr. Dison had named. It was the custom of that Great Personage from time to time, when he suffered with the spleen, to speak his mind to the chief with an unreserve which made the chief's eyes water—with affection. When Mr. Dison had withdrawn from the Front Office, the chief made the telephone wires hum with hurry-up summonses to trusted lieutenants whose names suggested that gifted people that can govern every country except their own. When Mr. Dison returned with his credentials, his reception reminded him that Mr. Dison of the small city was not the only man in the naughty city who is blessed with a metaphysical double.

"Have already moved in that matter of yours, Mr. Dison. An accident that might happen to any gentleman."

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"Even to an up-State son of a hay-rick," said the facetious Dison.

"I will have your property delivered to you at nine in the morning at your hotel," said the chief; "and in the meantime, if there are any little corners of the city that you would like to look into, I shall be glad to place a competent guide at your disposal."

"A pleasure to have made your acquaintance," said Mr. Dison, accepting the glad hand.

This also was diplomacy: the rest was business. The chief's face and bearing when he met his lieutenants were a hurry-up order personified. He named a dozen powers and potentates by their *noms de guerre*, and indicated their customary places of resort. His instructions were figurative: "Rake this town with a fine-tooth comb. I want 'em here by one o'clock. If they don't understand kindness, pinch 'em."

The Chief.

There is a wireless telegraphy in the Under-World which is quite as effective as Marconi's, and it was soon noised about among the "guns" that there was to be a round-up at the Front Office. A number of gentlemen who felt a delicacy about intruding upon the chief, even in the way of friendship, incontinently made themselves invisible; but the majority of those that he had mentioned were "copped out." The detectives were as much in the dark as to what "was doing" as were the guns, and the latter consoled themselves with facetious remarks as to the object of the approaching interview. "The chief wants t' ask us to break a bottle o' sham, or to notify us that he has shifted the dead line further down town, so's to give the likes o' us a chanst to turn an 'onest penny," said Billy the Bruiser; and MeKlowd remarked: "P'raps he is goin' to let us rubber over the recovered 'stolen goods' museum to see if we recognize any little trinkets o' our own."

The interview took place in the chief's private office.

"Curly," he asked in confidential tones, addressing the man from 'Frisco, "what do you know 'bout that touch that came off over in Jersey this morning on the trolley? Somebody got a gold thimble [watch] and a roll o' dough."

"First I've heard of it, Chief. I don't know nothin'."

"It's up to you, MeKlowd."

"I'm dead about it too, Chief. Just got out a-bed a little while before Curry found me."

"How about you, Billy?"

"Dead too. Keeps me busy keepin' track o' touches this side the river."

"Well, a touch came off, an' I want the thing cleared up. I'll give it to you fellows straight—the touch never should 'a' come off, an' it's up to me to get the gun an' the things. I've got you up here to read the riot act to you, an' you'd better read it to the rest o' the gang. I've been easy on some o' you men, 'cause I know 't you've got families here an' want to stay with them, but I'll tell you on the level that if you don't cough up that gun I'll put a dead line around this whole town. Now, you can take your choice. That's all I've got to say to you, but I want you, MeKlowd, to wait a shake."

The consultation with MeKlowd was short but significant.

"Ruderick, I might as well give you the truth as a steer. The sucker that was touched is a friend o' his Nibs—you know who I mean—an' his Nibs is hostile. It's the second time 't he's had a grouch on, an' I've got to put up a good front. If the thing don't go right, I'll be in a —— of a hole, an' I want to know if you'll pull it through. I can't get that gun inside of a month if you blokes don't help me, an' I've kept the sucker here in town on the plea that it'll all be over in a

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day or so. Will you get the push to cough up?"

"Anythin' doin' afterward?"

"I can't make no deal with you, Ruderick—you know well enough I been pretty square with you an' the push, ain't I? Well, it stands to reason 't I ain't going to get a grouch on if you an' the push do me a favor, don't it?"

"A' right. Forty-eight hours you said, didn't you? If it's only twenty-four you won't object, I suppose."

"It'll make my rep' all the better if it's only twelve."

"A' right. So long."

"So long, Ruderick."

Ruderick McKlowd.

Ruderick MeKlowd was a product of the city of tall buildings and tall talk — the "Western Metropolis" he sometimes called it, and sometimes "Chi." His passion for the town was only less pronounced than his passion for his profession, and he had arrived at that stage in his development when the name of his birthplace had been incorporated in his personal appellation, after the manner of powers and potentates and nobility in general. He was known to the initiated as the "Slick Chi Gun."

His business engagements were so far-reaching that it was but infrequently that he was to be met in the city of his name, and there were periods when, on account of another community's interest in him and demand upon his time, he was compelled to deny the town the honor of his presence for years at a stretch; but he always spoke affectionately of the place, and it was a well-understood ambition of his to be buried "on de Lake Front." In appearance he would not necessarily have been picked out for an inhabitant of Chicago. He had, to be sure, the Chicago business man's plunging walk. He was always in a hurry, and his ability to interest other people and other people's money in his enterprises may possibly also be characterized as a Chicago trait; but in other respects he fitted into the life of New York or any other great city, with as few rough edges to be polished off as probably any man of his temperament and training. An innocent little histrionic gift that he possessed—and exercised—commonly enabled him to pass with a casual acquaintance for almost anything, from a successful lawyer to a sea captain. But there were those in whose presence he frankly admitted that he was "Ruderick MeKlowd, and what are you going to do about it?" He was some five-and-forty years old, tall, well built, clean shaven, with a look in his face which was described by knowing ones as the obvious "mug of a crook." By those who did not know, it might easily have seemed the intense look of a preoccupied and rather hard man of affairs. When on the loaf, he sauntered through the streets unobtrusively, sometimes greeting his friends and sometimes not taking in the sights. Certain wiseacres claimed that he was "rubbering," and attention was sometimes called to "that greedy look of his eyes"; but this could not have been proved in a court of law. If he passed a friend whom he found it convenient not to recognize after the ordinary forms of greeting, he gave a peculiar guttural cough, sometimes called the thief's cough, or made a noise with his lips such as goes with a kiss, and it was frequently his misfortune to have these signs misinterpreted by denizens of the Front Office; but he had very convincing explanatory powers, and seldom found it difficult to square misunderstandings to the satisfaction of all concerned. On occasions, particularly if he had been "hitting it up," he made no attempt to explain or to excuse, and suggested that the Front Office "come out an' get its face put in." He was almost as popular at the Front Office as he was in his "push." From the strict Sabbatarian's point of view his record there was bad, but there were some things esoterically to his credit, which the Sabbatarian does not under-

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stand. The chief himself had more than once declared that "if Ruderick had only had an 'eddication,' he would have ranked among the salubrious men of history." It was the opinion of Ruderick's intimates that he had made a mark enviably high without taking his Doctor's degree, but, of course, they judged him by a standard of their own. The chief's liking for Ruderick was appreciated and respected. In the days when the chief had been struggling for honor and promotion "in the street," it fell to his lot to arrest certain "gentlemen of fortune" who protested *vi et armis*, which is hieroglyphic for with knife and fist. The chief might never have come out of the scrimmage alive if Ruderick hadn't "happened around" about that time. The chief, to his credit be it said, never forgot this coincidence.

It has been stated on very good authority that if the thieves of a town could be persuaded to become its policemen and would act "on the level," the appropriations for municipal defense might be very greatly reduced. Certain it is that they have a sense of the thing necessary to be done, a theft having been committed, which our municipal and private detective organizations have failed to improve upon.

"How much time we got, Ruderick?" asked Billy the Bruiser.

"Twenty-four hours."

"He jus' wants the thimble an' the roll, ain't that it?"

"No, he wants the gun, too. His Nibs is hostile, you see, an' this yap from the country's got pull, an' it's up to the chief to make a splurge."

"Will he let the bloke go?"

"Didn't say nothin' 'bout that. P'raps he will after he's let the yap rubber at him. I don't give a —— whether he does or not. It was a bunglin' job, an' the fellow deserves a stretcher. Besides, see all the trouble he's givin' us. He'll queer the whole of us if we don't get him."

"That's right," commented Billy. "No one man's got any business queerin' the push. If he has got to take a stretcher, then he has, an' that's all there is about it. Same thing happened out in Chi once. Old 'Frisco Slim touched up one o' the big joolry places, not knowin' that it was in the Eye's dead line. We had to cough him up—it 'ud been a case o' drill if we hadn't. Well, I tell you, Ruderick, I'll screw my nut down town an' rubber around, lettin' the boys know what's doin'. You'll put the people up here next, will you? A' right. Where'll we report?"

"Up in my rooms."

The two men separated, and began "putting the boys next." Ruderick dropped into saloon after saloon, talking quietly with men sitting at tables or standing at the bar, and pretty soon these men were to be seen coming out on to the street and taking different directions. He talked to them in a language unique for its abbreviations and directness. There were no long explanations. The simple statement, backed up by Ruderick's presence, "that the Front Office wanted to know who pulled off that touch in Jersey, and wanted the swag and the gun," sufficed to set going an unequaled detective agency.

There were no silly trips to Jersey to inspect "the scene of the crime," no long interviews with reporters about suggested clews, and no "keeping the wires hot." "Guns" of all ages and conditions strolled quietly up and down Manhattan, "rubbering," passing the time o' day, and putting people "next." One would enter a "joint," give a cough, and pass on to a rear room, where he was joined by those whom his cough had attracted. "Find out who got that thimble an' the roll, on the trolley over in Jersey. The chief is hostile, an' wants to know. Ruderick MeKlowd is on the case," and another half dozen recruits were enlisted for the honor of the chief.

A "touch" is to the Under-World what an Associated Press news item, or "the flimsy," is to the newspaper world. Knowledge of it is common property to those who are in the guild. There are a hundred "touches" and more every day of which the police hear nothing, but the Under-World knows all about them, who made them, what was realized on them, and where the "get away" took place. Gossip about "touches" is as essential to the Under-World as is gossip about marriages and births to the Upper-World. Burke Ryan could no more forego the pleasure of telling his pals about the "touch" on the trolley in Jersey than he could resist the temptation to "pull it off." He had "hocked" the watch and invested the greater part of the roll in a quiet little game of poker by the time Ruderick MeKlowd and the push were on his trail, and he had also published widely the details of the theft, only Ruderick and his companions had not yet reached the "joints" where the story had been told. At the very moment that Ruderick and Billy the Bruiser were agree-

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ing on the campaign to find him, Burke was in a saloon not over ten blocks distant, telling some cronies how he had "to clear the deck" on the trolley with his razor to make good his "get away," and giving them amusing accounts of how the "Molls dove out o' the windows" in their haste to give him room.

"An' the sucker 't I'd touched," he went on, referring to the naughty Mr. Dison, "he jus' sat down an' t'rew a fit. Yelled like a stuck pig."

Burke had his friends in the push as well as did Ruderick, and there was one, "Jimmy" Ryerson by name, who felt that it was "up to him" to let Burke know that Ruderick and his push were in pursuit. He had a score to settle with the chief, which had been troubling him for months in his sense of honesty, and he considered the present occasion a good one to discharge his debt. Burke had told him of the touch early in the day, and Ruderick's enterprise had been made known to him not long after. He knew that the majority in the push were with Ruderick, but the opportunity to "turn down" the chief was too good to be lost, and Burke was advised of his peril.

"Do they jus' want the dough an' the thimble," asked Burke, "or are they after me, too?"

"They're after you, you duffer," said Jimmy, "an' they'll have you, if you don't flit. You've been chewing the rag all over town, an' somebody's told 'em by this time."

"Do you mean to say that they're goin' to turn me over to the chief?"

"That's what they are, an' you'll be settled, too. His Nibs is on his ear, they say, an' the chief's got to square things."

"Well, they can go plump to —— I ain't no sucker to help out that chief. Let him help hisself out. I'm goin' to flit right—" His speech was cut short by the entrance into the saloon of Ruderick and two "pals."

It was a chase which is talked about still when chases come up for discussion. It began below Twenty-third Street, and ended in a vacant lot near the Eighth Avenue elevated railroad terminal, and is probably the only pursuit of a criminal in whose arrest criminals alone were interested. Trolley cars, cabs, and the "elevated" were all used by both the pursued and the pursuers, and a fierce struggle ended the flight. As a last resort Burke took his stand in a fence corner of the vacant lot, drew his razor, and dared Ruderick and his two companions to touch him. "It's a case o' knock out," said Ruderick, and poor Burke was made the target for stones swiftly thrown and carefully aimed. He stood it as long as he could, his face and hands being cut and bruised and smeared all over with blood, and then cried out, "I cave—I cave."

"Couldn't help it, Burke, old man," said Ruderick soothingly. "Three to one ain't fair, but it's business. The chief needs you, and we need the chief. See!"

AN INTERNATIONAL WHEAT CORNER.

By J. D. Whelpley.

Editor's Note.—The facts stated in the following article constitute a heretofore secret chapter in the diplomatic history of the United States. November 4, 1896, the Russian government proposed to the United States that an alliance of the two countries be formed to benefit the American and Russian farmers at the expense of the world. This proposition was made within a few hours of the election day of 1896, after the country had been for months in the throes of a discussion of the silver question, in which the argument for free coinage bore a remarkable resemblance to that advanced by Russia in favor of her proposed agrarian treaty. The advances of Russia were treated as a diplomatic secret, and the written communications were immediately buried in the files of the State Department. It transpired in Washington several weeks later that Russia had sought such a conference, and it was capital gossip that her advances had been met almost rudely by the American government, but no hint of the magnitude of the proposal or its definite character escaped the government officials. For four years the details of the plan which could have been proposed by Russia, had her advances been received in a friendly manner, have been accurately known to less than a score of persons, all of whom were concerned in keeping the matter quiet for varying reasons. The documents here given are exact copies of those on file in the Department at Washington, and the details of the proposed agreement were secured by the writer from the Russian officials who conceived the plan and who still hope the time will come when the people of the United States will give it favorable consideration.

ON the morning of November 4, 1896, the Russian minister to the United States, Mr. Kotzebue, acting under instructions from his government, proposed to the Hon. Richard H. Olney, then the American Secretary of State, that Russia and the United States should enter into a combine to corner the surplus wheat of the world for the purpose

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of raising the price of that cereal 100 per cent. As explained by the Russian minister, this government trust was to be created primarily for the benefit of the farmers of Russia and the United States, but it was believed that it would result in time to be of equal benefit to the wheat producers of the entire world.

The Russian minister's communications were oral and confidential. Accompanying them was a diplomatic letter or "memorandum," in which attention was called to the financial crisis at that time confronting the wheat-growers, owing to the low prices prevailing for wheat at the farms, and setting forth in detail the theory of the Russian government as to the origin of this depression, and explaining why it was believed that continuously prosperous conditions would result to the agriculturalists from concerted action on the part of the two greatest wheat-producing countries.

Secretary Olney, according to the custom prevailing in the State Department when communications are received concerning the affairs of other departments, referred the proposition of the Russian minister and the written memorandum to the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, then Secretary of Agriculture, with the following letter of transmittal:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *November* 4, 1896.

THE HONORABLE THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

Sir: The enclosed memorandum from the Russian minister at this capital relates to a subject upon which you probably have definite views, and as to which, therefore, I am very desirous of obtaining your opinion before making a reply to Mr. Kotzebue.

He gives me to understand that the proposed international conference will not be held, unless the United States thinks well of the project.

Begging you to return the enclosed memorandum when it has served your purpose, I am,

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) RICHARD OLNEY.

The following day, in compliance with the request of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Agriculture returned the memorandum of the Russian minister, with the following letter of comment:

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *November* 5, 1896.

THE HONORABLE THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

Sir: I acknowledge the receipt of your communication of yesterday which enclosed a memorandum from the Russian minister at this capital relative to an international agreement between wheat-growing countries to fix the price of that cereal in the markets of the world.

Cheap prices for cereals in the last decade have been brought about by cheaper and improved methods of production and distribution. Labor-saving farm machinery and implements, together with reduced cost of transportation by water and by rail, are the principal contributors to the cheapening of breadstuffs.

It is true that agriculture is a source of livelihood and surplus revenue to a very large proportion of the earth's inhabitants, but the rapidly declining prices of agricultural products, if only equal to the rapidly declining prices of other commodities, cannot affect either the living or the revenue of the farmer.

It has always been the aim of philanthropic civilization to make food and raiment and the comforts of life in general cheaper and more generally obtainable all the world over. International grain markets cannot be arbitrarily furnished with permanent prices by any sort of an international agreement, although I confess that an international congress to fix the price of wheat would be equally as efficacious and conclusive as an international monetary conference called for the purpose of fixing the price of silver.

The relation of supply and demand is the sole regulator of value. The supply of wheat has been largely increased by modern methods providing cheaper production of that cereal, while the cost of distributing this crop among the populational centres of the globe has been very much diminished and the demand has not grown with the same celerity as has the supply. Therefore the decline in price is logical and unavoidable.

The fact that this general decline makes foods obtainable by less effort among laborers and others all the world over is, it seems to me, cause for congratulation rather than for despondency among enlightened statesmen.

In my judgment, it is not the business of government to attempt, by statutes or international agreements, to override the fixed laws of economics, nor can government repeal, amend, or mitigate the operation of those laws, chief among which is that which declares that the relation of supply to demand is the sole regulator of value.

Holding these opinions, I cannot believe for a moment that a conference of the representative countries which export cereals would throw light upon the nature of the crisis to which the memorandum alludes. Nor do I believe that the wheat-exporting countries can, by uniting in any way, become a permanent power in the international markets so as to fix the price of wheat and other cereals therein.

No amount of discussion or deliberation in an international conference can repeal the laws of gainful trade, which are based upon an enlightened selfishness, and adjust themselves to foreign as well as to domestic exchanges. The price of wheat will continue to be regulated by the relation of the world's supply of wheat to the world's demand for wheat in all the markets of the globe.

Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) J. STERLING MORTON,
Secretary.

From the point of view taken by the Russian government, Secretary Morton's reply was unsatisfactory and his reasoning founded upon incomplete information and erroneous deductions. For twenty-five years the Russian Department of Finance had studied the wheat market and collected data as to population, wheat acreage, wheat supply, de-

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mand, and prices, and from these data had reached the conclusion that the laws of supply and demand had little to do with regulating the prices realized for their wheat by the Russian farmers. It had been proved to the Russian mind that the price of wheat was manipulated by speculators, and that nearly every year the farmer was the victim of their operations. The spirit shown in the reply of the United States government to the advances of Russia was so entirely unfriendly to the proposed conference that the matter was at once dropped by Russia, for the time, at least, so far as the United States was concerned. The idea was not entirely abandoned, however, for the Russian government, believing fully in the justice and practicability of the wheat corner proposed, at once set to work in a more indirect manner to bring about in time a more friendly consideration of the matter by the United States.

The first step taken was to authorize the financial agent of the Russian government in the United States, M. de Routkowsky, to urge the organization of an international bureau which should gather and compile for purposes of deduction all statistics relating to agriculture, Russia believing that in time the people of the United States would therefrom inevitably and logically reach the same conclusions upon which had been based Russia's proposition for the respective governments to act as middlemen for the benefit of the farmers.

Russia and the United States furnish nearly ninety per cent. of all the breadstuffs which enter into international trade, the resources of each country being about equal for this purpose. In Russia, the agricultural population buys ninety per cent. of everything that is sold in the empire. In the United States, the agricultural population buys between fifty and sixty per cent. of all domestic purchases, owing to the greater manufacturing element. In Russia, more than in any other great nation, hard times with the farmers means distress for all, from the imperial treasury to the humblest peasant. This was brought home to the Russian government in 1893, when wheat dropped to fifty cents a bushel, and, in consequence, distress prevailed throughout the empire. Hampered by no constitutional restrictions or need of congressional action, the Russian government set to work, at once and by direct means, to raise the price of wheat. Three measures were instituted. The government bought all supplies of breadstuffs for the army directly from the farmers, thus giving the middleman's or speculator's profit to the producer. In eleven provinces where famines of previous years had exhausted the government grain warehouses of their contents, these stores were replenished. The government then offered to loan money to the farmers at four per cent., taking wheat as security, thus enabling the growers to hold their product for a better market.

As a result of these steps, the price of wheat increased from ten to twenty per cent. Twenty-seven million dollars was borrowed by the farmers from the government on grain. In all this vast loan, there was a loss of but $700,000, or about half of the interest due on the whole amount. The two first-named measures were temporary. The system of loans proved so successful that it was continued, and is still in force, to the profit of the government and the advantage of the farmers. It was by these means that speculation in wheat was rendered by government interference practically impossible in a country of a population of 130,000,000, which raises nearly 400,000,000 bushels of wheat, of which twenty per cent. is surplus over and above the needs for domestic consumption.

Russia has had in her own experience another instance of the possibility of government control of a great food product. Each year, the Minister of Finance fixes the amount of sugar which shall be produced in the empire, and sets the price at which it shall be sold. The average domestic consumption is about one billion pounds. This is announced as the legal limit of production which shall be put upon the market during the year. In addition, the empire is allowed to manufacture 180,000,000 pounds more, which is placed in storage. The one billion pounds, as it is sold, pays an excise tax of two and one-half cents a pound. If at any time, through increased demand, sugar becomes worth more than the price fixed by the government, the 180,000,000 pounds in reserve is allowed to reach the market free of excise duty. If this does not supply the market at the legal price, the government itself will buy from foreign countries enough sugar to supply the need for a bear influence upon the price. This has been done by Russia twice during the past ten years. This system of course precludes any export business in sugar, but the Russian government does not believe that the exporting of sugar from Russia can be made profitable or advisable, so it does not encourage it.

With this domestic experience in the

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government control of the prices of great agricultural products, the Russian government naturally turned its attention to the possible control of the wheat prices of the world. It was established to the satisfaction of the Department of Finance that the price of wheat was not entirely governed by the law of supply and demand at all times. For twenty-five years, the fluctuations in the price of wheat had been noted, and their relations to the world's supply and the world's demand. From these figures certain facts were deduced. It was shown that from 1860 to 1883 the construction of railroads brought new wheat fields nearer to distant markets, thereby supplying these markets with grain at cheaper prices than could be done from Europe, where the high value of land, combined with the exhausted condition of the soil and necessity for fertilizers, did not allow the farmers to produce breadstuffs profitably at prevailing prices. Low prices for wheat came in the latter part of the decade mentioned as a result of these changes in the channels of the world's trade and the development of new bread-producing area.

From 1882 to 1893, the area of the cultivated land in the world increased only five per cent. The amount of crops gathered increased at about the same ratio. At the same time the population of the countries which are the consumers of wheat increased about eleven per cent., and the rate of *per capita* consumption of wheat rose steadily during the same period. The Russian government claimed that these figures could mean but one thing; not that there was over-production, but that artificial causes were responsible for the low price. The number of consumers had increased, the amount consumed by each one was greater, and the production of grain had not kept pace with this growth in demand by at least one-half. To the mind of the Russian government official, it appeared logical to conclude, under these circumstances, that if the law of supply and demand governed prices, they should have been higher in 1893 than they were in 1883, but their Department of Statistics assured them that this was not so, and that the Russian farmer received in 1893 only half as much for his wheat as he received in 1883.

The Russian government was thoroughly satisfied that the prosperity of all agricultural countries depended upon the farmer receiving good prices for his wheat, that the prevailing prices to the producer were governed to a large extent by manipulations of the market by speculators, who were interested in the farmer getting as little as possible for his wheat and the consumer paying the highest price he could be made to pay; that it was practicable for a government to attempt to control the price of wheat for the benefit of the farmers; and that, as Russia and the United States produced ninety per cent. of the breadstuffs entering into international trade, by effecting a combine these two countries could fix the price of wheat in all the markets of the world.

Russia also believed that while the prosperity of the farmer meant prosperity to the agricultural nations, it also meant prosperity to the whole world. When the farmer had money he bought goods, when a nation was prosperous it bought more of other nations. Therefore, while the prosperity which resulted from a high price for wheat would primarily benefit the United States, Russia, Roumania, and other wheat-growing countries, it would also benefit countries like England, the Netherlands, and Belgium, which had no wheat for sale, but which depended for their prosperity upon the sale of other goods to prosperous nations able to buy them. In brief, the contention of Russia was that no considerable part of the civilized world could remain prosperous long without bringing prosperity to all of it in the workings of the laws of compensation. Thus naturally came to pass the proposition made to the United States of America by the Russian Empire.

Neither the memorandum of the Russian minister nor the reply of the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States conveys any intimation of the details of this proposed international wheat corner, but upon the best Russian authority it can be stated that these details had been fully considered by the Russian Minister of Finance, and were ready for submission to the government of the United States as soon as the latter country should signify its willingness to discuss them. The reply of the United States to the first overtures made by Russia was so conclusive, even to brusqueness, that it left no opening for more discussion. Hence the diplomatic record goes no further. The plan favored by Russia would have applied to the two countries first entering into the agreement, and subsequently to all of the other wheat-exporting countries which, in self-defense, would soon have been forced to join the proposed great international wheat trust.

The scheme devised by the Russian Minister

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of Finance, which would have been presented to the United States for consideration, had the suggested international conference been held, was bold but simple in its provisions. The two governments were to enter the market as buyers of wheat at the stated price of one dollar per bushel. They were also to agree to sell this wheat at a price which would cover the original outlay, interest on the money invested, and the cost of doing the business. From the Russian point of view, this would have been included in a charge of a dollar and eight cents a bushel for all wheat sold. If the supply of wheat was such that foreign buyers could not pay the price, the two governments were to absorb the surplus grain through banks or other agencies, and store it against a time when it might be needed to supply a deficiency in the crop.

The theory underlying the scheme was that all the wheat of the world is now needed for food. With a guaranteed market at one dollar a bushel, no one could buy it anywhere for less, and all the wheat would still be sold to the consumers as now, except that the price could never go below the standing offer of the United States and Russian governments. It is not believed by Russia that dollar wheat would mean any decrease in consumption anywhere, as the difference in price for the small quantity used by the individual consumer would not be appreciable, and wheat has many times before reached and exceeded the dollar point without decreasing the amount consumed. It is not believed, therefore, that under this plan either government would ever need to become an actual purchaser, to maintain the price agreed upon; and on the theory that the higher the price of wheat the better it is for the wheat-producing countries, no concern would be felt for any fluctuations above the dollar mark.

As Russia and the United States produce such a large percentage of the wheat of the world, the export wheat of all other countries would also keep the same level, varying only according to differences in cost of transportation to competitive markets. With the export price at least a dollar, domestic prices would be the same, and thus the action of Russia and the United States would raise the price of all the wheat in every wheat-growing country on the face of the earth. Mr. Morton has admitted that such a course might temporarily increase the price of wheat, but that in the end production would be so stimulated as to cause a vast overproduction and consequent inability of the wheat-producing countries to control the product. The Russians answer this by saying that even if such overproduction was possible, which they do not admit, it would be some time before it would be felt, and that if the time arrived when it was actually imminent, the government price could be lowered so as to discourage further expansion of the wheat area. They also agree with those economists who contend that the possible wheat area of the world has nearly reached its final limits, and that at the most the expansion of this area is a slow process, producing hardly perceptible effect upon the supply in relation to the demand, owing to the steady increase in population and the consuming power of the people of the earth. The Russians also instance the control of the oil supply of the world by a private trust, as an example of what could be done with wheat by two great countries furnishing nearly all of the product and with unlimited financial and other resources.

It is unlikely that the United States, within the life of the present generation at least, will seriously consider such a plan. It is contrary to the recognized principles of a republic which, theoretically at least, does not interfere with the business of the individual, fights shy of paternalism, and as a government of the people by all the people, denies that any one industry can hope for such specialized effort on its behalf. The possibilities of such a government wheat trust as is proposed by Russia are startling. The wheat crop of the world in 1898 was 2,879,000,000 bushels. The price realized by the farmer is about fifty cents a bushel under ordinary conditions. Russia proposes to add nearly a billion and a half of dollars to the value of this wheat crop of the world. To the United States, producing nearly 700,000,000 bushels, this would mean a gain of about $350,000,000 to the agricultural districts. To the Russian farmers, producing about 400,000,000 bushels, it would mean a yearly gain of $200,000,000, which would be nearly all net profit, as the consumption of wheat by the farmer bears small proportion to his production. On the other hand, to England, importing 125,000,000 bushels of wheat, it would mean an increase of over $60,000,000 a year in her bread bill. The farmers of the United Kingdom would be benefited to the extent of $30,000,000 by the increased price for their wheat, but the Russian-American wheat trust would deal the English people the hardest blow of all.

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Upon France and Germany it would also fall heavily. So serious in fact would it be to the wheat-importing countries, that it would soon constitute a bond of international sympathy which would ally the great wheat-importing countries as against those exporting In the first group would come England, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and many other smaller countries. In the opposing group would be Russia, Austria, Roumania and all of North and South America.

It is hardly probable that Russia and the United States could enter into such an alliance without a protest from England, France, and Germany. How far such a protest would be carried, if made, it is difficult to say, but such a great danger, common to all the importing countries, would bring them together for self-protection. It would end many international friendships and make new ones. It would disturb present trade balances. It would give tremendous impetus to domestic expansion in the wheat-growing countries, especially in Russia and South America. It would cause the wheat-eaters to hate the wheat-growers, and make good cause for war.

The United States government has refused to consider the proposition. Russia expresses mild wonder at this lack of perception of what she considers a great opportunity, and still hopes for the conversion of her great agricultural rival into an ally. The agrarian party in the United States has already demanded government aid for the farmers as some compensation for the protective tariff levied for the benefit of manufacturers. By no one measure could an agrarian party in power do more to appeal to the imagination of its supporters than by turning a friendly ear towards the advances of Russia for the formation of such a wheat corner, beside which the most extensive operations in "the street" to-day are but child's play.

THE FISHERMEN'S PRAYER.

By William Hale.

Lord God, Thy sea is mighty,
  Lord God, our boats are small;
But Thy heart's open haven
  Shall save us, each and all.

God of the meek and lowly,
  God of the tempest-tried,
Be with us when we struggle,
  And stand our wheel beside.

The grit and grace, oh, give us,
  Until life's cruise shall close,
To batten down the hatches
  And ride out all the blows.

And when the toil is ended,
  And when the fishing's done,
Grant us in Thee to anchor,
  After a voyage well run!

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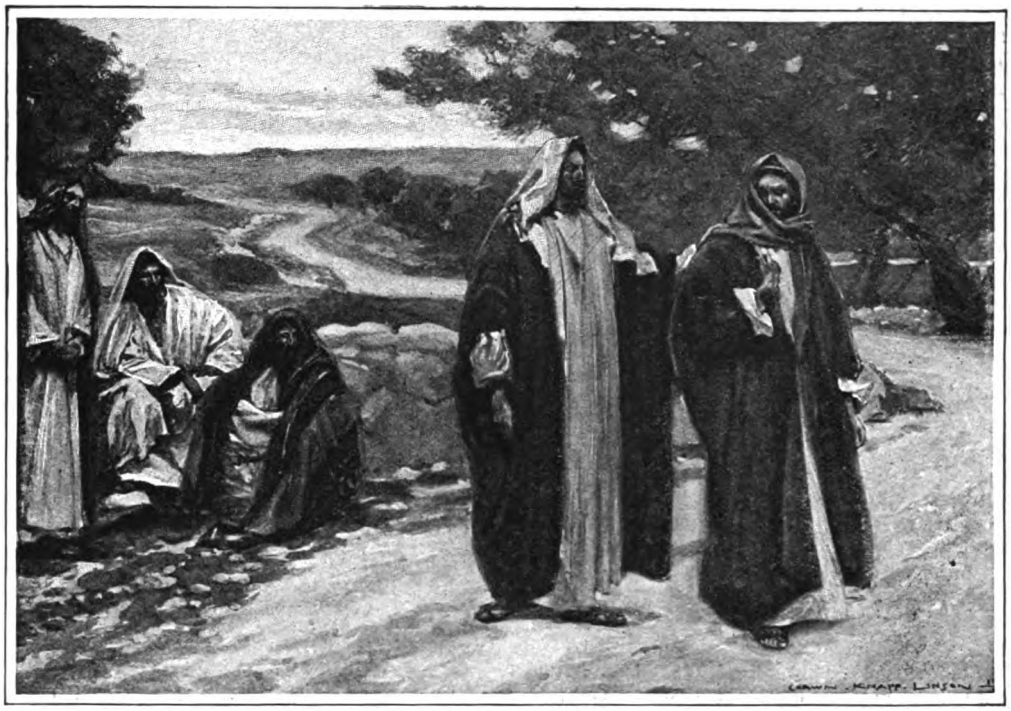

JESUS AND THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me.—MARK, x. 21.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN WATSON, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON.

PART VIII.—A WARNING TO THE RICH.—THE HOME AT BETHANY.

IT is inevitable that any prophet who sets himself to regenerate society shall face the problem of riches, and various circumstances made it very acute for Jesus. He came Himself of the working class, and had a keen sympathy with their life. Poverty in Jesus' day was grinding and helpless, when wages were not always paid and judges could be always bought. His duty led Him into the houses of rich people which were in painful contrast to the home of His youth, and He was made to feel in many ways that an invitation to a rich man's house was an honor to be thankfully and humbly used. Would it have been wonderful if a certain tone of moral bitterness and just resentment had crept into Jesus' speech as He considered how differently Providence had treated a heartless ingrate like Simon the Pharisee and a faithful saint like his own mother? Surely if there be any anomaly in practical affairs, it is that people full of pride and blind to spiritual beauty should be dowered with goods, while some of the noblest souls should be harassed by narrow means and petty struggles. And at this sight wise men have lost their heads and used wild words.

No cross providence, however, affected the sweetness of the Master's soul or biassed the impartiality of His teaching Jesus'

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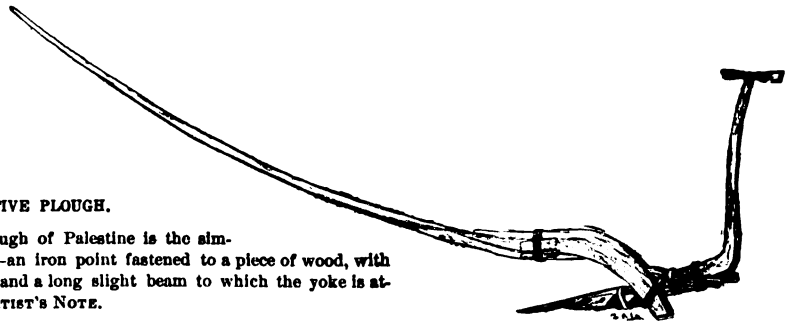
sayings gave no hint that He ever regretted His own poverty, or that He envied the circumstances of Simon, or that He thought such persons had been favorably treated by His Father. What rather strikes one is the constant suggestion that rich men were to be pitied and that their possessions were a drawback to their life. Jesus moves in and out of the great houses with a fine detachment and gracious condescension, as one having a more splendid and lasting heritage. He laments the slender and sordid ambitions of the rich who have no understanding and do not grasp at great things, and it was to Him a fact full of meaning that the kingdom which was for the most part rejected by the respectables as a devout imagination, was received with great joy in the dwellings of the poor. It is laid on His heart to speak to the rich as no prophet has done since—not with reproaches and invective, as if they had wronged their brethren and were licensed robbers, but with anxiety, as to persons who, through a misfortune of great possessions, were apt to make the chief loss of life. As He delivers His message, although sometimes for the sake of courtesy it takes the shape of a parable, one rich man after another stands out in his place and can be identified.



A NATIVE PLOUGH.

The plough of Palestine is the simplest affair—an iron point fastened to a piece of wood, with one handle and a long slight beam to which the yoke is attached.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

The first is given without disguise because he was an acquaintance of Jesus and the figure in a romantic incident. He was a young man residing somewhere in the country, and belonged to the higher class in society. His father had been wealthy, and the son had succeeded to a large inheritance. Unlike the son of another squire, who had despised the quiet country life and had played the prodigal in a Gentile country, this man had more respect for himself and his name. He had other tastes than meat and drink, and had carried himself with such intelligence and honor that he was raised to the rank of ruler in the nation. His character of good principle and solid worth was quickened by spiritual ideas and unworldly instincts. There was also in him a fine vein of enthusiasm and a habit of self-forgetfulness which were very taking. Born heir to dangerous advantages and competing temptations, he was neither a profligate nor a prig, but a well-living, cultured, high-spirited, reverent gentleman; one to whom Providence may well give riches, and who may be rich with safety.

It was certain that this young ruler should be profoundly interested in Jesus, and in him the Master had a likely disciple. He would be weary unto death of the religion of the day and the insincerity of religious people; he would have an ear quick to catch the note of reality, and a sense to appreciate the appeals of the new Teacher. It would, of course, matter nothing to him that Jesus was poor, any more than that many of the Pharisees were rich. It was only a vulgar person like the man of the barns who would have estimated Jesus by his garments; at the young ruler's Jesus would have had water for his feet, and every courtesy.

From time to time he had heard Jesus, and had been charmed by the elevation and delicacy of His sentiments. One day, as he sat alone in his library, thinking on the greatest things, news came that Jesus was passing, and might never again return. The enthusiasm which was in the air fired the young ruler, and under a heavenly impulse —that breath from above of which Jesus spoke—he rushed into the way and knelt in devotion at Jesus' feet. "Thou hast the secret of life. I think, and I feel, and I work, but I have not yet tasted the fullness of living. What must I do to inherit everlasting life?" As Jesus looked at this man in his nobility, and heard his ingenuous prayer, the Master's soul went out to him, and He loved the young ruler.

When Jesus answered that, for him, the entrance into the larger life of the soul must

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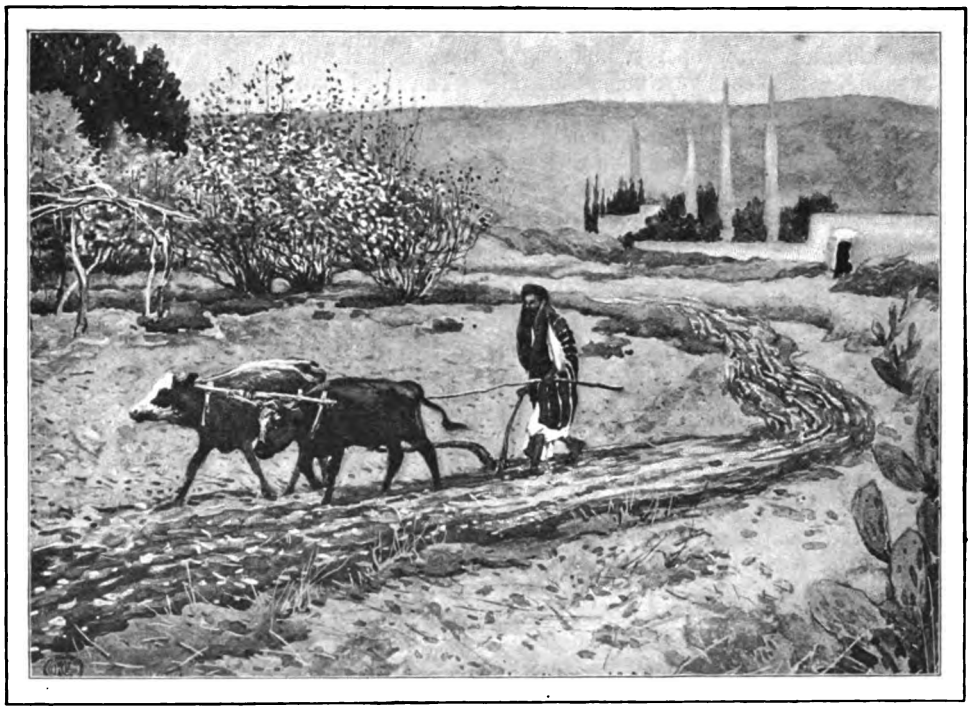
be poverty, the Master laid down a hard condition, and yet one would have expected it to be fulfilled. If Peter left his fishing-boat and Matthew his custom-house at the bidding of Jesus, neither having souls of special refinement, then this man of finer clay will go out to welcome the invitation of the Master. This surely is the very man to follow Jesus, in whom the Master will find another John; and when he makes the great refusal, Jesus cannot conceal His disappointment nor His regret over the subtle power of riches and their unexpected fascination. For riches are not to be judged as simply so much gold in a treasure chest, which its owner can count in his leisure hours. They are, in the hands of such a one as this young ruler, the means of a cultured life, and one of the conditions of an assured position. He would be indifferent to meat and drink, and he would rather despise purple and fine linen; but he did value the company of his social equals—men of the same habits as himself—and an atmosphere of refinement and freedom from petty cares. He was asked to reduce himself to poverty, and to become the companion of fishermen, whose ways were not his ways, and to wander about the country who had lived in his home; and even although he would have had Jesus for his friend, he shrank from the sacrifice. And thus a man so hopeful and attractive that Jesus loved him, denied himself the fullness of everlasting life, because he was rich.

The second rich man appears in a story, although he is evidently a close study from life, and he is a very unlovely character. As one gathers from his increase in wealth and his coarseness of tone, he has not been the heir to riches and position, as was the young ruler, and he had not therefore his fine instincts and graciousness. His had been the stern, hard struggle from poverty to affluence—a progress not from knowledge to knowledge, nor from character to character, but from barn to barn. His was not a bright intellect engaging itself with spiritual



PLOUGHING ON THE PLAINS OF JERICHO.

No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom.—ST. LUKE, ix. 62. The ploughman must of necessity keep his eye constantly upon his furrow, for the small point of the plough, unless held and directed by the ploughman, is at the mercy of every interfering stone. Therefore a ploughman "looking back" is valueless as a workman. With one hand upon the plough, the peasant holds in the other a long iron-pointed stick, the goad, with which he urges his beasts to more strenuous efforts. At the other end of the goad is a broader iron, like a scraper, with which the soft earth is cleaned from the plough.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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affairs, but his was the capacity for gathering money, which seems to be consistent with the coarsest stupidity. His was no ambition to learn the secret of life; his one passion was to be the richest man in the district. A simple character which any one may read—this big farmer and self-made man—grasping at every profit, crushing the weaker merchants in corn, making huge profits out of the needs of the poor, jingling his money in the hearing of all, and ever bragging how little he began with, how much he now possessed, how cleverly he had farmed, bargained, invested, accumulated, till the district was weary of him.

The man of the barns did not give any consideration to Jesus—a penniless fellow who had unsound ideas on property, and might ask for money—but Jesus gave some thought to him. The Master catches him in an hour of his success, when he is swollen and blatant with prosperity, and etches him with the keenest irony. It has been a very successful harvest that year; his ground has brought forth plentifully; and, as is usual with his omnivorous class, he garners all gain from the soil and the sunshine, from the shower and the wind of God, as from other men's labor and other men's brains, as his just and sole possession. He is quite overcome and perplexed by his affluence—as such men, they tell us, often are—and really does not know what to do with what he calls "my fruits." One day he had a sudden inspiration, which for days, if he had been able, he would have mentioned as an instance of originality: he would pull down the barns which were bursting with plenty—he could make sacrifices on occasion—and erect larger barns, and therein he would store "my fruits and my goods," for the sense of his possessions is growing.

When that is done, he will have a conference with his soul; and if you be allowed to hear a man and his soul speak together, you understand the man. Jesus takes us to the door of the room (or was it a barn?), and we overhear one of the choicest of conversations—that between this kind of rich man and his soul. It could only by courtesy be called a conversation, as the soul of such a man has been so browbeaten and reduced and ignored that it has nothing to say, and hardly exists.

"Soul," said he—and then it occurs to one how strange he should, with his fruits and his barns, remember that he has such a thing as a soul; and, next, one wonders what he can have to speak about with his soul. But he is not to make any rash excursion into religion. "Soul, thou hast much goods"—wheat, that is, and barley, and oil, and wines—"laid up"—that is, in the new barns which are the admiration of the countryside—"for many years"—perhaps ten, not very long as a soul's life goes, yet every man must speak in the only terms he understands. "Take thine ease"—he is speaking to the spiritual part of him—"eat"—to his soul—"drink"—his soul—"and be merry"—his immortal soul. Nothing so scathing, so contemptuous, so unanswerable ever fell from the lips of Jesus. "Fool," said God; for that night the man died, and an heir emptied the barns, while the soul of the man entered, a friendless pauper, into the spiritual world.

The third man of riches is a stronger figure and a more complicated character; he has taken his place in history and made for himself a name, because he has been used to throw into relief the contrast between poverty and riches. He is not a sordid, ignorant wretch like the man of the barns, nor a student like the young ruler, but rather stands for the luxury and magnificence of riches. His house was the castle of the district. His feasts were known far and wide; he was a patron of the arts, and had an eye for beautiful things. His days were so occupied with large affairs, and his evenings with splendid hospitality, that he had no leisure for private charity; but there was in him a generous heart, and he would have done kindly things if he had only thought. As it was, in the greatness of his way he did not notice the beggar, whose place was by his gate, and who, with others of his kind, depended on the largesse from the rich man's overflowing table. Without was Lazarus in his sores and misery, within was Dives in his purple and fine linen, and so occupied was Dives with his affairs and his feasts that he passed Lazarus every day without a thought. Amid his easy environment his imagination had died, and he could not put himself in his brother's place, nor did the contrast between the two lots affect his comfort. The afterlook and the discipline of remorse awoke what, unspoiled by riches, had been a kindly, brotherly heart. In spite of the years of thoughtless luxury and unconscious selfishness, the heart of Dives still remained, and in his hour of sore trouble he bethought himself of his brethren; but it needed fire to shake this victim of prosperity out of self and set him free from the grip of riches and their insidious, deadening power.

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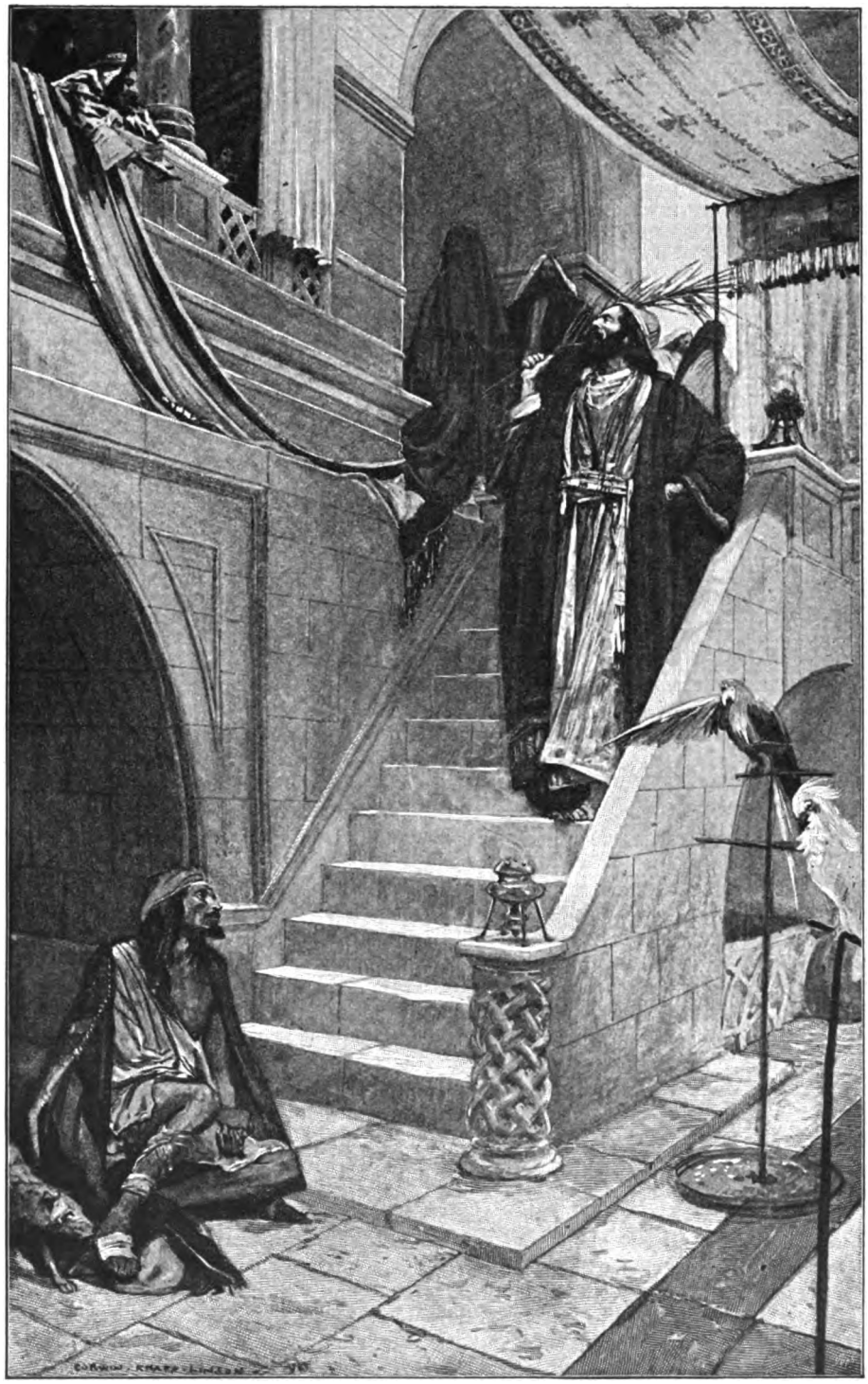

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, . . . and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores . . . moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.
—LUKE, xvi. 19–21.

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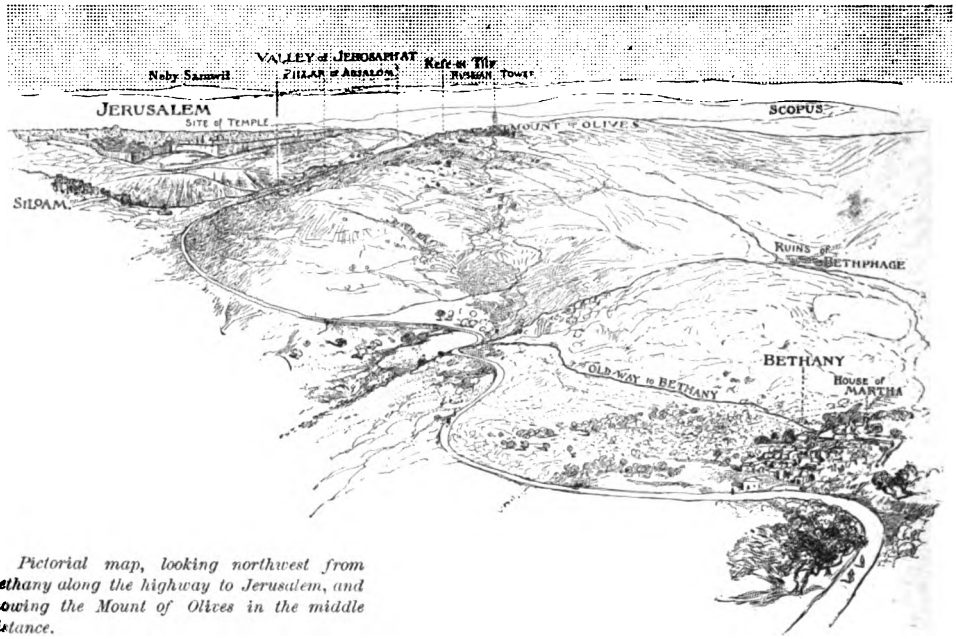

Pictorial map, looking northwest from Bethany along the highway to Jerusalem, and showing the Mount of Olives in the middle distance.

So three men are ruined by riches: one by fastidious refinement, one by coarse greed, one by unrestrained luxury; and Jesus was terrified, lest His disciples should share their doom, and declared with emphasis that for a rich man to enter God's kingdom would be as great a marvel as that a camel should pass through the eye of a needle.

The Gospels show us the Master in public, in the Temple of Jerusalem, in the High Priest's palace, in Pilate's Judgment Hall, on the green hill outside the gate, or on that other hill where He delivered His sermon, or in the meadow where He fed 5,000, or in the synagogue of Capernaum, or on the lake where the eager people crowd the shore. We see Him as a Prophet, Reformer, Teacher, Martyr, as the Messiah and Redeemer. But the same Gospels lift the veil from Jesus' private life, so that we know some of the houses where He found a home in the hard years of His ministry, and some of the friends who comforted His heart. There was one house in Cana where there would ever be a welcome for Him, because on the chief day of life He had turned the water of marriage joy into wine; another in Capernaum, because there He had changed sorrow into gladness, and given a young girl back to her father from the gates of death. He had stayed in John's modest lodging at Jerusalem, as well as used the "upper room" of a wealthier friend. There was a room in a publican's house in Capernaum which was sacred because Jesus had feasted there, and sealed as in a sacrament the salvation of Levi; and Zaccheus, to the last day of his life, saw the Master crossing his threshold that night He slept in Jericho. The family of St. Peter could have told many things of Jesus—a fifth gospel of what He said and did at His ease—but the home of the Gospels dearest to the Christian heart is that of Bethany, where the Master found a refuge from labor and persecution, and constant sympathy with Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus.

So brief and tantalizing are the allusions in the Gospels, and so keen and ingénious is our interest in personal details, that various incidents have been woven together into what may be called the romance of Bethany. This family first met Jesus, as is suggested, when He dined in their house in Capernaum, at the invitation of Simon the Pharisee, who was afterward to appear as Simon the leper. He was then a hard and formal Pharisee, of clean life and orthodox faith, who had his suspicions of Jesus, and desired to examine Him quietly at his own table. His only son was present, Lazarus, a quiet and thoughtful young man, who, on his father being laid aside by the most hopeless and loathsome of diseases, became head of his family, and, it is suggested, is known as the young ruler. Watching the feast that day, and noting what happened, were Simon's two daughters, Martha and Mary. One was unsentimental and

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practical, like himself, with a strong sense of the legal side of religion, and an impatience of its mystical spirit. The other was spiritual and imaginative, in whom a mother now departed was living, and to her rarer soul the Pharisaic side of religion was unsatisfying and repellent. If Jesus' presence and bearing deepened Simon's suspicions and dislike, the Master made converts of his family. Martha repented of the inhospitality of her father's house, and was to repay with usury the lack of service to Jesus that day. Mary was much affected by the lowly devotion of the woman who was a sinner and will love to anoint Jesus also, but this time His head as well as His feet. And Lazarus assures himself of what he has dimly imagined, that the secret of everlasting life was not within the Ten Commandments.

AT THE HOME OF MARY AND MARTHA.

Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things.—LUKE, x. 41.

Poor Simon, so high and mighty, so hard and self-sufficient, so unmerciful to sinners, and so bitter against Jesus—a sad thing was to befall him. He might treat Jesus as he pleased, with rudeness or with courtesy, bidding Him come with condescension, treating Him with neglect; but one visitor asks no man's leave and takes no man's insolence, even though he be Simon the Pharisee. Was it not a judgment on his exclusiveness and hardness that this superstitious Pharisee was stricken with the symbol of sin, the awful scourge of leprosy? He would not allow this woman to touch him, but now not only his Pharisaic friends, but the very outcasts of the streets shunned his presence. He loathed the sight of this miserable in his house; but Simon has to leave his house, his city, his associates, his children, and pass into seclusion. Did the unfortunate father of our friends repent of his treatment of Jesus and seek His help? And was Simon the leper, healed now of his disease as well as of his pride, present at the second anointing of Jesus in his home of Bethany? We dare to hope that He who saved the children failed not with the father, and that the woman who was a sinner, and the man who was a Pharisee, met in the kingdom of God.

Whether we can be certain in identifying Simon the Pharisee with Simon the leper,

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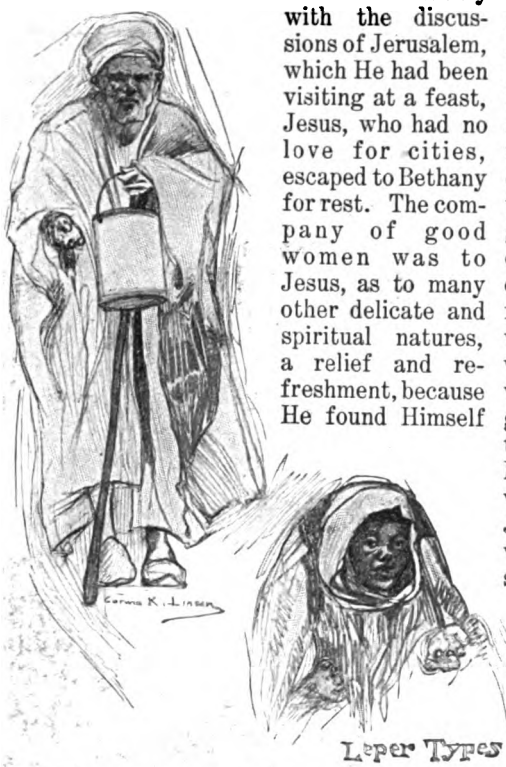
and the young ruler with Lazarus, the Gospels at least give us three scenes in the family life of the two sisters and their brother, in each of which Jesus is the central figure. The first is a picture of quiet life, and shows us that the Master was not always working at the highest pressure, but had His hours of rest. Weary with the discussions of Jerusalem, which He had been visiting at a feast, Jesus, who had no love for cities, escaped to Bethany for rest. The company of good women was to Jesus, as to many other delicate and spiritual natures, a relief and refreshment, because He found Himself in an atmosphere of emotion and sympathy. The sisters were of different types, although one in kindness and loyalty, and their separate individualities stand out in relief from the story. Martha was chiefly concerned that their Guest should be served, and her desire was to compass Him with every observance of hospitality. She was full of plans for His comfort and rest, so that for once He should have no care or burden. Her energy and ingenuity, all inspired by love, were unceasing, and showed the traces of the religious spirit which knows no quietness, and expends itself in the works of charity. It was inevitable that Martha should be impatient at times with Mary, to whom this bustle of goodness was altogether foreign. The joy of Mary was to sit at the Master's feet and drink in every word which fell from His lips, for hers was the religion which hides truth within the heart as great treasure. Martha was concerned with what is external, Mary with what is spiritual; and if the Master gently chided Martha, He was not indifferent to her solicitude for Him; and if He praised Mary, it was not for inaction, but for inwardness. It is a grateful thought that Jesus, who was homeless and a wanderer, who was often hungry and thirsty, who was soon to be shamefully used and tortured, had Bethany with its two hostesses. One of them cared for His body, and this is good woman's work, so that Martha is the patron saint of all good housewives and careful mothers and skillful nurses; and the other entered into His thoughts and plans, so that Mary is the chief type of the women who see visions and understand deep things, and show us the example of saintship. Within this haunt of Jesus were found the two people who make the complement of religion —Martha, the type of action; and Mary, of meditation. They stand together in the



Leper Types

The lepers are the saddest of many unhappy sights to meet one's eyes in Palestine. I have refrained from illustrating the worst types. Into Jerusalem itself they do not enter, but the wretched creatures throng the eastern, or Mount of Olives, approach, and the road from the south leading to the Jaffa gate. They have houses near Siloam, built by the government.

Leprosy is not, ordinarily, contagious, and the passer-by is in no danger, only one is careful to brush away the persistent fly, that industrious carrier of microbes.

Along the line of travel, lepers are met with frequently. The morning after my arrival at Nablus, awakened by a low murmur like a suppressed plaint, I ventured forth to see what might be the cause. I was accustomed to the talking of the men and the sounds from the horses, but this was unlike either. At once, upon the parting of the tent flap, several uncanny forms separated themselves from the shadows of the knotted olive trunks, and the murmur became a weird chanting. They were lepers, awaiting my appearance, in all stages of the loathsome disease, and, exhibiting their maimed and distorted bodies, besought charity in wailing chorus. They crouched, they hobbled, they crawled, they sat in clumps with upstretched hands, they supplicated with discordant voices. I sat depressed for many minutes as I watched their painful departure.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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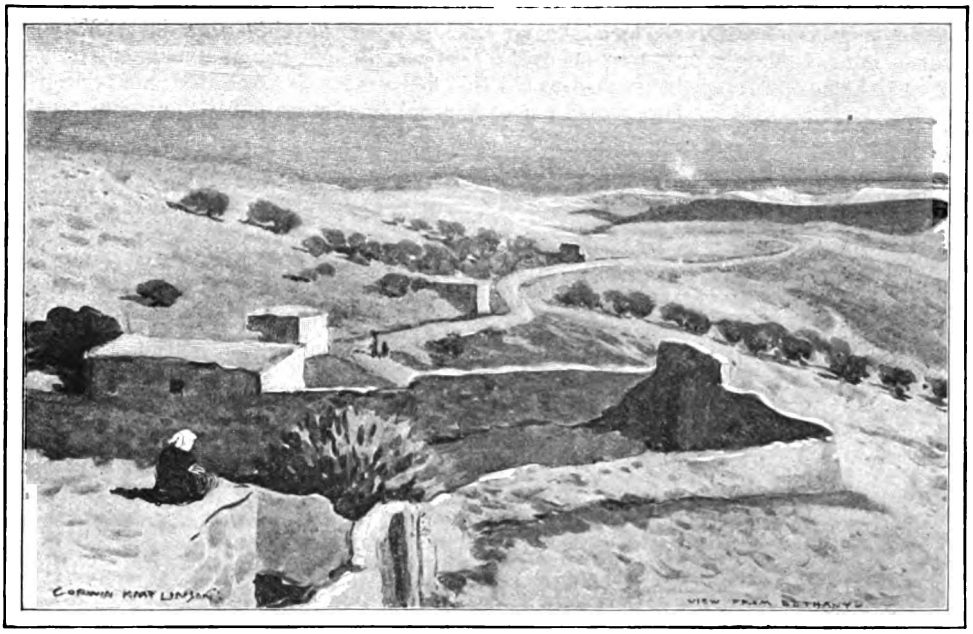

VIEW FROM BETHANY TOWARD JERICHO.

This picture is seen from the ruins of the so-called house of Mary and Martha. The house is mediæval, possibly older; but whatever its history it stands a landmark, overlooking the village and the whole stretch of country to the Dead Sea.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

great affairs of the Church: St. Peter and St. John, St. Francis and St. Dominic, Erasmus and Luther; they are in our homes the eager, strenuous, industrious people on whom the work falls, and the gentle, gracious, thoughtful souls who are the consolation and quietness of life. Between the two kinds no comparison must be made, upon neither must any judgment be passed; both are the friends of Jesus, and the helpers of the world.

The second visit of Jesus to Bethany is associated with one of those swift and unexpected family calamities which affect the imagination by their poignant contrast, and invest life with a profound seriousness.

The light does not shine so fully on Lazarus in his home as on his sisters; but it is easy to understand his position. The father of the family was either dead or in seclusion; the mother must have been dead, and was a pious memory. In such circumstances a brother takes a father's part to his sisters, and they do their best to mother him. The charge of their common possessions and the care of his sisters would fall on Lazarus, and they could not have had a more honorable or affectionate guardian. Jesus' attachment to this man was so marked and warm that the family took note of it, and spake of it with jealous pride. Jesus loved them all; but it was with emphasis Martha said, "Him whom Thou lovest"; and Jesus said to the disciples who had caught the same affection, "Our friend Lazarus." These words of the sisters and the Master are the portrait and biography and judgment of Lazarus. What crystal purity of soul, what silent understanding of spiritual mysteries, what rare perfection of character must have been his! What longed-for meetings these two must have had when Lazarus would be watching in the garden for the Master, and Jesus would kiss his friend and say, "Peace be unto thee, Lazarus!" What long conferences, when the hours were too short, and Jesus told to this quiet man all He hoped to do and suffer! What longing, regretful partings when Jesus left the garden to return to Galilee! "All the commandments have I kept from my youth up," said the young ruler to Jesus. "Ye are my friends," said Jesus once to His disciples, "if ye do whatsoever I command you"; and now He said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."

Within the home of Bethany some rapid and deadly sickness had run its familiar course. There would be the first stage, when Lazarus did not seem to be himself,

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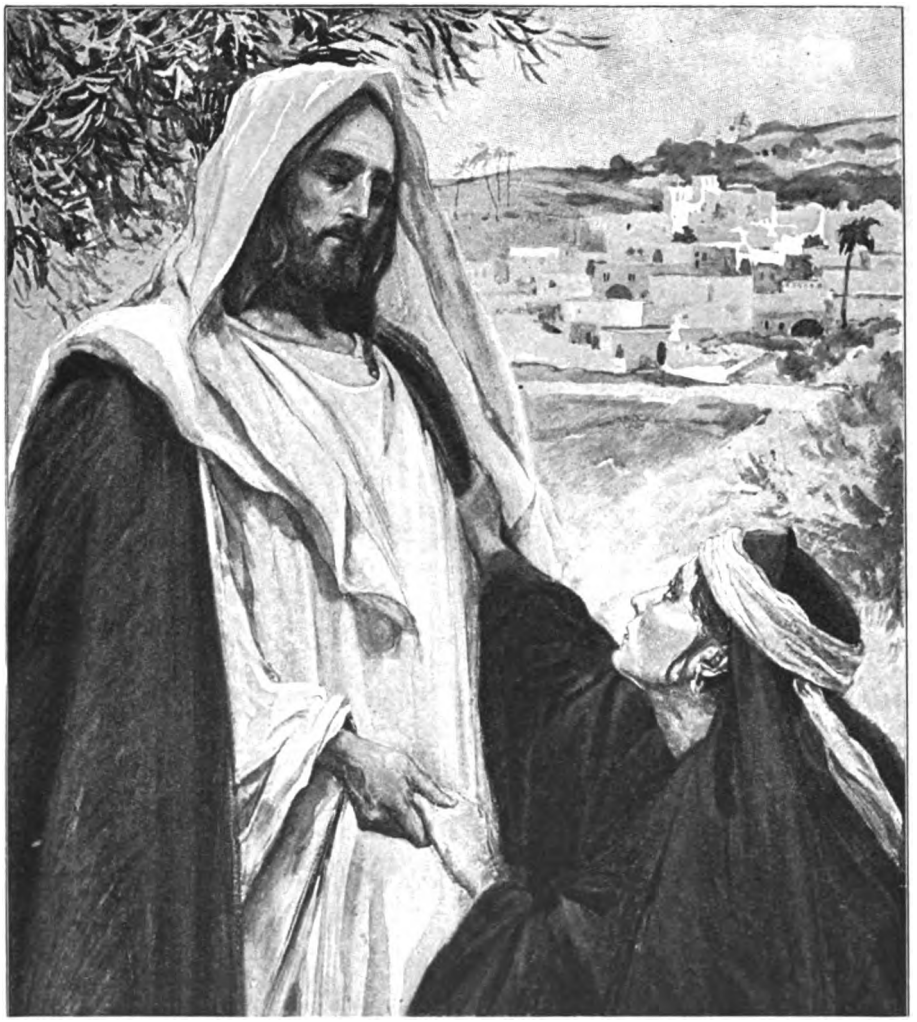
but knew not what ailed him—Mary imagining some secret care for which she reproached herself, Martha insisting on overwork, which she had long prophesied would some day lay him aside. There would come the second stage, when Lazarus, after much protesting, would be obliged to yield before the rising fever and the sisters would give all their strength and love to his service—Mary with delicate, grateful attentions, Martha with many ingenious expedients. During this time Lazarus would speak as if the sickness was a thing of a day, and the sisters would cheer one another with fancies of his betterness. With the next stage all hopeful, kindly make-believe would be at an end, and they would know that it was already a fight with death for Lazarus, when physicians and remedies and love itself seemed poor opponents to the dread, confusing power. And then the end came, when two broken-hearted, clinging women, praying, watching,



THE MEETING OF JESUS AND MARTHA.

I am the resurrection, and the life.—JOHN, xi. 25. Jesus has been in retirement, in that undefined region "beyond Jordan," known as Perea, and living in that still more uncertain place called Bethabara, where John had baptized. The messenger sent by the sorrowing family must have had a two or three days' journey to make, to find Jesus, and it could have been nearly eight days ("He abode two days still in the place where He was") before the arrival in Bethany. Lazarus, therefore, must have died while Jesus still tarried in Perea, which, indeed, is evinced by Christ's own statement to his disciples, so that Jesus found that Lazarus "had lain in the grave four days already." And then it was that Martha, the active, nervous, anxious Martha, went out to meet Him, "but Mary sat still in the house." And it was Martha's privilege to hear, directly, the remarkable words, "I am the resurrection, and the life."

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weeping, saw their brother slip from their hands and fall asleep. It was the tragedy which is acted sooner or later in every human home, but which never grows commonplace, which ever retains its austere and awful grandeur.

When Jesus came at last to the help of his friends, it was characteristic of Martha that on the first rumor of Him she should rush to meet Him; and on His comforting her with the assurance that Lazarus would yet live, should declare her faith in terms of the Pharisaic doctrine of the Resurrection. It was also characteristic of Mary, who did not love public scenes, that she should remain in the house. As soon as Jesus began to unfold His idea of everlasting life, which was something Death could not touch, Martha, without any further word, sent for Mary. When Jesus touched on deep things, it was the same as calling for Mary. As He came to the place where we lay so often our love, our life, our hope, Jesus was stirred in the depths of His soul. He had sympathized with others, fathers and mothers, in their losses. Now death had rifted His own heart; and as He thought of Lazarus lying unconscious, cold, corrupting, the tragedy of human life overcame Jesus, and He, who rather concealed than paraded emotion, and had Himself rebuked the wailing over Jairus' daughter, wept aloud in that garden after such a lamentable fashion that the Pharisees, friends of the family who were present, said: "Behold, how He loved him!"

"Lazarus," said Jesus in full, as He stood before the barred prison of death, "this is the first time I have visited Bethany and that thou hast not come to meet Me. It is not Bethany without thee; I wait and weary for My friend. I have not many friends, and I cannot spare thee, Lazarus. Thou hast gone on a long journey, and hast seen strange sights; but thou hast not gone so far but My voice will reach thee, and there will be no sight so welcome as thy face. His is a strong hand which holds thee, and no man dare disobey his word; but the key of Death's stronghold is at my girdle, and I am his Lord. Before I go to my agony and the cross I must see thee, Lazarus. It is thy Friend who calls —Lazarus, come forth!" And Death had no power to prevent the meeting of Jesus and His friend.

Once more we see Jesus with His friends, and now the circumstances are less harrowing, and still more beautiful. As Jesus has arrived for the Passover—His last feast before all things should be fulfilled—He goes to stay with them during Passion Week, so that, whatever may be the controversy and dispeace of the day in Jerusalem, He might cross the Mount of Olives, and rest in Bethany. To celebrate His coming, and as a sacrifice of thanksgiving for a great deliverance, the family give a feast, and each member thereof fills a natural place. Lazarus, the modest head of the household, and now surrounded with a mysterious awe, sits with Jesus at the table; Martha, as was her wont, was superintending the feast with an access of zeal; and Mary was inspired of the Spirit of Grace, and did a thing so lovely and so spiritual that it will be told unto all time, and will remain the picture of ideal devotion. With a wealthy family it was customary to have in store a treasure of fragrant ointment for the honoring of the dead; but there came into Mary's mind a more pious use for it. Why pay the homage for a dead body, and render it when the person can receive no satisfaction? Far better that in their lifetime our friends should know that they are loved, and should be braced for suffering by the devotion of loyal hearts. Before His enemies have crowned Him with thorns Mary will pour the spikenard on His head, and before they have pierced His feet with nails she will anoint them with her love, so that the fragrance of the precious ointment will be still on His hair when He hung upon the cross.

The odor of the ointment filled the room, and four people passed judgment. One understood and condemned—Judas, who was arranging the betrayal of Jesus, and had lost an increase for his bag. One did not understand, but condemned—a Pharisee of Jerusalem, who did not know that the plot was so ripe, but hated to see Jesus honored. One did not understand, but approved, and that was an apostle—say, St. Peter—who could not believe that Jesus would be crucified, but who rejoiced that He should receive any honor. One understood and approved, and that was the Master, who, with the shadow of the cross falling on His soul, was comforted by a woman's insight and a woman's love. Her own heart taught her the secret of sacrifice; her heart anticipated the longing for sympathy; and so beautiful in its grace and spiritual delicacy was her act that Jesus declared it would be told to her praise wherever the Gospels were read.

The family of Bethany will ever have a place in the heart of Jesus' disciples because they made a home for Jesus in the days of His ministry, and because they compassed

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Him with tender offices of friendship during the strain of Passion Week. Very soon He would be done with earthly homes and the land in which He had lived as a wayfaring man, but forever this Friend of man, hungering for love and fellowship, passes down the paths of life, and knocks at the door of the heart. Blessed are they who hear His voice and give Him welcome, who are not ashamed of Him or of His cause, who serve Him with their best, and pour upon His head the riches of their love!

(To be continued.)

A CHANCE SHOT.

By Henry Wallace Phillips.

REDDY and I were alone at the Lake beds. He sat outside the cabin, braiding a leather hatband—eight strands, and the "repeat" figure—an art that I never could master.

I sat inside, with a one-pound package of smoking tobacco beside me, and newspapers within reach, rolling the day's supply of cigarettes.

Reddy stopped his story long enough to say: "Don't use the 'Princess's Slipper,' Kid—that paper burns my tongue—take the 'Granger'; there's plenty of it."

Well, as I was saying, I'd met a lot of the boys up in town this day, and they threw as many as two drinks into me; I know that for certain, because when we took the parting dose, I had a glass of whiskey in both my right hands, and had just twice as many friends as when I started.

When I pulled out for home, I felt mighty good for myself—not exactly looking for trouble, but not a-going to dodge it any, either. I was warbling "Idaho" for all I was worth—you know how pretty I can sing? Cock-eyed Peterson used to say it made him forget all his troubles. "Because," says he, "you don't notice trifles when a man bats you over the head with a two-by-four."

Well, I was enjoying everything in sight, even a little drizzle of rain that was driving by in rags of wetness, when a flat-faced swatty at Fort Johnson halted me.

Now it's a dreadful thing to be butted to death by a nanny-goat, but for a full-sized cowpuncher to be held up by a soldier is worse yet.

To say that I was hot under the collar don't give you the right idea of the way I felt.

"Why, you cross between the Last Rose of Summer and a bob-tailed flush!" says I, "what d'yer mean? What's got into you? Get out of my daylight, you dog-robber, or I'll walk the little horse around your neck like a three-ringed circus. Come, pull your freight!"

It seems that this swatty had been chucked out of the third story of Frenchy's dance emporium by Bronc. Thompson, which threw a great respect for our profesh into him. Consequently he wasn't fresh like most soldiers, but answers me as polite as a tin-horn gambler on pay-day.

Says he: "I just wanted to tell you that old Frosthead and forty braves are some'ers between here and your outfit, with their war paint on and blood in their eyes, cayoodling and whoopin' fit to beat hell with the blower

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on, and if you get tangled up with them, I reckon they'll give you a hair-cut and shampoo, to say nothing of other trimmings. They *say* they're after the crows, but it's a ten-dollar bill against a last year's bird's-nest that they'll take on any kind of trouble that comes along. Their hearts is mighty bad, they state, and when an Injun's heart gets spoiled, the disease is d—d catching. You'd better stop a while."

"Now, cuss old Frosthead, and you too!" says I. "If he comes crow-hopping on my reservation, I'll kick his pantalettes on top of his scalp-lock."

"All right, pardner!" says he. "It's your own funeral. My orders was to halt every one going through; but I ain't a whole company, so you can have it your way. Only, if your friends have to take you home in a coal-scuttle, don't blame me. Pass, friend!"

So I went through the officers' quarters forty miles an hour, letting out a string of yells you might have heard to the coast, just to show my respect for the United States army.

Now this has always been my luck: Whenever I make a band-wagon play, somebody's sure to strike me for my license. Or else the team goes into the ditch a mile further on, and I come out about as happy as a small yaller dog at a bob-cat's caucus.

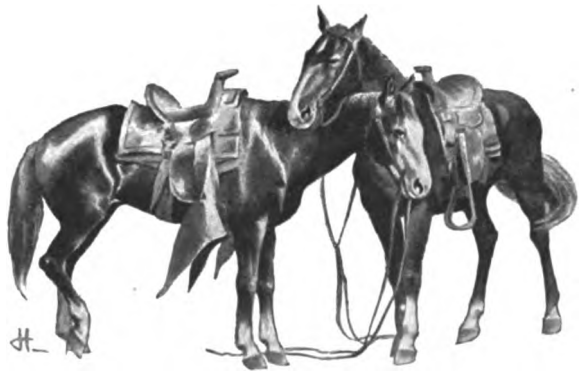
Some fellers can run in a rhinecaboo that 'ud make the hair stand up on a buffeler robe, and get away with it just like a mice; but that ain't me. If I sing a little mite too high in the cellar, down comes the roof a-top of me. So it was this day. Old Johnny Hardluck socked it to me, same as usual.

Gosh a'mighty! The liquor died in me after a while, and I went sound asleep in the saddle, and woke up with a jar—to find myself right in the middle of old Frosthead's gang; the drums "*boom*-blipping," and those forty-odd red tigers "hyah-hayahing" in a style that made my skin get up and walk all over me with cold feet.

How in blazes I'd managed to slip through those Injuns I don't know. 'Twould have been a wonderful piece of scouting if I'd meant it. You can 'most always do any darn thing you don't want to do. Well, there I was, and, oh Doctor! but wasn't I in a lovely mess! That war-song put a crimp into me that Jack Frost himself couldn't take out.

It was as dark as dark by this time. The moon just stuck one eye over the edge of the prairie, and the rest of the sky was covered with cloud. A little light came from the Injuns' campfire, but not enough to ride by, and, besides, I didn't know which way I ought to go.

Says I to myself, "Billy Sanders, you are the champion all-around, old-fashioned fool of the district. You are a jackass from the country where ears less'n three foot long are curiosities. You sassed that poor swatty that wanted to keep you out of this, tooting your bazoo like a man peddling soap; but now it's up to you. What are you going to do about it?"—and I didn't get any answer, neither.



Well, it was no use asking myself conundrums out there in the dark when time was so scarce. So I wraps my hankercher around Laddy's nose to keep him from talking horse to the Injun ponies, and prepared to sneak to where I'd rather be.

Laddy was the quickest thing on legs in that part of the country—out of a mighty

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spry little Pinto mare by our thoroughbred Kentucky horse—and I knew if I could get to the open them Injuns wouldn't have much of a chance to take out my stopper and examine my works—not much. A half-mile start, and I could show the whole Sioux nation how I wore my back hair.

I cut for the place where the Injuns seemed thinnest, lifting myself up till I didn't weigh fifteen pound, and breathing only when necessary. We got along first-rate until we reached the edge of 'em, and then Laddy had to stick his foot in a gopher-hole, and walloped around there like a whale trying to climb a tree.

Some darn cuss of an Injun threw a handful of hay on the fire, and, as it blazed up, the whole gang spotted me.

I unlimbered my gun, sent the irons into Laddy, and we began to walk.

I didn't like to make for the ranch, as I knew the boys were short-handed, so I pointed north, praying to the good Lord that I'd hit some kind of settlement before I struck the North Pole.

Well, we left those Injuns so far behind that there wasn't any fun in it. I slacked up, patting myself on the back; and, as the trouble seemed all over, I was just about to turn for the ranch, when I heard horses galloping, and as the moon came out a little I saw a whole raft of redskins a-boiling up a draw not half a mile away. That knocked me slab-sided. It looked like I got the wrong ticket every time the wheel turned.

I whooped it up again, swearing I wouldn't stop this deal short of a dead sure thing. We flew through space—Laddy pushing a hole in the air like a scart kiyote making for home and mother.

A ways down the valley I spotted a little shack sitting all alone by itself out in the moonlight. I headed for it, hollering murder.

A man came to the door in his underrigging.

"Hi, there! What's eating you?" he yells.

"Injuns coming, pardner! The country's just oozing Injuns! Better get a wiggle on you!"

"All right—slide along, I'll ketch up to you," says he.

I looked back and saw him hustling out with his saddle on his arm. "He's a particular kind of cuss," I thought; "bareback would suit most people."

Taking it a little easier for the next couple of miles, I gave him a chance to pull up.

We pounded along without saying anything for a spell, when I happened to notice that his teeth were chattering.

"Keep your nerve up, pardner!" says I. "Don't you get scared—we've got a good start on 'em."

He looked at me kind of reproachful.

"Scared be derned!" says he. "I reckon if you was riding around this nice cool night in your drawers, *your* teeth 'ud rattle some, too."

I took a look at him, and saw, sure enough, while he had hat, coat, and boots on, the pants was missing. Well, if it had been the last act, I'd have had to laugh.

"Couldn't find 'em nohow," says he; "hunted high and low, jick, Jack, and the game—just comes to my mind now that I had 'em rolled up and was sleeping on 'em. I don't like to go around this way—I feel as if I was two men, and one of 'em hardly respectable."

"Did you bring a gun with you?"

He gave me another stare. "Why, pardner, you must think I've got a light and frivolous disposition," says he, and with that he heaves up the great-grand-uncle of all the six-shooters I ever did see. It made my forty-five-long look like something for a kid to cut its teeth on. "That's the best gun in this country," he went on.

"Looks as if it might be," says I. "Has the foundry that cast it gone out of business? I'd like to have one like it, if it's as dangerous as it looks."

"When I have any trouble with a man," says he, "I don't want to go pecking at him with a putty-blower, just irritating him, and giving him a little skin complaint here and there; I want something that'll touch his conscience."

He had it, for a broadside from that battery would scatter an elephant over a township.

We loped along quiet and easy until sun-up. The Grindstone Buttes lay about a mile ahead of us. Looking back, we saw the

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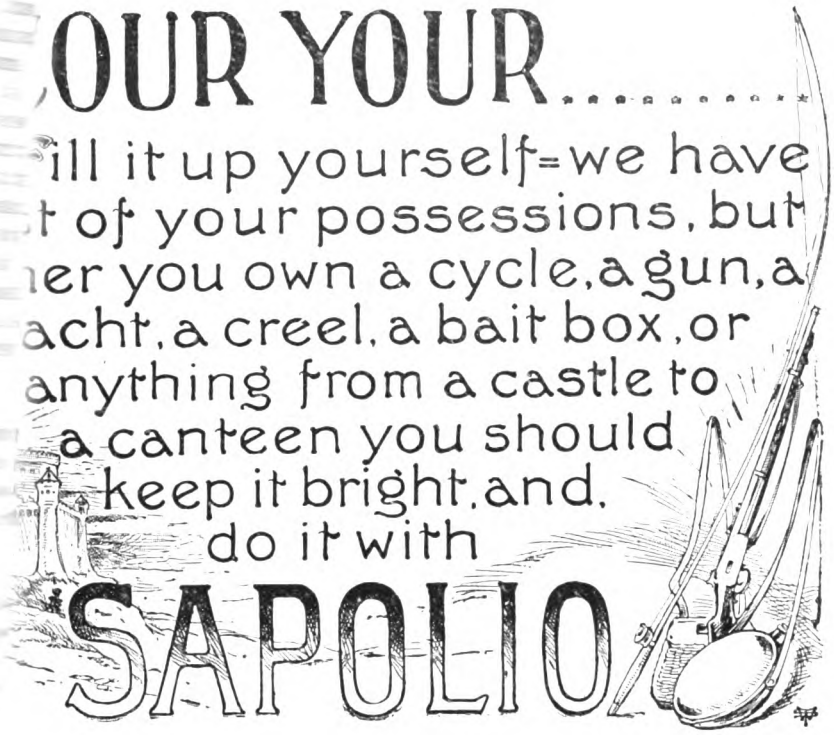

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"I wouldn't mind that half as much as winning," says I. "But on the square, do you think we can get out? I'll jump him with you if you say so, although I ain't got what you might call a passion for suicide."

"Now you hold on a bit," says he. "I don't know but what we'd have done better to stick to the horses, and run for it, but it's too late to think of that. Jumping him is all foolishness; he'd sit behind his little rock and pump lead into us till we wouldn't float in brine—and we can't back out now."

He talked so calm it made me kind of mad. "Well," says I, "in that case, let's play 'Simon says thumbs up' till the rest of the crowd comes."

"There you go!" says he. "Just like all young fellers—gettin' hosstyle right away if you don't fall in with their plans. Now, Sonny, you keep your temper, and watch me play cushion carroms with our friend there."

"Meaning how?"

"You see that block of stone just this side of him with the square face towards us? Well, he's only covered in front, and I'm a-going to shoot against that face and ketch him on the glance."

"Great, if you could work it!" says I. "But Lord!"

"Well, watch!" says he. Then he squinched down behind his cover, so as not to give the Injun an opening, trained his cannon and pulled the trigger. The old gun opened her mouth and roared like an earthquake, but I didn't see any dead Injun. Then twice more she spit fire, and still there weren't any desirable corpses to be had.

"Say, pardner," says I, "you wouldn't make many cigars at this game!"

"Now, don't you get oneasy," says he. "Just watch!"

"*Biff!*" says the old gun, and this time, sure enough, the Injun was knocked clear off the rock. I felt all along that he wouldn't be much of a comfort to his friends afterwards, if that gun did land on him.

Still, he wasn't so awful dead, for as we jumped for the horses he kind of hitched himself to the rock, and laying the rifle across it, and working the lever with his left hand, he sent a hole plumb through my hat.

"Bully boy!" says I. I snapped at him, and smashed the lock of his rifle to finders. Then, of course, he was our meat.

As we rode up to him, my pard held dead on him. The Injun stood up straight and tall, and looked us square in the eye—say, he was a man, I tell you, red-skin or no red-skin. The courage just stuck out on him as he stood there, waiting to pass in his checks.

My pardner threw the muzzle of his gun up. "D—n it!" says he, "I can't do it—he's game from the heart out! But the Lord have mercy on his sinful soul if he and I run foul of each other on the prairie again!"

Then we shacked along down to Johnson's and had breakfast.

"What became of Frosthead and his gang?" Oh, they sent out a regiment or two, and gathered him in—'bout twenty-five soldiers to an Injun. No, no harm was done. Me and my pard were the only ones that bucked up against them. Chuck out a cigarette, Kid; my lungs ache for want of a smoke.

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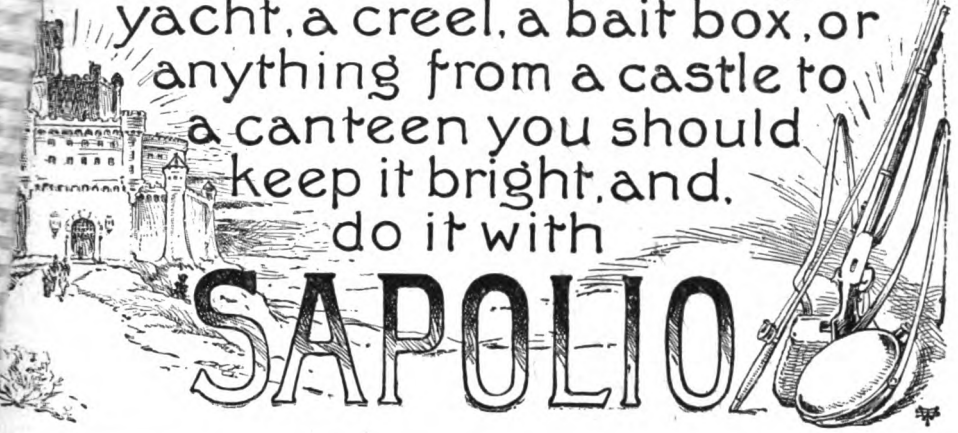

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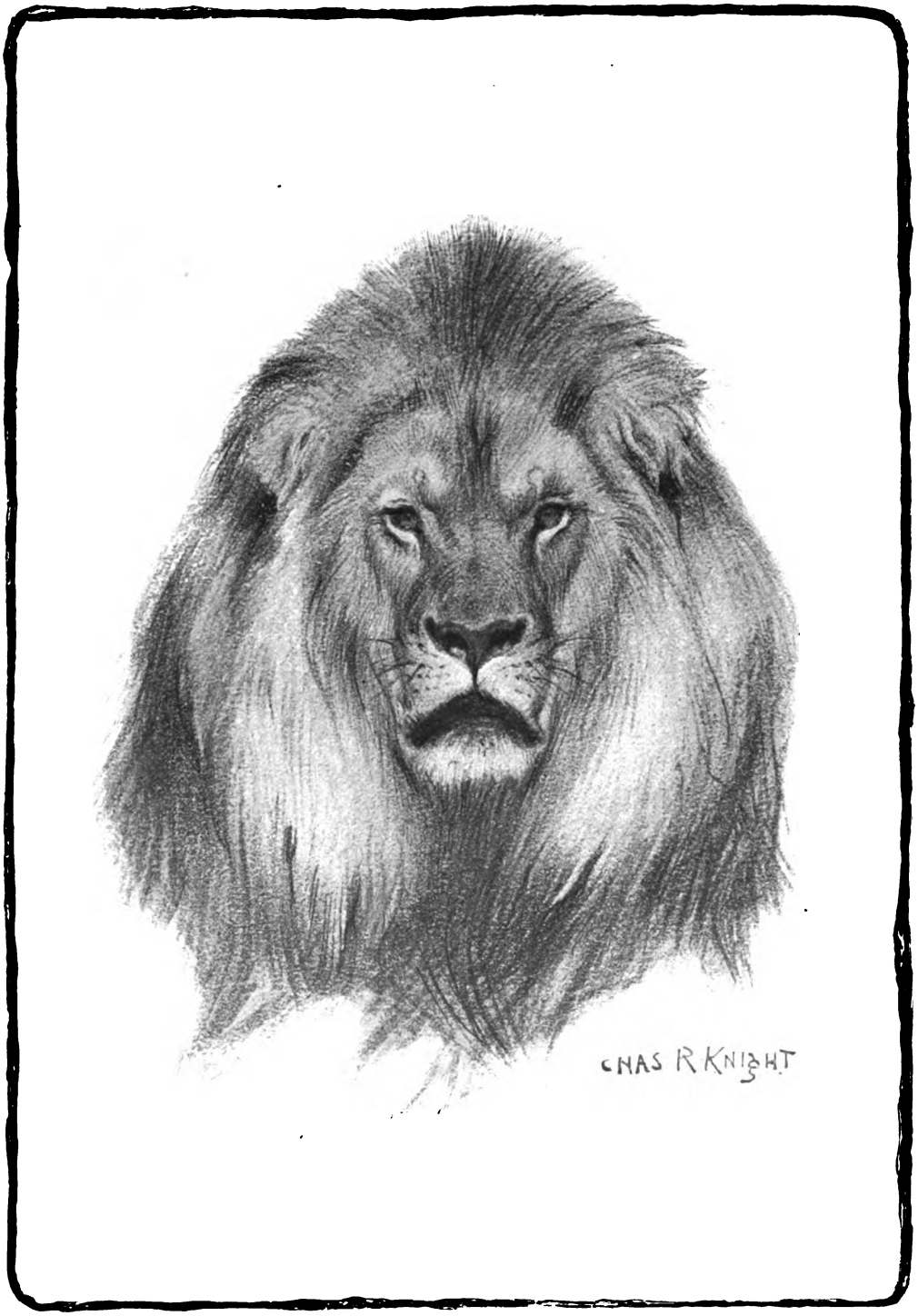

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McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XV. SEPTEMBER, 1900. No. 5.

THE TRAINING OF LIONS, TIGERS, AND OTHER GREAT CATS.

By Samuel Hopkins Adams.

FROM PERSONAL INTERVIEWS WITH THE LEADING TRAINERS OF THE WORLD.

Illustrated by Drawings from Life by Charles R. Knight.

Editor's Note.—The artist, Mr. Charles R. Knight, of the American Museum of Natural History, spent several weeks studying the subjects of these illustrations at the Zoölogical Gardens in Baltimore and elsewhere. Mr. Knight's long training in the field of zoölogy, his accurate knowledge of the anatomy of the lion, and his skill as an artist, have made it possible for us to obtain what we consider to be probably the most perfect drawings of lions which have ever been produced. They are not simply pictures, but they are actual portraits.

TRADITION of the menagerie has decreed that man's superiority over the animal shall be turned to financial account in the subjugation and education of the great felines. The lion, the tiger, the leopard, the puma, the jaguar, and others of the fierce cats are chosen for this career because of their reputation for ferocity and cunning, and because of the demand of the show-going public for the greatest possible element of peril. So there has grown up a profession known as "lion-taming"—a misnomer, for no feline, except the domestic variety, is ever tame while it has life in it—a profession that is never likely to become overcrowded.

First, as to the selection of the animal. On one point all trainers are agreed: that an animal from the wilds is preferable to one born in captivity; and the reason is a simple one. The captive creature lands after a long voyage, during which it has almost incessantly suffered from sea-sickness, want of care, and insufficient food. It is weak, wretched, and broken in body and spirit. In a few hours it has a comfortable and spacious cage, with clean straw, fresh air, good food, and, above all, quiet and peace. Then the new arrival is ready to establish amicable relations with the human beings who seem to be connected with this new career of first-class board and lodging. Therefore, the new arrival, whether lion, tiger, leopard, jaguar, or puma, is in a proper frame of mind for the commencement of its education.

On the other hand, the feline born in captivity is a spoiled child. Accustomed to man from the beginning, it has for him neither fear nor respect. In consequence, it endures the presence of the trainer in its cage without protest; but let him attempt to force it into some course of action against its will, at the first touch of punishment it springs at his throat. Then only the harshest measures, long continued, will avail, and the chances are that the animal will be worthless as a performer and utterly untrustworthy throughout its existence. The lion or tiger kitten that has been the pet of some private family is still worse bred, and commonly returns to menagerie life accompanied by a message to this effect: "Please

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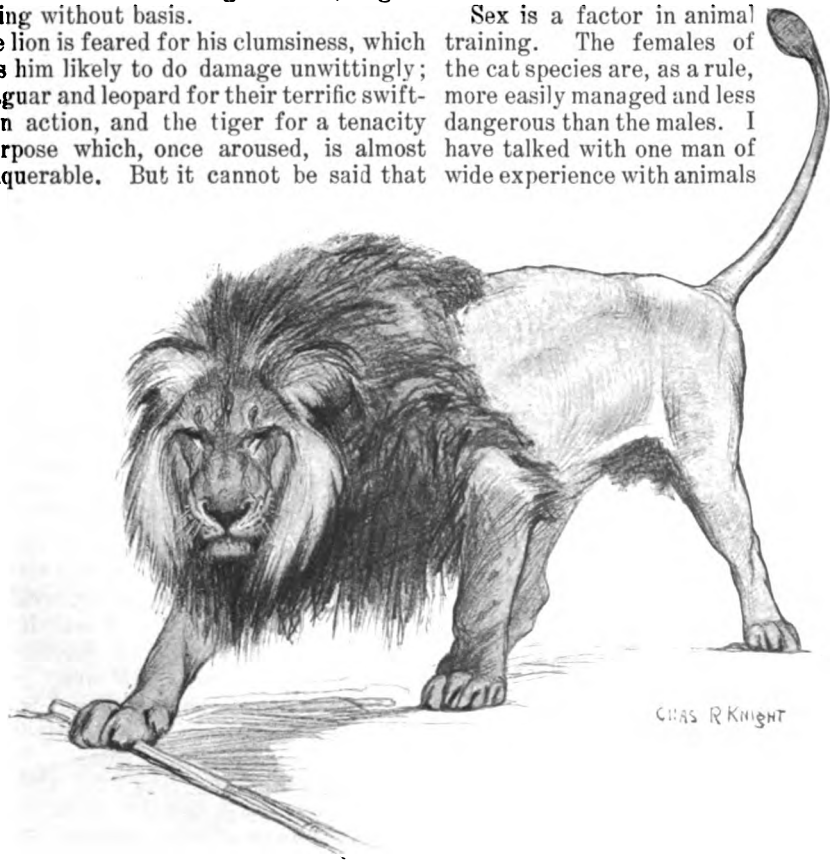
take Kitty back; she has eaten the mastiff." Or it may be that the youngster adds to the interest of city life, as did a little lioness who was taken to the bosom of a quiet Philadelphia family several years ago. She broke out of her cage one night, sequestrated the owner of the house on a high-railed balcony, and bit a finger off a policeman who unguardedly attracted her attention before, instead of after, climbing a convenient tree. That one night ruined her; she was a bad lioness all her life. It is seldom worth while to work over a feline whose infancy has been passed as a member of a private family.

It must not be supposed that all captive felines are amenable to education. The personal equation enters in very largely. What will do for the lion will do for the tiger, the leopard, the puma, or the jaguar; but what will do for one lion, tiger, puma, or jaguar will not do for another. And the public, in assuming that the lion is brave and the tiger treacherous, and in ascribing set qualities to the other great cats, is generalizing without basis.

The lion is feared for his clumsiness, which makes him likely to do damage unwittingly; the jaguar and leopard for their terrific swiftness in action, and the tiger for a tenacity of purpose which, once aroused, is almost unconquerable. But it cannot be said that one species is more to be feared, generally speaking, than another. It is the individual that must be reckoned with and studied by the successful trainer. One animal is sulky, another stupid, a third subject to sudden fits of rage, another curious, another timid, another will show a certain fussy and old-maidish disposition, and refuse to perform unless all the circumstances are just as he thinks fit. To master such characteristics is the life-work of the trainer, and his life may depend upon his acumen. There is a very famous lion now performing who fears only one thing, a stick held in the left hand of the trainer. The man may have a club, a knife, a pistol, or even a fire-brand in his right hand, and the lion will spring for him; but the smallest wand in the left hand will keep the beast perfectly tractable. No satisfactory explanation of this individual peculiarity has ever been offered, and one trainer limps for life because he didn't make the discovery in time. With rare exceptions, all the great felines are untrustworthy, and more or less treacherous.

Sex is a factor in animal training. The females of the cat species are, as a rule, more easily managed and less dangerous than the males. I have talked with one man of wide experience with animals



"He draws back, growls, and thrusting out a huge paw, pins the intru[der] [stick] to the floor."

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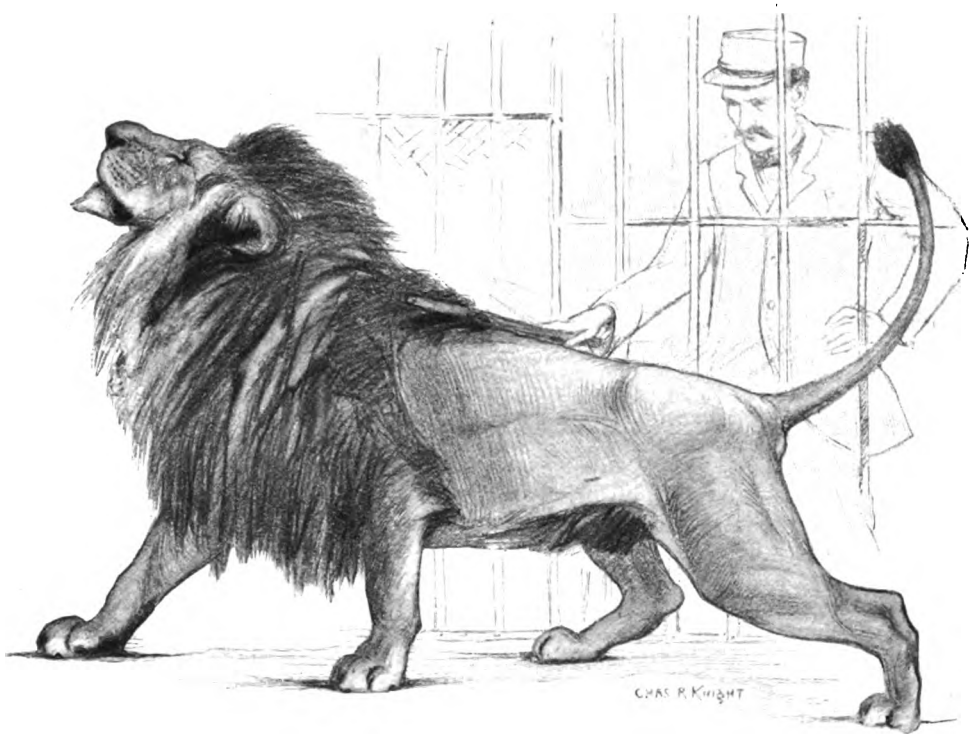

"He feels it rubbed, gently rubbed, along his neck and back. . . . There is nothing a lion so loves as grooming."

of all kinds, who declares that there is no large animal, except the elephant, that takes to training more kindly, and follows its lessons more conscientiously, than the average tigress. The sex of the trainer has influence upon many animals. Lions and lionesses who will not permit a man in the cage, can be handled by a woman, and the reverse is also true, though women are more successful than men as trainers, and have fewer accidents. Sometimes an animal will conceive a real affection for the trainer, and will fawn upon him like a dog, and even protect him from the others should they attack him; but the vast majority of cases of defense of a trainer by an animal have no firmer foundation than in the fertile imagination of the ingenious press agent.

A well-authenticated case, however, is that of a Polish Jewess who has had great success in training lions, and who was attacked during a rehearsal in St. Louis by a young lion, and thrown to the floor. Instantly, a somewhat smaller lioness, who had always been tractable, leaped upon the lion, and gave him so much to attend to that the trainer got to her feet, and was then able to whip the offending lion back to his corner.

No trainer depends on any such interference; in fact, he takes it for granted that if he is attacked and thrown, the other beasts in the cage will join in the onset. The fellowship of animal for animal in the bonds of slavery is stronger than that of animal for man. Once in the cage, the trainer is alone among vastly superior forces that may at any moment become hostile.

Let us consider the education of a two-year-old lion who has just been established in his quarters after a sea voyage from the coast of Africa, and has begun to feel the cheering effect of his improved circumstances. Presumably he is looking about him with some curiosity as to what is coming next. Already he has become accustomed to regard the approach of men as an indication of feeding time; consequently he is inclined to honor the human being with his approval on general principles. To his cage comes the trainer, and speaks to him in soothing tones. Leo regards him without any evidence of perturbation. The trainer, after talking to him for a few minutes, throws him a savory strip of meat, and loiters around the cage for an hour or more before he goes.

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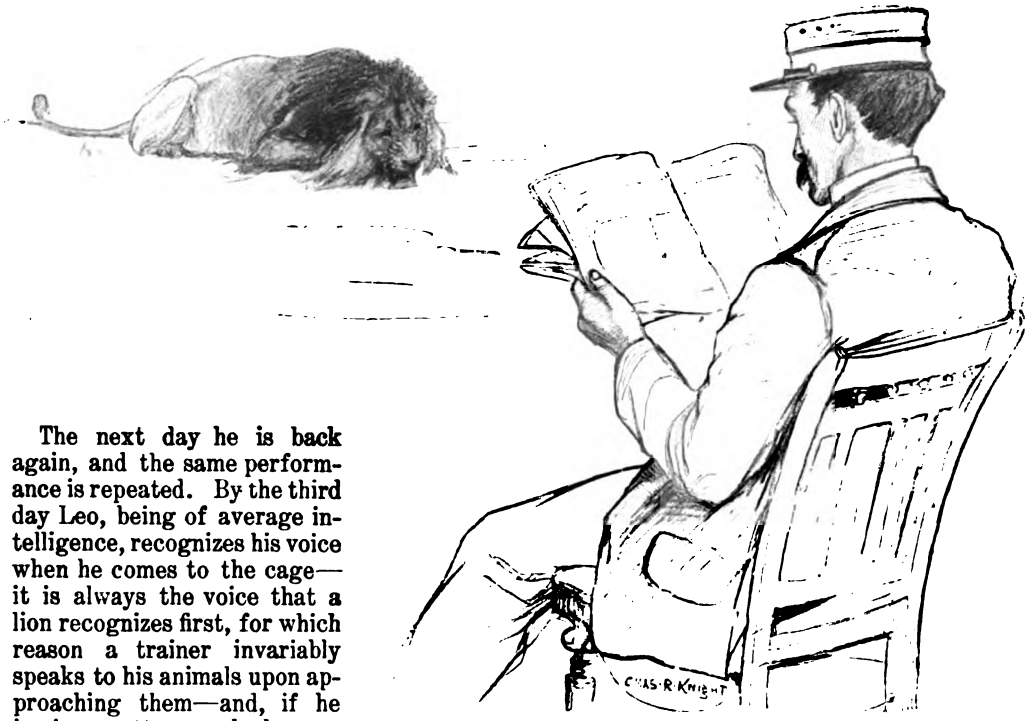

"The lion retreats to the far corner of the cage, and crouches there, growling. The trainer sits quietly reading a paper, and casting glances at the lion from the corner of his eye."

The next day he is back again, and the same performance is repeated. By the third day Leo, being of average intelligence, recognizes his voice when he comes to the cage—it is always the voice that a lion recognizes first, for which reason a trainer invariably speaks to his animals upon approaching them—and, if he is in pretty good humor, purrs. That is the signal for the next step in the acquaintanceship. The trainer pokes a broomstick between the bars.

This invasion is more than Leo bargained for, however. He draws back, growls, and, thrusting out a huge paw, pins the intruding object to the floor; then drags it into the cage, the trainer offering no resistance. Perhaps the lion contents himself with knocking the stick about a bit, and growling at it, having ascertained that it is harmless; or perhaps he crunches it between his terrible teeth. At any rate, no sooner has he disposed of it to his satisfaction, and settled down again, than another stick appears, and the quiet voice that he has learned to recognize is heard outside. Very likely Leo pulverizes that intruder, too; but the broom sections persist, until he wearies of trying to make toothpicks out of such a quantity of lumber, and permits one of them to be laid on his back without protest.

Behold, now, a wonderful matter to the illuminated mind of Leo, for not only is there no harm in this piece of wood, but it is an agency for the increase of happiness. He feels it rubbed, gently rubbed, along his neck and back, and from a dubious and somewhat timid frame of mind passes to serene content, which he announces by loud purrings. There is nothing a lion so loves as grooming.

The next step is the plunge. Having become thoroughly accustomed to the stick and its manipulator by repeated rubbings, Leo is judged to be in a condition of mind favorable to a more intimate association. One day his cage door is opened and his human friend steps in, carrying with him a stout chair, upon which he seats himself. Much disturbed, not by the man, but by the chair—which is beyond his comprehension—the lion retreats to the far corner of the cage, and crouches there, growling. The trainer sits quietly reading a paper, and casting glances at the lion from the corner of his eye. Thus the situation remains for a couple of hours; then the man and his chair depart as they came, and Leo is left to think it over.

Upon their reappearance the next morning he has very likely reached the conclusion that the matter will stand a little investigation, and he approaches cautiously. The trainer stretches out toward him the same stick from which he has experienced that pleasant grooming; but in its new surroundings it rouses his quick distrust, and he retreats to his corner. Alarm begets wrath.

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It is feline nature to dissemble that wrath until the moment of action. Leo does not growl or lash his tail. The growling lion is not to be feared, and the lashing tail is not, as commonly supposed, an indication of anger, but of good humor. Watch the tail of a cat while you are scratching her head, and you will see. It is when the tail stands out straight and rigid that the trainer begins to think of retreat. Leo's tail becomes an iron bar. Perhaps the trainer is warned in time to slip out at the door; perhaps not until so late that he knows he will not have the opportunity. Leo glances aside carelessly, and the next instant, with open mouth and claws distended, he is sailing through the air, straight for the throat of the man, his 800 pounds of sinew and muscle inspired by all the ferocity of fear and hate.

The man who will not have foreseen that terrific onset, holding himself ready for it, has no business with wild animals, and will in all probability never again attempt any dealings with them. Upon his agility now depends his life. That chair was not brought in merely for comfort. It is the best defense possible to the lion's spring. Swift and apparently unpremeditated as the leap has been, the man has seen the tenseness of the muscles that preceded it, and before the animal has reached him, the stout legs of the chair are bristling between them. Here is another problem for Leo. This unknown thing has suddenly assumed an unexpected and possibly deadly significance. Snarling, he drops on his haunches and claws at the barrier. Out from behind it springs a stick —the same old stick of his pleasurable memories, but turned to what base uses now, for it flicks him soundly on the tip of the nose, where a lion keeps all his most sensitive feelings! Again it lands, and the chances are ten to one that two blows on that tender spot are enough. Howling with grief and rage, Leo ceases to claw the chair, an unsatisfactory proceeding at best, and retires to his corner, not a little chopfallen. By the time he has had leisure to consider the strange occurrence, the trainer is out of the cage, leaving the chair behind. Now Leo may do any one or more of several things, according to the measure of his emotions. He may glower and sulk in his corner; he may rant and ramp about his cage, giving vent to his outraged feelings in loud roars; he may go for that leggy chair and dismember it (not without scars to his own hide, probably), or he may settle down to think the thing over calmly, and conclude that he has made a fool of himself by getting angry and trying to destroy things before he found whether there was any harm in them or not. Eventually, in the great majority of cases, he will come to the last conclusion; possibly passing through all the other phases as intermediate steps to wisdom.

Let us suppose now that the Leo of our consideration has slept on the problem, and concluded to be sensible by the next morning. His repentant frame of mind is shown, when his trainer appears, by the purr with which he responds to the invariable greeting. Into the cage steps the man with his chair and his stick. No longer militant, but still somewhat timid, the animal keeps over to his corner. Little by little the man edges the chair over until he is within reach; then he begins to rub the lion with his stick. Little by little he decreases the distance still more, by shortening his grasp on the stick,

"Growling."

until finally he has his hand on Leo's shoulders and is petting him. This is the second great step in advance; the lion has learned to endure the touch of the human hand. Not only does he endure it; he likes it, for few animals are indifferent to petting. Day by day the trainer familiarizes the lion with his presence and touch; rubbing his back, stroking his shoulders, raising his paws—a somewhat ticklish trial—and, in the course of a fortnight after first entering the cage,

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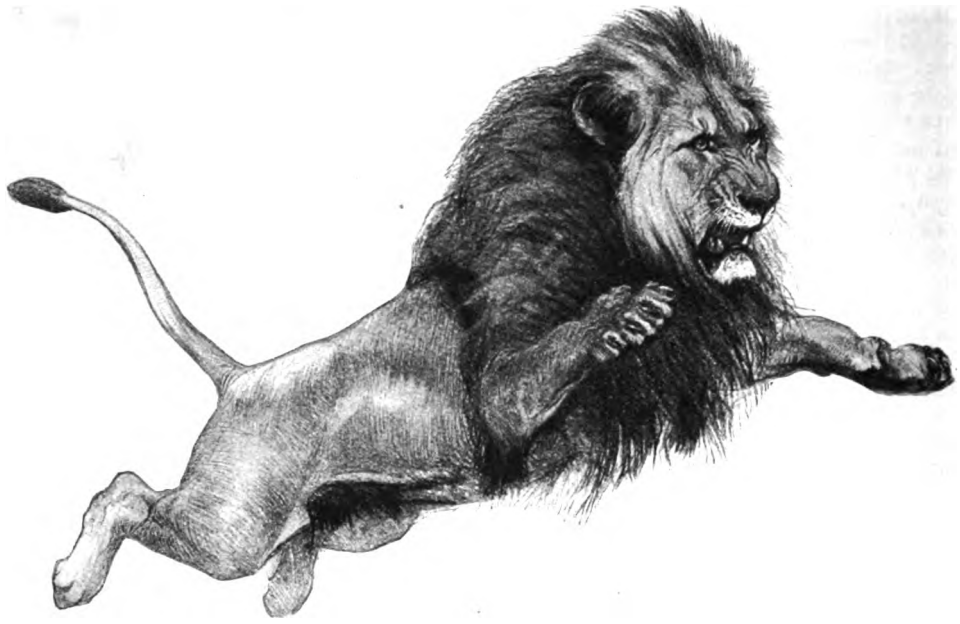

"The next instant, with open mouth and claws distended, he is sailing through the air, straight for the throat of the man, his 800 pounds of sinew and muscle inspired by all the ferocity of fear and hate."

if the animal be of fairly good temper, so accustoming Leo to the human presence that all alarm and overt enmity have been eradicated.

Beginning at this point, the education of an animal is simply getting him into certain habits of action, each one of which is intimately connected with something he sees or uses. The pupil, when he sees the paraphernalia of his performance, knows exactly what is expected of him, and in time will come to do it readily. The successful performance of all trained animals depends upon this almost instinctive following of long established habit, together with the pleasure the exercise gives to animals habitually confined in small cages. To the ordinary tricks of following the cues given him by his trainer, the pupil is trained by being drawn with ropes from one end of the cage to the other, or upon his hind feet in response to a toss of the master's hand. Then he is taught to jump over a board laid in his cage, and as the board is raised he leaps higher, until he is gradually brought to the point of a five-barred gate. The advance from these simple movements to the more difficult feats is simply a matter of intelligence on the part of the pupil, and patience on the part of the teacher. For every act there is a definite cue, and the eager intensity of look so noticeable in performing animals is not fear or hate, but attention, that they may not lose the slightest gesture of meaning. The education of a highly trained beast extends to the smallest action, even those which seem the least premeditated. His growling, his roar of apparent rage, the unsheathing of the murderous claws, and the swinging stroke at the stick that taps him—all these are in obedience to commands unsuspected by the audience.

One of the most tedious tricks to teach, and successful when once learned, is the see-saw performed by several animals. At first they are greatly alarmed by the shifting foundation beneath their feet; but when they have acquired confidence, they are as eager for the fun as so many children, and come running and hustling each other at the call to reach the board first. The great difficulty of teaching animals of different kinds to perform together is not generally understood by the public, which fails to appreciate the fact that the lion associating amicably with the leopard is trained to forget his own nature. Great Danes and boarhounds are often used to perform with lions, but not for the protection of the trainer, as is popularly supposed, as the weakest lion could destroy the largest dog with one tap. The dog is useful because of his intelligence and his friendly instincts toward other animals. He is usually on excellent terms with the lion, and encourages him if he is "rattled," or urges him on if he is backward in

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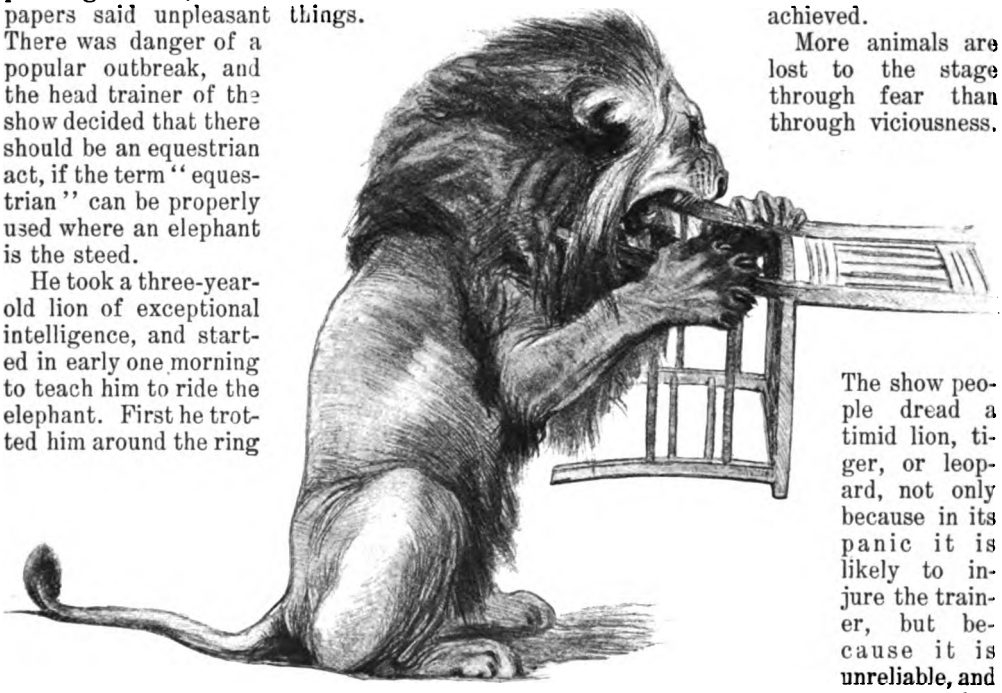
his act. The dog is really an assistant trainer. Equestrian acts, as they are termed, are about the highest point of animal training, for both the animal who rides and the animal who is ridden must be educated to go through the performance without alarm.

How readily the best trained felines learn is illustrated by an event which occurred at Atlanta several years ago. A menagerie showing there had advertised extensively a feat of equestrianism by a lion. At the last moment the lion "went bad"; that is, became vicious, and there was no equestrian act on the opening night. The public grumbled, and the newspapers said unpleasant things. There was danger of a popular outbreak, and the head trainer of the show decided that there should be an equestrian act, if the term "equestrian" can be properly used where an elephant is the steed.

He took a three-year-old lion of exceptional intelligence, and started in early one morning to teach him to ride the elephant. First he trotted him around the ring with the elephant, and a big boar-hound who acted as assistant. After the pachyderm and the feline had got over their mutual distrust to some extent, the lion was taken up on a platform and lured upon the broad back of the elephant by strips of raw meat. There, however, at an eminence of seven feet six inches from the ground he became nervous, and dug a claw into the thick hide, the better to maintain himself. Such are the muscles on an elephant's back that it is said he can shake a flea off any part of it. This elephant shook, and the lion shot off as if a catapult had been sprung under him. Feline agility brought his paws under him before he reached earth, but he was much shaken and alarmed. Naturally, he sought to sneak away; but the boar-hound headed him off, barking encouragingly, and the lion came back. This time the elephant was swathed in thick cloths. Over and over again the lion was made to mount the elephant and ride, and on the following day the act was produced before a big audience, and—though the elephant was nervous, and the lion was more nervous, and the trainer almost had nervous prostration—the performance went off beautifully. But not with one lion in twenty could such a result have been achieved.

More animals are lost to the stage through fear than through viciousness.



"Snarling, he drops on his haunches and claws at the barrier."

The show people dread a timid lion, tiger, or leopard, not only because in its panic it is likely to injure the trainer, but because it is unreliable, and may take fright and spoil a performance at any moment from the slightest causes. An incident at the Porte St. Martin theater, in Paris, has become part of the annals of the show business. The chief feature of the exhibition was a "turn," consisting of the casting of a young woman securely bound into a cage of lions, heralded as being the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of man-eaters.

Unfortunately, the woman who had the "thinking part" of the victim was taken ill, and a substitute was found in the wife of one of the trainers, herself a trainer of some experience, but without any acquaintance with these particular six lions. As she was somewhat nervous, she carried a small

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club ready for use should occasion arise. Amid the breathless silence of the spectators, the ring-master explained the ferocious nature of the lions and the terrible risk of the woman, and she was thrust in at the cage door. In the excitement of the occasion the door was not securely shut after

"Giving vent to outraged feelings in loud roars."

her. No sooner was she fairly inside than the six monarchs of the jungle, seeing that a strange person had been forced upon them, raised a chorus of shuddering terror, bolted for the cage door, clawed it open, and, with dragging tails and cringing flanks, fled out through a rear entrance and found refuge in a cellar, whence they were dislodged only after great difficulty. It was a week before the "ferocious man-eaters" were sufficiently recovered from their terrors to reappear in public. Animals so timid that confidence cannot be inspired in them are not used for any of the higher-class performances, but are employed only for the simple "sensational acts," which often catch the public quite as much as the more difficult feats, but which require little education of a definite sort. In this category is included running around in a circle to the cracking of a whip, jumping over bars and through hoops, and even leaping through blazing hoops. For all of these feats the animal need only be driven, not led. His fears will supply the motive. Such animals are never punished by chastisement; a harsh word is enough, and the great danger is that it may prove too much. It is a matter requiring from the trainer a high degree of tact. Nor are the bolder felines whipped or clubbed to anything like the extent that is popularly supposed to be the case. Only when they are stubborn or show fight do they suffer. "Do not punish until you have to; then punish hard," is the training maxim. The apparent lashes with the whip given during performances, and greeted with savage growlings from the beasts, are mere pretenses, part of the daily programme, and known to the subjects as such. Expert, indeed, with the whip must the trainer be, for if one of those sweeping blows should go wrong and land where it hurt some one of his animals, there might well be a variety of trouble—not impossibly an attack; almost certainly a fit of sulks on the part of the beast struck, while doing his best, that would put an end to further endeavor by him that day.

After the animal has learned his lesson and become expert in his performance, there still remains the test of a public performance. This is always a matter of anxiety for the trainer, as animals suffer from stage fright. The sight of the crowd is likely to distract them and draw their attention from the trainer, so that they lose their cues. Once thoroughly accustomed to the atmosphere of the stage, they seem to find in it a sort of intoxication not unknown to a species higher in the organization of nature. In talking with many men who have put animals on the stage, I have not found one who does not state positively that his subjects are affected by the attitude of an audience; that they are stimulated by the applause of an enthusiastic house, and perform laxly before a cold audience. Music is a stimulus to them. In many cases it is their principal cue, and without the strains of the band they are uncertain and unhappy. It is not long since the band of an animal show went on strike in the middle of a performance, and left. Three trained tigers were the next number on the programme after the defection of the musicians. When they came on they looked inquiringly about for the music, and, in its absence, two of them squatted down on their haunches and positively declined to go on. The third, who was of less experience in the profession, made a feeble start and then joined his companions on strike. Beating was of no avail. No music, no performance, was obviously the motto of those tigers; and they stuck to it through good and evil case—principally evil, as they got a severe thrashing before being driven off in disgrace to their cages.

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In association with animals of the feline species there is an ever-present element of danger, no matter how well trained they may be. Every time the trainer in the cage turns his back he risks his life; not a great risk, to be sure, but still there is the chance of death in a stroke. Yet it is impossible to keep the eye on half a dozen animals in one cage, and the man must trust to the good temper of his subjects constantly. Many beasts—and this is particularly true of lions—leap at the bars of the cage in a frenzy of rage the moment the trainer leaves them, as if furious that they had let him out alive, yet the next time he enters they are completely under his dominion none the less. So excellent is the effect of this fury upon the thrill-demanding public, that now lions are trained to this very trick.

What the trainer most dreads is that inexplicable change of temperament on the part of the animal, known in the parlance of the menagerie as "going bad." It may come in the nature of a sudden attack, or it may be of slow and traceable progress. Sometimes it lasts but a short time, and again it will remain the permanent characteristic of the creature, in which case he is relegated to the lone cage to pass the rest of his life in comparative obscurity, for the hardiest trainer will not attempt to work with a brute in this condition of bloodthirstiness. Lions are likely to go bad about the tenth year of life; tigers two or three years earlier. The tiger is the dread of the profession when he reaches this condition, because he is more likely to go into a frenzy without warning; and once "gone bad," his heart is set on murder, and he will leap for any man within reach, whether in or out of the cage, and when his teeth are on the bone nothing short of fire will impel him to relinquish his hold. Usually an old trainer can detect the symptoms of this curious ailment. It seems to be somewhat in the nature of a psychical disease, and other animals recognize it and shun the affected one. A trainer never thinks of fighting an animal in this condition. If attacked, his one object is to defend himself, until he has a chance to escape from the cage, and as soon as possible to segregate the sufferer from his fellows.

More minor injuries in the training business are received without evil intent on the part of the animal than in any other way. For instance, the lion is a clumsy brute at best, and is at any time liable to misplace a paw armed with claws that could not be more effective if they were fashioned from so much chilled steel. If that paw scrapes along the leg of the trainer, the unlucky man goes to the hospital. Again, what begins by accident may be turned to murderous account by the animals. The most perilous thing a man can do in a cage of wild animals is to lose his footing, for it is more

"Retires to his corner, not a little chopfallen."

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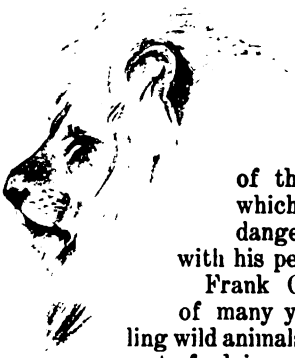
than likely that the moment he falls, the animals, by some course of reasoning peculiar to themselves, will conclude that his power is gone and will spring upon him. An English trainer was almost torn to pieces once because of a pair of stiff boot-tops that he wore. One of his tigers slipped, and swept a reaching claw around to the man's leg. It was a purely accidental blow, and the tiger, alarmed, sought to get away; but the keen claws had sheared through the stiff leather, and in endeavoring to extricate them the animal threw his master down. Quick as a flash, the two other tigers in the cage were upon the prostrate trainer; and but for the prompt action of an assistant, who sprang into the cage and beat them over the noses with a heavy bar, the man would never have come out alive. It is a vital article in the code of every good trainer, never to lose his temper at an accident of this kind, or to punish the innocent cause of it.



Sometimes a flash of anger on the part of the animal, not directed at the trainer particularly, but just a sort of let-off for an overcharged temper, may be the cause of injury. At Philadelphia recently I had an illustration of how terrible a blow a jaguar can strike, though fortunately, in this case, the damage was entirely to inanimate objects. The animal, a magnificent female, had been rehearsing some fancy leaping from shelf to shelf, and as a *finale* was to jump from a shelf about seven feet high to a wooden ball some ten feet distant, and maintain herself upon the ball, a most difficult and attractive feat. The graceful creature measured the distance carefully with her eye, and stretched her lithe neck out toward the goal for a few moments before essaying the leap. Then she launched herself. That leap was a study in beauty of form and grace of motion; but there was a slight miscalculation. The jaguar clung for a moment to the oscillating sphere; then fell to the ground, landing on her feet in a crouching posture. Swifter than the eye could follow, there was a motion of the paw—what in the prize-ring would be called a left jolt, I should think—and that wooden ball, weighing at least twenty pounds, sailed across the cage and hit the bars with an impact that shook the structure like an earthquake, frightening the pair of lions and the leopard who shared the cage almost out of their wits. As for the jaguar, she glared fiercely around to see if the other animals were laughing, but seeing no evidences of mirth, slunk away to one side, where she examined her paw with an appearance of solicitude, listening meantime to the rebukes of the trainer with obvious confusion. It is the possibility that at any moment a blow of that calibre may land on him, which preserves the trainer from danger of *ennui* when engaged with his pets.

Frank C. Bostock, who by virtue of many years of experience in handling wild animals of all kinds has come to be a sort of adviser and coach of animal trainers, says that in a very large percentage of cases injuries suffered from trained animals are the fault of the trainer. "Inexperience and carelessness are the great factors in accidents of this kind," says Mr. Bostock. "The average young trainer is too likely to forget that every one of the big cats has five mouths, as one may say; one in his head, and four more at the ends of his paws, and each of those mouths is capable of inflicting terrible injury. However, we do not place an animal in the list of bad animals unless he makes a direct and full attack. Striking at the trainer with the paws amounts to little; it may be even accidental. It is the spring that counts. Every trainer expects to be clawed somewhat. It may lay him up for a while, but he doesn't lay it up against the beasts. [Mr. Bostock's own arms, legs, breast, and back are elaborately tattooed with testimonials from his feline friends of past years.] But the beast that springs must be beaten into submission, or the trainer must escape from the cage as soon as possible. If the animal really means business, it is the man's part to get out, for no man can stand against the strength of a lion or tiger, or the wonderful agility of a leopard. The best defense against a charging lion or tiger, if one has only a club, is to strike the animal on the nose, hitting up from under; but this is by no means an easy thing to do, as the creature will dodge and block with a degree of skill that would do credit to a champion of the ring. Meantime, however, the man can have been edging into a position favorable to escape. The felines jump for the throat, and an agile man, if he sees that

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the animal is going to leap, can avoid the onset and get in a blow that may send his assailant cringing to the other end of the cage. No man who is not agile has any business with these brutes. If knocked down, the man's only chance is to struggle to the bars and raise himself; for, on his feet, he has a chance of controlling the animals; down, he is completely at their mercy, and they have no fear or respect for him. The minute his body touches the floor he ceases to be the master.

"A number of bad accidents that have come under my notice have been ascribable to drunkenness on the part of the victims. A half-drunken fellow goes into the cage with a desire to show off his mastery over the animals, and, cursing and swearing at them, puts them through their paces without let up. Every animal knows when he is being overworked, and there is nothing he resents more bitterly. The animals endure being 'put upon' for a time; then, the first thing the trainer knows, one of them has him pinned, and if he gets out alive it is more than he deserves. One must bear constantly in mind the possible effect of his course of action upon the animals he is handling, and the construction which their reasoning, or instinct, or whatever you choose to call it, is likely to put upon his acts. I had a severe illustration of that in Kansas City recently. Owing to an error on the part of the workmen, Madame Pianka's large

"The second great step in advance; the lion has learned to endure the touch of the human hand. . . . He likes it, for few animals are indifferent to petting."

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cage was misplaced, and I found that her lions would have to perform in a smaller one. This change of stage setting is one of the things that performing animals particularly hate, and she had a good deal of trouble with them.

"Finally she got them all working in the smaller cage except one lioness, usually a good subject, who chanced to be sulky that day. Coaxing wouldn't move her, so I was appealed to and went into the cage. After some difficulty, I got her majesty to go over her jumps all right, and I kept her hustling around the ring pretty lively to take some of the temper out of her. In my hand I held a riding whip, and, just for a flourish, I tapped it smartly on the ground. There was no sense in the action, and if I had thought twice I wouldn't have done it. Twenty feet away from me, near Madame Pianka, the lioness's mate was standing, watching me with dubious eyes. Probably he thought, when I tapped the whip on the ground, that I was laying it on the lioness. Anyway, he covered the twenty feet in one bound and pinned me through the fleshy part of the thigh. Down I went. The lion picked me up and carried me over to Madame Pianka for her approval. She had in her hand the revolver which she uses in her act, and she fired the blank charge close to the lion's ear, at the same time catching him around the neck. That was one of the poses in his act, and fortunately it caught his mind, and the force of habit brought him to instant obedience. He relaxed his hold, giving me a chance to get to my feet, and I ran him around the cage three or four times just to show him that I was still master, and then went to bed. The teeth hadn't touched the bone, and I was up and around in three weeks. By the way, there is nothing in that theory that a lion's bite is poisonous. I have been bitten seven times by felines, and the wounds have always healed without any complications."

In talking with Mr. Bostock and other trainers of animals, I have found that all of them mention judgment, good temper, physical agility and magnetism, as the requisites for successfully training wild animals; but first, last, and all the time, patience—absolute, unwearying, indestructible patience. Not one of them mentioned that quality which would first suggest itself to the lay mind in this connection—courage. I suppose they took it for granted that a man who set himself to that career would naturally possess courage. The question naturally arises, How does it happen that enough persons follow this perilous pursuit to fill the demand? Whence came these animal trainers, and why do they take this line of work? In the majority of cases they come to it by association or heredity.

The pay of a successful trainer is good; and if he owns his beasts, as is often the case, he can be sure of a good income. Then, too, there is the fascination of danger endured in the public eye. They are a hard-working lot, these people; and their courage, desperate as it must seem to the onlooker, is not of the foolhardy sort. Many of them take even a pessimistic view of the chances of the profession, borne out pretty well, however, by the mortality records, and they understand what the public does not know—this is true of all the other great cats, as well as of the lion kind—that the trained lion is a product of science, but the tame lion is a chimera of the optimistic imagination, a forecast of the millennium.

Asleep.

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A PRISONER AMONG FILIPINOS (*Concluded*).

By Lieutenant-Commander James C. Gillmore, U. S. N.

With Illustrations by W. R. Leigh, from Sketches and Plans by the Author, and drawn under his personal supervision.

STRANGE experiences we Americans had during our long wandering as captives of the Filipinos. Twice we virtually crossed the great Island of Luzon—starting from the eastern shore, skirting the west coast for a considerable distance, and finally emerging upon the northern ocean. In the nine months of our captivity, from April to January, we traveled at least 400 miles. We saw the interior of the country as no other Americans had ever seen it. We penetrated regions where even the Spanish priest had never gone. We met the people face to face; and in our peculiar relations to them had abundant opportunity to study their character and customs, and to witness demonstrations of their racial prejudices and passions.

Our first taste of genuine native home-life was in a bamboo hut on the road leading northward from St. Isidro, the insurgent capital. For a week we had floundered along the soft roads, in mud from ankle to knee. We had forded innumerable streams, the bridges having been washed away by the freshets. We had marched day after day through the rain, but this night the heavens simply opened; the air was filled with thick sheets of wind-driven water; the earth was covered with a fast-deepening liquid layer. Even our native guards were wondering where they were to lay their weary heads, when, as luck would have it, we waded up an incline into a huddle of bamboo huts. Into the best of these I was taken by the Tagal lieutenant who had charge of us. It was nearly dry in these, and the occupants, the family of the chief man of the diminutive pueblo, made us welcome. They set out for us the best they had.

GOOD AND BAD FILIPINOS.

Uncertain and changeable as children are the Filipinos. By Aguinaldo's orders the civil *presidéntes* of the towns through which we passed were required to provide food and shelter for us and our guards. The conduct of the *presidéntes* varied greatly, according, as we thought, to the degree of favor with which they regarded the prospect of American rule, or their private opinions of the chances of speedy American occupation. Sometimes, too, it depended upon the condition of the municipal treasury. As a rule, we were given money with which to buy our own food, and this varied from one and one-half to twenty cents per day in gold. Wherever former Spanish officers were in charge we were treated well, and often the intercession of Spanish prisoners of high rank secured for us considerate treatment at the hands of native officials. There is nothing for which the average Filipino has such high respect as military rank.

Along the west coast we found the natives much in sympathy with the Americans. The people told us they thought the Americans were sure to triumph in the end, and they could not see the wisdom of all this sacrifice of time, men, and women in a fruitless resistance.

There were *presidéntes* good, bad, and indifferent. At St. Quentin the local dignitary met us at the outskirts of the town, reviled us bitterly, and threatened to kill us. But by this time our men had taken the measure of these Filipino bravos, and to this one they replied with jeers and insults which must have greatly surprised that worthy gentleman. On another occasion a Tagal colonel brandished a dagger over the heads of our party, and swore most valiantly he was about to cut our hearts out, boasting that he had once shut a number of men in a room and calmly despatched them. Our sailors laughed, and threw at him a few specimens of Spanish-American slang, whereupon he dropped his weapon and slunk away. The threat to kill became so common that at length we paid little attention to it. As a matter of fact, the natives never laid hands upon us during the whole time of our captivity, though they often flogged and otherwise ill-treated Spanish prisoners. My blood boiled one day when I saw a Tagal lieutenant, mounted and

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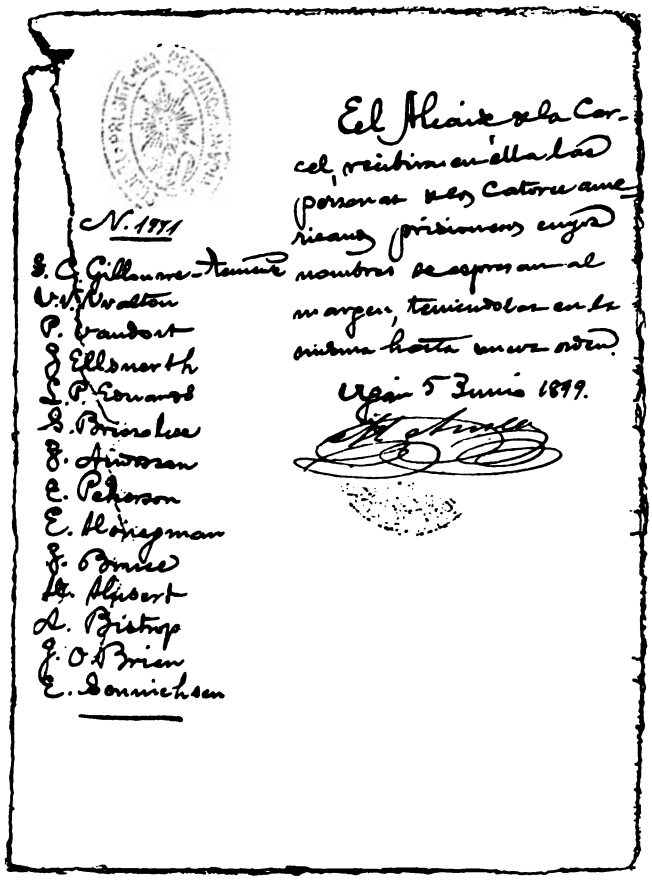

FACSIMILE OF THE ORDER FOR THE IMPRISONMENT OF LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GILLMORE AND HIS COMPANIONS AT VIGAN.

FACSIMILE OF SEAL ON THE BACK OF ORDER.

armed, beating over the head with a heavy whip a Spanish soldier who was ill and had lagged behind the column.

At one time we had in our party as many as 600 Spanish prisoners, and they were constantly having trouble on account of the brutality of the natives. "We are paying off old scores," was the explanation of the Tagals. A Spanish lieutenant of marines attempted to escape, and did succeed in getting within two miles of the American lines, where he was recaptured. He was at once robbed of nearly all his clothing and his watch, while the photographs of his wife and children were torn up before his eyes. He then disappeared. I made inquiries concerning him, but could learn nothing positive. I think he was executed.

Cunning, treachery, and cruelty are deep-rooted in the Filipino character. One of the prisoners in our party was Frank Stone, of the United States Signal Corps. He and a comrade were walking upon the railroad in the suburbs of Manila when an unarmed native approached, begged a cigarette, and asked permission to walk with them. Suddenly a number of confederates sprang out of the bushes and attacked and overpowered the two Americans, taking them prisoners. Of twenty-six Americans who were in our party at various times only ten had been captured in battle. The others had been taken through the wiles of the so-called *amigos*, or friendly natives. Private Curran, of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, was snapped up by a party of these sneaks within twenty yards of his own outpost.

"AMERICANOS" ON SHOW.

The Filipinos were inordinately proud of their "*Americano*" prisoners. At every stop in a town or village we were pointed out and discussed at great length. On a number of occasions we were made show of, apparently for the purpose of impressing the people with the fact that the much-dreaded Americans were not invulnerable, as had been rumored. It appeared to be a common belief among the simple country folk that, while it was easy to kill or capture Spaniards, the "*Americanos*" led a charmed life. To dispel this illusion, the guards had a way of placing my party, and the eight or ten of our countrymen who were with us much of the time, at the head of the marching band of several hundred Spanish prisoners; and as we entered a town or pueblo, passing between long lines of dark-skinned, half-naked natives, their eyes bulging with curiosity from behind the smoke of their inevitable *cigárros*, the guards pointed to us and cried out, "*Los Americanos! Los Americanos!*" In this way they made the

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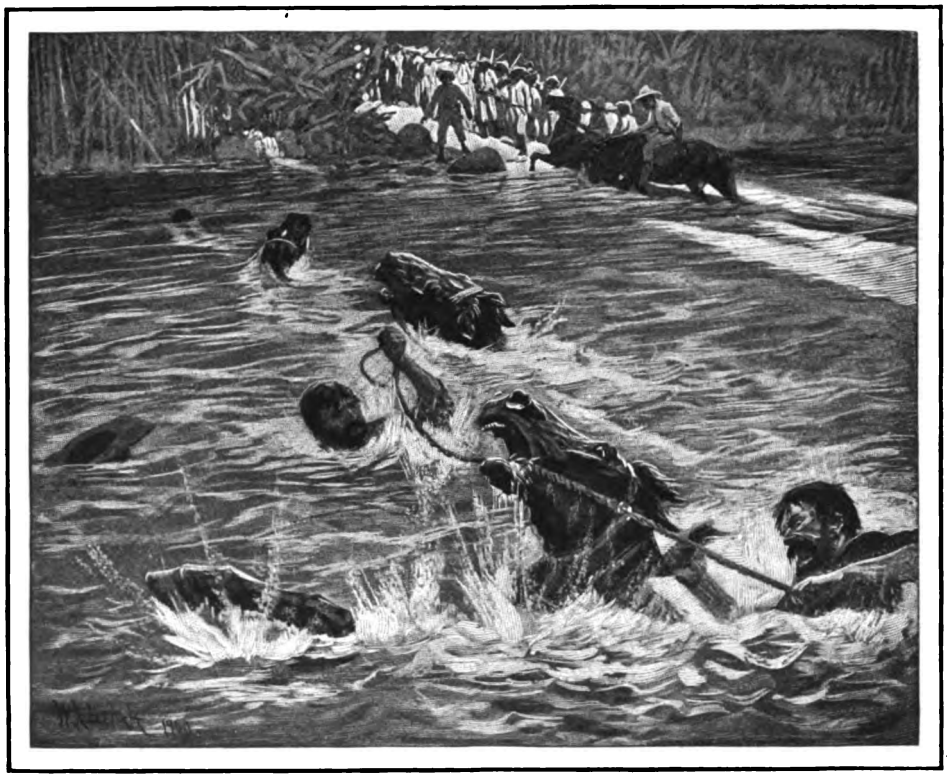
onlookers believe the entire straggling, limping line of prisoners were captives from among the new and more formidable enemy, with great increase of respect for the powers of the native soldiery.

Once we were marched a considerable distance out of our way, across a river to the town of Tagudin in South Ilocus province, where the people were not as much in favor of the war as the insurgent chieftains thought they should be. It was Sunday, and apparently our coming had been well advertised; for we found a great crowd of natives, attired in their best clothes, assembled to greet us. They seemed greatly to enjoy their holiday as the strangers from across the Pacific were led in triumph through their streets. Good-humored were their comments as we passed, and despite the presence of our Tagal guards, many friendly salutations reached us from the gay throng. As we drew up to the convent, we were received with much pomp by a company of recruits. They were put through the manual of arms in our presence, and handled their guns quite well, making a most favorable impression upon the native audience. The effect upon us was somewhat modified by our discovery that every recruit had a wooden rifle in his hands. It was clear that the Tagals were trying to make soldiers out of these peacefully inclined Ilocans, and had nothing better than toy weapons with which to drill them. It was apparent enough, too, that we had been marched many miles through the broiling sun in order to fire the martial ardor of a people who were naturally disinclined to war with the Americans.



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"I was thrown into the swirling stream."

Three months of confinement, "*incomunicado*," is what happened to me at Vigan. It was not pleasant. All that time I passed in one room, having the upper corridor of the jail to walk in. The worst of it was that, while they would not let me out for exercise, the authorities persisted in making my apartment a sort of catch-all for tramps and other temporary prisoners. The only spot I could call my own was the one on which my mattress was spread. At night the entire floor was occupied by sleeping men and women. During the day the na-

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tives sat about and watched me. Their curiosity was inexhaustible. The only chance I had to bathe was behind a manta which I hung up in a corner of the room; but when they heard I was bathing, men, women, and children came from all parts of the jail to spy upon me.

TAMING A NATIVE TYRANT.

General Tiño, a remarkable man, was in command at Vigan. Only twenty-three years old, slender and straight, with a fine head, piercing black eyes, a voice low but sweet, he looked for all the world like a bright, winsome boy. But he was the military commander of that entire region; his rule was one of iron; he was cruel, implacable, a civil tyrant, a military martinet. The natives lived in terror of him. He was ambitious, too. It was not enough for him to be a Tiño; he wanted to be a second Aguinaldo. General Tiño hated the Americans. It was by his order I was separated from my men and placed "*incomunicado.*" The local *presidênte* told me that but for his influence General Tiño would have had us all shot. I did not believe him, and supposed he was merely trying to frighten me. But I said:

"Why does General Tiño want to execute us? It will do him no good. There are 90,000,000 of people in my country, and the more you kill the more will come out here to avenge. If General Tiño executes us, he will do well to get all his women and children out of town before the American troops come. Our men will murder all they find here and burn the place."

The *presidênte* looked at me with wide-open eyes. He did not understand that I was simply talking for effect, in hopes of intimidating Tiño through him. He seemed much impressed by my words, and, suddenly jumping up, exclaimed, "*Buenos dias, señor,*" and disappeared. I afterward learned it was really true that Tiño had wanted to execute us, and had been dissuaded by the appeals of the *presidênte*.

Through the kindness of the jailer the men were occasionally allowed to come to see me. We talked of various plans for escape. From our prison windows we could see American warships steaming up and down the coast. One of the Spanish officers had a good glass, and with this we could see the ships well enough to be able to make out their identity. With our countrymen so near, it seemed doubly hard to remain in the wretched jail. We were sorely tempted to make an effort to reach the sea and an American ship. It would have been sure death.

In August we were cheered by rumors of the approach of the American army, and in early September the excitement among the natives unerringly indicated the proximity of our forces. Again the probability of early rescue by our countrymen drove us further within the island—again we were on the march. At Bangued we found a jail viler than any we had yet known. The men were crowded into a small den with a dirt floor. I had a cell to myself. The roof leaked and my bed was soaked half the time. The walls were covered with a green mold. Enormous rats infested the place. I always had a heavy stick in my hand when I went to bed, and had frequent use for it during the night. In some way the men got hold of a queer little cat, black as ink, with a short corkscrew tail. This diminutive animal was the best native fighter we saw in Luzon; it killed rats as big as itself.

TEACHING ENGLISH TO THE NATIVES.

We were soon given permission to walk about the town till eight o'clock in the evening. If we were out after that hour the jailer assumed responsibility for us and sent out guards to round us up and bring us in. I often dined with the Spanish officers, of whom 200 or 300 were prisoners here, and also with native families, but always found a guard waiting at the door to escort me back to jail. Here, as elsewhere, we found the natives eager to learn our language. All of our men who knew anything of Spanish set out to earn a little money by teaching English. One of them had a class of ten boys and girls from the best families in the town, and they proved to be bright, well-behaved pupils. They met at the house of a representative in the Filipino Congress, who was himself studying English with another of our men, as was his brother.

Early in November we learned through the Spanish prisoners that the American troops were getting the upper hand in the north. A little later we actually heard the bombardment of Vigan, twenty-five miles distant. Then we were told that Vigan had fallen, and there was tremendous excitement in Bangued. Families prepared for flight. Prisoners suspected of being Macabebe spies were taken out and shot without trial. A reign of terror existed among all the prisoners, among whom there were a number of

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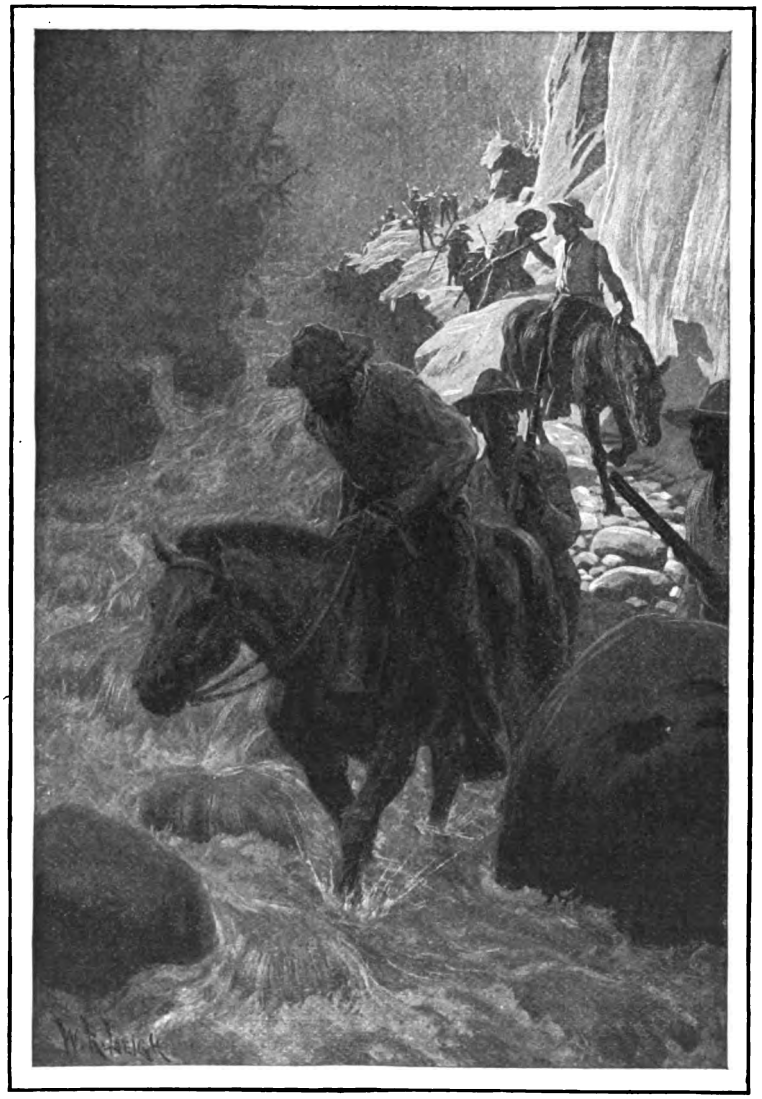
Chinese; and we had not the slightest idea what our own fate was to be.

Between Vigan and Bangued is a narrow pass. This the natives had carefully fortified, and they did not believe the Americans could ever take it. They boasted that they could keep us in Bangued ten years if they liked, and our countrymen could not rescue us. The morning of December 5th the American column took the pass, completely routing General Tiño and his army. Tiño fled to the hills with a handful of men. Panic now seized all Bangued, military and civilian alike. There was a mad rush toward the mountains. At one moment we hoped the natives might forget all about us in their eagerness to get away. But in an hour from the receipt of tidings of the American victory, we were taken from prison and mustered in front of the *presidénte's* palace. Here General Natividad addressed the Tagal lieutenant who had us in charge. "If you have any trouble with your prisoners," he said, "bring them back to Bangued; we'll then quickly settle them." We knew only too well what this meant.



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"There was no thoroughfare save along the river-bed."

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MARCHING TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Again we were on the march, headed for the mountains. Our guards appeared completely to have lost their heads. After walking a few miles along one road we saw an orderly galloping madly toward us, and then we were compelled to retrace our steps or set off in some other direction. This was repeated several times. All about us were the frightened native people—a jabbering, shouting rout of men, women, children, soldiers, pigs, chickens, General Natividad and his staff, crazy wooden carts, bellowing caraboo, loads of ammunition and rifles carried in the arms of almost naked conscripts, sick or wounded men struggling painfully along and begging in vain for an ox or pony. We Americans were the only calm ones in all the throng.

Two days we wandered over hills, through valleys, across streams, gradually getting away from the civilian fugitives. On the afternoon of the second day we had a thrilling experience while fording a stream. Two of us with our horses tied by a long rope to a third horse, on which rode a Filipino officer, started across. The Filipino led; I was second. The natives on the opposite shore warned us that we were entering at the wrong spot; but our Filipino plunged recklessly ahead. We had gone only a few feet when the Filipino's horse was swept off his feet by the swift current and dragged our two horses in after him.

My horse was turned over, and I was thrown into the swirling stream. The plunging and kicking of the frightened animals added to the danger of the situation, which for some time was critical. The Filipino left us to our fate and swam ashore, while I attempted to manage the three frantic horses and my poor companion, who could not swim, but who, clinging desperately to his horse, was swept down the stream half a mile, and picked up half dead by natives. At every opportunity we chalked our names upon the fences or walls, with arrows indicating the course of our march. When we had passed beyond the villages and the tilled country, we continued to write upon cliffs or bowlders. Our hope was that by these crude guide-posts the American troops might be able to follow and rescue us. In our party was a civilian, an agent for an American brewery, who had been captured in the outskirts of Manila while trying to locate a lost casco of beer. He was a chap of perennial cheerfulness and humor; to him the whole adventure was but a joke. Everywhere he could find a blank space, he wrote, or had written for him, in big white letters, "Drink Blank's Beer on the Road to H——." We afterward learned that these roadside inscriptions greatly aided Colonel Hare and his men in their pursuit of us. The first time Colonel Hare saw the beer man's legend upon a rock he exclaimed: "Very well; I *will* follow Gillmore and his party to —— if necessary." He came very near doing it.

IN THE WILDS OF LUZON.

We were now beyond the confines of Filipino civilization. We were nearing the mountains. Already the road was lifting higher and higher, and as far as we could see there were ascents beyond. Obviously the plan of our escorts was to take us into a retreat so wild and inaccessible that no American soldiers should ever attempt to follow us. They had wisely chosen their route. We were in a cañon cut deep in the mountain-side. Its walls rose hundreds of feet almost perpendicularly. Through the gorge flowed a swift stream. Here and there it filled the chasm from cliff to cliff, and there was no thoroughfare save along the river bed, forcing our way against the current, cutting our feet upon the stony bottom. At first some of us had horses, but most of the way the path was so rough we could only lead them. Finally the horses could go no further; and as we were all—guards and captives—nearly starved, we killed the ponies for food. In spite of the difficulties of the road, the natives urged us constantly on. They were so eager to get further away from the American troops that they scarcely gave us time to sleep. Near the head of the cañon we ran into a veritable devil's causeway. We could get along only by crawling over and between great stones that lay close together; by clinging to the rock walls with fingers and toes, feeling our way inch by inch, swinging like monkeys from root to root or from one ledge to another, the penalty of a single misstep being a dash to death in the rapids perhaps a hundred feet below.

By this time we had lost our reckoning of the days, but it must have been about the 15th of December when we reached the pine-barrens at the top of the mountain range. Here one of our men fell, ill and exhausted. He announced that he could go no further. Commanded by the Tagals to get up and

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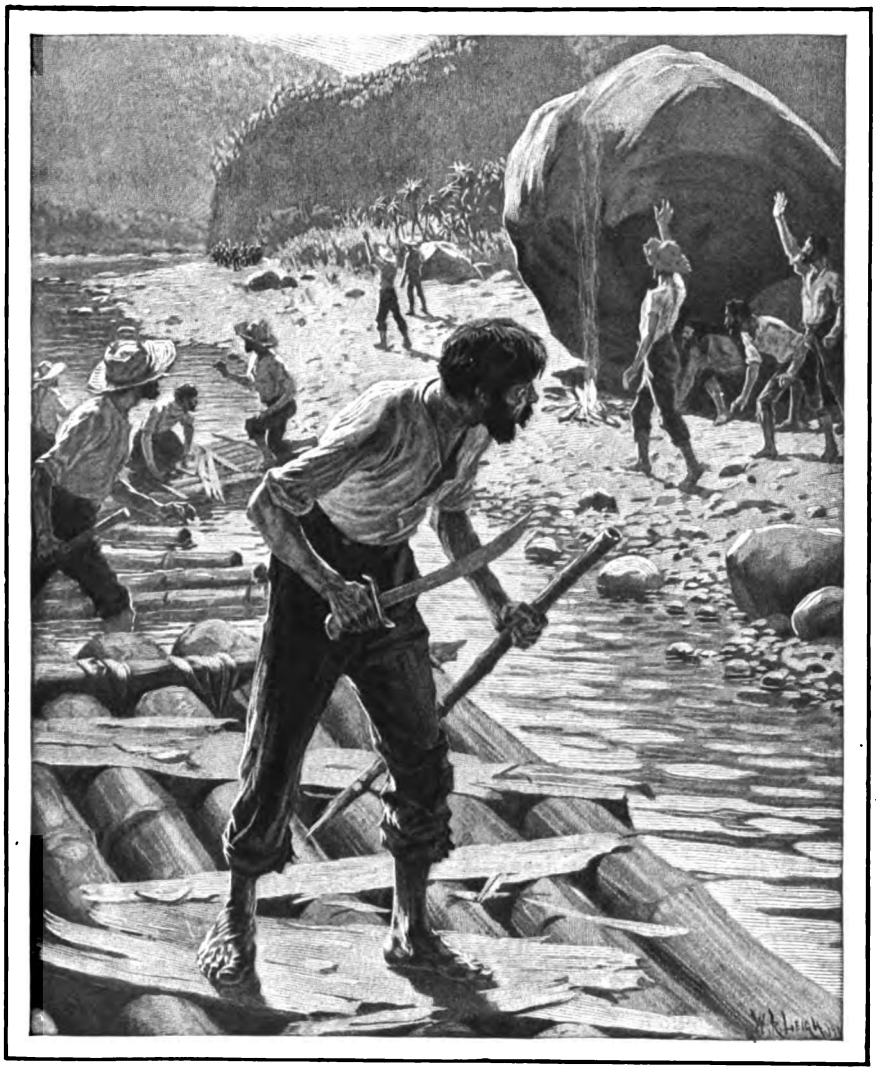

DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

THE RESCUE.

"We heard a loud yell, and around a bend of the river, running rapidly across the stony beach, charged a body of men."

continue the march, he did make an effort, advanced a few hundred yards, then fell again. At this moment another of our men fainted with fever. I begged the Tagal lieutenant to leave the sick men in charge of two of our party to rest till we could send back food for them. He refused. In a few moments he informed me through the interpreter that unless the exhausted men at once resumed the march he would have them shot.

WHITE MEN STAND TOGETHER.

I looked at my American comrades one after another. The light in their eyes was enough. Without words we understood, we Anglo-Saxons. Instinctively we gathered round the invalids lying there upon the sand. We were weak; we had no weapons. But each man of us knew what he had to do. The Tagals drew a little apart, and talked among themselves. At any moment we expected the signal that should bring on the unequal combat—empty-handed men springing like tigers, desperate from long suffering, at the throats of armed barbarians. Many of us were sure to fall, perhaps none of us should escape. But better that than abandonment of our sick comrades. The Tagal officer made an unusual motion with

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his right arm. We thought it a signal for the slaughter. But it was not. The lieutenant had himself been suddenly taken ill. He was calling for assistance. He, too, lay down upon the sand and begged for water. That danger had passed.

By the time the officer was ready to go on, our men were strong enough too. The remainder of that day we advanced by easy stages. We were now in the mountain woods. For twenty-four hours we had nothing to eat, and most of the day we could find no water. We were afraid to eat fruit or roots, not knowing which were poisonous. Honeyman, of the First Nevada Cavalry, was carrying a pet monkey in his arms, and we tried some roots and berries on the little beast. But he was not infallible. He ate voraciously of a root which much resembled a potato; and as he appeared to like it, one of the men followed suit. Both man and monkey were made violently ill, and for a time we feared both would die. They soon recovered.

Soon we came to the headwaters of a river flowing to the east, and followed it down through more wild gorges, so narrow that we could barely force our way along. It was after dark before we reached an open space where there was room to camp. This was a pebbly beach, with rocks frowning all about us. We were exhausted, famished. There was nothing to eat, so we drank our fill of river water and lay down upon the ground to sleep. For the first time since we had been on the march, the Filipino lieutenant separated his camp from ours. He also doubled his guard, stationing his soldiers in the rocks which surrounded us. Thinking all this somewhat peculiar, I sent one of the men to ask if he had placed the guards for our protection. "No!" was his laconic answer. Soon afterward he came himself to our camp, and through an interpreter calmly informed me that he had orders, presumably from General Tiño, to execute us in the mountains.

A THREATENED EXECUTION.

He paused here. For fully a minute not a word was spoken, but every man of us thought his time had come—we had marched all these dreary miles only to be shot down like dogs at last. Filipino rifles looked down upon us from every rock—resistance would be useless.

Then the lieutenant spoke again. Though he had been ordered by his superiors to kill us, his conscience would not permit him to do so. Instead, he would abandon us there in the mountains. He added a word of encouragement to the effect that American troops were near at hand, but we did not believe him. How could troops, carrying equipment and ammunition, follow us in a country like that? I told the lieutenant it would be more humane to kill us where we stood, for if he abandoned us we should either die of starvation or be murdered by the savage tribes. He replied that his mind was made up, and that he should leave us. I asked him to let us have two rifles for protection against the savages, and offered to give him a letter which, should he fall into American hands, would not only insure his safety, but bring him reward. He hesitated for some time, but finally declined. Then he and his men broke camp and disappeared in the moonlight. We were alone in the wilderness.

SAVED BY A CRUCIFIX.

I have always believed that the lieutenant's refusal to obey orders and execute us was due to the effect produced in his mind by an incident which had occurred a night or two earlier. At one of our stops he had shown me a crucifix which he wore hung by a ribbon about his neck, and said to me:

"The '*Americanos*' are not Christians."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "all the Americans are Christians."

"But you never wear any crucifixes."

I opened my jacket and showed him my breast. A crucifix had been tattooed there years ago, when I was a midshipman. The Tagal leaped to his feet with an exclamation of surprise. He instantly crossed himself. His eyes nearly started out of his head. I explained to him that any one could buy a crucifix and hang it round his neck, but that I had endured pain to have my crucifix pricked in the flesh, and that, as he could see, it must always be with me. There was a marked change in his manner toward me after this.

We lay down to sleep that night with despair in our hearts. There was not a man among us who thought we should find a way of escape from the perils which beset us. But we were still alive, and a ray of hope soon returned. I do not think any of us slept much. I know I did not, for I was thinking, planning all the night through how we might yet cheat fate. There was something exhilarating, too, in the consciousness

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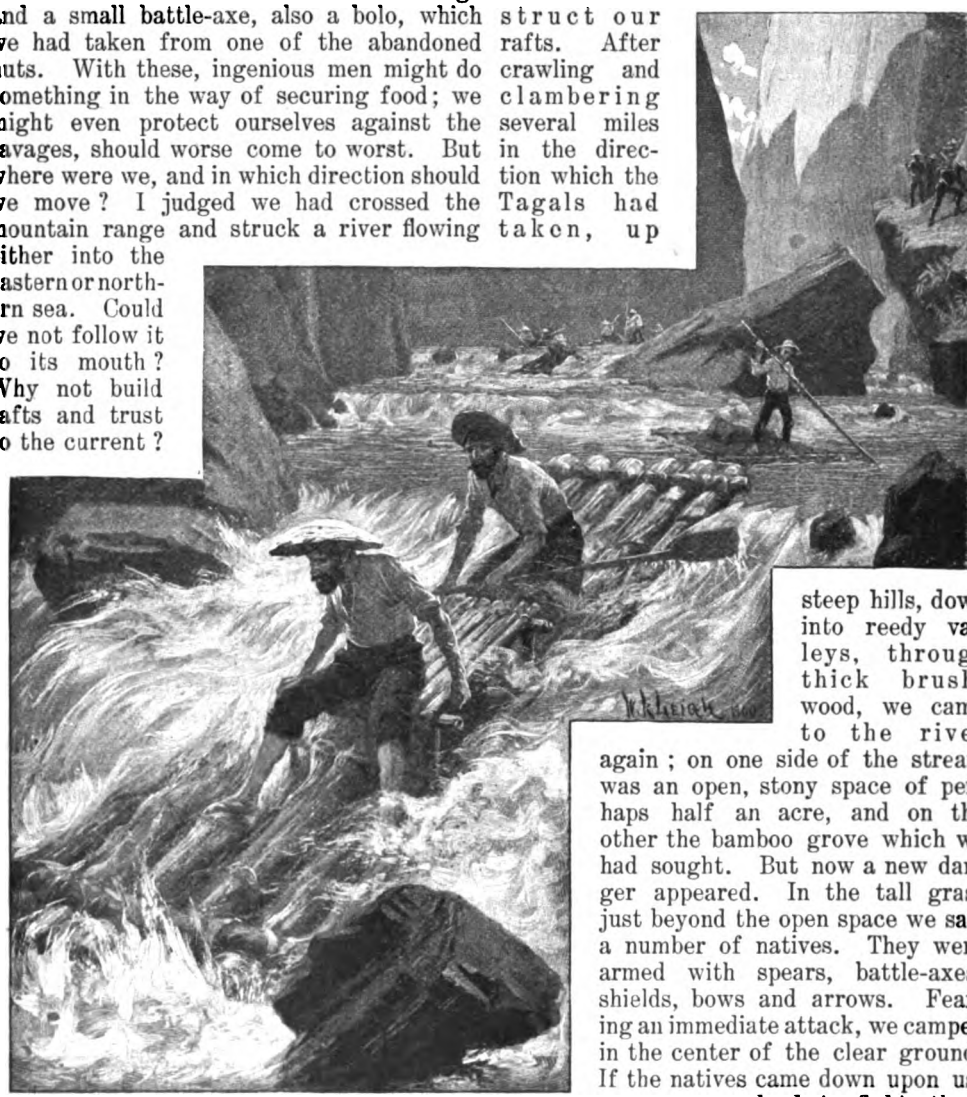
that we were again our own masters—that we were free. If we only had a rifle and a few cartridges, and if there was game in the forest! I then remembered we had a large and a small battle-axe, also a bolo, which we had taken from one of the abandoned huts. With these, ingenious men might do something in the way of securing food; we might even protect ourselves against the savages, should worse come to worst. But where were we, and in which direction should we move? I judged we had crossed the mountain range and struck a river flowing either into the eastern or northern sea. Could we not follow it to its mouth? Why not build rafts and trust to the current?



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"Flying down through the unknown cañons, just missing boulders, shooting from side to side . . . never quite sure that a cataract did not lie just before us."

The next morning we did have the shadow of a breakfast, for one of the men had secured some rice from a friendly guard.

PLANNING AN ESCAPE.

To my surprise, the men all seemed cheerful. I outlined my plan to them, and they unanimously approved it. They elected me their commander and promised implicit obedience. Revived by a new hope, we at once set to work. First, we must find a bamboo grove where we might secure material with which to construct our rafts. After crawling and clambering several miles in the direction which the Tagals had taken, up steep hills, down into reedy valleys, through thick brushwood, we came to the river again; on one side of the stream was an open, stony space of perhaps half an acre, and on the other the bamboo grove which we had sought. But now a new danger appeared. In the tall grass just beyond the open space we saw a number of natives. They were armed with spears, battle-axes, shields, bows and arrows. Fearing an immediate attack, we camped in the center of the clear ground. If the natives came down upon us, we were resolved to fight them with stones, disarm some of them if we could, and then turn their own weapons against the remainder. For a short time we stood waiting; but the natives remaining quiet, and we having no time to lose, I divided the party in two, sent ten across the river to cut bamboo, and stationed sentries who might give us warning in case of danger.

That night we slept well. Life was worth struggling for, after all. Desperate as seemed our chances of escape, we had made a start with our preparations. We were at

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work. We felt the exaltation of achievement, slight as it was. Besides, there must have been something inspiring to us, sailors nearly all, in the prospect of taking to the water again, even though our craft were rickety rafts navigating a tortuous, turbulent stream through the very heart of the unknown wilds.

THE RESCUE.

Next morning we were up early. Some of us were tinkering at the rafts; others were cooking the morning meal. We heard a loud yell, and around a bend of the river, running rapidly across the stony beach, charged a body of men. We dropped our work, and some of us cried out, "The savages! The savages!" Instinctively we began picking up stones with which to defend ourselves. Another yell from the advancing squad, and it seemed to me there was something familiar about it. The tones vibrated in my soul. I felt my flesh flush hot; my heart acted queerly; my muscles were a-twitching. A third yell! Yes, those are the voices of our countrymen; and now we were able to see the blue shirts and yellow khaki of the American soldiers as they swung down the beach.

"Americans, lie down!" they cried, rushing nearer and nearer. They thought we were under guard, and wanted us to get out of harm's way in case of battle. Heeding not their cries, we leaped toward them. We held out our hands; we embraced one another, rescued and rescuers. They eyed us curiously, because we were so pale, weak, and disheveled. We felt like children who had escaped danger and reached our father's knee. It seemed good to get close to them, to feel their strength, their protection. Colonel Hare put his arm around me, and I didn't want him to take it away. He called for three cheers for us. His lusty men woke the echoes there among the rocks. Their manly voices made music in our ears. I asked my men to cheer the soldiers: the volume of sound was now thin and weak by contrast, but the hearts of a score of grateful, happy fellows were in it. For some time we stood thus, shaking hands, exchanging inquiries, cheering now and then. I remember the regret I felt because I could not yell louder.

After the enthusiasm had to some degree subsided, my men and I were placed upon an immense bowlder that had rolled down from the mountain and rested near the tawny stream. At that moment I saw our friends the natives disappearing in the shady distance. One of the sailors pulled from his breast a small American flag which he and his comrades had made of pieces of red, white, and blue calico, purchased by dint of economy from their subsistence money. He tied the ensign to a stick, and passed it to me. As I raised the stars and stripes aloft from my perch upon the top of the bowlder, another mighty cheer went up. Lieutenant Lipop had a kodak with him, and just one film which he had saved for this very occasion.

THE SOLDIERS' STORY.

Then we sat down to have a real breakfast. The officers and soldiers shared their rations with us—hardtack, bacon, bean soup, tea. That was all, but for us it was a feast. Our rescuers laughed till they cried as they sat watching us eat and encouraging us to take more. Of course we were eager to learn how they had been able to find us, and little by little they told us the story. I had not known Colonel Hare's father, Judge Hare, in Washington, but the last thing the old gentleman said to his son when the latter sailed for the Philippines in March was: "Find Gillmore—find Gillmore and send him home." The colonel had always borne in mind his father's injunction, but it was not till December that he struck our trail. That was at Vigan. Colonel Hare and Lieutenant-Colonel Howze were ordered to follow the insurgents toward Bangued, and when this place was taken the Spanish prisoners told them how the natives had started us off to the mountains. Pursuit was instantly begun, but Colonel Hare could learn nothing of the direction in which we had gone. For three or four days Colonel Hare and Howze and their men marched from village to village north of Bangued, seeking news of us. Finally they came upon one of the beer man's legends chalked on a cliff, and with a shout the column started after us. By this time so many of the soldiers were ill through heat, exhaustion, and scant rations that it became necessary to call for volunteers. Every officer and man able to stand upon his feet offered to leap into the wilderness. Colonel Hare picked 150 men, and in light marching order, carrying almost nothing but rifles and ammunition, struck into the mountains. How they managed to follow us, how they climbed, crawled, pushed, swam, fought

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DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

THE PROMISED LAND.

"We rounded a sharp curve, and through a narrow pass . . . just ahead we could see a beautiful valley."

their way through cañons, streams, forests, and jungles, encumbered as they were with weapons and camp equipment, must ever remain a mystery to me. But they did it, and as an American sailor I take off my cap to the American soldier; no more gallant lad than he walks the earth.

How to escape from the mountain fastness and reach the sea was the problem which now confronted us and which we most earnestly discussed. We agreed that it would be almost impossible to retrace our steps, and that the best way would be to follow the plan which I had already adopted—build rafts and trust ourselves to the river. So we at once set to work. The soldiers built more rafts, and soon our "bamboo navy," as we called it, was ready for the voyage further within the unknown country of the foe. There were thirty or forty rafts, each about twenty-five feet long and five or six feet wide, and carrying from three to four men. Camp equipment and guns were stacked up amidships, and at either end a man with a long bamboo pole was stationed.

It was December 18th that we set out upon the strangest voyage of my experience. The river was deep, the current was swift, the bed was filled with huge bowlders, much of the time the stream ran through a narrow cañon whose walls rose precipitously from the water's edge to a height of 200 feet or more Here and there were breaks in the rocky walls—pebbly beaches reaching back into sloping groves of lofty palms, lemon, cocoanut, and banana trees, all half smothered in luxuriant tropical undergrowth. Flowers and birds were plentiful. The colors of the landscape, the white rocks contrasting vividly with the deep green, and blossoming trees dotting the hillsides with brilliant-hued clusters, were beautiful in our eyes. Further back rose range on range of lofty mountains. In nearly all of these open places we found native huts, most of them deserted by their owners at our approach. Finding nothing in the huts, we were compelled to go into the patches of rice and harvest for ourselves, pounding the grain in pig-troughs or whatever receptacle we could get hold of. Before some of these huddles of humble huts we found the natives assembled, showing signs of friendliness; and from those we were careful to take nothing we did not pay for. They brought us food, and in exchange we gave them money, buttons, bits of gilt braid, and safety-pins.

Navigation of this river was hazardous enough to please the most adventurous. The current swept us rapidly along—a great flotilla of awkward rafts manned by nearly naked, excited men. Now big bowlders rose before us, right in the center of the stream. Spray was flying all around them. The waters were boiling, seething over the stony rapids. "Steady! steady!" shouted the steersman on the foremost raft, and every man with pole in hand prepared for trouble. "Easy—easy!" cried the leader to his mate, and the bamboo poles were worked to starboard. "Now let her have it—now!" and in a twinkling the poles swung over to the port side, the leading raft just missed destruction upon the great rock, danced into the spray, disappeared in the mist of the shadows beyond, and then

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from its pilots came back the reassuring shout, heard above the gurgle of the waters, "All right! Swing well out!" So raft after raft, skillfully guided by our men, leaped through the dangers and came out wet but sound in the pools below.

We were not always so lucky. Now and then a raft went crash against a rock, and men and cargo were thrown off into the torrent. Scarce a day passed without some heroic rescue. Captain Burroughs, the regimental adjutant, saved a Chinaman's life at the risk of his own. Frank Stone, of the Signal Corps, leaped into the stream and brought out a sergeant who had been stunned against a rock. I do not know whether it was courage or recklessness that sent us flying down through the unknown cañons, just missing bowlders, shooting from side to side as the swift stream turned its course, always in danger of shipwreck or upset, and never quite sure that a cataract did not lie just before us. Whatever it was, we did it; and rare sport it proved to be for those who were strong enough to take a hand in it. As for me, I was too weak and ill to do much but lie amidships and admire the nerve and skill of my pilots.

Losses of rafts were by no means uncommon. One day we lost ten, including the arms, clothing, and equipment of the men who were upon them. Christmas Day, Colonel Hare ordered a stop for the purpose of rebuilding our flotilla. Half the men were set at work cutting bamboo sticks and lashing them together, while the others gathered and pounded out rice. For our Christmas dinner we had rice, wild sugar-cane, and a few cocoanuts. By this time fully half of the men were without trousers or shoes. Many of them had fever, due to the exposure to water and sun and lack of proper nourishment. Nearly every one had swollen or wounded feet. Food was scarce these days, and we hastened on as rapidly as we could. Three days after Christmas two of the soldiers were taken down with measles; we rigged up beds for them on the rafts. Our prospects were gloomy enough now. For ten days we had been floating down this stream. Should we never reach civilization? How much further was it to the sea?

The evening of December 29th we rounded a sharp curve, and through a narrow pass in the mountain range just ahead we could see a beautiful valley. It was the promised land; we had left the wilderness behind. In the distance on the river bank stood a small house; before it a bamboo cross, and upon the cross a small white flag. This signal of welcome sent a thrill through our hearts. Getting a little nearer, we saw under the cross a native, and all about him peace-offerings composed of baskets of rice, tobacco, cocoanuts, and sugar-cane. The men cheered half-hysterically.

We passed the night at this village, where the natives were kind and hospitable. Next morning, with glad hearts, we set out for the sea, which they told us was four days distant. A level plain surrounded us; the mountains from which we had escaped rose dark and high in our rear. The river became wider, but the current was still swift, and there were many snags in the channel, making the navigation difficult. In one shipwreck Private Day, suffering with the measles, was thrown into the water; he died next day, and we carried his body with us. Lieutenant-Colonel Howze and a number of scouts now took canoes and started on for the sea, to summon assistance, the remainder of us following more slowly. The last night of the year we passed at a little village, where the people took us into their homes, out of the rainstorm, and gave us a good supper of chicken, rice, and pork. Early the next morning native boatmen took us in their large bancas, holding from twenty-five to thirty men each, and pulled us to Abulug, where we were met by Lieutenant McNamee and Assistant Paymaster Dyer, of the United States ship "Princeton." This ship was anchored off Aparri, ten miles away, and her commanding officer, Commander Knox, had been informed by Lieutenant-Colonel Howze of our whereabouts. We buried Private Day in the churchyard of the cathedral of Abulug. The morning of January 3d we were all placed in carts drawn by bulls and taken across to Aparri. As we approached the town, our little American flag flying from the first cart, a detachment of sailors and marines were drawn up to receive us. They met us with cheers, and in a few moments we were again on the deck of an American ship after nearly nine months of captivity and wandering.

Two days later we were at Vigan. When Colonel Hare and his men stepped ashore, General Young met them. He shook hands with the colonel and exclaimed:

"God bless you, Hare. God bless you all. It was noble work; it was grand. And, Hare, I have recommended you and Howze for brigadier-generals, and all the officers and men for medals of honor."

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A COMEDY OF REBELLION.

By Clinton Ross.

THE Earl of Rendell was one of the globe-trotting race; and when, through his marriage with Miss Mary Churchill of New York, his estate was restored, he was enabled to gratify to a nicety every whim in this direction. The Rendells went from Dan to Beersheba, and so it chanced that they turned up at San Fernandez during those events that are now a matter of the spasmodic history of that Central American Republic. Lady Rendell was accompanied by her sister, Miss Louise Churchill, lately engaged to Stephen Wharton of Baltimore; by his man Simpson, and Lady Churchill's maid, who fell ill of the fever, and whose services were supplemented by those of a Spanish-American girl called Gloria. The English Consul at San Fernandez happened to be at this time the Right Honorable James Forsyth, who was a warm friend of the Earl, and the party put up at the Consulate.

"WHEN SHE CAME TO HERSELF . . . LADY RENDELL WAS . . . GIVING HER SALTS, WHILE GLORIA, DEEP SYMPATHY IN HER DARK EYES, WAS FANNING HER."

This building faces the Cathedral, dating from the seventeenth century, and containing some excellent relics of Spanish colonial times, and a very good organ. That organ woke Miss Churchill at dawn, and put her to sleep at night. The organist seemed to be always playing, and the people always at their devotions.

San Fernandez is in every way a fine example of old New Spain—its streets, its varied population, its queer little soldiery, its Court, that of the President Señor Don José Gonzales, who had established himself through a successful revolution. Lady Rendell had met the President's wife in Paris, and so she called on her, and the Señora Gonzales was pleased to return the call; and the ladies saw much of society in a Spanish-American capital. Then they wandered about the place and collected things.

But Louise Churchill, for reasons of her own, was not in the best of spirits. The truth of the matter was that she had been fond of a certain Christopher Bates, who had flirted atrociously with a certain widow, and to spite him she had engaged herself to Stephen Wharton, as is sometimes the way with young women. At once she found she had been spiting herself; and she never felt this so much as when, coming into the Consulate one day from the cool recesses of the Cathedral, she heard, as she entered, some passages of the old Comedy.

The girl Gloria was talking to a little man in a sergeant's uniform. Miss Churchill understood Spanish very well, and in narrating this little drama I will make no distinction between tongues. She heard the little sergeant:

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"Gloria, mine!"

"Ah, José Rubino, was the song under my window last night for Theresa?"

"The little coquette!" thought Miss Churchill.

"There are Theresas and Theresas," Rubino replied fervently; "but of Glorias——"

"But one, I suppose," said the girl.

At this Rubino tried to get her hand, but she pushed him away, and seeing Miss Churchill she became very demure, while Rubino hastened out of the door.

"Your lover, Gloria?" Miss Churchill said.

"He thinks he is, Señorita. But who knows? Yet he is a very good fellow and very prominent. He has charge of the guard at the prison."

Miss Churchill sighed, gave the girl some silver, and went to her room with a headache.

A few days after, there came rumors of an uprising of a certain Mendez against the President's authority; and then with the suddenness of a tropical storm came the events of the day of this drama, which Miss Churchill was never to forget.

She heard of it first at breakfast. The army of the rebellion, led by two English adventurers, were at the gates of the old walled town, and even now she heard the roaring of cannon. She clapped her hands.

"Why, this will be jolly—a real siege."

"You'll be safe here," said the Consul, a fair-haired man of forty. He was a widower, and had felt for some time that he was sure to fall in love with this interesting woman.

"Oh, yes, we are quite safe, quite safe," Lord Rendell said, with perfect faith in the flag that waved above him.

"Still, I should like to have an English or American ship in the harbor," Lady Rendell remarked.

"Why, Mary, they don't do anything; just run about, and shout a great deal. I have heard all about it," Miss Churchill put in.

"I have warned the President," said Forsyth, "and he has a wholesome respect for our guns."

"Oh, Louise," Lord Rendell remarked, "I was looking over the last American paper, and I saw the engagement of that fellow Bates to the little widow. Funny things, those American 'Society Notes.'"

Rendell dearly liked to tease his sister-in-law, who said nonchalantly, "Oh, indeed;" but she leaned low over the coffee.

The Cathedral bell began to toll, accentuating the roll of guns, while cries from the street reached them.

"I have much to do," Forsyth said, rising; "much. So I must be going. You all must keep close to the house."

A servant at this moment appeared at the door.

"Pardon, Excellency, His Highness the President to see your Excellency."

"Wonder what the old duffer wants of me—our protection, perhaps."

And he went out to his office, Rendell following him. The ladies at the window saw a little row of soldiers and the President's carriage.

Presently Rendell returned, all excitement.

"Forsyth is acting for Blunt, the American Consul, in his absence," he said. "The President doesn't want to offend us, you may fancy. He has captured three men, and purposes to shoot them, because he thinks they are two Englishmen who are directing Mendez's army. Now, this is the most extraordinary coincidence."

Lord Rendell lacked tact to the supremest degree. "Do you recognize the writing?" and he handed Lady Rendell a piece of dirty paper.

"Let me see," said Miss Churchill, looking over her sister's shoulder, and then she grew pale.

"It's very like Kit Bates's writing. Yes, it's his signature."

"Yes, it is," cried Lady Rendell.

They had read:

To the American or English Consul.—We are two Americans, landed from the yacht "Brünnhilde," New York Yacht Club, at Point del Norte. We did not know of the disturbances and were arrested as two Englishmen engaged in the rebellion, and are now lodged in prison, expecting every moment to be shot, as we have seen it done to twenty other prisoners. We ask your protection.

CHRISTOPHER BATES.

"The old chap thought that, if they are as they represent themselves, we would pull down his old town about his ears. I knew you would know the writing. And it's that fellow Bates. Extraordinary, by Jove!"

And then Miss Churchill knew no more, for she had fainted. When she came to herself, she was on her own bed, and Lady Rendell was holding her hands and giving her salts; while Gloria, deep sympathy in her dark eyes, was fanning her. From outside came the noise of tumult.

"What is all that noise?"

"They are fighting in the streets."

"Oh, I remember, and—— ?"

"Bertie has no more tact than a porcupine or he would have known——"

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Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"MISS CHURCHILL, STANDING ON THE CONSULATE BALCONY, SAW A WILD-EYED PRIEST COME OUT OF THE CATHEDRAL . . . WHILE A CROWD OF POOR FOLK THRONGED ABOUT HIM."

"What?"

"What I know, dear. But he is all right, dear. They wouldn't dare hurt them."

"And James Forsyth hasn't got them out?" the girl asked.

"They can't get to the prison, dearest, but it will only be a little time. Don't worry, only lie still until you get your nerves together; that's a good girl. I will leave Gloria to look after you for a few moments."

Miss Churchill tried to lie still after her sister had gone, then suddenly the organ pealed from the Cathedral, above the noise.

"They are praying in there, Miladi," Gloria said. "The church is crowded with people who are afraid."

And then, after some moments, she went on:

"Miladi?"

"Yes."

"You love him." She forgot herself.

"Yes, Gloria."

"I knew it, Miladi, as I love José Rubino, who is here."

"How comes he here, when——?"

"Humph! Miladi, José would be shot for no President—only for me. He ran away; but, Miladi——"

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"Yes."

"I can send him back to the prison. He has the keys to a little back gate, and he can get them here."

"He can—but he does not want to be shot!" Miss Churchill cried in wonder.

"It would be for me—not for a President," said the girl, shrugging her shoulders. "And, Miladi, I love you."

Miss Churchill took the girl into her arms and kissed her.

"But I am not more to you, Gloria, than José Rubino."

"I love you, Miladi."

Miss Churchill walked rapidly to and fro. She looked at the girl and kissed her again. The situation made her desperate. It was a chance, and he might be shot at any moment.

"Gloria, if you do this you shall have a hundred American dollars, and you and José may be with me always. But can I——?"

"Miladi," said the girl, quickly, "don't think of me. I love José now, but I have had other lovers."

She spoke with an air of pride that left Miss Churchill smiling.

"Oh, I see. Poor José. But you will reward him."

"Certainly, Miladi."

To Gloria's eyes Miss Churchill saw she was like an angel, and José only like a lover.

"And, besides, we can't marry without money, Miladi," the girl continued.

"You shall have money—just for the offer, Gloria. And, Gloria—send him—send him. But, Gloria——"

She remembered what she had read that morning of Bates's engagement to the horrible widow.

"Yes, Miladi."

"No one must know that I ever made you do it. Swear by the Christ there, over the Cathedral door."

"I swear, Miladi."

"Send him, then, Gloria," Miss Churchill said, quickly.

"Oh, what have I done!" she cried, when the girl had gone.

"AH, THESE FOOLS OF ENGLISH!"

The tumult had died. Rumor had it the fight was going the President's way. Forsyth, the Consul, was busy and nervous. Anglo-Saxon interests were in his hands. But he had only the sentiment the flags inspired, and no war vessel to enforce his demands.

Miss Churchill, standing on the Consulate balcony, saw a wild-eyed priest come out of the Cathedral and raise his hands high, while a crowd of poor folk thronged about him. His voice was raised in deep earnestness.

"For the God of peace bringeth battle, and the God of battle, peace. And lo, he is one God, the God of all nations."

And the organ pealed in low response against the sound of distant fighting.

A messenger ran into the office of the Consulate.

"The American cruiser 'Triton' is in the harbor."

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"Thank God!" cried the Consul. "We will have a Scotch on that, Rendell."

In the servants' quarters Gloria was talking to her lover, the little Sergeant Rubino.

"The Virgin be thanked, José mine, that you are not shot. The English Miladi—what a fool is she to think I would send you out to get a bullet. But we have our marriage portion, José mine. Ah, these fools of English."

The boyish ensign who commanded the blue-jackets that patrolled the streets of San Fernandez was in the saloon of the English Consulate that evening. And there were Mr. Christopher Bates and his friend Mr. Niles, and Lady Rendell, and the others. The little ensign was quite your hero, though he didn't so consider himself at all. He had made a little charge and cleared the streets; and lo, the rebellion and its threat to foreign interests had ceased, as if by magic—the magic behind the good ship "Triton's" guns.

Miss Churchill was fidgeting, and went out on to the veranda, where the moon streamed peacefully and sentimentally.

What if he knew? What if Gloria had told?

Bates followed her.

"It's odd, isn't it—our meeting here?"

"Very."

"And all this little fiasco of a rebellion."

"Quite ridiculous and interesting. But how could you leave Mrs. Chester so long?" she asked.

"You read that?"

"Yes, and I congratulate you."

"And I you—on yours."

"Oh, do you—do you? Thank you."

It was very hot. What if Gloria had told? What if he knew how she had fainted?

"But——"

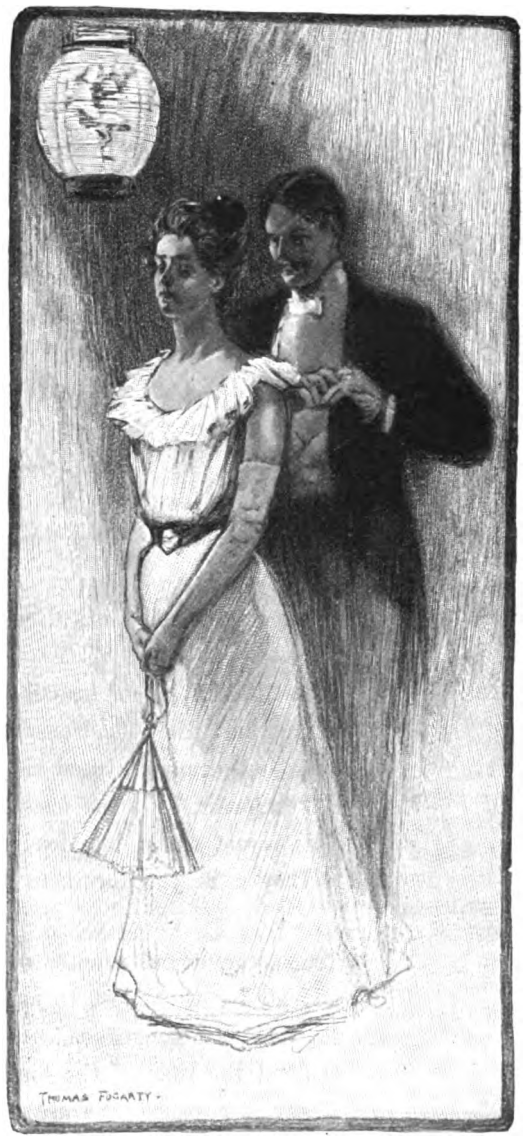
"Well?"

"It was only a newspaper report, Louise, and I am down here on the 'Brünnhilde.' I heard you had broken with Wharton, and I wish to Heaven those chaps had shot me if you are going to send me away," the young fellow blurted out.

She turned to him and put both her hands in his.

"Christopher Bates, you are the very nicest person I know—and—and—ah, what makes you make me tell you? Yes, I do love you, and I have been so miserable."

That night Gloria asked her mistress:



"'IT'S ODD, ISN'T IT—OUR MEETING HERE?'"

"And the marriage portion, Miladi?"

"Gloria," Miss Churchill cried, "you shall have a thousand American dollars—not a hundred—and the prettiest wedding San Fernandez can furnish."

"You are an angel," quoth Gloria; and she told it all over to the Sergeant Rubino in high glee.

So, through the rebellion of Mendez were these two love affairs brought to their proper end, and President Gonzales ruled in San Fernandez until he decamped with the treasury. Since that occurrence he has resided in Paris.

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THE LAST CHARGE.

By Thomas Tracy Bouvé.

TRUMPETER, blow on, terrific and thunderous,
Blow till thy bugle outring the wild gales;
Spare not the wounded that writhe and wind under us,
Drown in our ears all their piercing death wails.
Steady, dragoons! Get together your forces;
Aim at the breast, for that makes the best targe.
Now let us fly like a whirlwind of heroes—
Ride like your forefathers! *Cavalry, Charge!*

Trumpeter, sound me a dread note and dangerous;
Blow to the end of thy desperate breath!
Blow till the cry of it, clinging and clangorous,
Call back the squadrons that rode to their death.
Close up, dragoons! and ride forward the guidon.
Trumpeter, blow me once more, loud and large!
This is not earth, but dead men, that we ride on—
They were your brothers once! *Cavalry, Charge!*

Trumpeter, sound a note tender and tremulous;
Wail for those lost to us, sob for our dead!
Cry loud for vengeance! Oh, let your note, emulous,
Rival the roar of the souls that have fled!
Ready, dragoons! Ye are fifty that follow;
Burst as a river bursts over its marge!
Who first can fling his horse into their hollow?
On, up and over them! *Cavalry, Charge!*

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AN HISTORIC SALE OF UNITED STATES BONDS IN ENGLAND.

By Hon. George S. Boutwell,

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury.

If there should be any considerable interest in the history of the funding system of the United States, the interest would be due to a sale of bonds some thirty years ago and certain incidents which could not have been anticipated, which arose from the execution of the trust.

In the month of July, 1868, a bill for funding the national debt which had passed the Senate of the United States was reported, without amendments, to the House of Representatives by the Committee on Ways and Means.

When the bill was under consideration in the House, I proposed a substitute. In the debate of July 21st I made a statement of the nature of my substitute, and I reproduce an extract which sets forth the first step in a policy which culminated in the Act for Funding the Public Debt, and which was approved by President Grant July 14, 1870:

"The amendment to which I wish to call the attention of the House provides for the funding of $1,200,000,000 of the public debt, $400,000,000 payable in fifteen years @ 5 per cent. interest, $400,000,000 payable in twenty years @ 4½ per cent. interest, and $400,000,000 payable in twenty-five years @ 3.65 per cent. interest, the latter sum of $400,000,000 payable, principal and interest, at the option of the takers, either in the United States, or in London, Paris, or Frankfort."

At that time I had not entertained the thought that I might come to be the head of the Treasury Department. Indeed, I had no other purpose in public life than to remain in the House of Representatives.

I had had experience on the executive side of the Government and also on the legislative side, and I had a fixed opinion in favor of the latter form of service.

As Secretary of the Treasury, I proposed a bill in 1869 in the line of the substitute for the bill of the Committee on Ways and Means which I had challenged in July, 1868. The bill proposed an issue of three classes of bonds, each of four hundred million dollars, which were to mature at different dates, and to bear interest at the rates of 5, 4½, and 4 per cent. It was further provided that the principal and interest of the bonds bearing the lowest rate should be made payable either in the United States, or at Frankfort, Paris, or London, as the takers might prefer. The provision was rejected through the influence of General Schenck, who had then returned recently from Europe, and with the opinion that the concession involved an impairment of national honor. As a substitute for the feature so rejected, I originated a plan for the issue of registered bonds, upon the condition that the interest should be paid in checks to be forwarded by the mails to the holders of bonds at the places designated by them in any part of the world. This plan is far superior to the first suggestion, as it is susceptible of a much wider application.

I have received from Mr. Roberts, the Treasurer of the United States, the following letter and statement:

Statement Showing the Proportion of United States Bonds Outstanding January 25, 1900, on Which Interest is Paid by Check.

Title of Loan.	Total Issue.	Registered Bonds on which interest is paid by check.	Percentage of Bonds on which interest is paid by check.
Funded Loan of 1891 continued @ 2 per cent...	$25,364,500	$25,364,500	100.00
4 Per Cent. Funded Loan of 1907.....	545,342,950	478,195,600	87.69
5 Per Cent. Loan of 1904.....	95,009,700	64,615,650	68.01
4 Per Cent. Loan of 1925.....	162,315,400	117,997,200	72.70
3 Per Cent. Ten-twenties of 1898.....	168,679,000	109,450,060	55.09
Totals.....	$1,026,711,550	$795,623,030	77.49

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TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
January 25, 1900.

HONORABLE GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,
Boston, Massachusetts.

My Dear Mr. Secretary: It gives me pleasure to enclose to you a table showing by classes of bonds the percentage of interest paid by checks. The interest on all registered bonds is now so paid. Only the coupon bonds, by their nature, are differently treated.

Your plan has worked admirably, and the drift is slowly from the coupon to the registered form, and so to an increase of the payment of interest by checks.

With kind regards,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) ELLIS H. ROBERTS,
Treasurer of the United States.

This plan has been adopted by corporations that are borrowers of large sums of money upon an issue of bonds, and the use of the system is very general in the United States.

In my report to Congress in December, 1869, I made a recommendation of the Funding Bill, and I placed copies of the bill that I had prepared in the hands of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and in the hands of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives.

When the bill became a law, the authorized issue of 5 per cent. bonds was limited to two hundred million dollars, and the issue of 4 per cent. was raised to twelve hundred million. Simultaneously with the passage of the Funding Bill of July, 1870, the war between France and Prussia opened, and the opportunity for negotiations was postponed until the early months of the year 1871. In these later years, when bonds of the United States have been sold upon the basis of their par value at 2 per cent. income, it is difficult to realize that in 1869 the 6 per cent. bonds of the United States were worth in gold only $83\frac{5}{10}$ cents to the dollar. The first attempt to dispose of the 5 per cent. bonds was made by the Treasury Department through an invitation to the public to subscribe for the bonds, payment to be made in the currency of the country, or by an exchange of outstanding five-twenty bonds which bore interest at the rate of 6 per cent. The subscriptions reached the sum of sixty-six million dollars, of which the national banks were subscribers to the amount of sixty-four million, leaving two million only as the loan to the general public. A portion of the amount taken by the banks was for the account of patrons and clients. This experience justified the opinion that future efforts with the general public would be unsuccessful, while the credit of the country was not established and placed beyond the influence of cavillers and doubters.

It was under such circumstances that the aid of banks and bankers became important for the furtherance of subscriptions, in view of the fact that they could give personal service of a nature not possible in the case of salaried officers of the Government, nor compatible with their daily duties.

It is not easy, in this age of comparative freedom and power in financial affairs, to comprehend that in the year 1871 the long established bankers of New York, Amsterdam, and London, either declined or neglected the opportunity to negotiate the 5 per cent. coin bonds of the United States upon the basis of their par value. It may not be out of place for me to mention Mr. Morton, of the house of Morton, Bliss & Co., as an exception to the bankers of Europe and the United States.

It was in the same months of 1871 that I recommended the issue of a 4 per cent. fifty-year bond as the basis of the currency to be issued by the national banks. This proposition, which would have been advantageous to the banks, in an increasing ratio as the value of money diminished, was defeated by the organized opposition of the banks through an effective lobby that was assembled in the city of Washington. Such was the public sentiment in the year 1871, even in the presence of these important facts, that in the month of December I was able to say in my annual report that the debt had been diminished during the next preceding year in the sum of ninety-four million dollars, and that the total decrease from March 1, 1869, to December 1, 1871, was over two hundred and seventy-seven million dollars.

It was in this situation of affairs that Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. proposed to undertake the sale in London, by subscription, of one hundred and thirty-four million 5 per cent. bonds then unsold. Authority was given to Cooke & Co. to proceed with the undertaking, and when the books were closed, September 1st, I was informed that the loan had been taken in full. By the terms prescribed by Cooke & Co., the subscribers deposited 5 per cent. as security for the validity of their subscriptions. The bonds were to be delivered the first day of December.

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Upon the receipt of the information that the undertaking had been a success, the bonds were prepared, and the Hon. William A. Richardson, then an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was designated as the agent of the department for the delivery of the bonds. The bonds were placed in safes, on each of which there were three locks. The clerks were sent over in different vessels, and the keys were so distributed among them, that there were not keys in any one vessel by which any one of the safes could be opened.

The success of the subscription gave rise to an unexpected difficulty.

At that time there were outstanding one hundred and ninety-four millions of ten-forty United States bonds that carried interest at the rate of 5 per cent.

It was a singular coincidence, and a coincidence probably not due to natural causes, that some 5 per cent. bonds, having fifteen years to run, should be at par, and that other 5 per cent. bonds that might run thirty years should fall below par in the same market. In the three months from August to December, these ten-forties were quoted as low as 97, or even for a time at 96. Cooke became anxious, if not alarmed, lest the rate should fall below 95, and consequently lest the subscribers should refuse to meet their obligations. Early on the morning of the first Monday in December, I received the information that the bonds were taken as soon as the offices were open. I may mention in passing that Cooke and Co. paid for the bonds as they were delivered, either in coin or in five-twenty bonds.

As bonds were taken, and as payments were made, a difficulty appeared which had been anticipated, but not in its fulness. The proceeds from the sales of the 5 per cent. bonds were pledged to the redemption of 6 per cent. five-twenty bonds, reckoned at their par value.

It was provided by the statute that whenever five-twenty bonds were called, a notice of ninety days should be given, when interest would cease. Thus it happened that whenever a bond was called it was worth par and interest to the end of the ninety days. Of the called bonds some were in America, and the owners did not choose to present them in London in exchange for 5 per cent. bonds, nor for coin. Hence it happened that of the total proceeds of the 5 per cent. bonds, about twenty million dollars were paid in gold coin by Cooke and Co. This coin was deposited in the Bank of England, but upon such terms as were imposed by the governors:

(1) The deposits must be made in the name of William A. Richardson. This was done, but a statement was made by Judge Richardson that the deposit was the property of the United States.

(2) The gold was not to be taken out of the country. This stipulation was in the line of our policy, which was to invest the entire sum in five-twenty bonds, whenever they could be bought at par. The opportunity came in a manner that was not anticipated. The documents referred to are of historical value, and they are therefore inserted as follows:

(*a*) A declaration of trust by William A. Richardson, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, dated at London, December 28, 1871.

(*b*) Letter of William A. Richardson, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to John P. Bigelow, Chief of the Loan Division of the Treasury, dated also at London, December 28, 1871.

(*c*) Letter of George Forbes, Chief Cashier of the Bank of England, to Judge Richardson, dated January 4, 1872.

(*d*) Letter of Judge Richardson to George Lyall, Governor of the Bank of England, dated January 15, 1872.

(*e*) Reply to the same by George Forbes, Chief Cashier, dated January 17, 1872.

(*f*) William A. Richardson's report of January 25, 1872.

(*a*) DECLARATION BY WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON.

Whereas, I have this day deposited in my name, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, U. S. A., in the Bank of England, two millions five hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, and shall probably hereafter make further deposits on the same account:

Now I hereby declare that said account and deposits, present and future, are official and belong to the Government of the United States, and not to me personally; that the monies so deposited are the proceeds of the sale of 5 per cent. bonds of the "Funded Loan": that whatever money I may at any time have in said Bank under said account, will be the property of the United States Government, held by me officially as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, acting under orders from the Secretary: that the same is, and will continue to be subject to the draft, check, order, and control of the Secretary of the Treasury, independently of, and superior to my authority, whenever he so elects, and that upon his assuming control thereof, my power over the same will wholly cease. In case of my decease

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before said account is closed, the money on deposit will not belong to my estate, but to the Government of the United States.

Witness my hand and seal,

(Signed) WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, U. S. A.

LONDON, ENGLAND, *December 28, 1871.*

Witnesses: JNO. P. BIGELOW, E. W. BOWEN, GEO. L. WARREN.

(*b*) JUDGE RICHARDSON TO JOHN P. BIGELOW.

41, LOMBARD ST., LONDON, ENGLAND,
December 28, 1871.

To JOHN P. BIGELOW, *Chief of the Loan Division, Secretary's Office, Treasury Department, U. S. A.*

I have this day deposited in the Bank of England, in my name as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, two million five hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling money, belonging to the United States, received in payment of 5 per cent. bonds of the Funded Loan delivered here in London.

All money hereafter received for future delivery of bonds will be deposited to the same account.

Herewith I hand you a declaration of trust signed by me declaring that said account and monies belong to the United States, and not to me personally, also the Deposit Book and a book of blank checks numbered from 35,101 to 35,150, both inclusive, received from said Bank, all of which you will take into your custody and carefully keep in one of the iron safes sent here from the Department in the same manner as the books are kept.

This money, and all the money deposited in said bank on the account aforesaid, will be drawn and used only in accordance with the orders of the Secretary of the Treasury to redeem or purchase five-twenty bonds and matured coupons, or such other and further orders as he may make in relation thereto.

When money is to be drawn to pay for bonds or coupons, it must be drawn only by filling up a check from the book of checks above referred to, and you will open an account in which you will enter the amount of all deposits, the number and amount of each check drawn specifying also to whom the same is made payable and on what account it is drawn.

The checks will be filled up by Mr. Prentiss of the Register's Office, who will place his check mark on the upper left corner, and will enter the same in the book. You will then carefully examine the check, see that it is correctly drawn for the amount actually payable for bonds or coupons received and properly recorded, and you will, when found correct, place your check mark on the right hand upper corner before the same is signed by me. All checks will be signed by me with my full name as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, as this is signed.

(Signed) WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, U. S. A.

(*c*) MR. FORBES TO JUDGE RICHARDSON.

BANK OF ENGLAND, E. C.,
January 4, 1872.

HON. W. A. RICHARDSON, *Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States*, 41, *Lombard Street.*

Sir: To preclude any possible misunderstanding hereafter as to the character of the drawing account opened in your name, I am instructed by the Governors to communicate to you in writing that, in conformity with the rule of the Bank, the account is considered a personal one; that the Governors have admitted the words appended to your name merely as an honorary designation; and the bank take no cognizance of, or responsibility with reference to the real ownership, or intended application of the sums deposited to the credit of the account.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) GEORGE FORBES,
Chief Cashier.

(*d*) JUDGE RICHARDSON TO MR. LYALL.

41, *Lombard Street, London, England,*
January 15, 1872.

GEORGE LYALL, ESQ.,
Governor of the Bank of England.

Dear Sir: Referring to the several conversations which I have had with you, and with your principal cashier, Mr. Forbes, relative to the manner and form of keeping the account which I desire to have in the Bank, I beg leave to renew in writing my request heretofore made to you orally, that the account of money deposited by me may stand in the name of Hon. George S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, U. S. A., and myself, Assistant Secretary, jointly and severally, so as to be subject to the several draft of either, and of the survivor, in case of the death of either one.

I suppose I must regard the letter of Mr. Forbes to me, dated January 4, 1872, and written under instructions from the Governors of the Bank as expressing your final conclusion that the account in whatever form it may be kept, must be considered a personal one.

You know my anxiety to have my deposits received by the Bank, and entered in such way that in case of my death the balance may be drawn at once by the Secretary of the Treasury or some other officer of the Government, and although you are unwilling to regard the account as an official one, I hope that on further consideration you will allow it to be opened in the name of Mr. Boutwell and myself jointly and severally as above stated.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,
Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury Department.

(*e*) MR. FORBES TO JUDGE RICHARDSON.

BANK OF ENGLAND, E. C.,
January 17, 1872.

HON. W. A. RICHARDSON,
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, 41, *Lombard St.*

Sir: I am directed by the Governor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst., requesting that the account of money deposited by you in the Bank may stand in the name of the Hon. George S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, U.S.A., and yourself, the Assistant Secretary, jointly and severally, so as to be subject to the several draft of either, and of the survivor in case of death of either one.

I am to inform you that the Bank is prepared to open an account in this form, as a personal account; but it is essential that Mr. Boutwell should join in the

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request and concur in the conditions proposed before either party can in that case draw upon the account.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) GEORGE FORBES,
Chief Cashier.

(*f*) JUDGE RICHARDSON'S REPORT.

41, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON,
January 25, 1872.

HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Dear Sir: It is my purpose in this letter to give you an account of the way in which I have kept the money arising from the sale of the Funded Loan, and the manner in which it has been drawn from time to time to pay for bonds purchased and redeemed.

Immediately after the first of December, 1871, the money began to accumulate very rapidly. Up to the first of December no money whatever had been received, all bonds delivered having been paid for by the called bonds and coupons or secured by deposit of other bonds; but on the second day of that month nearly two and a half millions of dollars cash were paid to me; then on the fourth, nearly five millions of dollars more; and on the fifth, above three millions, and so on in different sums till the present time.

Of course it was wholly impracticable to receive, handle, count and keep on hand such large amounts of gold coin, weighing between a ton and three-quarters and two tons to each million of dollars. At one time my account showed more than sixteen millions of dollars on hand, and to have withdrawn from circulation that amount of coin would have produced a panic in the London market; and the risk in having it hoarded in any place within my reach would have been immense, especially as it would have soon been known where it was.

I ascertained that there would be some difficulty in keeping an official government account in the Bank of England, and I did not feel authorized, or justified in my own judgment, in entrusting so much money to any other banking institution in this city. I found, also, that the Bank of England never issues certificates of deposit, as do our banks in the United States. But it issues "post notes," which are very nearly like its ordinary demand notes, but *payable to order*, and on seven days' time, thus differing only in the matter of time from certificates of deposit. Availing myself of this custom of the Bank of England, I put all the money into post notes, and locked them up in one of the safes from which the bonds had been taken. This I regarded as a safe method of keeping the funds, and I anticipated no further difficulty.

But when the Bank made its next monthly or weekly return of its condition, and published it in all the newspapers as usual, the attention of all the financial agents, bankers, and financial writers of the daily money articles in the journals was immediately attracted to the sudden increase of the "post notes" outstanding, and the unusually large amount of them, so many times greater than had ever been known before. They were immensely alarmed lest the notes should come in for redemption in a few days, and the coin therefor should be withdrawn from London and taken to a foreign country; and lest there should be a panic on account thereof. Some of the financial writers said they belonged to Germany, and that they represented coin which must soon be transmitted to Berlin. The Bank officers themselves, although they knew very well that these notes belonged to the United States, were not less alarmed because they feared that I would withdraw the money to send it to New York, which they knew would make trouble in the London Exchange. Money, which for a short time before had been at the high rate of interest, for this place, of 5 per cent., had become abundant, and the people were demanding of the Bank a reduction in the rate; but so timid were they about these post notes that they did not change the rate until I took measures to allay their fears. This I did because I thought it would be injurious and prejudicial to the Funded Loan to have a panic in London, in which the market price of the new loan would drop considerably below par just at a time when its price and popularity were gradually rising, and just as it was coming into great favor with a new class of investors in England, the immensely rich but timid conservatives.

I determined to open a deposit account with the Bank of England, and in doing so experienced the difficulties which I anticipated. I assured the officers that the money was Government (U. S.) money, which I did not intend, and was not instructed to take home with me; but which I should use in London in redeeming bonds and coupons, and should leave in the Bank on deposit unless, by the peculiarity of their rules, I should be obliged to withdraw it. They objected to taking the money as a Government deposit, or as an official deposit in my name, having some vague idea that if they took it and opened an official Government account they should be liable for the appropriation of the money unless documents from the United States were filed with them taking away that liability, but they could not tell me exactly what documents they wanted nor from whom they must come. They did, however, agree to open an account with me, and that was the best I could do. In signing my name to their book, I added my official title, and when, some time after, I came to drawing checks, I signed in the same way. This brought from the officers a letter which I annex hereto, saying that my deposit would be regarded as a private and personal one.

What I was most anxious to provide for was the power in some United States officer to draw the money in case of my death (knowing the uncertainty of life), without the delay, expense, and trouble which must necessarily arise, if it stood wholly to my personal credit. I asked the officers to allow it to stand in your name as Secretary and mine as Assistant Secretary, jointly and severally, so as to be drawn upon the several check of either, and by the survivor in case of the death of either one. I suggested other arrangements which would have the same result, but they said their rules prevented their agreeing to my requests, that they were conservative and did not like to introduce anything new into their customs.

On the 15th day of January, 1872, I renewed my request in writing, after having had several conversations with the officers on the subject, and received an answer which, with the letter of request, is thereto annexed.

In this, their most recent communication, they express a willingness to enter the account in our joint names as I suggested, regarding it, however, as a "personal account" and requiring that you should "join in the request and concur in the conditions proposed before either party can in that case draw upon the account."

As I must now almost daily draw from the account for money with which to pay bonds, I cannot join your name therein until you have sent me a written compliance with the conditions which they set forth, because to do so would shut me out from the account altogether for several weeks.

Besides, having no instructions from you on the subject, I don't know that you would care to give written directions as to the deposit. I know very well that, in case of my sudden decease, you would be glad enough

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to find that you could at once avail yourself of the whole amount of money here on deposit, and so I should have joined your name as I have stated. Now you can do as you please. I have taken every possible precaution within my power, and have no fear that the arrangements are insufficient to protect the Government in any contingency whatever. With the correspondence which has passed between the officers of the Bank and myself, and our conversation together, the account is sufficiently well known to them as a U. S. Government deposit, and is fully enough stamped with that character, as I intended it should be, however much they may ignore it now.

But for still greater caution, I made the written declaration of trust on the very day of the first deposit, signed and sealed by me, declaring the money and account as belonging to our Government, and not to me, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

I also gave written instruction to Messrs. Bigelow and Prentiss to draw all the checks, and how to draw them and keep an account thereof. As I make all my purchases through Jay Cooke, McCullough & Co., every check is in fact payable to that house, so that the account is easily kept, and the transactions cannot be mingled with others, for there are no others. I annex a copy of these instructions.

This, I believe, will give you a pretty correct idea of the difficulties which have been presented to me in the matter of taking, keeping, and paying out the money arising from the sale of the bonds, and the manner in which I have met them.

I may add that when the officers of the Bank were satisfied that I was not to withdraw the money and take it to New York, they reduced the rate of interest and there has been an easy market ever since.

There are now on deposit more than twelve millions of dollars: but I hope it will be reduced very fast next month. Had you not sent over the last ten millions of bonds, we should have been able to close up very soon. I hope now that you will make another call of twenty millions at least, because I think it would enable us to purchase more rapidly.

I annex:

(1) Copy of declaration of trust.

(2) Copy of instructions for drawing checks.

(3) Copy of letter from Cashier of Bank of England, stating that the account would be considered personal.

(4) Copy of my letter to the Governor of the Bank, asking that your name might be joined.

(5) Copy of reply to last mentioned letter.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON.

When Cooke & Co. had completed their undertaking, the deposits in the Bank of England exceeded fifteen million dollars, and for three months they were for the most part unavailable, as the five-twenty bonds which had not matured under the calls that had been made were above par in the market. It was a condition of the loan that the five-twenty bonds redeemed should equal the 5 per cent. bonds that had been issued, both issues to be reckoned at their par value.

In the month of April, 1872, the Commissioners who had been designated under the Treaty of Washington of 1871 to ascertain and determine the character and magnitude of the claims that had been preferred by the United States against Great Britain, growing out of the depredations committed by the "Alabama" and her associate cruisers, were about to meet at Geneva for the discharge of their duties.

The administration had appointed the Hon. J. C. Bancroft Davis, the most accomplished diplomatist of the country, as the agent of the United States, and the preparation of "the Case of the United States" was placed in his hands.

The British Ministry discovered—or they fancied that there was concealed in covert language—a claim for damages, known as "consequential or indirect damages." Mr. Sumner had asserted a claim for "consequential damages"—in other words, a claim to compensation for the value of American shipping that had been driven from the ocean and made worthless through fear of the cruisers that had been fitted out in British ports.

This claim, in the extreme form in which it had been presented by Mr. Sumner, had been relinquished by the Administration, and a present reading of "the Case of the United States" may not justify the construction that was put upon it by the British Ministry.

Nevertheless, the Administration received notice that Great Britain would not be represented at the Geneva Conference.

The subject was considered by the President and Cabinet on three consecutive days at called sessions. At the final meeting I handed a memorandum to the President, which he passed to the Secretary of State. The memorandum was not read to the Cabinet.

Mr. Adams, the Commissioner for the United States, had not then left the country. By a despatch from the Secretary of State Mr. Adams was asked to meet me at the Parker House, in Boston, on the second day after the day of the date of the despatch.

What occurred at the meeting may be best given through an extract from the diary of Mr. Adams, which has been placed in my hands by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., with the privilege of its full and free use by me.

The first entry is under date of Saturday, April 20, 1872, and is in these words: "Charles brought me a telegram from Governor Fish, desiring me to meet Mr. Boutwell, who will be at the Parker House at eleven o'clock on Monday." The second entry is under date of "Monday, 22d of April."

"At eleven o'clock called on Mr. Boutwell,

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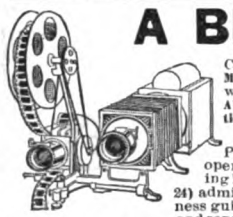

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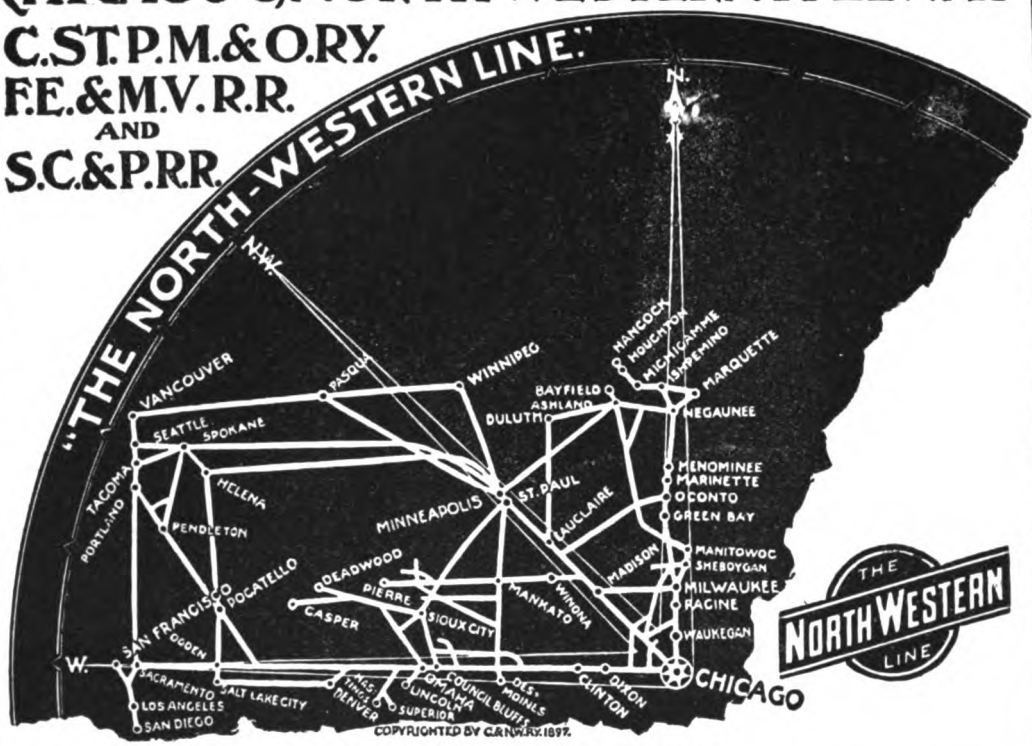

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the Secretary of the Treasury, at Parker's Hotel, according to agreement. Found him alone in his minute bedroom. He soon opened his subject—handed over to me a packet from Governor Fish, and said that it was the desire of the Government, if I could find it consistent with what they understood to be my views of the question of indirect damages, that I would make such intimation of them to persons of authority in London as might relieve them of the difficulty which had been occasioned by them. I told him of my conversation held with the Marquis of Ripon, in which I had assumed the heavy responsibility of assuring him that the Government would not press them. I was glad now to find that I had not been mistaken. I should cheerfully do all in my power to confirm the impression consistently with my own position."

Thus, through Mr. Adams, the claim for "indirect damages" was relinquished. When the fact of the disturbed relations between the United States and Great Britain became public there was a panic in the London stock market; and in the brief period of eight and forty hours our deposit of twelve million or more in the Bank of England was converted into five-twenty United States 6 per cent. bonds, purchased at par.

In my annual report for December, 1872, I was able to make this statement:

> Since my last annual report the business of negotiating two hundred million of 5 per cent. bonds, and the redemption of two hundred million 6 per cent. five-twenty bonds has been completed, and the accounts have been settled by the accounting officers of the Treasury.
>
> Further negotiations of 5 per cent. bonds can now be made on the basis of the former negotiation.

THE SHALLOW SPIRIT OF JUDGMENT.

THREE STORIES OF CONTEMPORARY CHICAGO LIFE.

By Edith Wyatt.

With Pictures by Frederic R. Gruger.

STILL WATERS.

CHARLES PAINE, a man of sense, wit, and feeling, was the second son of Henry W. Paine of the Illinois Circuit Court. Charles was a person of hot prejudices and firm convictions; cock-sure in all his opinions, able in athletic sports, and rather good-looking, with three-cornered blue American eyes, a high color, a high nose, and a very kind smile.

Among his many friends none was more blindly admired by him than a man of quite opposite temperament, Mr. Richard Elliot, a writer and critic. Richard Elliot was a person of correct opinions, approved convictions, and refined prejudices; among these last was his admiration for a young lady who occasionally visited at the house of a friend of his mother's. She was a Miss Margaret Alden, an extremely pretty girl, of "May-flower" immigrant tradition, with straight features, light, smooth hair, gracefully arranged, and a rather scornful expression. She had no conception of anything in creation but character: personality, beauty, wit, art, trade, even happiness and pain themselves, were to her vision all inconsiderable as compared with character; and she spent all her time either in observing other people's or in developing her own. She developed her own by thinking almost all other people far too unscrupulous and by keeping a diary of the following kind:

> June 1st.—Oppressively warm yesterday evening. But I determined not to succumb to the heat, and gave up my afternoon nap. I dressed in my blue organdie, and was reading in the library when Richard Elliot and Mr. Paine were announced.
>
> We had some conversation on modern literature. Mr. Paine talked a great deal, rather loudly and diffusely. He seems to like almost everything, and praises without restraint.

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R. E. appeared slightly amused by Mr. Paine. He himself said almost nothing. But I could see plainly by little things, a lifting of the eyebrow or a meaning silence, that on every subject we mentioned he had thought more, and thought more deeply than Mr. Paine. Here, again, is a habit of mind I should like to acquire. I think *enough*, it is true, but not *deeply* enough.

Mr. Paine brought me the "Adventures of Huck Finn," because I told him the other day I had never read it. After his usual extravagant way, he said it was his favorite work; that he derived the purest joy from it, and was never more happy than when he was in the author's power. He had liked it from the first moment he laid eyes on it, when he was seven years old.

He read out favorite portions, and several times shouted aloud with laughter. I was not especially amused, neither, I believe, was R. E. When Mr. Paine finished and handed me the book, R. E. remarked, however, with the quietest genial tact and reserve: "I am one who approves of humor. It has its place. Shakespeare knew this; and the best of us need a little laughter now and then."

He certainly has the most wonderful poise. I have read the book since, but have not exactly made up my mind about it—am going over it again. I cannot quite place it in modern art, and so cannot regard it as especially significant. Just *what* is its message to progress? Mr. Paine says that it has the finest democracy, but I cannot find where the author mentions democracy or reform at all.

To return to Mr. P., I do not understand, nor, to be candid, like his being devoted at seven and at twenty-seven in the same way to the same book. This, of course, would not be possible to a man developing very eagerly, or living very strenuously; and sometimes I wonder if I am quite sincere in letting him continue my friend, but hardly know how to approach him on the subject.

"Mr. Paine talked a great deal. . . . R. E. appeared slightly amused by Mr. Paine."

It has been said that Richard Elliot bestowed on Miss Alden a judicious and tempered admiration; and no doubt, in that they were both as serious as the tomb, they found a common meeting-ground. But why Charles should have cast his affections on Miss Alden, his family often wondered. His cousins nearly cried when they discovered his entirely obvious feeling. They said that if Charles were married to Margaret Alden, his life would be one long grind; that not only would he have a horrid time, but, as he was worked upon very easily through his affections, Miss Alden would soon change him into a miserable, self-improving egoist. They worked themselves up to the highest pitch of impatience.

If they had been more modest for Charles, or better acquainted with Miss Alden, they need not have been so disturbed. The fancy of that young lady could never have been touched by a man as open as the day and as simple as a fairy-tale, however generous his excellence; further, there was the glamour of "R. E.'s" reserve and intricacy to lend positiveness to her refusal of Charles, who was, at the time, quite incapable of appreciating his good fortune. If he could have known that he failed to please because he was patently good and able and funny, instead of non-committally weak and dependent and solemn, perhaps he would not have been soothed.

As it was, providence manifested itself. No one could have supposed Margaret Alden's dismal stupidity an instrument of

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happiness. Yet by this very means Charles was left free for a happy marriage, within a few years, to a good girl, a golf champion, who shared almost all his prejudices.

TWO CITIZENS.

THERE was once a rich German alderman, a saloon-keeper, who lived in a double red-brick house in Chicago. For his business, he sold beer and distributed jobs in return for political influence. He appropriated a suitable percentage on these jobs, and he conducted their sale on the just and straightforward principles of a commission merchant. For his pleasure, he had around his house a large yard; and in summer this yard was filled with little flower-beds shining with petunias, portulacas, and zinnias. In their center was a sputtering little fountain, and near the fountain were two artificial deer and a small summer-house. In front of the summer-house was the saloon-keeper's name, "J. Hoffman," done in foliage plants.

On Sundays Mr. Hoffman used to sit in his summer-house doorway, completely filling it, for he was a leviathan of a man, smoking a meerschaum pipe, and wearing a gay red velvet smoking-jacket and cap, deeply bordered with bright silk flowers, beautifully embroidered by his daughter. His daughter's music-teacher, a thin, dark, little German, sat at one side of the summer-house, smoking a long pipe; and his many fat little boys played and showed off noisily around the yard.

They used to feel very proud when they noticed the attention their surroundings attracted from the passers-by, and they were especially proud that the observant could see plainly in the foliage-plants at their father's feet his name, as he sat grandly in the midst of his artistic fancies. Often they could be heard reading the name aloud, and this filled the little boys with a peculiar ecstasy.

Besides his garden, his deer, his fountain, and his little boys, J. Hoffman had an industrious and amiable German wife and a beautiful German daughter. Lulu Hoffman was, indeed, a child to delight the heart of any parent. Although she was only sixteen years old, she wore long dresses, and her hair coiled in beautiful thick yellow braids at the back of her head. She had large, gay blue eyes, fresh pink cheeks, and dimples. To these gifts of nature she had added the most happy attainments of art: for she sang and played upon the piano, both by ear and by note. By note she played "Songs without Words," and compositions like "Silvery Thistle" and "Rippling Waves." For her teacher encouraged in her a taste for crystal runs and tinkling-bell effects. By ear, she played compositions like the "Douglas Two-Step," so rhythmically that, as soon as she began, all her little brothers went tooting and prancing about the room. Besides this, she could bake coffee-cake, crisp, brown, and shining outside, and feathery as a marshmallow inside; and little frosted German spice-cakes, rich and heavy, filled with citron and walnuts and raisins, and flavored with wine.

In the same city with J. Hoffman, Richard Elliot lived in very moderate circumstances. His business was writing, in a conventional and academic style, critical reviews, expressing conventional and academic ideas. In these reviews he divided all authors into classes, schools, and period. When he found an author who had no period, and who could not be put into a class or a school, he did not write about him, unless he became, even in academic circles, a great favorite. In that case he mentioned that the author was delightful.

As he could not, for obvious reasons, think of himself as famous or great, he thought of himself as delightful. And for consistency with this opinion he used to disguise his most conventional and approved ideas under an assumption of amiable staunchness and independence. "Dear old Homer," he exclaimed in a determinedly light essay called "A Loaf of Bread, A Jug of Wine," "even in this degenerate day and age there are some of us who love your very nods."

His pleasure was less definite and material than J. Hoffman's. It consisted really in being refined. It may as well be admitted that he was far more refined than J. Hoffman. However, the pleasure he derived from what was refined was not so intense as the pain he suffered from what was not refined. And as there are such numbers of large and coarse things in the world, this susceptibility gave him a wide scope for suffering.

On one Sunday afternoon, as he was taking a walk with a congenial friend, also a refined man, he passed the house of J. Hoffman. J. Hoffman and the Professor were smoking their pipes at the summer-house, the flowers were all blooming and shining, the little boys were playing noisily on the grass, and through the window the notes of the "Douglas Two-Step" were sounding clearly and cheerfully.

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"Listening happily to the 'Douglas Two-Step.'"

Richard Elliot felt sickened when he observed all this. "The life of the middle-class American is sometimes painfully hideous, is it not?" he said to his friend.

"Yes," replied the friend, "that kind of thing is pretty bad."

"However," continued Richard Elliot, "most middle-class Americans are foreigners." This was his idea of being delightful. "We are ruled and governed by that kind of person," he pursued. "They hold all our city offices."

"It gives the other kinds of men time for other kinds of things," answered the friend.

That is what they said. What they thought was that it was a pity such men as themselves should not be the rulers and governors, instead of such men as J. Hoffman.

Richard Elliot would have been still more displeased with the middle-class American, if he could have known that, at the instant of his passing the object of his witty remarks, his own younger brother was sitting in the Hoffmans' parlor, listening happily to the "Douglas Two-Step." This younger brother had not had as many advantages as Richard, so that he had a much more limited scope for suffering, and the atmosphere so noxious to his brother was pleasing, and even exhilarating, to himself. He had met Lulu at a Sunday-school picnic, which he had attended in performing the duties of his office as newspaper reporter, and which Lulu had attended in performing her duties as a caretaker of her little brothers. He had been attracted to her at first by her large, kind blue eyes and yellow braids, and by her warm devotion to her excited little brothers. He spent the greater part of the afternoon in talking with her, so that his newspaper article, headed, "Lutheran Tots Frolic in Garfield Park," had to be such as might not be unsuitable for any Sunday-school picnic.

Soon after this occasion he went to see her, on the pretext of returning an umbrella he had found leaning against a tree in the park—one which, as it was his own, could not possibly be hers. On this visit he walked around the little gravel-paths among the flower-beds, with Mr. Hoffman and the Professor, and he showed a just appreciation of the fountain and the deer. "This is evidently your own idea, Mr. Hoffman," he would say. "Something quite out of the common."

In making these remarks he expressed less his own thoughts than what he divined to be his host's feelings. In the house he interested himself deeply in the Professor's rendering and explanation of "The Storm in the Alps," a very intricate musical composition in which the flashes of lightning were expressed, musically, by shrieking chromatic scales, and the clattering hoofs of the alarmed chamois by a rapid staccato polka. An Alpine horn sounding *reveillé* was occa-

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sionally recognizable, among the crashes of thunder in the bass notes; and the mournful song of a young Swiss peasant girl, in the highest treble, and with a great deal of soft pedal, was effectively introduced immediately after the thunder.

Otto and Maxie, the oldest of the little boys, during this performance stood pressed so closely against the piano that they obstructed the Professor's rapid execution as his flying hands separated further and further in the combined thunder and lightning, and they were obliged to leave their places and content themselves with making their ears ring by placing them against the sides of the piano.

Tom showed his appreciation of all these things so delicately that Mr. Hoffman urged him to come again and smoke with him in, or, rather, outside of, his summer-house; and in this way Tom fell rapidly into the way of making weekly visits at the Hoffmans'.

He liked to walk about among the flower-beds and the little boys with the Professor and the enormous, richly embroidered Mr. Hoffman; and he liked to go into the Hoffmans' large, vividly clean parlor, shining with a red carpet and bright blue wall paper, and filled with little glittering ornaments like Christmas-tree decorations, and there drink thick, rich chocolate, and eat little frosted German cakes, while he listened to the Professor playing or to Lulu singing German songs.

But what he liked most was the Hoffmans' easy and affectionate goodness. He had seen a great many households where goodness was made a point, but it had been more obtrusive and awkward; often it was blunted into an insulting benevolence. The Hoffmans were unassertive, unpuritanic, and simple, like the natural and unsought goodness of the Golden Age.

As for Lulu, he had known almost from the first that he was in love with her. She treated him always with a bashful respect, as if he were years older than herself; and this might have hurt him, if she had not blushed whenever she found him looking at her, and whenever she blushed he felt hallowed. In her presence the young man's every nagging discomfort and worry vanished. When he was with her, he experienced a complete happiness; and he felt a deeper reverence for her than for anything else he had ever known. Her spirit was as fresh and beautiful as the azure depths of the sky. She lived to be happy and to give happiness, to delight the hearts of the people she loved. She was as incapable of giving pain as the sun would be of radiating coldness instead of warmth.

When Tom Elliot offered to take his brother with him to see Lulu Hoffman, it was not because he expected such a visit to be a social success, but because he would have liked to make every one bow down before her, and his brother seemed to him the least likely to bow.

Richard, however, was unexpectedly willing to call on the Hoffmans. He did not know

"He spent the greater part of the afternoon in talking with her."

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that theirs was the house he had passed on Sunday, and the truth was that he saw plainly enough that his brother was in love, and he hoped to cast some cold water on an enthusiasm, presumably unworthy, by the effect of his own and the Hoffmans' contrasting presences. There certainly was a great contrast between his own and the Hoffmans' manners.

Mr. Hoffman showed him the garden, walking grandly and hospitably before him, and puffing his long pipe majestically; and Richard walked behind Mr. Hoffman, and talked with him much as one might walk and talk with a leper. His desire to get away was so keen that it must have pierced any vanity more superficial or more grudging than Mr. Hoffman's.

Inside the house Mrs. Hoffman, the Professor, Lulu, Otto, Maxie, and the rest all appeared to him as other lepers. He sat on his chair in a tentative way, and answered the Hoffmans' simple and genial remarks with "Indeed" and "Ah, I see," in a cautiously uncompromising manner and with studied inattention.

The Hoffmans thought he was quiet and shy. To understand that he wished to snub them on account of his superior social advantages would have been as impossible to them as it would have been to kittens or to angels.

This was the balm with which Tom quieted his spirit at those moments of the call when he most wished to throttle his brother. He went back to the Hoffmans' on the very same evening, and took Lulu for a long drive. This was rather surprising to Mr. Hoffman. It has been hinted that he was not embarrassed by modesty; and he had always received Tom rather as a visitor of his own than as a friend of Lulu's. He had supposed that Tom had some vaguely official connection with the Lutheran Sunday-school, and he had regarded his presence in the house much as he regarded the Professor's. He was slightly puzzled now, as he might have been if Tom had come with a horse and carriage to take Otto or Maxie out driving. Indeed, he could not have been more surprised if Tom had asked for the hand of Maxie than when he came to the city hall and asked if he might marry his daughter. She had admitted, Tom told him, that she loved him; and though he, Tom, was not worthy to unlatch her shoe-strings, he believed he could make her happy. He loved her as much as it was possible for one person to love another.

After Mr. Hoffman had recovered from his first shock of surprise, he took Tom to his large bosom and kissed him. He smiled paternally on Tom's hilarity at this last demonstration, and they parted on congenial terms at the office door.

Richard Elliot was even more startled at his brother's engagement than Mr. Hoffman had been; it had been so opposite an effect from that he had intended his visit to have.

THE JOY OF LIFE.

NEAR the Lake, at the eastern edge of the North Side, there is a small lagoon with a white stone curb, and a rounding, verdant bank planted with a young birch grove of feathery delicate foliage and white, streaked tree-trunks. A high bridge spans the lagoon, and joins its green western shore with the cement and cobbled esplanade that borders the lake.

Standing on the top of the bridge one may see, close beside, the lawns and grassy slopes of the park, and the stretching lines of white street wainscoted with dark buildings and fringed with the dusky hanging shade of green trees. Beyond, the city spreads in a buff and lavender distance of smoky chimneys and roof-tops.

On a cool, sunlit morning of early summer, a young German girl was standing on this bridge and looking out at the gay, various scene all green and white in the fresh air and the clear light of a fine day. Her face was lovely with blushing color and an expression of complete and gay good nature. She was about eighteen years old. She wore a leghorn hat trimmed with bright flowers, and an elaborate, hem-stitched shirt-waist; and she carried a straw work-basket. Lulu Elliot, not long ago Lulu Hoffman, was walking up from her flat near the city to spend the day at her father's house, and carrying in her basket some linen to hem-stitch, a coffee-cake loaf for her mother, some little German china animals for her brothers, and some songs to practice. She was in no hurry. She rested her basket on the bridge, and looked out over it. Without any conscious admiration, she was enjoying with a perfect and humble happiness the brilliant, luminous colors around her, the warm sun shining on her arms and shoulders, the blowing fragrance of the newly mown park, and the light lapping of the lake against the breakwater.

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She was so absorbed that she did not for some time observe walking over the bridge another young woman, dressed with distinction and suitably in a walking-skirt and hat, and stepping along correctly, with chest expanded, treading on the ball of the foot. Margaret Alden was taking her morning walk for exercise and reflection, on the lake shore; and she was almost upon Lulu before she recognized in her an acquaintance, the sister-in-law of Richard Elliot, a writer, and the wife of his unworthy, easy-going brother, a sporting reporter.

"Lulu Elliot, not long ago Lulu Hoffman."

Lulu now too saw Miss Alden, and recognizing in her one of her very few acquaintances, she went toward her, saying, "How do you do? Isn't it lovely here? Are you going my way?"

When Miss Alden replied with some reserve that she was going north only as far as the end of the esplanade, Lulu picked up her basket and cordially started to accompany her. She had always lived in an atmosphere of unexacting affection and admiration, and never having in her whole life been consciously disliked by any one, she had now no idea but that Margaret Alden would be pleased with her presence. She naturally supposed that everybody liked her; she, for her part, liked everybody. She had absolutely no sense of disapproval and no idea that she was ever disapproved of.

Margaret Alden, on the other hand, had more sense of disapproval than of anything else, and now she disapproved of her companion for loitering on a public bridge, for her dress, her basket, her evident ignorance, and her gay, expansive smile. Beyond inquiring after Richard Elliot and his brother, and remarking, as she observed the city, that the smoke nuisance was worse every time she came on from Portsmouth, she said as little as possible while they walked on together. She was relieved when, within a few minutes, Lulu turned off to go west and she was left to walk alone.

On the occasion of his next visit, she mentioned to Richard Elliot that she had met his sister-in-law on the lake shore.

"Yes," he said. He continued, ruminatively, "*You met my sister-in-law*," as though there had been something of uncommon significance in this.

While Margaret Alden was trying to understand him, he pursued, "My sister-in-law represents a large class of women. I wonder what that meeting meant to her—I wonder."

"I could not have said," replied Miss Alden. "She—you will take my question well, I know—is she a woman who thinks much?"

"No," said Richard Elliot, confidently.

"But why?"

"Why? Partly temperament, partly environment." This seemed to cover all possible ground.

"Past environment, perhaps," said Margaret Alden. "But what of the present? I have seen very little of your brother. I know he is not like you. But has he *no* intellectual interests?"

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"My brother," said Richard Elliot, dropping his glance a little, "is not a thinker."

Margaret Alden looked slightly pained; then she said, with sympathetic pity: "But people who don't think—how much pleasure—how much joy in life they must miss."

"One of the saddest things in life is the people who don't think."

"How true that is," murmured Margaret Alden. "Do you know what a wonderful thing that was you said then?"

Richard Elliot tried not to look as though he thoroughly agreed with her, and continued: "And those people who don't think are the very ones hardest to reach and to stimulate. What can we do for them? Talk a little to them, perhaps—write a little for them—that is all."

"Yes, but that is a great deal. Every one cannot write a little," she suggested delicately.

Again Richard Elliot tried not to look as though he thoroughly agreed with her. "But they are problems," he continued. "My sister, now—what could reach her? What could make her wish to think?" Lulu had really never occurred to him as a problem before; but as he was having great fun talking in this line, he went on: "I wonder if your meeting was at all stimulating to her? It would be so interesting to know."

"I could hardly tell," said Margaret Alden. "I should like to see her again."

"Perhaps you will," said Richard Elliot a little lamely. The truth was that it was growing rather hard for him to think up, on the spur of the moment, oracular reflections on Lulu as a problem.

"I will go to see her," said Margaret Alden beautifully. "If I can be stimulating to her, I will. As you say, it is all one can do for people who don't think—talk a little to them, at least, if we cannot write a little for them. I will go to her."

"This is like you," said Richard Elliot. Both for the moment felt uncommonly noble. They had certainly spent an evening delightful to both.

"She had shown her pictures of all the family."

It was in consequence of her enjoyed dialogue with Richard Elliot that Margaret Alden rang the bell of Tom Elliot's first-floor flat on Dearborn Avenue one morning. As she stepped into the vestibule she heard Lulu's voice, practising in the parlor:

Crystal water every day
I may drink upon my way,
Fresh as dews of star-eyed Spring,
Cool as airs the light winds bring—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.

Lulu came to the door, slightly flushed with the interest of her practising, and admitted Margaret Alden. Although a little surprised, she was pleased to see Margaret. She knew there was no very urgent reason for her coming; she felt the occasion a rather special one, and she began to devise entertainment for her guest. After she had shown her pictures of all the family and her own wedding photographs, and had talked a little with her on such indifferent topics as the weather and the street-car service, she asked Miss Alden whether she played and if

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she were not fond of music. When Margaret said she was, Lulu instantly offered to play and to sing for her. "What kind of music do you like best?"

"I enjoy any classic music," said Margaret, in the hope of being stimulating.

This gave, at least, a wide choice, and Lulu played one of the "Songs without Words."

Margaret was not really fond of music; she even slightly disapproved of it, except for the most cultured people. Further, she had not come to hear Lulu play or sing, nor for social enjoyment of any kind, but to be stimulating; and she now sat rather at a loss.

After Lulu had finished playing, she said she would sing. She was really proud of her singing. She had a good voice, a contralto, strong and sweet, and she loved singing. At home her family had always enjoyed hearing her; and after her marriage, Tom so liked her music that she worked over it even more than she had before. She began now the accompaniment of what she had been practising when Margaret came in. It was a favorite of Tom's, less for itself than because he considered it exactly suited to Lulu, and really, in some sort, like her. Besides, while she read all her music with intelligence, this song she sang with an especial understanding and beauty:

Every day fresh bread and meat
Gladly, thankfully, I eat;
Juicy roast, and crumb and crust
Given me, a Child of Dust—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.

Crystal water every day
I may drink upon my way,
Fresh as dews of star-eyed Spring,
Cool as airs the light winds bring—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.

Every night the arms of sleep
Take me to a refuge deep,
Some far off and silent place
In the utmost caves of space—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.

Though I still must strive and cry
For some lot more fine than I,
Some far crown of mist or gold,
Here are gifts of kindly mold,
Gifts to take on bended knee—
Joy I know is meant for me.

Lulu finished with the last chords of the accompaniment. She could not have sung anything different immediately afterward; and she now sat down by the window, looking almost affectionately at Margaret, she felt so happy herself, so admiring of the whole world. She knew that she had sung well, and she thought, with innocent vanity, that Margaret must be having a lovely morning listening to the music, though she was so very quiet.

Margaret, meanwhile, tried to think of something stimulating to say. Finally she observed: "What are you reading now?"

"Why, nothing just now."

"You don't read very much, do you? Mr. Elliot doesn't care much for reading, his brother says; so perhaps that accounts for it."

"Tom? Why, he loves to read! My father says he is a perfect bookworm. Tom is a literary man himself, you know. Didn't you know that? Oh, yes, he enjoys reading. Why, we laugh so sometimes over 'Fliegende Blätter,' we almost cry. Do you take it?"

"No."

Lulu would have liked to bring out a copy of "Fliegende Blätter" and show Margaret a favorite jest of hers, a series of pictures of a Dachshund turning into a sausage. She had a peculiar Teutonic sense of humor, consisting mainly in high spirits, and she had often laughed at this picture till tears stood in her eyes. But she perceived from Margaret's tone that her guest found nothing in "Fliegende Blätter," so she merely said, with sympathetic intent, "Many people do not care at all for reading. I myself am not so fond of it as Tom. Why, he has several books he has read twice—'The Woman in White' even three times."

Margaret tried harder than ever to think of something stimulating to say, and being quite unsuccessful, she now rose, observing that it was growing late and she must go.

"Must you? Well, I am glad you came. I will go over to see you soon."

"Thank you," said Margaret; and she went out of the room, considering the truth of Richard Elliot's saying, that the people who don't think are the very ones hardest to reach and to stimulate. When she reached the corner, Lulu had already gone back to her singing. She pushed up the window a little farther, looking out at the lucent air and the lovely day, and watched Margaret Alden walking down the green and white sunny street. She wished Margaret could have stayed a little longer, but, after all, now she would have all the more time for practising on her song.

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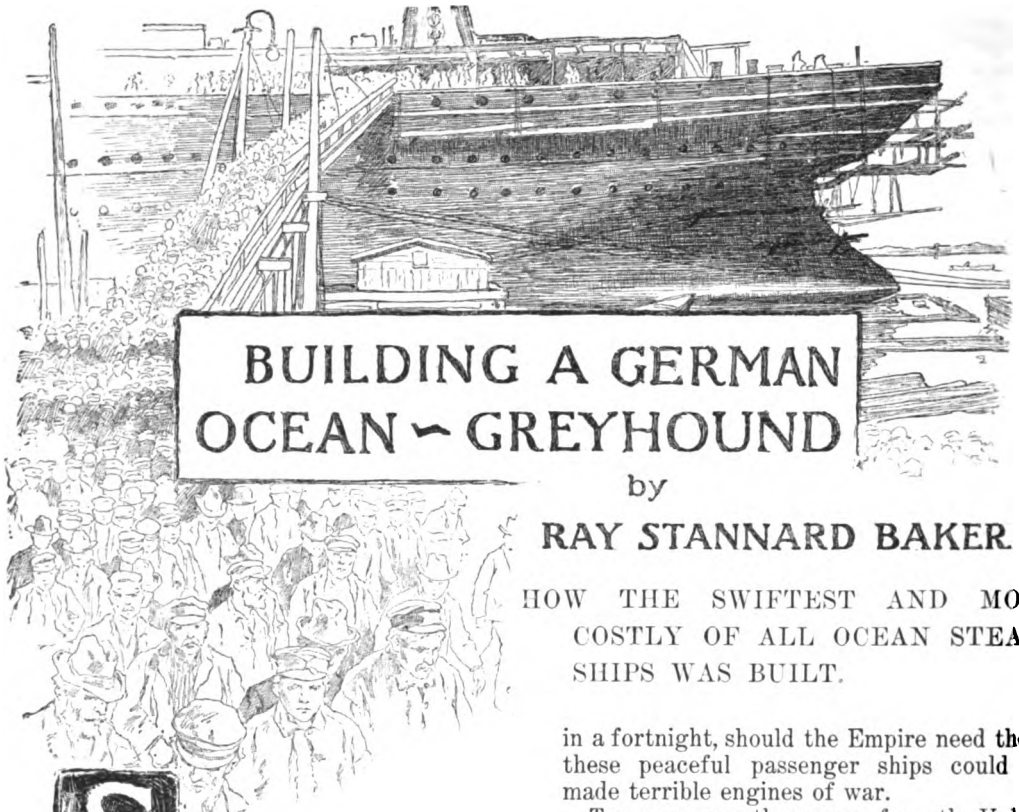

BUILDING A GERMAN OCEAN-GREYHOUND

by

RAY STANNARD BAKER

HOW THE SWIFTEST AND MOST COSTLY OF ALL OCEAN STEAMSHIPS WAS BUILT.

STETTIN, Germany, is famous for the greatest shipyards on the European Continent. One visiting the Vulcan works in April of this year might have seen nine huge vessels in course of construction, seven yet on the ways, and two in the water. Of the nine ships, seven were for German companies—one of them a ship of the line for the German navy. The other two were a cruiser for Russia, and the "Yakuma," then just completed, for Japan. Of the German liners, two will be the greatest ships in the world, with a single exception, and will both have a greater speed than any other merchant ship. These splendid vessels, although intended for the Atlantic passenger service, to be fitted with a degree of luxuriousness hitherto unapproached, are all built under the requirements of the German navy. On the deck there are beds for the mounting of great guns, the rudder and screws are especially protected from the possible harm of shots, and apparatus is provided for steering below decks in case the upper works are carried away. Guns are ready at Hamburg or at Kiel, the crews are already organized; and in a fortnight, should the Empire need them, these peaceful passenger ships could be made terrible engines of war.

Two years ago there came from the Vulcan works what was then the largest and swiftest of all ocean steamships, the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." Prophets of evil predestined these ships to failure. In vain. The great success of the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" did more than any other one thing, perhaps, to establish the world fame of the German shipbuilder. Hardly had she been well tested when a still greater and still swifter ship was planned—the "Deutschland," recently in commission. The "Deutschland" is not so long nor quite so broad as the "Oceanic," so recently from the yards of the Irish builders at Belfast, but she will be next to her in size, and much swifter.

On the ways of the Vulcan works there is a long brown spine of steel, knobbed with rivets and almost ready for the ribs. It is the keel of an unnamed ship which will be as large as the "Deutschland," and another is being planned to surpass the "Oceanic." A few years ago builders said confidently that the limit of size had been reached; now there is none who would venture to name a limit.

The time has come in shipbuilding when the addition of half a knot of speed is an epoch. The builder is so hemmed in and set about with problems that the half knots beyond

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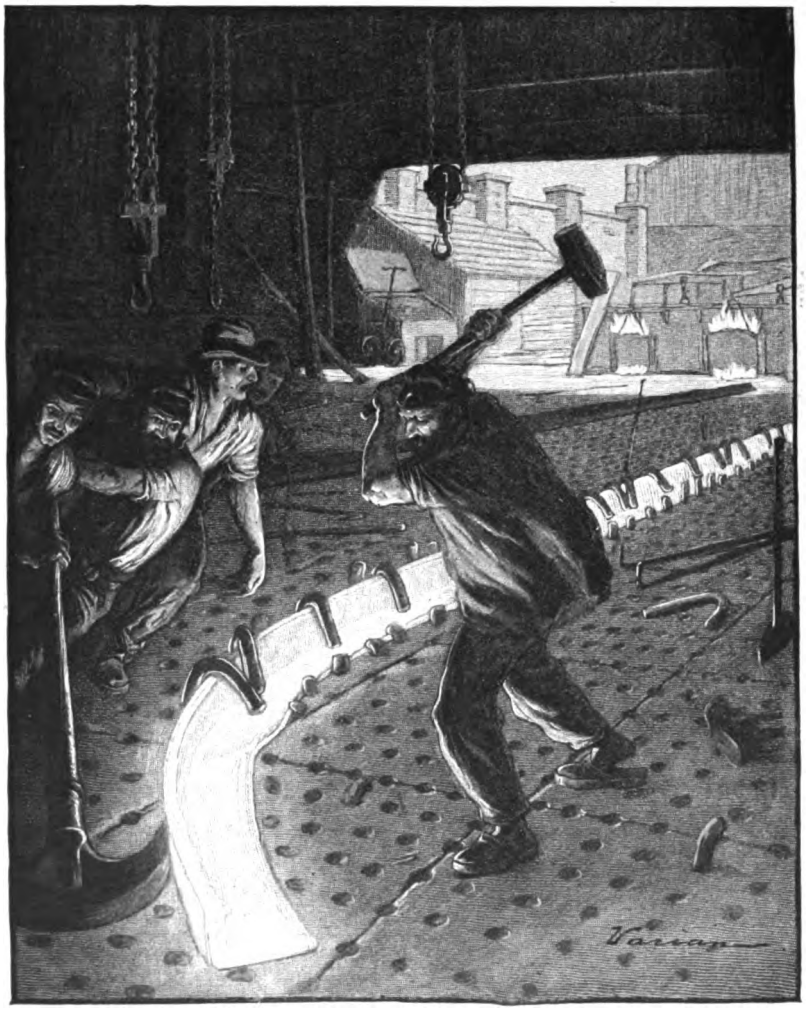
twenty-two—and there are only a few twenty-two-knot merchant ships—mean a vast outlay of money, time, and skill. And yet these fractional knots are paying investments. A vessel that steams, say, 565 miles a day, while her nearest rival makes only 502 miles, will arrive in New York from Cherbourg nearly a full day ahead—and a day in the life of a man whose minutes are counted in hundreds of dollars is not to be despised.

It is probable that if a great steamship company should order a 750-foot ship, to make thirty knots an hour, the builders would take the contract—eagerly, too. But it would be in a spirit of solemnity. The steamship companies are not ready, however, to go forward so rapidly as that; the money involved is too great. Yet in the "Deutschland" they have built a vessel 686½ feet long, sixty-seven feet broad, and forty-four feet deep, with a contract speed averaging at least twenty-two knots (about twenty-six miles) an hour during the entire voyage, and with a probability of twenty-three knots or more an hour. In order to force such an enormous mass of steel, machinery, and coal through the water, the builders must of necessity construct engines such as no other ship ever had—indeed, the greatest engines in the world, either on land or on sea. It requires a 33,000 horse-power to drive the "Deutschland."

The greatest German warship, the "Kaiser



IN ONE OF THE VULCAN SHOPS.

Here the steel ribs of the vessel are bent into shape. A sixty-foot bar of metal is dragged white-hot from the furnaces, crowded against the pegs that plot its curve on the iron floor, and in two minutes is made ready for service.

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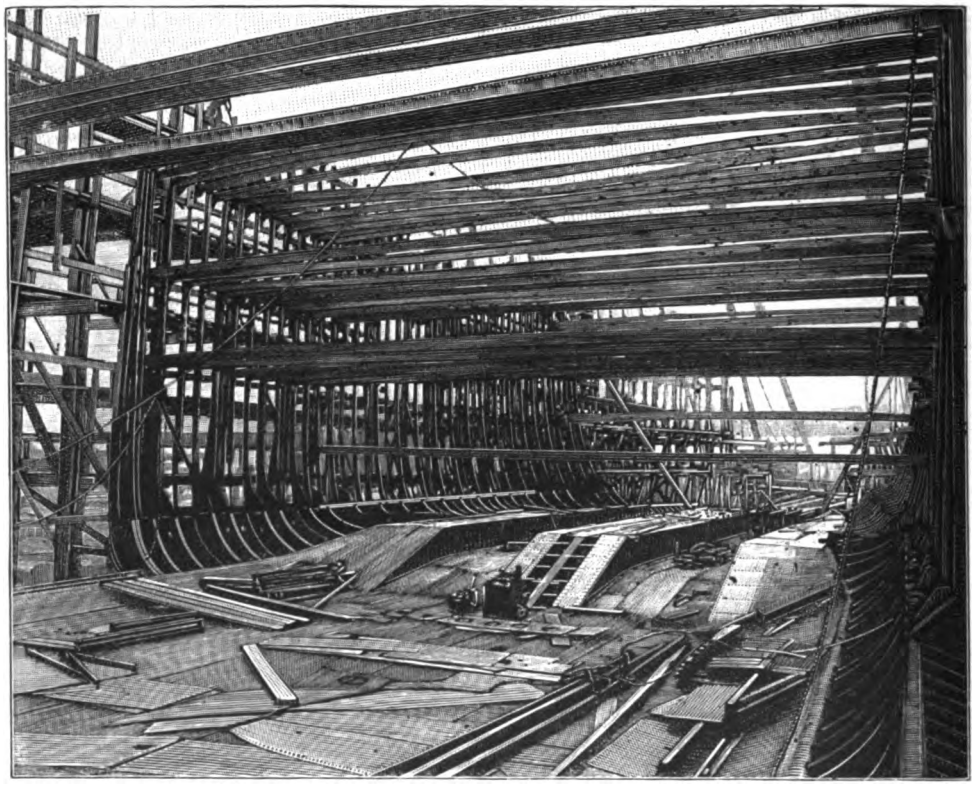
Friedrich III.," has only 18,000 horse-power; the "Oceanic," the greatest of ships in size, has only 27,000 horse-power; the "Campania" has 30,000 horse-power. It was therefore unknown ground that the Vulcan builders covered when they undertook to build the world's greatest engines. But there was no uncertainty about it. Indeed, in shipbuilding almost everything depends on experience. The builders knew to almost the last detail just what was necessary to the construction and operation of such enormous machinery: the strength of every bit of metal; the sizes of the parts that would give the greatest efficiency, and yet occupy the smallest space; the proper location in the ship of the vast weights of the boilers, the coal bunkers, and so on—all of these facts had been established by years of experience with smaller craft. It required the continuous work for six months of over a score of draughtsmen to make the plans, to say nothing of the greater work of the men in whose brains the beautiful lines of the ship were first traced, and who had planned the engines and solved to a nicety those wonderful problems of strains and of vibration and balance, a single mistake in which might have ruined the entire creation.

As in other branches of art, the shipbuilder must work within certain circumscribed limits. For instance, if he could make his vessel of any depth, he might build much larger, and there would be practically no limit to his speed—forty knots would be almost as easy as twenty-three. But he must construct his ship so that it will float into the harbors at New York and Liverpool and Hamburg, where the channels are hardly beyond thirty feet in depth. At the same time, if he would have her make a high speed, he must fit her with enormous engines; and yet if his engines are too large, his vessel will not carry enough coal to get her across the Atlantic and leave any room for passengers. If he increases breadth to make her carry a larger load—in other words, if he makes her "tubby"—he cannot



THE SKELETON OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

This picture gives some conception of the enormous capacity of the "Deutschland"; she has a displacement of 23,200 tons, and will provide accommodations for 1,750 passengers and a crew of 350.

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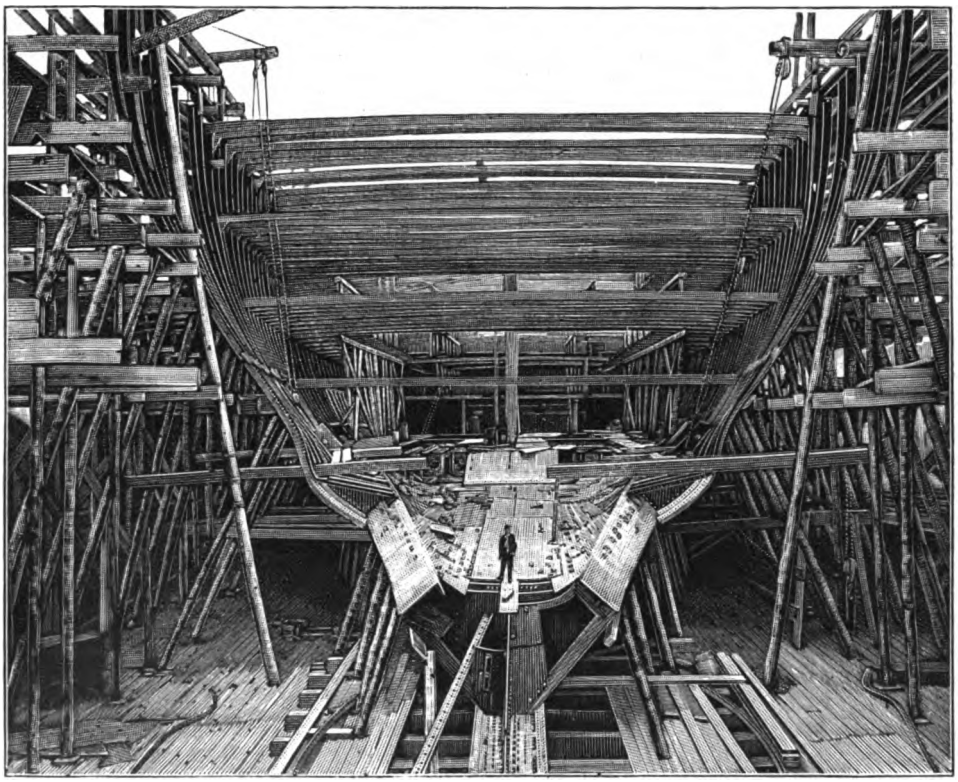
drive her through the water at the required speed. On the other hand, if he makes her too long in proportion to her breadth and depth, she will break her back with the enormous weights which she carries and the thrust of her machinery.

These are only a few of the difficulties with which the builder must wrestle, but they will serve to indicate faintly the delicacy and intricacy of the art—the necessity of striking to right nor to left, and so that throughout her whole 700 feet of length, more or less, she never sinks more than a few feet deeper at one end than at the other. Then there is the problem of preventing the vibration of the propellers as nearly as may be from shaking the ship; of ventilation, and of providing strong draughts of air to the furnaces forty or fifty feet below the upper deck. Then there are other handicaps. The



THE "DEUTSCHLAND" SIX MONTHS AFTER HER KEEL WAS LAID.

Showing the keel, ribs, the second, or "false," bottom, and the girders which are to support the decks. On the right and left is the scaffolding, or cradle, erected before the frame, within which the frame is built.

just the proper proportions of depth, length, breadth, weight, so that the vessel will derive the greatest possible speed from the work of her engines.

After these problems of size and proportions are settled, there is the further difficulty of the balancing of the great ship. Here are engines and boilers weighing thousands of tons; here are bunkers which must be loaded with other thousands of tons of coal; here are hundreds of tons of other machinery, water-tanks, cargo, and so on. They must all so be arranged in the long, narrow shell of the ship that she lists neither marine insurance companies—the Lloyds—must be placated to the last degree, for their men are on hand to watch every step in the building of the ship. She must conform, for instance, to the hundred and one rules of safety—her forward ribs must be especially strong to resist ice or collision; she must have so many pumps, so much fire-fighting apparatus, so many water-tight compartments, and so on, else insurance cannot be obtained for her. Next, there are two governments to step in and make further regulations which must be obeyed. Few people realize with what jealousy a government

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A TYPE OF GERMAN WORKMAN.

Drawn from life.

watches its shipbuilders to see that proper accommodations are made for passengers and crews, and that the vessel is provided with safety appliances. The laws of Germany on this subject fill a small book, and the regulations are iron-clad, even to minute details. These provide for safety and comfort of passengers and for the possible use of the vessel as a warship. When all the German regulations are complied with, the American laws go still further, and demand hand fire-pumps, and a drifting anchor so that the ship may be steered if she loses her propellers and her rudder.

The casual visitor at a great shipbuilding establishment is rarely aware of the importance of this preliminary work in which the genius of the supreme craftsman has its keenest expression. He sees a few absorbed men in a loft, bending over desks and drawing-tables or making computations. They are not particularly impressive, especially when his eyes still see green from the light of great forges and his ears still ring with the thunder of sledges. And yet it is here that the ship is first built—finished to the last rivet in plan and blue print before the first block of the bed is laid in place. A score of men, directed by the brains of the master engineers and designers, have created a ship in six months which will require the labor of 1,500 men for nearly two years to body forth in steel.

The River Oder at Bredow is only a narrow stream without tides or perceptible current. When we saw it first, the water was a murky brown, blotched with bits of rotten ice. Where the Vulcan works spread along its shore, the bank rises at a gentle slope, and here stands the scaffolding for seven ships. So narrow is the river that three of these cradles have been placed at a sharp angle to the water in order that when the greatest ships are launched they may not crush into the opposite bank. A ship's scaffolding at a distance resembles a gigantic basket, one end of which rests in the edge of the water, while the other reaches high up on the bank. On nearer approach the sides of this basket resolve themselves into an intricate maze of timbers of enormous proportions. Here the ship is born. The interior of the basket has been cunningly fashioned by the artificer until it follows the lines of the future vessel—a sort of huge wooden mold. At the bottom runs a long, low ridge of stout timbers, called the bed, sloping down to the water edge. This is to support the backbone or keel of the ship.

In one of the cradles the keel pieces of a new warship had just been laid. A crew of riveters were at work fastening the vertical keel pieces to the horizontal keel. Imagine a machine as tall as a man and having the shape of your thumb and finger when fashioned in the form of a C. A boy at a hand forge throws a bursting red rivet. Another workman seizes it with tongs and drops it into a hole in the ship's spine. There is a shout and a quick signal; the giant thumb and finger of the machine close in and come deliberately together, one at each end of the rivet. There is no sound; but when the machine opens again and draws away, the lower end of that rod of iron, as thick as a man's two thumbs, has been crushed like so much putty into a rounded head. This rivet shrinks in cooling, and draws the beams of steel together until they are like one solid piece. And that is the daily work of the pneumatic riveting machine.

The ribs of the ship come from the mills in long, straight, L-shaped beams which must be bent to the delicate curves of the ship's body. A wide iron floor, full of equidistant holes; a furnace sixty-five feet long—of a length great enough to hold and heat the ship's longest rib; a force of workmen waiting for the furnace door to open—that is where the ribs are shaped. The master workman has pegged out the curve of a rib by fitting iron pins in the holes of the floor.

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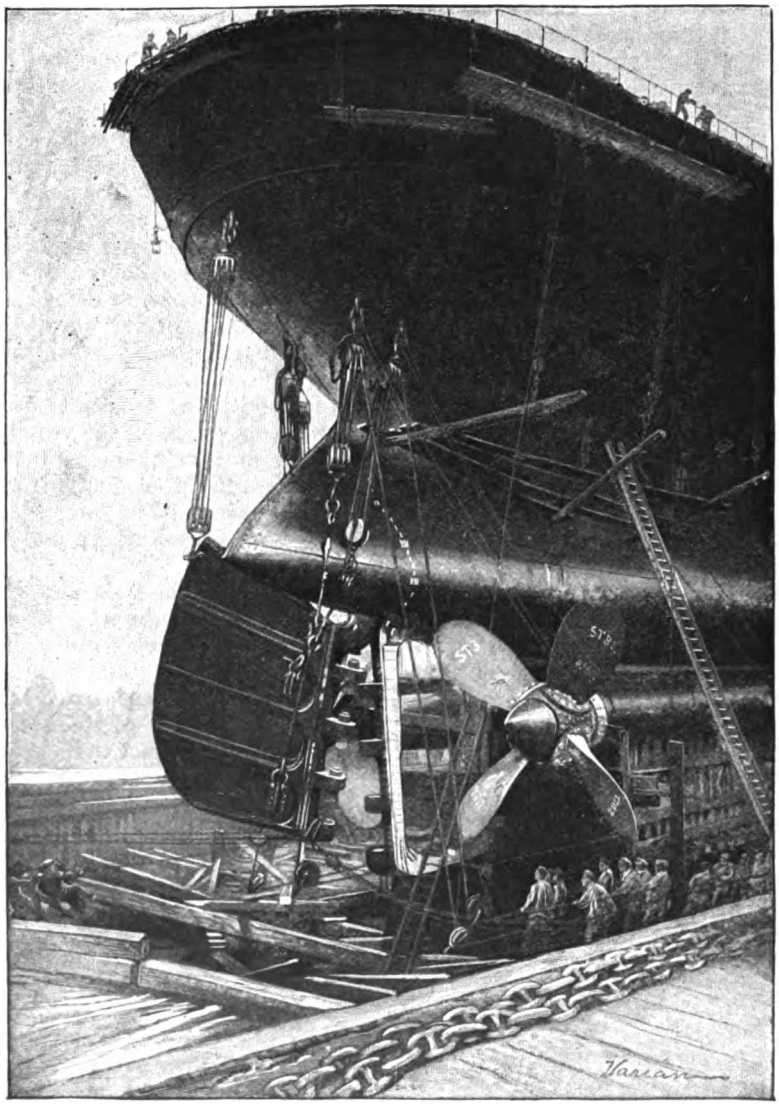
When the signal is given, the furnace door bursts open, emitting a blinding glare of light and fervid heat. A single dark figure, black against the glow, grapples with huge pincers in the furnace mouth; the workmen, hammers, driving other pegs, straining at levers, and smiting again. Once the steel wrinkled in bending like a blotting pad, as if reluctant to submit. In two minutes' time a simple L of iron had become a ship's rib,



SHIPPING THE RUDDER.

The size of it and of the propellers may be realized by comparison with the workmen who are fixing it in its place.

but a moment before standing inert and lax of muscle, now bend their shoulders to a hawser, and the bar of metal, so hot that its edges bear no definite outline, is dragged forth. With infinite deftness and fearlessness, with swiftness and yet without hurry, this flaming bar is crowded against the pegs of the curve, the workmen smiting it with curving in the shape of the hull, and ready, except for rivet holes, for service.

In ways just as fascinating the steel plates which are to form the skin of the ship are fashioned. Here is a pair of enormous rollers of steel, like the rollers of a laundress's wringer. Between them a plate of steel as large as two dining-tables is fed, leaving

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part of it sticking straight out. Just at the proper moment a third roller rises from below, pushed upward by the resistless force of hydraulic pressure. When it reaches the plate, we start back, expecting to see the cold steel snap like glass; but, instead, it bends upward as easily as though it were pasteboard, until it is almost L-shaped. Then the noiseless but mighty roller that has done the work slips back again.

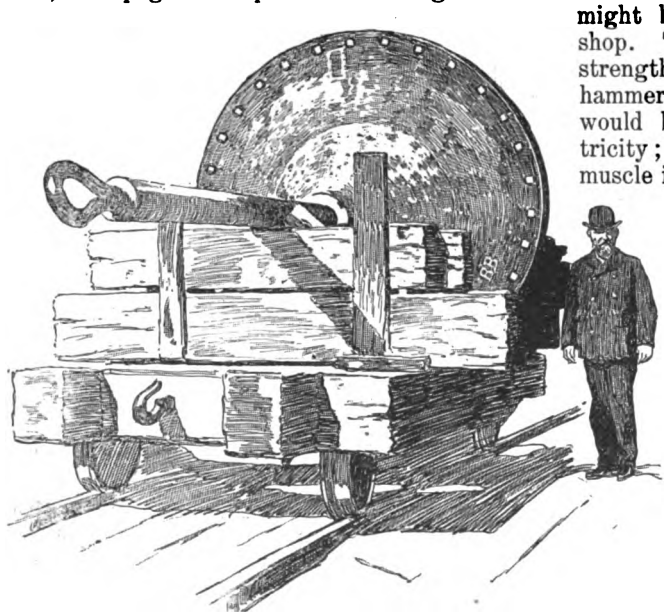
Around the head of each cradle at the Vulcan yards there is a cluster of machines covered with umbrella-like canopies of corrugated iron. There are thick, saw-like shears that trim the steel plates, three-quarters of an inch thick, as a little girl would snip the corners of a bit of calico cloth. Other machines there are that bore endless numbers of rivet holes in beams, girders, and plates; others countersink these holes; still others level off the edges of the plates, and then a huge crane lifts them over into the scaffolding, dangles them, though they weigh ten tons each, just where they are to be placed, and the workmen fit and fasten them in.

One year from the time that the keel of the "Deutschland" was laid, her hull was finished. It loomed huge and brown through the scaffolding which still protected and supported it, and it was ready to take the sea. In January, 1900, the Emperor came up from Berlin with a brilliant guard of officers. Count von Bülow pulled the silken cord, champagne was spattered on the great ship's stern, and she shot forward into the water. This shell of steel weighed upward of 9,200 tons, and had cost all of a million and a quarter of dollars. There were yet to be added the engines and the fittings, which would bring her total weight to over 16,500 tons, and her total cost to over $3,000,000.

In a great shipyard one tool stands supreme in importance over all others. It goes by the highly expressive title of "shear-legs," a kind of crane. From the top hangs heavy chain tackle which will lift a hundred tons—200,000 pounds—as easily as a boy would pick up a penny. And this is the way all of the heavy interior fittings—the engines, pumps, boilers, stacks, masts, and so on—are placed in the ship.

With Captain Albers, to whom fell the honor of taking the "Deutschland" on her first voyage, we went up the broad plank gangway which led from the river bank to the promenade deck of the vessel. Fifteen hundred men were there at work on her, hammering, sawing, planing, fitting, and yet so huge was she that the force seemed small, and there were areas where not a man was to be seen.

These men of the Vulcan works possess their own peculiar interest to the American visitor. They are not quite so foreign as he expects; he sees the strong cousinship of sweat and grime and strength. But for a little more, perhaps, of stoop and stolidity, a little more of patience in their faces, these might be the men of an American shop. There is work done here by strength of shoulder, heaving and hammering and lifting, that in America would be done by steam or electricity; and yet as long as human muscle is cheaper than steam, so long will it be employed. In dress, the German workmen strongly resemble the American, except in their shoes, many of which are heelless, with their wooden soles, the clacking of which on cobble pavement and iron flooring gives a distinctive and unaccustomed sound to the works. There is also the unfamiliar German blue blouse, falling from a yoke at the shoulders and hanging loose around the waist, which some of the workmen wear. The



ONE OF THE PISTON HEADS OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

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German works longer hours and earns much less money than the American; but while food commodities are higher for the most part in Germany than in the United States, he lives much more cheaply than the American because he is willing to live on poorer fare and in homelier quarters. He does not, as a rule, save money, for he must have his beer and his lottery ticket; but he pays regularly to the *Sterbekasse* (death-cashier), so that he may be buried decently when he dies. And yet he is industrious, skillful, painstaking, and even duly ambitious.

One is impressed with the comfort which the German workman gets from his meals; indeed, he seems to be eating all the time. Before he leaves home in the morning he has black coffee and rye bread. At eight o'clock he stops work for a few minutes for more black coffee and a few thick slices of rye bread with sausage or cheese. And then comes the long nooning of an hour and a half. That is a sight to dwell upon—when the thousands of workmen pour from the Vulcan yards at noon. For fifteen minutes before the whistle sounds, plump and comely women in short skirts, boys and girls and old men, have been gathering with baskets and bottles; and at the striking of the hour they all rush forward into the yards and are swallowed up in the outward current of men. A little later the men may be seen sitting along the sunny sides of neighboring buildings, each with a woman beside him, eating his rye bread, in silence for the most part, and yet with contentment. Again at four o'clock in the afternoon the whistle blows, and the men set their little blue pots in the edge of the forges and bring out a thick slice of bread covered with lard. This pause of fifteen minutes is called *vespers;* and the sudden lull of the clangor of the great works, the quiet, and the comfort of the men sitting thus at the close of the day, recall our own meaning of the word *vespers*. At night, after reaching home, there is a fifth meal of coffee, smoked fish, rye bread, and possibly a bit of cheese; and after that, if there are *pfennigs* left, beer. It is eleven hours or more of work, and after that the deadness of sleep; then work again, for there are always many mouths to feed in a German family.

CAPTAIN ALBERS OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

Drawn from life by George Varian, April, 1900.

The space over the "Deutschland's" engines still gaped wide open at the time of our first visit, suggesting from the upper deck an enormous grimy pit. The cylinders for the main engines were still open at the top, the largest being nearly nine feet in diameter, with a weight of forty-five tons, larger than the funnels of many a large steamer. Having gone down three stories of decks, we descended a ladder fully sixty feet long into the depths of the vessel. One may read indefinitely the cold figures relating to the size of the engines and boilers in an ocean steamer, and still he will not realize their greatness. But let him get down, pigmy-like, among the machinery itself, and look up into one of the great twin engines, and he will receive an impression of size and power such as he will never forget, especially if he visits this greatest of all engines. There are 128 cylinders in the engines, and the ship has nearly a third of a mile of railroad track for carrying her coal from the bunkers to the furnaces.

It was interesting to hear Captain Albers explain how the great ship was balanced—the engine just aft of amidship, boilers forward, fresh water in great tanks on each

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STOKE-HOLE OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

In the foreground is shown the railway used for carrying coal from the bunkers to the furnaces.

side just balancing each other, coal in the bunkers around the boilers, so that in case of war the enemy's shot could not pierce to the ship's vitals—and how water could be let in from the sea to this or that compartment to balance the coal burned away. This was all interesting, but we felt more deeply impressed by the strange, cold, dark, resounding hole in the extreme stern and at the bottom of the great ship, which we reached through a door in a steel wall. Here in silence, and almost without human attention, works the mighty rudder arm of the ship. It travels in a cogged quadrant, and it is so big that the engine which runs it is perched on top of it, and rides back and forth as the rudder answers the touch of the steersman's finger on the bridge, a fifth of a mile away.

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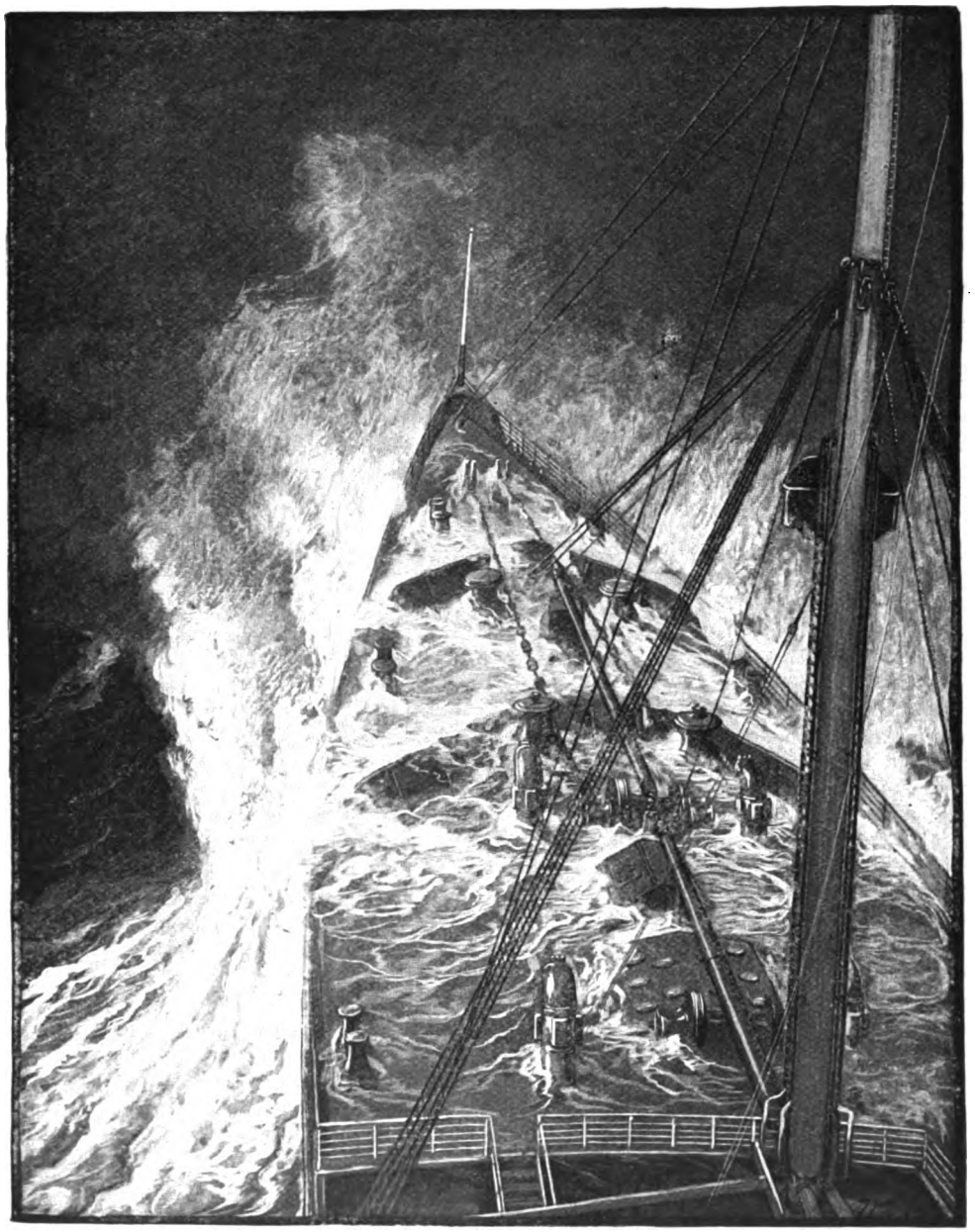

THE BOW OF THE "DEUTSCHLAND."

As seen from the bridge on her trial trip.

The "Deutschland" may be said to be twenty-one ships in one. In passing up the vessel from stern to stem, we crept through numerous gangways of steel, the doors of which could be instantly closed, and so screwed on rubber battens as to be impervious to both water and air. In case of an accident at sea, two men spring instantly to each of these doors and close them fast; and the ship, a moment before a single great apartment, becomes twenty-one separate rooms, having no connection below decks. If one, or two, or even five of these compartments fill with water, the ship will still float with the buoyancy of those remaining. And each compartment has its own pumps and its own means of escape for passengers, so that even though there is a yawning hole in the

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ship's bottom, she may yet sail safely into port. The "Deutschland" also has two bottoms. The real bottom of the ship lies from four to eight feet beneath the false bottom; both are almost equally strong, so that if a hidden reef bursts through the outer plates, there will still remain a firm, dry inner bottom to keep out the water. This wide space—it might be called the sub-basement of the vessel—has also its own separate compartments into which water can be let at will to balance the ship if she does not ride evenly.

After the ship's engines and boilers, perhaps the most impressive pieces of mechanism are the shafts, which reach from the engine out through the stern of the vessel, where they drive the propellers. In many respects, also, these shafts are the most difficult of any part of the ship to produce. They are made of a special, high-priced nickel steel. Each of them is 215 feet long—longer than many good-sized ships, and twice as large around as a man's body. They must needs have strength to drive such a weight of steel through the water at such a speed. Each bears on its tip end outside the ship a screw propeller of manganese bronze, each blade of which weighs four and one-half tons. They are the work of that great German, Herr Krupp of Essen, and they represent the acme of the art of steel-making. Upon its arrival from the mills, the shaft is in five parts, and it looks rough and coarse. But the workmen at the Vulcan fit the pieces one by one into an enormous lathe, and plane them down as a cabinet-maker would turn the leg of a chair. We saw such a lathe at work, and picked up fine shavings of nickel steel, curled and strong as a clock spring.

Such a vessel as the "Deutschland" would have been an impossibility a few years ago, not only for mechanical reasons, but because she could not have been made to pay. The "Deutschland" carries no freight and almost no express. She is wholly a passenger and mail steamer; and she is now a possibility because people are richer, and every year more of them travel back and forth between Europe and America. And to make such a speed as that indicated for the "Deutschland" means that so much room is required by the power-producing machinery and coal that there really is not any space for a large cargo. But for her purpose—that of carrying 1750 passengers across the Atlantic in the least possible space of time and with the greatest luxury—the "Deutschland" is the perfection of the shipbuilder's art.

THE WORKMAN'S DINNER-TIME.

"With a woman beside him, eating his rye bread, in silence for the most part, and yet with contentment."

Some few facts about the new ship may help to a realization of what a great modern ocean liner really is, and how absolutely complete she must be made in every particular. The "Deutschland," for instance, has a complete refrigerating plant, four hospitals, a safety deposit vault for the immense quantities of gold and silver which pass between the banks of Europe and America, light kitchens, a complete post-office with German and American clerks, thirty electrical motors, thirty-six pumps, most of them of American and English make, no fewer than seventy-two steam engines, a complete drug store, a complete fire department, with pumps, hose, and other fire-fighting machinery, a library, 2,600 electric lights, two barber shops, room for an orchestra and brass band, a telegraph system, a telephone system, a complete printing establishment, a photographic dark-room, a cigar store, an electric fire-alarm system, and a special re-

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frigerator for flowers. And she is one of the two great foreign liners having four funnels; the other is the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." That is the way that these two leviathans may be known from all other ships. She also has the usual two masts. They look stubby enough when mounted on her vast bulk, and yet they are so tall that the "Deutschland" could not get under the Brooklyn Bridge at New York, and so large around that while they are building, a man lies inside of them driving rivets.

When we last saw the "Deutschland," great dabs of red and white chalk marks covered her steel sides from stem to stern. Some German workman, with feeling for the monster on whom he had so long been toiling, had scrawled in big letters, "Gluck auf"—"Good luck!"

HOW McGRATH GOT AN ENGINE.

By Frank H. Spearman,

Author of "The Nerve of Foley," "The Million-Dollar Freight Train," and Other Stories.

THE WIPER'S FLYING TRIP ON EXTRA No. 240.

THIS came about through there being whiskers on the rails. It may not be generally understood that whiskers grow on steel rails; but, curious as it seems, they do. Moreover, on steel rails they are dangerous; and, at times, exceedingly dangerous.

Do not infer that all steel rails grow whiskers; nor is it, as one might suppose, only the old rails that sport them. The youngest rail on the curve may boast as stout a beard as the oldest rail on the tangent, and one just as gray. They flourish, too, in spite of orders; for while whiskers are permitted on engineers and tolerated on conductors, they are never encouraged on rails. Nature, however, provides the whiskers, regardless of discipline, and, what is more, shaves them herself.

Their culture depends on conditions. Some months grow better whiskers than others: September is famous for whiskers, while July grows none at all. Whiskers will grow on steel rails in the air of a single night; but not every night air will produce whiskers. It takes a high, frosty air, one that stays out late, to make whiskers. Take, for example, the night air of the Black Hills; it is known everywhere among steel rails as a beard tonic. The day's moisture, falling as the sun drops beyond the hills, is drawn into feathery, jeweled crystals of frost on the chilly steel, as a glass of ice-water beads in summer shade; and these dewy stalagmites rise in a dainty profusion, until when day peeps into the cañons the track looks like a pair of long white streamers winding up and down the levels. But beware that track. It is a very dangerous track, and its possibilities lie where Samson's lay—in the whiskers.

So it lies in early morning, as pretty a death-trap as any flower that ever lured a fly; only this pitfall waits for engines and trains and men—and sometimes, too, gets them.

It waits there on the mountain grades, in an ambush really deadly for an unwary train, until the sun, which is particularly lazy in the fall, peeping over into the cuts, smiles, at length, on the bearded steel as if it were too funny, and the whiskers vanish into thin air.

A smooth-faced rail presents no especial dangers; and if trainmen in the Hills had their way, they would never turn a wheel until the sun had done barbering. But dispatchers not having to do with them take no account of whiskers. They make only the schedules, and the whiskers make the trouble. To lessen their dangers, engineers always start, up hill or down, with a tankful of sand, and they sand the whiskers. It is rough barbering, but it helps the driver-tires grit a bit into the face of the rail, and in that way hang on. In this emergency a tankful of sand is better than all the air Westinghouse ever stored.

Aloysius McGrath was a little sweeper; but he was an aspiring one, for even a sweeper may aspire, and in point of fact most of them do aspire. Aloysius worked in the round-house at the head of the Wind River pass on the West End Mountains. It

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is an amazingly rough country; and as for grades, it takes your breath merely to look down the levels. Three per cent., four per cent., five per cent.—it is really frightful! But Aloysius was used to heavy falls; he had begun working for the company as a sweeper under Johnnie Horigan, and no engineer would have thought of running a grade to compare with Johnnie's headers.

Horigan was the first boss Aloysius ever had. Now Aloysius, if caught just right, is a very pretty name, but Johnnie Horigan could make nothing whatever of it, so he called Aloysius Cooney, as he said, for short —Cooney McGrath—and, by the way, if you will call that McGraw, we shall be started right. As for Horigan, he may be called anything; at least it is certain that on the West End he has been called everything.

Johnnie was ordinarily boss sweeper. He had suffered numerous promotions—several times to wiper, and once to hostler; but his tendency to celebrate these occasions usually cost him his job, and he reverted to sweeping. If he had not been such an inoffensive, sawed-off little old nubbin he wouldn't have been tolerated on the pay rolls; but he had been with the company so long and discharged so often that foremen grew tired of trying to get rid of him, and, in spite of his very irregular habits, he was hanging on somewhere all the time.

When Johnnie was gone, using the word in at least two senses, Aloysius Cooney McGrath became, *ipso facto*, boss sweeper. It happened first one Sunday morning, just after pay day, when Johnnie applied to the foreman for permission to go to church. Permission was granted, and Johnnie started for church; but it is doubtful whether he ever found it. At all events, he turned up again at the round-house at the end of three weeks, considerably the worse for his attempt to locate the house of prayer—which he had tried to find only after he had been kicked out of every other place in town.

Aloysius had improved the interval by sweeping the round-house as it never had been swept before; and when Johnnie Horigan returned, morally disfigured, Aloysius McGrath was already promoted to be wiper over his old superior. Johnnie was in no wise envious. His only move was to turn the misfortune to account for an ulterior purpose, and he congratulated the boy, affecting that he had stayed away to let them see what stuff the young fellow was made of. This put him in a position to negotiate a small loan from his *protégé*—a position of which he never neglected the possibilities. It was out of the question to be mad very long at Johnnie, though one might be very often.

After Aloysius got to wiping, he expected very soon to be firing. But he wiped many months, and there came no promotion. The trouble was, there were no new crews added to the engine service. Nobody got killed; nobody quit; nobody died. One, two, and three years without a break, and little Aloysius had become a bigger Aloysius, and was still wiping: he became also discouraged.

"Never y' mind, never y' mind, Cooney," old Johnnie would say. "It'll come all right. You'll get y'r ingin' yet. Lind me a couple till pay-a-day, Cooney, will you? I'll wahrant y' y'r ingin' yet, Cooney." Which little assurance always cost Aloysius two dollars till pay day, and no end of trouble getting it back; for when he attempted collection, Johnnie took a very dark view of the lad's future, alluding vaguely to people who were hard-hearted and ungrateful to their best friends. And though Aloysius paid slight attention to the old sweeper's vaporings, he really was in the end the means of the boy's getting his engine.

After three years of panic and hard times on the mountain division, the mines began to reopen, new spurs were laid out, new construction crews were put on, and a new activity was everywhere apparent. But to fill the cup of Aloysius' woe, the new crews were all sent up from McCloud. That they were older men in the order of promotion was cold comfort—Aloysius felt crowded out. He went very blue, and the next time Johnnie applied for a loan till the usual day, Aloysius rebuffed him unfeelingly; this in turn depressed John.

"Never mind, never mind, Cooney. I'll not be speakin' t' Neighbor agin t' set y' up. If y' like wipin', stick to ut. I'll not be troublin' Neighbor agin." Johnnie professed a great pull with the master mechanic.

That Aloysius might feel still more the sting of his coldness, Johnnie for some days paid much court to the new firemen and engine runners. Nothing about the house was too good for them, and as the crafty sweeper never overlooked an opportunity, he was in debt to most of the brotherhood before the end of the week.

But the memorable morning for Aloysius came shortly thereafter. It was one of those keen October mornings that bite so in the Hills. The construction train, Extra

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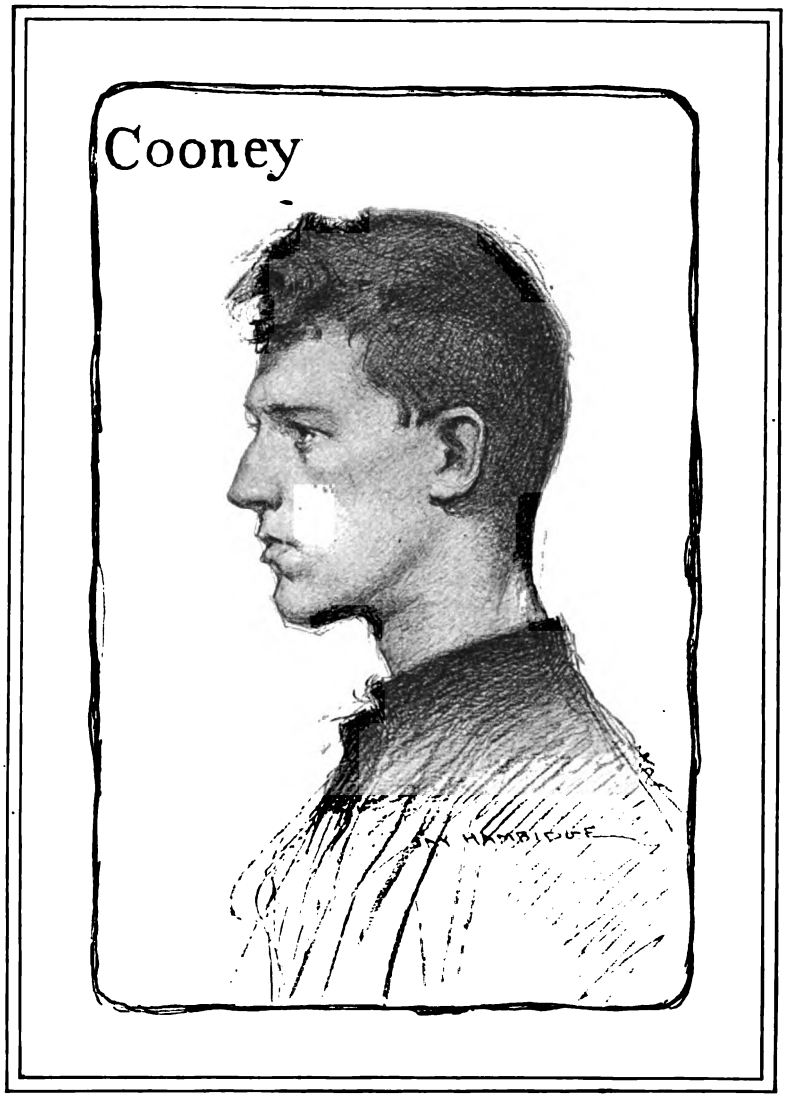

No. 240 West, had started about five o'clock down from the head of the pass with a load of steel for the track layers, and stopped for a bite of breakfast at Wind River. Above the round-house there is a switchback. When the train pulled in, the crew got off for some hot coffee. Johnnie Horigan was around playing good fellow, and he climbed into the cab to run the train through the switchback while the crews were at the eating-house. It was irregular to leave the engine, but they did, and as for Johnnie Horigan, he was regularly irregular. There were sixteen cars of steel in the string, besides a caboose ful of laborers. The backing up the leg of the nipper was easy. After the switch was newly set, Johnnie pulled down the lower leg; and that was too easy, considering the whiskers.

When he pulled by the eating-house on the down grade, he was going so lively with his flats that he was past before the crew could get out of the lunch-room. In just one minute everybody in Wind River was in trouble: the crew, because their train was disappearing down the cañon; the eating-house man, because nobody paid him for his coffee; and Johnnie Horigan, because he found it impossible to stop. He had dumped the sand, he had applied the air, he had reversed the engine—by all the rules laid down in the instruction car she ought to stop. But she didn't stop, and—this was the embarrassing feature—she was headed down

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a hill twenty miles long, with curves to puzzle a boa constrictor. John hung his head wildly over the drivers, looked back at the yelling crew, and contemplated the load that was pushing him down the grade; and his head began to swim. There appeared but one thing more to do: that was to make a noise; and as he neared the round-house he whistled like the wind. Aloysius O'Cooney McGrath, at the alarm, darted out of the house like a fox. As he reached the door he saw the construction train coming, and Johnnie Horigan standing in the gangway looking for a soft place to light.

The wiper charted the situation in a mental second. The train was running away, and Horigan was leaving it to its fate. From any point of view it was a tough proposition, but tough propositions come rarely to ambitious railroad men, and Aloysius was starving for any sort of a proposition that would help him out of the waste. The laborers in the caboose, already bewildered, were craning anxiously from the windows. Horigan, opposite the round-house, jumped in a sprawl; and the engine shot past Aloysius so quickly that boarding was out of the question.

But on the siding stood a couple of flats, empty; and with his hair straight on centers, the little wiper ran for them and mounted the nearest. The steel train was jumping. Aloysius, bunching his muscle, ran the length of the two flats for a head, and, from the far corner, threw himself across the gap like a bat on a load of the runaway steel. Scrambling to his feet, he motioned and yelled to the hoboes, who were pouring frantic out on the hind flat of the string, to set brakes; then he made ahead for the engine.

It was a race with the odds all wrong, for with every yard Aloysius gained, the train gained twenty. By the time he reached the tender, breathless, and slid down the coal into the deserted cab, the train was heading into Little Horn gap, and every Italian aboard, instead of twisting brakes, was yelling for life. Aloysius jumped into the levers, poked his head through the window, and looked at the drivers. They were in the back motion, and in front of them the sand was streaming wide open. The first thing he did was to shut it half off—the fight could not be won by wasting ammunition. Over and over again he jerked at the air. It was refusing its work. Where so many a hunted runner has turned for salvation there was none for Aloysius. He opened and closed, threw on and threw off; it was all one, and all useless. The situation was as simple as it was frightful. Unless the speed could be at least partly checked, either the engine would leave the track going into a curve, or the flats would leave it going out. Even if they didn't leave the track, they were certain to smash into Number Sixteen, the up-passenger, which must meet them somewhere on the hill.

Aloysius's fingers closed slowly on the sand lever. There was nothing on earth for it but sand, simply sand; and even the wiper's was oozing with the stream that poured from the tank on the whiskered rails. He shut off a bit more, thinking of the terrific curves below, and mentally calculated—or tried to—how long his steam would last to reverse the drivers—how he could shovel coal and sand the curves at the same time—and how much slewing the Italians at the tail of the kite could stand without landing on the rocks.

The pace was giddy and worse. When his brain was whirling fastest, a man put his hand on his shoulder. Aloysius started as if Davy Jones had tapped him, and between bounces looked scared around. He looked into a face he didn't know from Adam's, but there was sand in the eyes that met his.

"What can I do?"

Aloysius saw the man's lips move, and, without taking his hands from the levers, bent his head to catch the words.

"What can I do?" shouted the man at his elbow.

"Give me some steam—steam," cried the wiper, looking straight ahead.

It was the foreman of the steel gang from the caboose. Aloysius, through the backs of his eyes, saw him grab the shovel and make a pass at the tender. Doing so, he nearly took a header through the gangway, but he hung to the shovel and braced himself better.

With the next attempt he got a shovelful into the cab, but in the delivery passed it well up Aloysius' neck. There were neither words nor grins, but just another shovelful of coal a minute after; and the track-layer, in spite of the dizzy lurching, shot it where it belonged—into the furnace. Feeling that if one shovelful could be landed, more could, Aloysius' own steam rose. As they headed madly around the Cinnamon bend the dial began to climb in spite of the obstacles; and the wiper, considering there were two, and the steam and the sand to fight the thing out, opened his valve and dusted the whiskers on the curve with something more than a gleam of hope.

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"BUCKS"

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If there was confusion on the runaway train, there was terror and more below it. As the spectre flitted past Pringle station, five miles down the valley, the agent caught a glimpse of the sallow face of the wiper at the cab window, and saw the drivers whirling backward. He rushed to his key and called the Medicine Bend dispatcher. With a tattoo like a drum-roll the dispatcher in turn called Soda Springs, ten miles below Pringle, where Number Sixteen, the up-passenger, was then due. He rattled on with his heart in his fingers, and answer came on the instant. Then an order flashed into Soda Springs:

To No. 16:

Take Soda Springs siding quick. Extra No. 240 West has lost control of the train. DI.

There never was such a bubbling at Soda Springs as that bubbling. The operator tore up the platform like a hawk in a chicken yard. Men never scattered so quick as when Number Sixteen began screaming and wheezing and backing for the clear. Above the town, Aloysius, eyes white to the sockets, shooting the curves like a meteor, watched his lessening stream of sand pour into the frost on the track. As they whipped over bridges and fills the caboose reeled like a dying top—fear froze every soul on board. To leave the track now meant a scatter that would break West End records.

When Soda Springs sighted Extra No. 240 West, pitching down the mountain, the steel dancing behind and Aloysius jumping before, there was a painful sensation—the sensation of good men who see a disaster they are powerless to avert. Nor did Soda Springs know how desperate the wiper's extremity had become. Not even the struggling steel foreman knew that with Soda Springs passing like the films of a cinematograph, and two more miles of down-grade ahead, the last cupful of sand was trickling from the wiper's tank. Aloysius, at that moment, wouldn't have given the odd change on a pay check for all the chances Extra 240 and himself had left. He stuck to his levers merely because there was no particular reason for letting go. It was only a question of how a man wanted to take the rocks. Yet, with all his figuring, Aloysius had lost sight of his only salvation—maybe because it was quite out of his power to effect it himself. But in making the run up to Soda Springs Number Sixteen had already sanded the rails below.

He could feel the help the minute the tires ground into the grit. They began to smoke, and Aloysius perceived the grade was easing somewhat. Even the dazed foreman, looking back, saw an improvement in the lurch of the caboose. There was one more hair-raiser ahead—the appalling curve at the forks of the Goose. But, instead of being hurled over the elevation, they found themselves around it and on the bridge with only a vicious slew. Aloysius' hair began to lie down, and his heart to rise up. He had her checked—even the hoboes knew it—and a mile further, with the dangers past, they took new ones by dropping off the hind end.

At the second bend below the Goose, Aloysius made a stop, and began again to breathe. A box was blazing on the tender truck, and, with his handy fireman, he at once got down to doctor it. The whole thing shifted so mortally quick from danger to safety that the two never stopped to inventory their fears; they seemed to have vanished with the frost that lured them to destruction. They jumped together into the cab; and—whistling at the laborers strung back along the right of way—Extra No. 240 West began backing pluckily up hill to Soda Springs. The first man who approached the cab as they slowed down for the platform—in fact, people rather stood back for him—was Bucks, Superintendent of the Division; his car had come in attached to Number Sixteen.

"How did your train get away from you?" he asked of Aloysius; but his words were bitten with frost; there was neither speculation nor sympathy in his manner.

"It didn't get away from me," retorted Aloysius, who had never before in his life seen the man, and was not aware that he owed him any money. But the operator at the Springs, who knew Aloysius and the Superintendent both, was standing behind the latter doing a pantomime that would shame a medicine man.

"Quick talking will do more for you than smart talking," replied the Superintendent, crisply. "You'll never get a better chance—while you're working for this company—to explain yourself."

Aloysius himself began to think so, for the nods and winks of the operator were bewildering. He tried to speak up, but the foreman of the steel gang put in:

"See here, sport," he snapped, irreverently, at the angry official. "Why don't you cool your hat before you jump a fellow like that?"

"What business is it of yours how I jump

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a fellow?" returned the Superintendent, sharply. "Who are you?"

"I'm only foreman of this steel gang, my friend; and I don't take any back talk from anybody."

"In that case," responded Bucks, with velvet sarcasm, "perhaps *you* will explain things. I'm only Superintendent of this division—that's all; but it's customary to inquire into matters of this kind."

Aloysius nearly sank to the platform at the words; but the master of the hoboes, who had all the facts, went at the big man as if he had been one of the gang, and did not falter till he had covered the perspiring wiper with glory.

"What's the reason the air wouldn't work?" asked the Superintendent, turning, without comment, to Aloysius, when the tracklayer had finished.

"I haven't had time to find out, sir."

"Find out and report to me. What's your name?"

"McGrath."

"McGraw, eh? Well, McGraw, look close into the air. There may be something in it for you. You did the firing?" he added, turning short again on the unabashed steel foreman.

"What there was done."

"I'll do a little now myself. I'll fire you right here and now for impertinence."

"I suppose you're the boss," responded the man of ties, imperturbably. "When I made the crack, I'd made it harder if I had known who you were."

"You know now, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"Very good," said Bucks, in his mildest tones. "If you will report to me at Medicine Bend this afternoon, I'll see whether we can't find something better for your manners than cursing hoboes. You can ride down in my car, sport. What do you say? That will save you transportation."

It brought a yell from the railroad men crowding around, for that was Bucks' way of doing things; and the men liked Bucks and his way. The ex-captain of the dagoes tried to look cool, but in point of fact went very sheepish at his honors.

Followed by a mob, eager to see the finish, Superintendent Bucks made his way up the track along the construction train to where Aloysius and the engineer of Number Sixteen were examining the air. They found it frozen between the first and the second car. Bucks heard it all—heard the whole story. Then he turned to his clerk.

"Discharge both crews of Extra 240 and blacklist them. Fire Johnnie Horigan."

"Yes, sir."

"McGrath, run your train back to Wind River behind us. We'll scare up a conductor here somewhere; if we can't, I'll be your conductor. Make your report to Medicine Bend," Bucks added, speaking to the operator; and without further words walked back to his car.

As he turned away, the engineer of Number Sixteen slapped Aloysius on the back:

"Kid, why the blazes didn't you thank him?"

"Who?"

"Bucks."

"What for?"

"What for? Jiminey Christmas! What for? Didn't he just make you an engineer? Didn't he just say, 'Run your train back behind us to Wind River'?"

"My train?"

"Sure, your train. Do you think Bucks ever says a thing like that without meaning it? You bet not."

Bucks' clerk, too, was a little uncertain about the promotion. "I suppose he's competent to run the train back, isn't he?" he asked of Bucks, suggestively.

Bucks was scrawling a message.

"A man that could hold a train from Wind River here on whiskers, with nothing but a tankful of sand and a hobo fireman, wouldn't be likely to fall off the right of way running back," he returned dryly. "He's been wiping for years, hasn't he? We haven't got half enough men like McGrath. Tell Neighbor to give him an engine."

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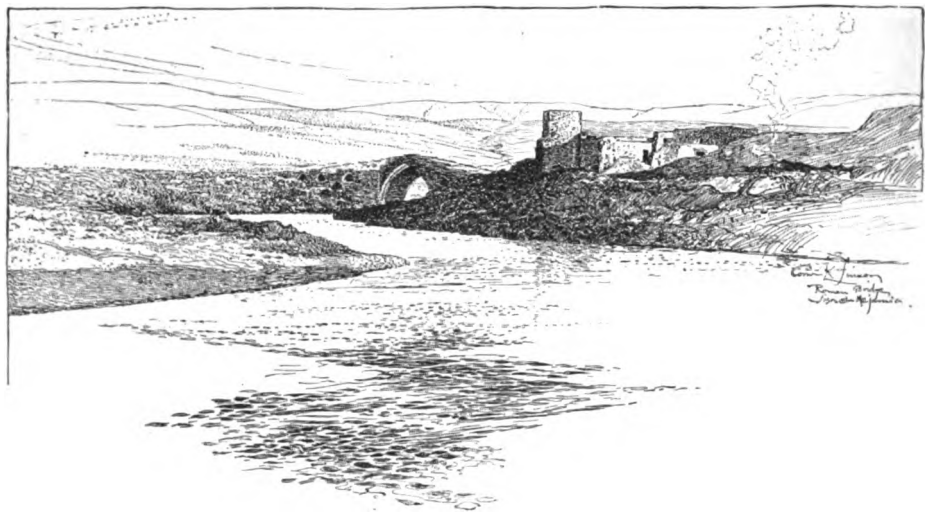
A Roman bridge across the Jordan a few miles above Bethabara.



THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

Illustrated from Paintings and Drawings by Corwin Knapp Linson.

PART IX.—A LAST ENCOUNTER.

DURING the week before Calvary our Master spent, for the most part, His nights at Bethany and His days in the temple. The conspiracy for His judicial murder, to which the Pharisees had devoted so much pains, and for which they had made such an immense sacrifice of honor, was now complete. Any day and any hour He might be arrested, and His mouth closed; and during the few days that He was at liberty He packed into the time some of His most important teachings, giving the parables of Judgment—the parables of the Two Sons and the Ten Virgins, the parables of the Rejected Corner-stone and the Wicked Husbandmen, and the parable of the Great Assize. During this time, also, He gave final comfort and instruction to His disciples in the discourses of the "Upper Room."

It was fitting that before His mouth was closed He should have a final meeting with His adversaries, and it was a very appropriate circumstance that this meeting should be held in the temple, and in the face of all the people. One by one the representatives of the classes which were against Jesus approached Him, and one by one they tried Him in final conflict. No display of sweet reasonableness on His part could, of course, avert the issue—the cross was inevitable—but during the two days in which He was engaged in this conflict He achieved a triumph which the cross could never take from Him. It is the meanest of all victories, when you have been defeated in fair argument, to strike a man full upon the mouth. Jesus obtained the crown—the crown of gold, and the thorns were left upon the head of the Pharisees. Behind the deputations who approached Jesus you can always see the faces of the Pharisees, and with one exception there is not an attack made upon Jesus which they did not inspire.

The first deputation came from the Council, representing the whole body—elders, scribes, and priests; but when you look at the questions which they put to Jesus, you can feel that the priests and the elders had comparatively little share in it. The first question was the question of the Pharisees.

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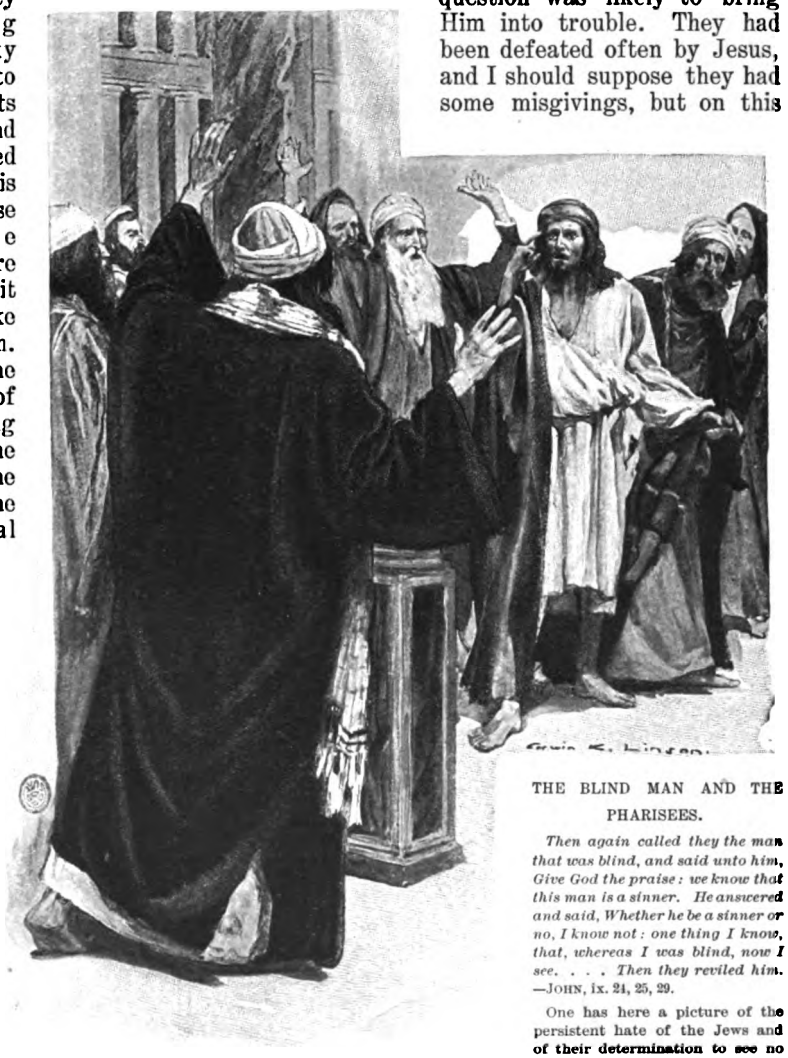
Their line all through was one of simple-minded inquiry, and also of ostentatious deference. The Master had now come to Jerusalem, and they were glad to welcome Him. The people were gathered together, and were in a very receptive condition. Many questions had been agitating the public mind, and there might have been some difference of opinion; now there was an opportunity for His removing every doubt they had ever had, and also of meeting all their difficulties. As candid men anxious to do what was right by Him, and as members of the Council, anxious to do their best by the people committed to their charge, they would now afford Him full scope. The Pharisees' question runs at large after this fashion: "As you are aware," they said, addressing Jesus, "the Almighty has been pleased to send great prophets to our people, and they have declared the knowledge of His work; but of course there are false prophets, as there are true prophets, and it is necessary to make a careful distinction. As the Council of the nation—the men of the greatest learning and position, and the men charged with the responsibility of the people's spiritual well-being, the decision must rest with us; and it has been our custom to decide whether a man was a true prophet or not; and if he was, to give him our *imprimatur*. We have been unable up to this date to give you our commission, and there have been collisions between us. This has been a matter of regret to us, as no doubt it has been to you; but we notice that you are preaching; and as we gave you no authority and we are sure that you would not preach without some sanction, let this matter be finally settled. In the face of the people, tell us from whom didst Thou receive Thine authority."

Of course the suggestion was that Christ had no authority—that He was a man eaten up with personal vanity and infected with false doctrine, who was running on His own responsibility, and playing mischief in the community. It was a very skilful question, because behind the Pharisees were a people who did respect the Council, and who did honor the prophets sanctioned by the Council, and any kind of answer He gave to the question was likely to bring Him into trouble. They had been defeated often by Jesus, and I should suppose they had some misgivings, but on this



THE BLIND MAN AND THE PHARISEES.

Then again called they the man that was blind, and said unto him, Give God the praise: we know that this man is a sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. . . . Then they reviled him. —JOHN, ix. 24, 25, 29.

One has here a picture of the persistent hate of the Jews and of their determination to see no good either in Jesus or his work.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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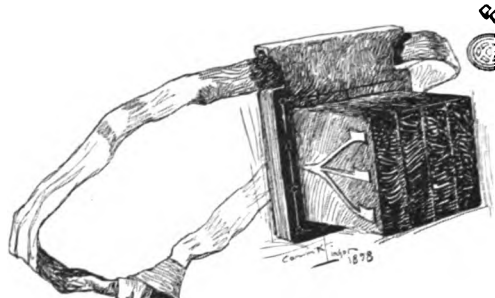

occasion they felt pretty sure of success.

Now there was no need for Jesus to explain to the representatives of the Council the authority He had for His mission, any more than a prophet like Amos required to explain to the priest of Bethel what right he had to come from Tekoa and thunder against the unrighteousness of the people. The right of Jesus lay in the reasonable words He spake, and in the spiritual work which He had done—the only real commission which any prophet can have, and which he can show from hand to hand to people of all creeds and all classes. He had come from God, He might have said; and the proof was that He spake as never man spake regarding the great mysteries of life and of God. They denied His orders, because His orders had not come from the Jewish Council—had not come, that is to say, from the infamous high priest and from the hypocritical Pharisees. He could stand and say, "These words are the vindication of My message, and what I have done is the seal of My orders."

But He knew the Pharisees well; and now, since the time had gone past for mercy between Him and them, He might as well administer to them a wholesome humiliation. They had asked Him a question, with assurance and arrogance, in face of the people. He would ask them another; and when His question was answered, He would answer theirs. It was quite within the sphere of their work, and closely connected with their own inquiry—a fair, open, and straightforward question. "You Pharisees are judges? I shall admit for the moment your claim that no prophet ought to preach except with your approval; and now I come to My question. I am not the only prophet that has addressed this generation. Before Me went one who was greater than all the prophets of the past. He attracted your attention, and you heard him. Will you tell Me, and will you tell these people now and here—the people whom you have gathered together to hear My answer—whether John's baptism and John himself were of God or no?"

Most simple questions were these, but they showed that when Jesus considered it becoming to use methods of argument in keeping with the Pharisees' mind, they had as little chance with Him on the lower as on the higher levels of His teaching. An easy answer!—which answer? If they stood forward, and said, John was of God, then Jesus had replied in a moment, "And you did not obey Him. What of your Council, what of your authority, what of your moral charge of the people?" They might have said, and they were simply itching to say, that the Baptist was not of God—that he was an insolent and self-sent man. They looked round the faces of the people, and already they saw the people's hands stooping for the stones, and they dared not; for if any man had denied that John was a prophet, his reputation, if not his life, had been gone that day. They were cunning men, and they were accustomed to snares; and they saw the snare, and would not walk into it. "We do not know; we cannot tell." "Neither shall I tell you My authority." And in the presence of the whole people He put the Pharisees, for the last time, to shame, and He did so with their own weapons.

Next day a very different deputation ap-

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proached Him, and it might be supposed that they came of their own accord. As the Gospels, however, put it, and as we ourselves know from the action of the Pharisees, this deputation consisted of puppets—well-dressed, but empty-headed puppets, dancing at the pulling of the Pharisees' strings. Between the Herodians—that is to say, speaking in quite a general way, the people attached to the Court of Herod—and Jesus there had been no conflict. In their eyes He was a vulgar fanatic, and to Him they were people who preferred a dancing-girl to John the Baptist. When you see them face to face, this group of courtiers in purple and fine linen, with high looks, and with mincing speech, and opposite them Jesus in His plain and peasant garments, you see this present world incarnate in its basest and meanest form, and you see Jesus unafraid, confident, spiritual, with vision reaching beyond this temple and its disputes, beyond the cross and death, the preacher of the unseen world—the world of righteousness, peace, and joy.

The Herodians would never have dreamt of asking any question of Jesus, had they not been moved by the Pharisees. The Herodians had no position whatever among the people except in connection with the court, and the favor of Rome was the life of Herod. If the people should turn against the Herodians, or if the Roman Emperor should withdraw his support from Herod's miserable, tinselled court, it would disappear, and every man in it. What a clever thing it would be if Jesus could be forced into a political difficulty, and be obliged to pass His opinion upon the rightfulness or wrongfulness of submitting to the Roman yoke! If Jesus were obliged to declare against the Roman Government, then latent patriotism had burst into a flame, and Herod's throne had been in danger. If, on the other

TYPES OF PHARISEES.

. . . They make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues . . . and to be called of men, Rabbi, Rabbi.—MATT. xxiii. 5-7.

hand, He declared in favor of the Roman Government, then the people had left Him, and it was doubtful whether He would have escaped from the temple with His life.

They come to Him, these Herodians, with great courtesy and with all the manners of a court; they tell Him how much they think of Him; they tell Him how much they depend upon His advice; they assure Him that He is a man uplifted above the world, and indifferent to human opinion. Behind the courtiers, with their false, honeyed words, bending before the Master, we can see the Pharisees, who have briefed the empty Herodians with the courteous speech, suggesting to them at every turn what they shall do. "All we desire to know is this (you can tell

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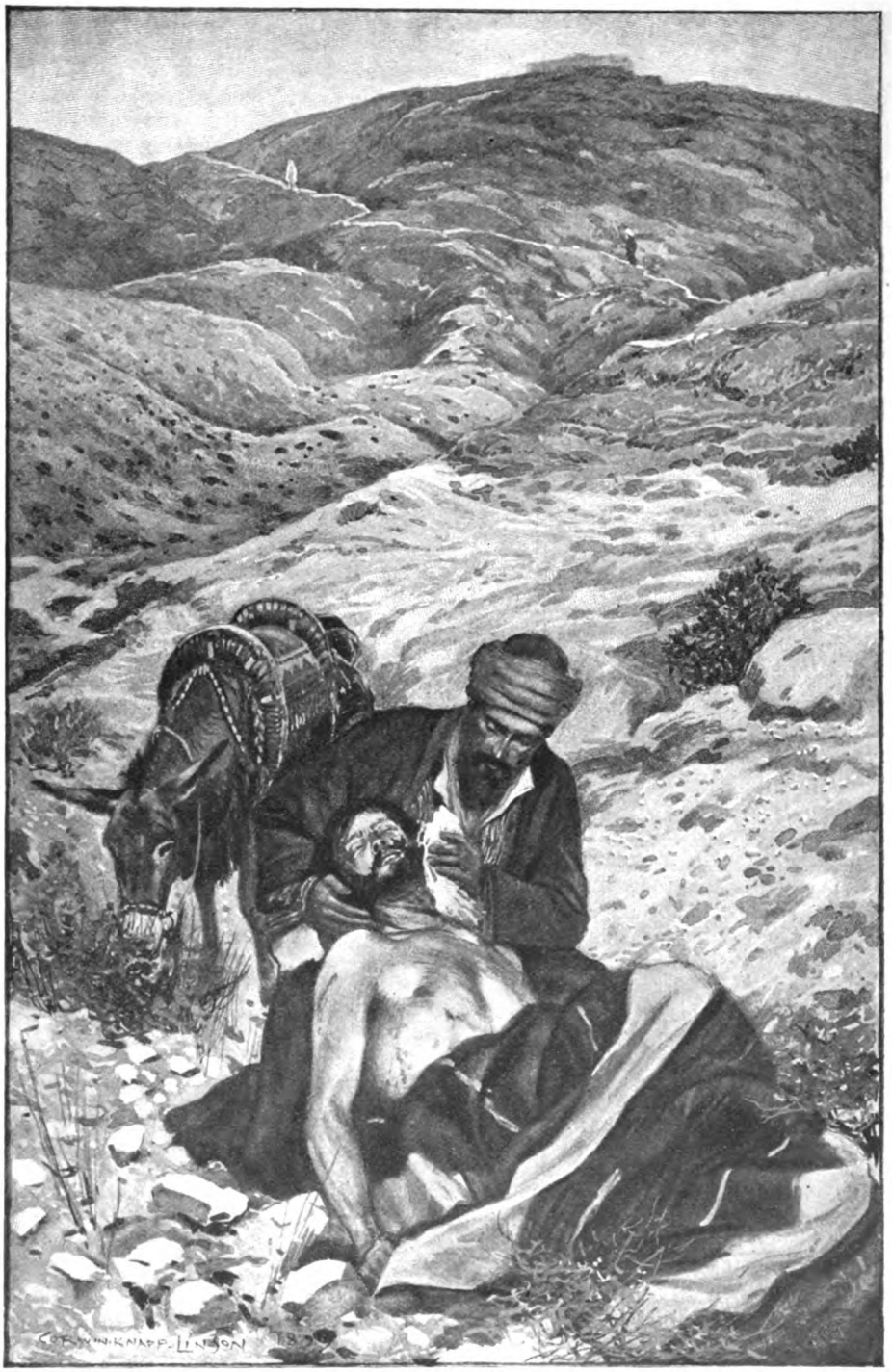

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

But a certain Samaritan . . . when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds.—LUKE, x. 33–34.

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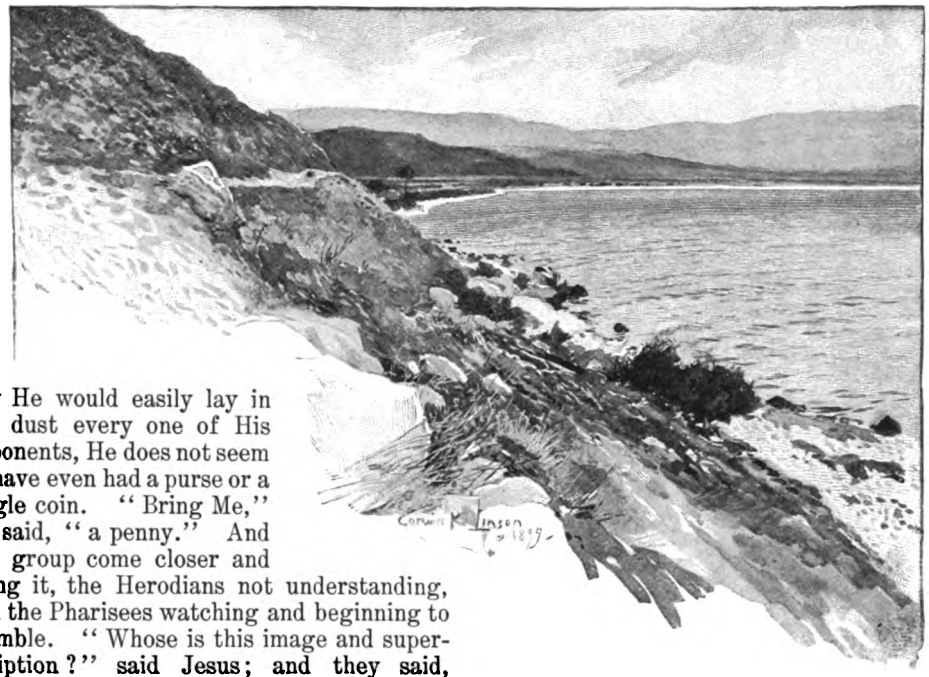
us true, of all men): Is it lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar?"

As far as one can feel the narrative, the Herodians never gave Jesus a single serious thought, and He did not answer them. He looked beyond them at the hypocrites, who desired to put a great prophet into a dilemma —a dilemma either of revolution or of treason to His country. "Bring Me," said Jesus, "a penny." Although He was that day the center of the temple crowd, and though that day He would easily lay in the dust every one of His opponents, He does not seem to have even had a purse or a single coin. "Bring Me," He said, "a penny." And the group come closer and bring it, the Herodians not understanding, and the Pharisees watching and beginning to tremble. "Whose is this image and superscription?" said Jesus; and they said, "Cæsar's." "You come, then, to ask whether you ought to pay tribute to Cæsar or not, while Cæsar's money is running in your land; and you know as well as I do, that if you accept the king's coinage you have owned the king's government. You ask Me a political question. Pharisees, when did I ever meddle with your local politics, when did I ever create disturbances in this land, when did I ever preach a revolution? Do you remember a man coming to Me down in Galilee, and asking Me to settle between him and his brother because they had quarrelled over an inheritance, and I refused, as I ever refuse, to have anything to do with worldly affairs? Mine is a spiritual kingdom. I come not to arrange your relation to the Roman Government; I have told you I came to deal with your souls. I warned you that you were slaves not to Rome, but to your sins. Settle with the Herodians the question of Cæsar; settle with Pilate the question of Pilate; and then settle the greater question which you have not settled and are not willing to settle —the question of the kingship of conscience and the rule of righteousness over your souls."

When this was over, we are willing to believe that the Pharisees were not prepared for another attack; but the local jealousy of the Council, although allayed for a little in order that both parties might unite in the persecution of Jesus, was still existent, and



ALONG THE WEST SHORE—SEA OF GALILEE.

The shore of the lake is generally low, and only on the western side, just north of Tiberias, is it at all precipitous. Here it is rocky and steep for some distance, until it slopes into the plain of Gennesaret.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

came into evidence. The Sadducees—that is, the priests and sceptical portion of the nation—came forward in their own person; and if one desires to understand the character of the Jewish priesthood and the coarseness of the lower scepticism, let him read the question that they put to Jesus. They did not believe in a future life; and not believing in the future life, they did not believe in any of the beautiful things which are unseen and eternal. They were not men in earnest; they were not thinking men; they were men with cheap objections and clever gibes; and now they came with one of their miserable mockeries at the greatest Hope which has ever lived in the human heart—the Hope of the future life.

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A Street in Tiberias.

One of their pet jests had gone the round of their feasts at Jerusalem, when they had drunk too much wine, and their hearts were gross within them; and the man who had introduced it had ever since been considered a wit—a man with a searching intellect, quick to dispel foolish delusions and maudlin sentiment about a future life. "If there is to be a future," they ask, "what would happen in a case like this? According to our law, when a man dies and leaves a widow who is childless, his brother has to marry her; so it came to pass that there were seven brothers, and six married their brother's widow in turn; now, in the life to come, whose wife shall she be?" They uttered this in the face of the people; it is incredible, but they repeated it looking into the eyes of Jesus Christ.

What He suffered on that occasion, and on many others of the same kind! They asked Him this foul question in the house of God; and with scorn, although with evident repression of Himself, He said to them: "Jews, how can I speak to you of the future life? It is impossible, for you have not the souls to appreciate or to inherit it: you care nothing for the life to come." Then, before He parted from the subject, He lifted it, as He ever did, on to its real level, and answered, not these men, who could not have understood the answer, but you and me, when in our low moments we lose the hope of everlasting life. His answer was in a Jewish form, but the kernel of it is easily found. "Was God the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; or is He to-day the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? If a man has in him the heart to trust in God and the heart to follow God through the seventy or eighty years of this present life—a heart to love God and to thirst for God—is there no God to correspond with that heart? and if the man lies down and dies, believing that he is lying on the bosom of the Eternal, is this, the noblest achievement of the human soul, only a hideous delusion? Does not Abraham prove God an eternal God? And God is not ashamed to-day because He has satisfied Abraham." We have been horrified at the indecency of the men and at the pain of our Master; and now we could almost thank them, because from the depths of their filthy imagination He has raised the question at once to the heights of light and supreme reason.

They left—we dare not hope they were ashamed of themselves—and we feel that the Herodians, Sadducees, and Pharisees were not men who could understand the Master. Are all His audience dark of mind and gross of heart? Those lips will soon be closed in the dust of death; and this, the

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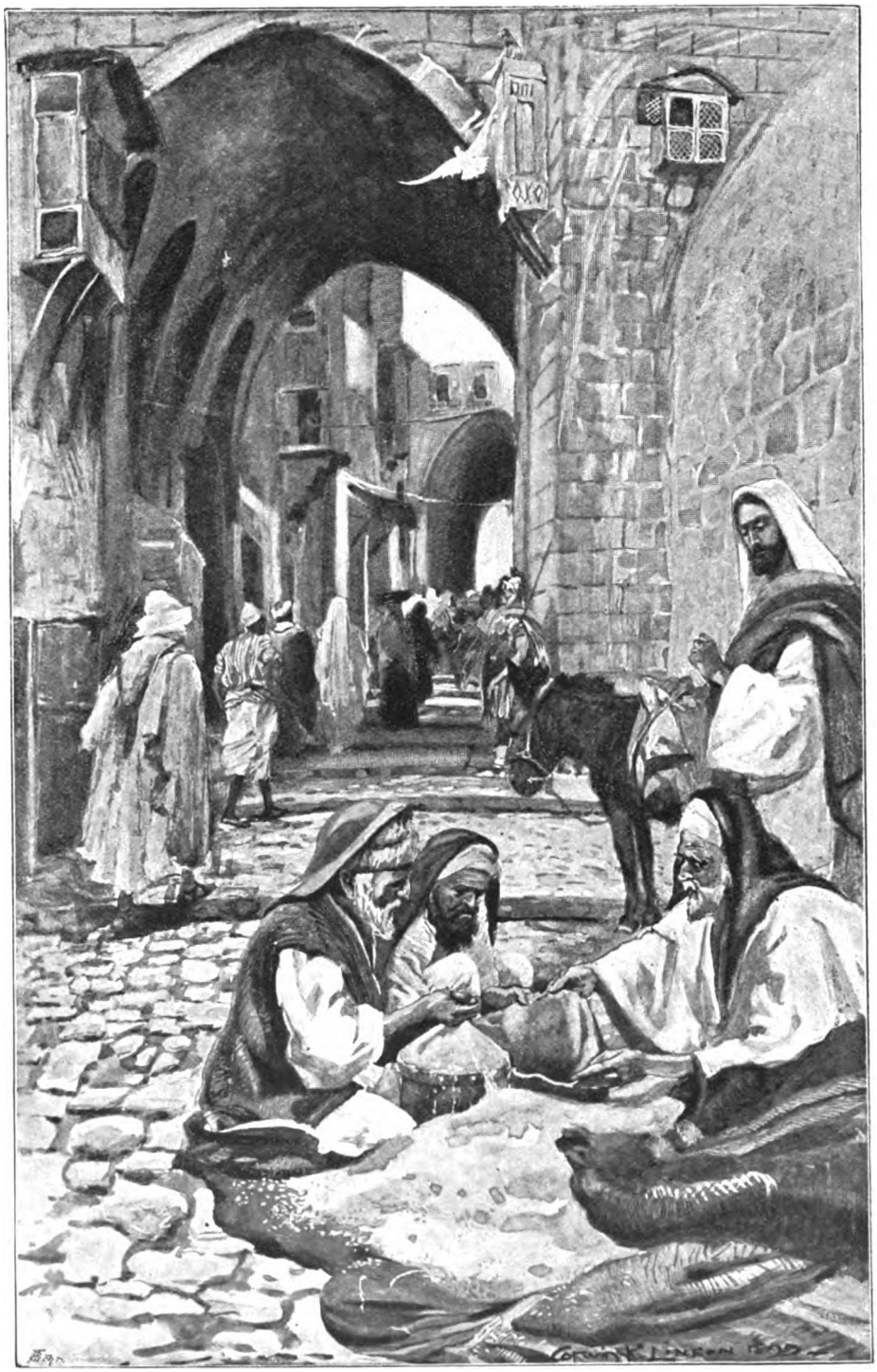

"GOOD MEASURE, PRESSED DOWN."

Good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over.—LUKE, vi. 38. In the village markets, and in the grain market in Jerusalem, the operation so graphically noted by Jesus is repeated in detail. The receptacle is heaped up to a point, and the last grain, carefully dropped on the apex of the cone, completes the "good measure."—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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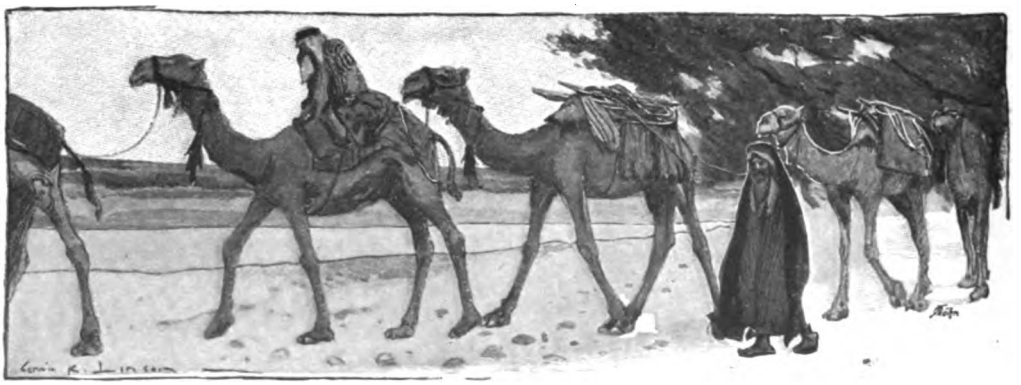
greatest Teacher that ever spoke to any generation, will not be able to answer a question. Is there no man who will seize this last opportunity and ask a worthy question?

At last, after all these deputations had been swept away in confusion, an honest scholar came to ask a question that had long been lying in his mind. It was a point in theology about which this scribe was perplexed, and it might be called pedantry, but it was real; and if you strip off the covering, it was a question that went to the root of things. They had had an academic argument in the Jewish schools as to which was the most important commandment, and this man felt that the debate had a spiritual interest. "Master," he said (he comes to Christ representing no person but himself), "which is the chief commandment, that when I know it I may keep it and receive life everlasting?"

As Jesus looks on him, the just scorn which we saw a moment ago upon His face passed away. Did Jesus ever argue and put to confusion an honest man? Never; and He never will. Everywhere and in all circumstances, if we be honest, though we make mistakes, we shall have kindly judgment at the hands of Jesus Christ. His face softened, His eye brightened; here is a man after His own heart. They stand out together from among the people, our Master and an honest man. "Thou knowest," said the Saviour, "that, when the commandments are summed up, the first of them is this, 'Love thy God'; and the second is this, 'Love thy neighbor'; and these together are chief of all the commandments, and the crown and the fruit of eternal life." He might have argued a little, this scholar—and there are people who have the heart—about that commandment not being sufficient; but this was an ingenuous and a spiritual man. "Master," he said, "Thou hast said well; Love is greatest," and then the whole of the teaching of the prophets—of Amos, Micah, and Isaiah—came pouring into his mind, lit up by the touch of Jesus—"Love, Master, is all in all."

Again Jesus looked at him. Hypocrites He had dealt with; fools He had dealt with; sceptics He had dealt with; but here was a disciple. "Thou art not far," He said—"thou art not far from the kingdom of Christ." And with these last gentle words, in which we see the Master fling open the door of the kingdom to all who have true hearts and bid them enter, the final encounter of Jesus Christ with His enemies closed in grace and charity.

(To be continued.)



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The Man with the Gash

By Jack London,

Author of "Grit of Women," "The Son of the Wolf," etc.

JACOB KENT had suffered from cupidity all the days of his life. This, in turn, had engendered a chronic distrustfulness, and his mind and character had become so warped that he was a very disagreeble man to deal with. He was also a victim to somnambulic propensities, and very set in his ideas. He had been a weaver of cloth from the cradle, until the fever of Klondike had entered his blood and torn him away from his loom. His cabin stood midway between Sixty Mile Post and the Stuart River; and men who made it a custom to travel the trail to Dawson, likened him to a robber baron, perched in his fortress and exacting toll from the caravans that used his ill-kept roads. Since a certain amount of history was required in the construction of this figure, the less cultured wayfarers from Stuart River were prone to describe him after a still more primordial fashion, in which a command of intensive adjectives was to be chiefly noted.

This cabin was not his, by the way, having been built several years previously by a couple of miners who had got out a raft of logs at that point for a grub-stake. They had been most hospitable lads, and, after they abandoned it, travelers who knew the route made it an object to arrive there at nightfall. It was very handy, saving them all the time and toil of pitching camp; and it was an unwritten rule that the last man left a neat pile of fire-wood for the next comer. Rarely a night passed but from half a dozen to a score of men crowded into its shelter. Jacob Kent noted these things, exercised squatter sovereignty, and moved in. Thenceforth, the weary travelers were mulcted a dollar per head for the privilege of sleeping on the floor, Jacob Kent weighing the dust and rarely failing to steal the down-weight. Besides, he so contrived that his transient guests chopped his wood for him and carried his water. This was rank piracy, but his victims were an easy-going breed, and while they detested him, yet they permitted him to flourish in his sins.

One afternoon in April he sat by his door, for all the world like a predatory spider, marveling at the heat of the returning sun, and keeping an eye on the trail for prospective

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flies. The Yukon lay at his feet, a sea of ice, disappearing around two great bends to the north and south, and stretching an honest two miles from bank to bank. Over its rough breast ran the sled-trail, a slender sunken line, eighteen inches wide and two thousand miles in length, with more curses distributed to the linear foot than any other road in or out of all Christendom.

Jacob Kent was feeling particularly good that afternoon. The record had been broken the previous night, and he had sold his hospitality to no less than twenty-eight visitors. True, it had been quite uncomfortable, and four had snored beneath his bunk all night; but then it had added appreciable weight to the sack in which he kept his gold dust. That sack, with its glittering yellow treasure, was at once the chief delight and the chief bane of his existence. Heaven and hell lay within its slender mouth. In the nature of things, there being no privacy to his one-roomed dwelling, he was tortured by a constant fear of theft. It would be very easy for these bearded, desperate looking strangers to make away with it. Often he dreamed that such was the case, and awoke in the grip of nightmare. A select number of these robbers haunted him through his dreams, and he came to know them quite well, especially the bronzed leader with the gash on his right cheek. This fellow was the most persistent of the lot, and, because of him, he had, in his waking moments, constructed several score of hiding places in and about the cabin. After a concealment he would breathe freely again, perhaps for several nights, only to collar the Man with the Gash in the very act of unearthing the sack. Then, on awakening in the midst of the usual struggle, he would at once get up and transfer the bag to a new and more ingenious crypt. It was not that he was the direct victim of these phantasms; but he believed in omens and thought-transference, and he deemed these dream-robbers to be the astral projection of real personages who happened at those particular moments, no matter where they were in the flesh, to be harboring designs, in the spirit, upon his wealth. So he continued to bleed the unfortunates who crossed his threshold, and at the same time to add to his trouble with every ounce which went into the sack.

As he sat sunning himself, a thought came to Jacob Kent that brought him to his feet with a jerk. The pleasures of life had culminated in the continual weighing and reweighing of his dust; but a shadow had been thrown upon this pleasant avocation, which he had hitherto failed to brush aside. His gold-scales were quite small; in fact, their maximum was a pound and a half —eighteen ounces—while his hoard mounted up to something like three and a third times that. He had never been able to weigh it all at one operation, and hence considered himself to have been shut out from a new and most edifying coign of contemplation. Being denied this, half the pleasure of possession had been lost; nay, he felt that this miserable obstacle actually minimized the fact, as it did the strength, of possession. It was the solution of this problem flashing across his mind that had just brought him to his feet. He searched the trail carefully in either direction. There was nothing in sight, so he went inside.

In a few seconds he had the table cleared away and the scales set up. On one side he placed the stamped disks to the equivalent of fifteen ounces, and balanced it with dust on the other. Replacing the weights with dust, he then had thirty ounces precisely balanced. These, in turn, he placed together on one side and again balanced with more dust. By this time the gold was exhausted, and he was sweating liberally. He trembled with ecstasy, ravished beyond measure. Nevertheless he dusted the sack thoroughly, to the last least grain, till the balance was overcome and one side of the scales sank to the table. Equilibrium, however, was restored by the addition of a pennyweight and five grains to the opposite side. He stood, head thrown back, transfixed. The sack was empty, but the potentiality of the scales had become immeasurable. Upon them he could weigh any amount, from the tiniest grain to pounds upon pounds. Mammon laid hot fingers on his heart. The sun swung on its westering way till it flashed through the open doorway, full upon the yellow-burdened scales. The precious heaps, like the golden breasts of a bronze Cleopatra, flung back the light in a mellow glow. Time and space were not.

"Gawd blime me! but you 'ave the makin' of several quid there, 'aven't you?"

Jacob Kent wheeled about, at the same time reaching for his double-barrelled shotgun, which stood handy. But when his eyes lit on the intruder's face, he staggered back dizzily. *It was the face of the Man with the Gash!*

The man looked at him curiously.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, waving his

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"A SELECT NUMBER OF THESE ROBBERS HAUNTED HIM THROUGH HIS DREAMS . . . ESPECIALLY THE BRONZED LEADER WITH THE GASH ON HIS RIGHT CHEEK."

hand, deprecatingly. "You needn't think as I'll 'arm you or your blasted dust."

"You're a rum 'un, you are," he added, reflectively, as he watched the sweat pouring from off Kent's face and the quavering of his knees.

"W'y don't you pipe up an' say somethin'?" he went on as the other struggled for breath. "Wot's gone wrong o' your gaff? Anythink the matter?"

"W—w—where'd you get it?" Kent at last managed to articulate, raising a shaking fore-finger to the ghastly scar which seamed the other's cheek.

"Shipmate stove me down with a marlin-spike from the main-royal. An' now as you 'ave your figger'ead in trim, wot I want to know is, wot's it to you? That's wot I want to know—wot's it to you? Gawd blime me! do it 'urt you? Ain't it smug enough for the likes o' you? That's wot I want to know!"

"No, no," Kent answered, sinking upon a stool with a sickly grin. "I was just wondering."

"Did you ever see the like?" the other went on, truculently.

"No."

"Ain't it a beute?"

"Yes." Kent nodded his head, approvingly, intent on humoring this strange visitor, but wholly unprepared for the outburst which was to follow his effort to be agreeable.

"You blasted, bloomin', burgoo-eatin' son-of-a-sea-swab! Wot do you mean, a-sayin' the most on-sightly thing Gawd Almighty ever put on the face o' man is a beute? Wot do you mean, you——"

And thereat this fiery son of the sea broke off into a string of Oriental profanity, mingling gods and devils, lineages and men, metaphors and monsters, with so savage a virility that Jacob Kent was paralyzed. He shrank back, his arms lifted as though to ward off physical violence. So utterly unnerved was he that the other paused in the mid-swing of a gorgeous peroration and burst into thunderous laughter.

"The sun's knocked the bottom out o' the trail," said the Man with the Gash, between departing paroxysms of mirth. "An' I only 'ope as you'll appreciate the hoppertunity of consortin' with a man o' my mug. Get steam up in that fire-box o' your'n. I'm goin' to unrig the dogs an' grub 'em. An' don't be shy o' the wood, my lad—there's plenty more where that come from, and it's you've got the time to sling an ax. An' tote up a bucket o' water while you're about it. Lively! or I'll run you down, so 'elp me!"

Such a thing was unheard of. Jacob Kent was making the fire, chopping wood, packing water—doing menial tasks for a guest! When Jim Cardegee left Dawson, it was with his head filled with the iniquities of this roadside Shylock; and all along

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the trail his numerous victims had added to the sum of his crimes. Now, Jim Cardegee, with the sailor's love for a sailor's joke, had determined, when he pulled into the cabin, to bring its inmate down a peg or so. That he had succeeded beyond expectation he could not help but remark, though he was in the dark as to the part the gash on his cheek had played in it. But while he could not understand, he saw the terror it created, and resolved to exploit it as remorselessly as would any modern trader a choice bit of merchandise.

"Strike me blind, but you're a 'ustler," he said, admiringly, his head cocked to one side, as his host bustled about. "You never 'ort to 'ave gone Klondiking. It's the keeper of a pub' you was laid out for. An' it's often as I 'ave 'eard the lads up an' down the river speak o' you, but I 'adn't no idea you was so jolly nice."

At such times that his visitor waxed sarcastic, Jacob Kent experienced a tremendous yearning to try his shotgun on him, but the fascination of the gash was too potent. This was the real Man with the Gash, the man who had so often robbed him in the spirit. This, then, was the embodied entity of the being whose astral form had been projected into his dreams, the man who had so frequently harbored designs against his hoard; hence—there could be no other conclusion—this Man with the Gash had now come in the flesh to dispossess him. And that gash! He could no more keep his eyes from it than stop the beating of his heart. Try as he would, they wandered back to that one point as inevitably as the needle to the pole.

"Do it 'urt you?" Jim Cardegee thundered, suddenly, looking up from the spreading of his blankets and encountering the rapt gaze of the other. "It strikes me as 'ow it 'ud be the proper thing for you to draw your jib, douse the glim, an' turn in, seein' as 'ow it worrits you. Jes' lay to that, you swab, or so 'elp me I'll take a pull on your peak-purchases!"

Kent was so nervous that it took three puffs to blow out the slush-lamp, and he crawled into his blankets without even removing his moccasins. The sailor was soon snoring lustily from his hard bed on the floor, but Kent lay staring up into the blackness, one hand on the shotgun, resolved not to close his eyes the whole night. He had not had an opportunity to secrete his five pounds of gold, and it lay in the ammunition box at the head of his bunk. But, try as he would, he at last dozed off with the weight of his dust heavy on his soul. Had he not inadvertently fallen asleep with his mind in such condition, the somnambulic demon would not have been invoked, nor would Jim Cardegee have gone mining next day with a dish-pan.

The fire fought a losing battle, and at last died away, while the frost penetrated the mossy chinks between the logs and chilled the inner atmosphere. The dogs outside ceased their howling, and, curled up in the snow, most probably dreamed of salmon-stocked heavens where dog-drivers and kindred task-masters were not. Within, the sailor lay like a log, while his host tossed restlessly about, the victim of strange fantasies. As midnight drew near he suddenly threw off the blankets and got up. It was remarkable that he could do what he then did without ever striking a light. Perhaps it was because of the darkness that he kept his eyes shut, and perhaps it was for fear he would see the terrible gash on the cheek of his visitor; but, be this as it may, it is a fact, that, unseeing, he opened his ammunition box, put a heavy charge into the muzzle of the shotgun without spilling a particle, rammed it down with double wads, and then put everything away and got back into bed.

Just as daylight laid its steel-gray fingers on the parchment window, Jacob Kent awoke. Turning on his elbow, he raised the lid and peered into the ammunition box. Whatever he saw, or whatever he did not see, exercised a very peculiar effect upon him, considering his neurotic temperament. He glanced at the sleeping man on the floor, let the lid down gently, and rolled over on his back. It was an unwonted calm which rested on his face. Not a muscle quivered. There was not the least sign of excitement or perturbation. He lay there a long while, thinking, and when he got up and began to move about, it was in a cool, collected manner, without noise and without hurry.

It happened that a heavy wooden peg had been driven into the ridge-pole just above Jim Cardegee's head. Jacob Kent, working softly, ran a piece of half-inch manila over it, bringing both ends to the ground. One end he tied about his waist, and in the other he rove a running noose. Then he cocked his shotgun and laid it within reach, by the side of numerous moose-hide thongs. By an effort of will he bore the sight of the scar, slipped the noose over the sleeper's head, and drew it taut by throwing back on his

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weight, at the same time seizing the gun and bringing it to bear.

Jim Cardegee awoke, choking, bewildered, staring down the twin wells of steel.

"Where is it?" Kent asked, at the same time slacking on the rope.

"You blasted—ugh——"

Kent merely threw back his weight, shutting off the other's wind.

"Bloomin'—Bur—ugh——"

"Where is it?" Kent repeated.

"Wot?" Cardegee asked, as soon as he had caught his breath.

"The gold-dust."

"Wot gold-dust?" the perplexed sailor demanded.

"You know well enough—mine."

"Ain't seen nothink of it. Wot do ye take me for? A safe-deposit? Wot 'ave I got to do with it any'ow?"

"Mebbe you know, and mebbe you don't know, but anyway, I'm going to stop your breath till you do know. And if you lift a hand I'll blow your head off!"

"Vast heavin'!" Cardegee roared, as the rope tightened.

Kent eased away a moment, and the sailor, wriggling his neck as though from the pressure, managed to loosen the noose a bit and work it up so the point of contact was just under the chin.

"Well?" Kent questioned, expecting the disclosure.

But Cardegee grinned. "Go ahead with your 'angin', you bloomin' old pot-wolloper!"

Then, as the sailor had anticipated, the tragedy became a farce. Cardegee being the heavier of the two, Kent, throwing his body backward and down, could not lift him clear of the ground. Strain and strive to the uttermost, the sailor's feet still stuck to the floor and sustained a part of his weight. The remaining portion was supported by the point of contact just under his chin. Failing to swing him clear, Kent clung on, resolved to slowly throttle him or force him to tell what he had done with the hoard. But the Man with the Gash would not throttle. He persisted in living and grinning, to the great perplexity of his self-appointed hangman. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and at the end of that time, in despair, Kent let his prisoner down.

"Well," he remarked, wiping away the sweat, "if you won't hang you'll shoot. Some men wasn't born to be hanged anyway."

"An' it's a pretty mess as you'll make o' this 'ere cabin floor." Cardegee was fighting

"THE PLEASURES OF LIFE . . . CULMINATED IN THE CONTINUAL WEIGHING AND REWEIGHING OF HIS DUST."

for time. "Now, look 'ere, I'll tell you wot we do; we'll lay our 'eads 'longside an' reason together. You've lost some dust. You say as 'ow I know, an' I say as 'ow I don't. Let's get a hobservation an' shape a course——"

"Vast heavin'!" Kent dashed in, maliciously, imitating the other's enunciation. "I'm going to shape all the courses of this shebang, and you observe; and if you do anything more I'll bore you as sure as Moses!"

"For the sake of my mother——"

"Whom God have mercy upon if she loves you. Ah! Would you?" He frustrated a hostile move on the part of the other by pressing the cold muzzle against his forehead. "Lay quiet, now! If you lift as much as a hair you'll get it."

It was rather an awkward task, with the trigger of the gun always within pulling distance of the finger; but Kent was a weaver, and in a few minutes had the sailor tied hand and foot. Then he dragged him without and laid him by the side of the cabin, where he could overlook the river and watch the sun climb to the meridian.

"Now I'll give you till noon, and then——"

"Wot?"

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"You'll be hitting the brimstone trail. But if you speak up, I'll keep you till the next bunch of mounted police come by."

"Well, Gawd blime me, if this ain't a go! 'Ere I be, innercent as a lamb, an' 'ere you be, lost all o' your top-'amper an' out o' your reckonin', run me foul an' goin' to rake me into 'ell-fire. You bloomin' old pirut! You——"

Jim Cardegee loosed the strings of his profanity and fairly outdid himself. Jacob Kent brought out a stool that he might enjoy it in comfort. Having exhausted all the possible combinations of his vocabulary, the sailor quieted down to hard thinking, his eyes constantly gauging the progress of the sun, which tore up the eastern slope of the heavens with unseemly haste. His dogs, surprised that they had not long since been put to harness, crowded around him. His helplessness appealed to the brutes. They felt that something was wrong, though they knew not what, and they crowded about, howling their mournful sympathy.

"Chook! Mush-on! you Siwashes!" he cried, attempting, in a vermicular way, to kick at them, and discovering himself to be tottering on the edge of a declivity. As soon as the animals had scattered, he devoted himself to the significance of that declivity which he felt to be there but could not see. Nor was he long in arriving at a correct conclusion. In the nature of things, he figured, man is lazy. He does no more than he has to. When he builds a cabin he must put dirt on the roof. From these premises it was logical that he should carry that dirt no further than was absolutely necessary. Therefore, he lay upon the edge of the hole from which the dirt had been taken to roof Jacob Kent's cabin. This knowledge, properly utilized, might prolong things, he thought; and he then turned his attention to the moose-hide thongs which bound him. His hands were tied behind him, and, pressing against the snow, they were wet with the contact. This moistening of the raw-hide he knew would tend to make it stretch, and, without apparent effort, he endeavored to stretch it more and more.

THE MAN WITH THE GASH.

He watched the trail hungrily, and when in the direction of Sixty Mile a dark speck appeared for a moment against the white background of an ice-jam, he cast an anxious eye at the sun. It had climbed nearly to the zenith. Now and again he caught the black speck clearing the hills of ice and sinking into the intervening hollows; but he dared not permit himself more than the most cursory glances for fear of rousing his enemy's suspicion. Once, when Jacob Kent rose to his feet and searched the trail with care, Cardegee was frightened, but the dog-sled had struck a piece of trail running parallel with a jam, and remained out of sight till the danger was past.

"I'll see you 'ung for this," Cardegee threatened, attempting to draw the other's attention. "An' you'll rot in 'ell, jes' you see if you don't."

"I say," he cried, after another pause; "d'ye b'lieve in ghosts?" Kent's sudden start made him sure of his ground and he went on: "Now a ghost 'as the right to 'aunt a man wot don't do wot he says; and you can't shuffle me off till eight bells—wot I mean is twelve o'clock—can you? 'Cos if you do, it'll 'appen as 'ow I'll 'aunt you. D'ye 'ear? A minute, a second too quick an' I'll 'aunt you, so 'elp me, I will!"

Jacob Kent looked dubious, but declined to talk.

"'Ow's your chronometer? Wot's your longitude? 'Ow do you know as your time's correct?" Cardegee persisted, vainly hoping to beat his executioner out of a few minutes. "Is it Barrack's time you 'ave? or is it the Company time? 'Cos if you do it before the stroke o' the bell I'll not rest. I give you fair warnin'. I'll come back. An' if you 'aven't the time 'ow will you know? That's wot I want—'ow will you tell?"

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"I'll send you off all right," Kent replied. "Got a sun-dial here."

"No good. Thirty-two degrees variation o' the needle."

"Stakes are all set."

"'Ow did you set 'em? Compass?"

"No; lined them up with the North Star."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

Cardegee groaned, then stole a glance at the trail. The sled was just clearing a rise, barely a mile away, and the dogs were in full lope, running lightly.

"'Ow close is the shadows to the line?"

Kent walked to the primitive timepiece and studied it. "Three inches," he announced, after a careful survey.

"Say, jes' sing out 'eight bells' afore you pull the gun, will you?"

Kent agreed, and they lapsed into silence. The thongs about Cardegee's wrists were slowly stretching, and he had begun to work them over his hands.

"Say, 'ow close is the shadows?"

"One inch."

The sailor wriggled slightly to assure himself that he would topple over at the right moment, and slipped the first turn over his hands.

"'Ow close?"

"Half an inch." Just then Kent heard the jarring churn of the runners and turned his eyes to the trail. The driver was lying flat on the sled and the dogs swinging down the straight stretch to the cabin. Kent whirled back, bringing his rifle to shoulder.

"It ain't eight bells yet!" Cardegee expostulated. "I'll 'aunt you, sure!"

Jacob Kent faltered. He was standing by the sun-dial, perhaps ten paces from his victim. The man on the sled must have seen that something unusual was taking place, for he had risen to his knees, his whip singing viciously among the dogs.

The shadows swept into line. Kent looked along the sights.

"Make ready!" he commanded, solemnly. "Eight b——"

But just a fraction of a second too soon Cardegee rolled backward into the hole. Kent held his fire and ran to the edge. Bang! The gun exploded full in the sailor's face as he rose to his feet. But no smoke came from the muzzle; instead, a sheet of flame burst from the side of the barrel near its butt, and Jacob Kent went down. The dogs dashed up the bank, dragging the sled clear over his body, and the driver sprang off as Jim Cardegee freed his hands and drew himself from the hole.

"Jim!" The newcomer recognized him. "What's the matter?"

"Wot's the matter? Oh, nothink at all. It jest 'appens as I do little things like this for my 'ealth. Wot's the matter, you bloomin' idjit? Wot's the matter, eh? Cast me loose or I'll show you wot! 'Urry up, or I'll 'olystone the decks with you!"

"Huh!" he added, as the other went to work with his sheath-knife. "Wot's the matter! I want to know. Jes' tell me that, will you, wot's the matter? Hey?"

Kent was quite dead when they rolled him over. The gun, an old-fashioned, heavy-weighted muzzle-loader, lay near him. Steel and wood had parted company. Near the butt of the right-hand barrel, with lips pressed outward, gaped a fissure several inches in length. The sailor picked it up, curiously. A glittering stream of yellow dust ran out through the crack. The facts of the case dawned upon Jim Cardegee.

"Strike me standin'!" he roared; "'ere's a go! 'Ere's 'is bloomin' dust! Gawd blime me, an' you, too, Charley, if you don't run an' get the dish-pan!"

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THE SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

By Norman Duncan.*

HOW THE PARTY OF LIBERTY REVOLTED AGAINST ABDUL HAMID.

WHEN, craftily peering in fear for the virago of the tenement, old Khalil Khayat, the editor, peeped in and, reassured by the solemn quiet, crept to the corner where he lay, little Billy Halloran was in rare, sore need of some comfort and courage—such, perchance, as may be found in a hand laid on the head in tenderness, be the touch ever so swift and diffident, and in the sound of a voice speaking softly of old, far-away things. Three hours ago, "Kawkab Elhorriah"—which, in the Arabic, is Star of Liberty—had gone to press in the old yellow building near South Street, where Salim Shofi's hard money gives life, daily, to the old teaching in new words. Even now, Nageeb the Intelligent, Abo-Samara's little son, was throwing it on all the restaurant tables of Washington Street, from Rector to the Battery, crying, "'Kawkab!' News of a Mohammedan outrage in Damascus!" with all the importance of his ten years. The day's work was done, so Khayat had leisure for a kindly deed; and the plea for it, strong as a voice, was in Billy's bad leg, which the tumbled coverlid disclosed, scrawny, shining white in the twilight, like a misshapen stalk of sickly cellar-growth. I shall write no more about the bad leg, nor shall the responsibility of the medical student ever be set forth; for, even as Khalil Khayat has written: *There is a wide blue sky and a stagnant gutter, and the eyes of men move freely in their sockets; and in the contemplation of the one there is a great lifting up, but in the other an unprofitable sickness of soul.* All of which, indeed, has nothing to do with how Mahaomed Yassin Shariff's knife-thrust, in Damascus, laid bare the Spirit of Revolution in Washington Street, but cries out, piteously, to be set down.

"Your mother—where ees she?" Khayat whispered fearfully.

"Jagged," Billy answered, sighing his relief.

"She—s-she ees not here?"

"Naw," was the reply, in a thin, frail, weary voice. "She's chasin' de duck."

"Ah, eet ees good," Khayat said. He sat down with some assurance, and smiled.

"Ain't y'u goin' t' tell me a story, Mister Khayat?" Billy wailed from the shadow.

Now, Khayat had the caress and the story to stop the whimpering; and no man knew better than this old one the worth of a touch and a tale in the twilight. When the evening wind rose, cool and fresh from the harbor, and eddied through the room and swept the heated, fetid air from the corner, as though seeking out first, eagerly, the children with whom the sun had dealt cruelly, Billy rested, listening in lassitude to the droning voice, content, forgetful. Soon his eyelids were too heavy for him; but the story went on, in a practised sing-song, like a lullaby, until he fell asleep, and there was no sound but the soothing, summer-night murmur, rising from the street. Then Khalil Khayat dropped the hot little hand, which he had taken up regardless of the grime; and rose, like a thief, to steal away to the back room of the coffee-house of Nageeb Fiani, to hear what the people had to say of the writing in that day's "Kawkab Elhorriah" concerning the licentious murder of Salim Khouri's brother by Mahaomed Yassin Shariff, a Mohammedan, in Damascus; for the writing was like a seed sown with anxious care, that the harvest, to be reaped by other hands in the far-away future, might be Liberty—like one seed sown hopefully from a deep bag.

Billy opened his eyes; but the lids closed again, against his will, for he was very weary, and the relief of the evening was upon him.

"Ain't y'u goin' t' come back no more t'night?" he plainted.

"Have you not sleep? I seet down more weeth you," Khayat whispered; but Billy

* Mr. Norman Duncan has achieved fame recently by his delineations of life in the Syrian quarter of New York City. This is a hitherto untrodden field in literature, which has aroused interest, not only because of the peculiar characteristics of these long-suffering exiles, but because of the literary quality of Mr. Duncan's tales of their life here. This story is one of a series, so connected as to make the interest continuous, which is being published in book form, under the title "The Soul of the Street," by McClure, Phillips & Co. It is a unique and entertaining volume.—Ed.

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was again asleep. "I am come back soon," Khayat went on; and he moved to go, stepping softly.

"Ain't y'u—fergit—de—flow'r?" Billy asked, waking; and then he dozed off beyond light disturbance.

Ah! in his unholy eagerness for the entertainment of learning whether the seed was to shrivel or take sure root, Khayat had forgotten Billy's plant—the twisted, scrawny, pale little plant, like unto Billy himself, that then thirsted on the fire-escape, where it had been put, with groaning, by its lover, in the afternoon. With what reproaches did Khayat hurt his heart as he brought it in, and watered it and bathed its every lean, miserable leaf, and set it at the head of the cot to comfort the waking eyes. Had he been remiss in anything else? He scratched his head and puzzled his absent mind; and, having thought long and distressfully in vain, tip-toed out, frowning, self-reproachful, for in the sight of Billy Halloran there was no plant like that weakling, and in the heart of Khalil Khayat no self-justification for leaving it long in discomfort. So the regret followed the old man half-way down the stair, and was forgotten utterly only when the old-world smell of the narghiles and the noise of a great voice, raised raspingly in exhortation to the shedding of blood, even the sacred blood of the Sultan, shut the little Irish boy and all the things of the tenement out of thought, at the door to the back room of Nageeb Fiani's coffee-house, where the Irish never go.

". . . written: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?" Elias Rahal was crying in a passionate undertone, in the finer Arabic of oratory. "Even now the lamentations of Salim Khouri, whose brother has gone to the grave in blood, sound in our ears; and so great is the noise of his weeping that men gather in the street, wondering to hear it, and the *p'leecem'n* make their way to the place where he lies, even to the *sixt' floor* of the great dwelling-place, though they are weary with much walking, and very fat and important . . ."

Khayat halted at the door to listen—eavesdropping innocently; verily, as men say, there was no guile in him. He sat down in the darkness of the middle room, at the door to the narrow place where Elias Rahal sat at the round table with four others; and there was a smile on his thin, dark face, like the smile of a rapt, expectant child in the darkened amphitheater when the footlights flare suddenly against the great curtain, and a burst of music announces the disclosure of the spectacle. Such, indeed, was the character of his interest in the shifting passions of the people. His work for Liberty was higher than their hands could reach to help or hinder: his purpose without variableness, past their understanding, solemn, hidden within his heart, laying stone upon stone of a Temple which the hands of the children of the yet unborn should complete. This was the fanciful conception with which he cheered his life; so the talk of the people was a passing bitterness or a thrill of soul, as it chanced. What did their talk matter? He would sow, day after day. What was the loss of one small seed from a deep bag? And, even as he has written: *In the autumn the harvest is garnered, spite the wrath of a (single) day.* It was, indeed, all a play; and Khayat, with his pen laid aside for the day, was like a child looking on—the emotion fading with the falling of the curtain.

". . . the shedding of Christian blood to continue forever?" Rahal went on with deepening passion. "Is a murderer to be forever safe against justice because he is a Mohammedan? Is the foot of the Sultan Abdul Hamid never to be flung from the necks of our people, but is the heel of his iron boot to tear the throats of our children's children? Is it forever we must suffer . . ."

The words of Rahal were lost to the listener in the street noises. The outer door was open in invitation to the evening wind; but Rahal's staccato utterance had lifted itself clear above the outer night-clatter—above the rattle of the truck-wheels on the cobblestones, and the sound of the drivers' warning cries, above the intermittent roar of the elevated trains, and the buzz of gossip. Now, the sportive children, the gutter-snipes, marched past in whimsical, riotous procession, singing:

Hello, mah baby!
Hello, mah honey!
Hello, mah rag-time gal!
Send me a kiss by wire,
Honey, mah heart's on fire.
If you refuse me,
Then you will lose me,
An' you'll be left alone.
Oh, baby, telephone,
An' tell me I'm yer own!

Khayat had been absorbed in Rahal's speech—eager, like a critic, to rate the climax, the form of it, the ring of it; but there was no anger in his heart because the children were noisy. He was always jealous

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for the happiness of children, as Nageeb the Intelligent, Abo-Samara's little son, knew well before he died, and as all the little people of the gutters will tell you to this very day. He did not exclaim impatiently; he reached out stealthfully and pushed the door to the little back room ajar, that he might hear the better.

"Hush-h-h. Elias!" came from within.

"Hush!"

"There is one listening at the door."

There was silence—as when men strain their ears to catch a warning, for their very lives' sake. Khayat was still as a statue; and his eyes were shining like the eyes of a roguish child playing at hide-and-seek. Ah, he is comparable only to a child—Khayat is! The Spirit had taken life lease of a corner in his heart!

"No; there is no one to hear."

"Go on, Elias. It is very fine."

"If my enemy should hear?" Rahal whined.

"There is no ear to hear—save only ours."

There was a second period of listening, which the contemptuous bubbling of a narghile disturbed.

"Go on, Elias. Our hearts are in our mouths, where your words have sent them leaping. Are we to choke to death?"

"Go on, Elias. Who is to shed the Sultan's blood, did you say?"

Now they speak with candor of dark designs only in the dark, these expatriated Syrians of lower Washington Street; for every man sees an enemy in his friend, and, though words may be discreetly chosen and softly spoken, no man, as it is written, can draw a blind over his eyes. So when one spoke of the Sultan's blood, another, as though afraid to betray the pallor and agitation of fear, turned the gas to a pin's-head flame. Shadows—seclusion; the time was ripe for blackest conspiracy. For, perchance, even as children of persuasive imagination, with the swaggering courage of garret-clothes and garret-guns, when the Dusk, deepening, veils the face of the garden with gray Mystery, enchanting the familiar clump of lilacs into a rocky rendezvous for bandits and all the shadows into shelter for fearsome, designing Shapes—even as, shivering, round-eyed, they gather close and plot red death, daring the beating of their hearts and the mocking shadows and the garden's uncanny night-plaint, so do these simple folk desperately conspire. The illusion, the shuddering thrill—they are the same.

"Tell us, Elias, who is to shed the Sultan's blood?"

"It shall be by lot," Rahal whispered. He burst out, thumping the table at each word: "So shall it be determined by whose hand the Sultan is to die."

"Ah-h!" This was a sigh of relief—delight; it was as though a dark, treacherous path had been suddenly flooded with light.

Khayat, forgetting himself in the obscurity of the middle room, chuckled explosively; he had to pinch his lean leg very, very hard to sober himself—to pinch it until he winced, which was not an easy thing to do, for the leg was very lean.

"But not yet," Rahal added, knowingly.

"Where and how? Tell us, O Elias!"

There was a confusion of sounds, as of men drawing close to a table. Khayat could hear them push the coffee cups aside; could hear the flimsy little table creak under the weight of the conspirators as they leaned upon it to get their heads the nearer together. He gave his leg a convulsive pinch, and cried out with the pain of it.

"What's that?"

"It is the table groaning."

"Ah! I thought—I thought—is there no one listening? Are you sure?"

"There is no one."

Rahal stuttered distractedly: "L-let us—f-f-first revolt." He paused, listening intently; then continued in a lower, surer voice: "To revolt is the first thing. Let us unite the people of Washin'ton Street and demand of Abdul Hamid the freedom of our land. If he denies us, let us rise and carry fire and the sword even into the innermost palace at Constantinople. Sadahala," he continued enthusiastically, "you draw up the paper for the Party of Liberty. Have all the people sign it. Then——"

"Abo-Samara has more skill with the pen than I, and more learning. Let him——"

"Sadahala, my friend, you honor me too highly," was softly interjected. "I am unlearned, and——"

Khayat had to pinch himself again—this time harder than before; the next morning the leg was blue at that point, as he gleefully observed.

"I," was heard in a proud, hoarse whisper, "will draw up the paper and pass it from hand to hand. I—I—will do it."

"Ah! Who can do it better than Tanous Shishim? Go on, Elias."

"In one month," Rahal said, "the Syrians of Montreal and Philadelphia and all the West will unite with us. There will be an army

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of 3,000 men gathered in N' York—strong men, great in might, greater in courage and patriotism. We will say in the newspapers—the American newspapers—that we have 20,000 men ready to die for Liberty; and it will be, indeed, as though there were 20,000. Who is to deny our words? In two months the news will be carried to Beirut; verily, the rejoicing will be very great. In three months it will be spread to the edge of the desert, even to the furthermost parts of the land. In four months the people will rise, Christian and Mohammedan, kin in heritage, brothers in high purpose; and they will arm themselves with sword and rifle and raise the banner of the Party of Revolution, leaping to the trumpet-call of Liberty as to the cry of one risen from the dead. It will be, oh men—it will be the great Arabic uprising! Then will a great fleet, a fleet mighty and invincible, sail from these shores to the very gate of Constantinople; and a great army will take ship from N' York, an army of the friends of Liberty, an army——"

"What fleet and what army, O Elias?" The question was asked in tremulous eagerness.

"The fleet of the United States and the army of a free people," said Rahal.

"Can it be so?"

"Is it, in truth, a thing possible?"

Khalil Khayat sighed. The pathos of the situation was clear to him; it may be that he sighed because the great uprising was a mere mirage.

"Did not the United States set free the slaves of Spain in Cuba?" Rahal said. "Did the great American people hesitate? Will the President forsake us in our distress—forsake *us*, who gave our sons to fight his battles? Let us send the Doctor to the President, even to the White House at Washin'ton, to set our prayer before him. The Doctor—who can withstand his oratory? Is there a more learned man? Is there a man more used to intercourse with the high and noble? Who——"

"But who will provide the Doctor with fare to Washin'ton, Elias?"

"We shall need much money," Rahal answered dubiously.

There was a pause in the talk—vigorous, nervous puffing.

"I am a poor man," one sighed.

"And I," sighed the second.

"And I," sighed the third.

"And I," sighed the fourth.

"God," said Rahal in humility, "has favored me also with poverty." A suggestive silence followed. "It may be," Rahal pursued, speculatively, "that the friends of Liberty will help us. The Americans are very rich; there is no bottom to their purses, nor any meanness in their hearts. Mm-m-m! Perchance—who knows—how many thousands of *dollars* have they sent to the Armenians? Tanous, is it not known to you? Surely, they have sent millions of *dollars*—millions—yes, truly—millions of *dollars*—to the Armenians."

Rahal came to a stop; the sounds of puffing were such as men make when they are eager—dreaming fast.

"If God give me strength," Tanous Shishim said solemnly, "I shall devote my talents to the labor of counting the money—my life to its safekeeping—my——"

"But, Tanous, I——"

"You, Tanous! Why, I——"

"It may be," Rahal put in softly, in clear-cut, hard words, "that five guardians are better than one. Is it not so?"

"It is even so."

Khayat, hearing, flushed for his race.

"Let us immediately organize the Party of Revolution," Rahal pursued. "Here—in this very place, let us do it."

"It is a small, mean room to be so honored."

"It shall be remembered forever. When we are dust men will say, 'In this room Liberty was born!'"

"It will be a sacred place."

"It may be that our children's children through many years to come will count this table more precious than its weight in jeweled gold, saying, the one to the other, 'The hand of Elias Rahal rested upon it,' or, 'Did not Abo-Samara the Patriot touch it with his very fingers? Let us, also, touch the holy thing.' They will save it—perchance, even as the Americans save the shoes of George Washin'ton, that great Emperor, counting them above price, as I have been told."

"And the hand of Tanous Shishim—what of it?" Tanous growled jealously.

"Even so," one added, perfunctorily; "and the hand of Tanous Shishim rested upon the table."

"Our names will be remembered forever! God is good! He is loving and wise and just! Who would not lay down his life for Liberty?"

"Even unto death will we persevere!"

"And henceforth Liberty shall be unto us as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, leading us, even as it is written."

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"Even unto death!"

"Ah-h-h-h!"

There was a tense, solemn pause; as of a hushed moment, fraught with irrevocable consequences, when men—to whom, it may be, martyrdom is revealed in beauty—exalted past speech, past every thought, standing before the people with naked hearts, dedicate themselves to the service of the Eternal and Most High. The clatter and snort and warning shriek of a fire engine, and the voices and feet of many children as they scampered madly in its wake past the outer door toward Battery Park, sounded strangely distant and insignificant, like wedding merriment floating from over the way into a room where a woman lies dead—a fluttering vanity.

"Even unto death!" Khalil Khayat sighed responsively.

Knowing the hearts of men, the old man was thrilled, sympathetically, to the marrow by the vow. Enraptured of the beauty of Patriotism, and susceptible to distraction from evil suspicion as a child is easy to turn from frowns to smiles with a bright color, he was momentarily lifted above doubt—swept into high forgetfulness of the simplicity and sham of this conspiracy. He clasped his hands and lifted up his eyes; and, for him, then, verily, the darkness was riven to reveal the inspiring, tender face and benedictive gesture of the Master whom he served. The rapture beneficently lingered, providing him a little dream with which to comfort himself through the evil hours of many days; and then it ebbed, swiftly, inevitably, as the ghastly greed of the conspirators in the next room forced itself into his consciousness again, until their prostitution of the Spirit plunged him in a despair deeper than his ecstasy had been high. He had thought he was long past such complaining; he had schooled himself to sigh and say, God is good! Was his work not higher than the hands of these men could reach to hinder? The forgotten depth of pain raised, as a spirit, his impetuous, sensitive youth, when a day had seemed long enough for a sowing and a reaping, and he had kicked stubbornly against the pricks. He saw himself a lad of wayward ardor—in the old, familiar body—bent upon tipping an established throne with the strength of his own arm; and he wiped his eyes and smiled upon his old self, as upon a child of his own, and fell into a deep, sweet dream, forgetting, for the time, all about Elias Rahal and his company of boasters.

When consciousness of time and place came back to Khayat, Tanous Shishim was speaking; as he had spoken many times, for he had only one speech to make, and men knew it by heart, so often had they heard it:

". . . Is our people forever to suffer meekly? Lo, the land of our birth is as a hell upon earth! Its smoke is injustice; its flames 's ravishment and the shedding of blood; its lord is"—Tanous discreetly let his voice fall—"the Sultan Abdul Hamid. Out of their—their bondage d-do our brothers call to us; morning and evening do they call to God to—to—melt our hearts with—yes—compassion—that's it." Tanous was now in a rapture, past the bounds of reasonable utterance; he continued: "Patriots has arisen after long sleeping; they have—have bust—yes, bust the bonds of selfishness and fear; and the people cry, all men of them, 'The night is over; its soldiers—surely I have forgotten it—yes, its soldiers fly, its banners 's in the dust, its troops 's retreating!' In freedom shall the little children sing songs of us; forever shall our names be set in printed pages; forever shall——"

Khayat had sped from passive attention to high wrath. How, save in anger, could he hear violence done the Language Beautiful. Spirit of Beauty! It was like a foul affront to a man's well-beloved in his very presence. It was a personal, present offense, capable of immediate effect; and Khayat was quick to speak, as a strong, true man is quick to strike. "Stop! Stop!" he cried in a sobbing passion, throwing the door wide. "You, O Tanous Shishim—you an orator! You dare to public speech! Illiteracy presuming to the highest accomplishment of culture! A pig on a throne! Lo, I speak the words—I, even I, Khalil Khayat. Is it so, O Tanous, that you are a graduate of the American College at Beirut, and know so little of the graces of your own tongue? Burst—not bust, Tanous! And in the name of God, O Tanous Shishim, are you an old man and still ignorant of the rule that a noun plural is never—never, O Tanous—to be followed by a verb singular? Agh! You have given me a headache," he cried, putting his hand to his forehead. "I shall not sleep to-night for the discord of your words. Hear me, you orator, and learn!"

Khayat struck an heroic attitude that went grotesquely with his old clothes; you would have been moved to laughter, but the splendid passion of the pose and the fire flashing in the old eyes set their nostrils

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quivering, as he exclaimed, sonorously: "'The night is over; its banners trail the dust, its hosts are retreating—aye, its *heroes* flees!'" The noise in the common room, where many men were passing the time against the hour for the band to play in Battery Park, subsided; and there was a listening silence for a time. "Say it so, Tanous," Khayat gasped, and sat down, exhausted.

No man spoke one word; they all lingered, blissfully, in the spell of the words' beauty.

"How wonderful is your gift of speech, O Khalil Khayat!" Elias Rahal whispered in deep emotion at last.

"It is given of God, and——"

Khayat stopped to hearken. Some one came swiftly through the common room—some important man for whom the people made way and hushed their boisterous voices; to whom they gave respectful greeting: "May the day close in happiness for you! May all the blessings of evening attend you!" It was the Doctor—Salim Effendi, of the *Faculté de Médecine de Constantinople*—the Doctor himself, than whom there was no greater man in Washington Street; he of the threadbare hauteur, and rusty, alien high hat and yellow gloves and militant dignity, who would sit no longer than fifteen minutes by the watch with any man of the Quarter, save only Nageeb Fiani, the artist, and Khalil Khayat. He burst into the little back room, forgetful, for once, of the politeness of knocking; then they knew that some great thing had happened, and their hearts stood still. "Ho!" he gasped. "Yusef Abo-Samara, are you here? God be thanked! As you value the life of your father in Aleppo, O my friend, whisper no word against the Sultan this night." The Doctor was trembling; his eyes were bulging; his high hat was toppling shamelessly over his ear, as though through necessity of such haste as men make for their lives. What was the danger? Elias Rahal shivered. "The sedition—it has been spread abroad," the Doctor went on. "It has come to the ears of men in high places, even to the ears of the Consul in N' York. By the sword and the shed blood, it has gone higher!" he burst out. "The Minister—the very Minister from Washin'ton has come."

"Ah!"

"Mercy of God!"

"Is there no help for us!"

"It is very truth," the Doctor proceeded. "Within one hour he will be in the meeting-room of the Orthodox Church for a reception. Hadji, the Consul's servant, has but this moment left the dispensary, having overwhelmed me with the news. The arrangements are in my hands, by order of the Consul. It is for me to——"

"Doctor," Elias Rahal whimpered, eagerly, "am I not your friend? Have I spoken one word of enmity against you? Have I not——"

"Doctor, Doctor," Nageeb Lufty interrupted, whining. "I ——"

"Hear me, O Doctor Effendi," Tanous Shishim cried, pushing young Lufty aside and catching the Doctor by the lapel of his coat. "Have I not always said that you were a great doctor? Were you not at the bedside when my first wife died? Have I not paid the bill without complaining, though it was the greatest bill I ever saw—when the sick one died? Have I not sent you hundreds, even thousands, of patients, naming your name as the great——"

"Elias," the Doctor interrupted impatiently, "what——"

"Ah!" Elias cried. "Am I bidden to the reception? Tell me—quick, am I——"

"Yes, yes, Elias, you are bidden."

Elias exclaimed joyfully, and hurried away to grease his hair and put on a red necktie.

"And I," Tanous Shishim said. "I am very rich. Am I not——"

"Yes, Tanous; and you, too, Abo-Samara——"

"Doctor," Nageeb Lufty wailed, "I named you for President of the Society for Peace. I have cried down your enemies. Only yesterday I said to Nageeb Fiani, who will bear me out in this thing, that you were the greatest doctor in the world. Is my love to be forgotten; can it be——"

"No, no, Nageeb. You, too, are bidden to the reception."

Lufty overtook Tanous at the door, and whispered in his ear, privately: "Elias Rahal is not our friend. He will speak evil of us in the ear of the Minister. Let us keep watch, O Tanous!" Thereupon Tanous Shishim hurried to the home of Elias Rahal, and whispered in his ear, privately: "Elias, danger is round about us. Nageeb Lufty is our enemy. Let us stand close to the Minister, lest he speak evil against us." And when Tanous had gone, Elias Rahal went through the street, searching for Nageeb Lufty; and when he had found him, he took him aside and whispered in his ear, privately: "Nageeb, it is in the heart of Tanous Shishim to destroy us. He will speak evil of us in the ear of the Minister.

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Let us keep at his side that we may hear every word that he says; for, surely, if we do not, he will speak evil and destroy us." Then Elias Rahal and Nageeb Lufty and Tanous Shishim each determined in his heart to speak in the ear of the Sultan's Minister for himself, that they might gain some advantage one over the other.

Abo-Samara went home for a tarboosh, the badge of loyalty, leaving the Doctor alone with Khalil Khayat in the little room.

The Doctor hesitated at the threshold. "Khalil—" he began, uncertainly. He paused. He cut a loose thread from the finger-tip of his glove with his teeth, and spat it out nervously. It would have been a fragment of the nail had the hand been bare. Thrice he essayed to speak; thrice the courage of his kindly intent failed him. He turned resolutely, as if to go; but held his step, looking over his shoulder. "Khalil," he said hoarsely, facing desperately about, "I—I—am your friend. I have no heart to slight you before men. It is an honor—it is a high honor in the sight of men to—to kiss—the hand of the Sultan's Minister." The Doctor paused again; and Khayat, recalling his smiling thought from the recent situation, turned his glance, seriously, to the Doctor's wavering eyes. "You," the Doctor went on, "you, too, are bidden, even as an honored guest, to the minister's reception; and——"

"I?" Khayat asked, in solemn wonder.

"As an honored guest, Khalil," the Doctor answered hurriedly. "No man will misconstrue——"

"And have you not known me for seven years?" Khayat said with gentle reproof.

"Yes, O Khalil. Seven years of sweetest intercourse have we——"

"And is my heart's enmity a stranger to you?"

The Doctor looked at the floor, saying nothing; but at last he cried, pleading his own justification: "I have a mother in Beirut. What am I to do but——"

"Ah!" Khayat interrupted, holding up his hand. "Am I a judge of men? No man is an offense to me because of his sin. Who am I that I should condemn it? I, too, have sinned." He went on, wearily, absently: "I have thought—I am not sure—it may be—that it is counted as righteousness to dissemble—sometimes—for a woman's sake. I have sinned deeper than that—for a woman—my sister's sake." He had slowly thrust his right hand out from him over the table, and had averted his face from it; now, it was at the limit of his reach, and he was working the fingers against one another, as though they were offensively wet and sticky. He turned his face, and looked upon the hand with half-closed, contemptuous eyes, as though it were a loathsome thing; then he averted his face again, sharply, and groaned. "I have shed blood—for my sister's sake," he whispered, vacantly; and repeated: "I have shed blood. I—have—shed—blood." The flaring gas, the dingy wall-paper, Fiani's violin, the Doctor—all faded, as in a mist; and in their stead he saw a stretch of sand, covered by the night, and a man creeping, creeping toward a black clump of trees.

The Doctor caught the guilty right hand in both of his and pressed it hard; and then he went out quickly into the noisy, seething night-life of Washington Street, near the soap factory.

"'Ave y'u come back?" said Billy Halloran, a touch of reproach in his weak, thin voice, when Khalil Khayat glided in. "Y'u bin gone a h—l of a w'ile," he added, plaintively.

"I am come back," Khayat whispered. "I am go out no more to-night." He was conscious of a selfish neglect. "Eet have grow very dark here," he added. He felt the way to the window, and sat down where the breeze might dry and cool his brow.

"It's nice an' cool," said Billy.

Khayat made no response; but quavered a strange, tearful air, in an absent way.

"Ain't dey ready t' lick de Sultan?" Billy asked, feeling for the cause of the old man's sadness.

"No," Khayat said slowly; "they have not become ready—yet."

"Ain't dey never goin' t' fight?"

"Some day the people they weel fight."

"Yaller, ain't dey? Dey ought t' hump demsel's."

"When the flesh eet have drop from my bones," Khayat said, struggling obdurately with the language, to convey the beauty of his thought, "then weel they have draw the sword. An' in the blow weel the strength of my dead arm be."

"I do' know—I do' know w'at y'u mean," Billy said, listlessly.

There was a long silence.

"We bot' got our troubles," said the boy, with a sigh. "I got me bad leg, an' you can't make dem fight."

"Ah!" Khayat said tenderly, "I have no trouble so great as yours." He bowed and smiled, as though making a compliment.

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"You got de hardes' luck."

"Ah, no!"

"I bet y'u y'u got de hardes' luck. I got a nickel in me clo'es, and——"

"Eef I have a heart more heavy, eet ees because I am an old, foolish man, and all the wisdom of children—eet ees yours."

"I do' know," Billy said, blankly. "I feel better anyway."

There was another long silence.

"I guess I'll go to sleep," said Billy. "Good-night, Mister Khayat. Dey'll fight fer y'u—some day—er—I will—w'en I grow up—an' me leg—gits—better."

Billy was asleep; so Khalil Khayat went to his own room across the hall, in the happy consciousness that the boy was loosed from the discomfort of the body for the time. He groped his way to his old chair with a light heart. He reached lovingly for the big black book wherein the thoughts of Abo Elola Elmoarri are set down, to hold it in his hand for the comfort and companionship in the touch of it; and he looked out from the darkness of his room into the pale night-light—into the depths of the wide, jeweled sky, out of which pure serenity descends upon the sons of man as a dew; nor did the murmurings of the great city, nor the stench of its wickedness, nor the echoes of the night's faithlessness oppress him, for they were as offenses afar off. This he thought concerning the writing in that day's "Kawkab Elhorriah," molding the plastic words in forms of beauty, even as Abo Elola Elmoarri did in his time: "A field of wheat is from the seed of a sheaf. What is one wasted seed? My arm is strong for another sowing. Early and late will I sow, that the harvest may be bountiful. And it is more honorable to sow than to reap; for he who reaps, reaps in certainty that which another has sown in hope, and he who sows, sows unselfishly, not knowing that he will reap. When, in the fulness of time, the blow is struck, the strength of my arm will be in it, though the flesh be fallen in fine dust from the bones and my name remembered no more."

He clutched the big black book tighter—pressed it, even, against his heart; perchance it was to establish him in his philosophy. At last, vehemently, he said to himself: "And concerning blessedness this I know—know for truth, though it be all I have wrested from the eternal in a long life—that it is more blessed to lighten the life of a child than—any—other—thing."

He leaned back in his chair—and nodded—and smiled—and nodded, and fell gently asleep, like a child; for he was an old man, and used to the world's hard knocks.

TRUE STORIES FROM THE UNDER-WORLD.

By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton.

II.—A BILL FROM TIFFANY'S

Editor's Note.—The illustrations for this series of stories about criminals, or, as the authors call them, "the Powers that Prey," have been made after careful study of types in those quarters of New York which they frequent, as well as from studies of hundreds of photographs in the Rogues' Gallery. The authors have assisted in this work, so that the portraits are those of the actual types that they describe in their stories. It will be noted that these authentic pictures convey in many cases an impression very different from the ordinary conception of criminals.

MISS Sadie Meeker was a young woman who was interested in the market value of things; in particular, in the market value of herself. As a money-changer at the desk in Major & Fairbanks', her market value was just four dollars a week; but a woman's real market value, as Sadie well knew, is never what she can honestly earn, but what the best man who wishes to marry her can earn, whether honestly or not. Later, she came to think seven times out of ten of her husband, and the remaining three of her children; but for the moment she was conscious mainly that Margie Payne had married a saloon-keeper, and Kittie Barton a part-owner in a dance-hall; and saloon-keepers and part-owners in dance-halls are lords and landed gentry in the Under-World.

Margie and Kittie had been Sadie's next friends, and for some time after their marriage she, too, would have been contented to wed a saloon-keeper or a part-owner in a dance-hall. But Margie, when all was said, did wear her clothes, no matter how expensive, as if they were on the point of sliding off; and Kittie, in spite of her pretty hair,

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had bad teeth. That is to say, in the Under-World a chief of detectives is a prince and potentate; and if Charley Minick was not yet a chief of detectives, he well might become one, at least with a woman whose clothes cost money to spur him on. Sadie's teeth were perfect, and she filled out her gown like a dressmaker's model; her hair, besides, was quite as good as Kittie's, and her complexion was wonderful: after some hesitation she concluded, therefore, with a delightful sense at once of playing for high stakes and of generosity, to become engaged to marry Charley Minick. His mustache also curled beautifully.

Charley Minick in his twenty-eighth year had achieved a knowledge how the world is made. This perception is strictly a matter of male intelligence; women know nothing whatever about it, their concern lying wholly with fictions. He had joined the "force" with a resolution to be an "honest copper": and his high aspirations still clung to him, though they had become modified. He would not be so honest as to be unpleasant: he would be just a little—oh the veriest trifle!—better than his neighbors. This course permitted him to attain the delights both of popularity and of pride, and may be said to be sanctioned by the example of a working majority of the truly great. "I don't set up for no saint," said the magnanimous Minick, "but there are places where I draws the line." A Pitt or a Lincoln could have said no more.

Sadie Meeker.

He was capable on occasion of a certain doggedness and intensity of reflection; and at the time of his engagement, Sadie had provided an occasion. Margie's gifts from her lover had been diamonds of price; Kittie's gifts from her lover had been diamonds of even greater price; Sadie was perfectly aware of every woman's inalienable right to possess better jewels than any woman of her acquaintance, if she can induce a man to give them to her. She explained her views to Minick with vigor and point; she revealed to him the double jurisdiction under which he had agreed to live; he must stand his trial in the judgment of her peers. Therefore Minick addressed her hilariously as Her Grace the Duchess of Major & Fairbanks', and looked upon her with increased happiness and admiration. A man always looks upon a woman with increased happiness and admiration when she asks the impossible and makes him do it.

"Well, you wouldn't have me be ashamed before Kit and Marge, would you?"

"The Pearl of Pie Alley couldn't stand ashamed before Kit and Marge; she hasn't got the shape!"

"Even now they say I'm a fool to tie up with you. They say there's no scale in your job the way there is in Jim's and Bob's: they call you a hundred-a-month man: they say you don't take in nothing on the side. Kit and Marge said last night I was marrying you for your *mus*-tache!"

"Kit and Marge!" said the alert detective with theatric scorn; "Kit and Marge are a couple of clapper-tongued pot-wrestlers; you'll make your ears long as a gover'ment mule's a-listening to 'em."

"Yes, I suppose so. But it means a lot to me. You've got to get me what I want. That's what you marry me for; and you've got to go to the right place to get it: I tell you those. I want to show Kit and Marge the box."

"All right," laughed Minick, "I'll get you the box!"

Three days after this conversation there was a great social "event" at the town house of Edward Sandys of Sandys & Merton, who served God and mankind to the amount of some millions per annum. They performed their service largely by accepting a controlling interest in undertakings to which the name of Sandys & Merton lent a commercial value. The great social event, with its great display of plate and jewels, was followed by a great "cracksman's" event: before the awakening of the Sandys household after the festival, a judiciously selected portion of the jewels had disappeared. The reward offered was so large that the Front Office was touched in its tenderest sensibilities. There seemed something almost wicked in declining to supply a man, anxious to part with a sum like that, with a chance to hand it over.

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The instructions of the Chief were a model of manly eloquence: "Somebody's got to get that dough. Sandys 'll t'row a fit if he can't cough up, and you coppers got to help him. I ain't goin' to have the Eye people snake in all the loose coin: I give it to you straight. They more'n did us on that Hogan deal; an' the papers roasted *me*. They called me a 'jaundiced tutelary dodo.' *I* don't know what the blamed thing means, but I won't stand for it. I can't get at the feller that wrote it, but I can make your skins too hot to hold you if he gets a chanst to do it again. A town as big as this can find its own guns without callin' in private fly cops. You fellows spread yourselves on this case, you take my tip. Get your mouthpieces on the run; bribe 'em, pinch 'em, do what you —— please, but get that dough. An' get the gun, too. Some o' the country papers have been shoutin' 'bout this force bein' crooked. They say that we're only out for the dough in jobs like this, an' let the gun make a get away. I'm sick o' this hollerin', and if it don't quit I'll make every man jack of you sick of it, too."

Detective Charley Minick.

That afternoon an ornate reporter's column in one of the public prints consisted of an interview with the "subtle and competent Detective Minick." It referred to him alternately as another Sherlock Holmes and as a second Old Sleuth. Sadie did not know who Sherlock Holmes and the Old Sleuth were. When Kittie asked her, she said they were former chiefs of police; and there were a number of words in the article she could not understand. But the general drift of it she perceived was commendatory, and she felt an immediate access of affection for Charley —and was sorry she had not asked for a bigger diamond. Charley was alleged to be "working" on the Sandys case. His "work" for the moment consisted in examining the scene of the robbery, in making notes of seventeen particulars which he perfectly believed to be insignificant, and in arresting three servants whom he perfectly believed not guilty. Out of the seventeen insignificant particulars he formulated a "theory" of the case so ingenious that no man in his senses would act upon it. Happily he did not make it to act upon; he made it to give to the newspapers. These things he did in order that Mr. Sandys and the public might recognize that he was "taking an interest." When he had secured this point, he was perfectly at a loss what to do next, except, as he phrased it, "to rubber around," which is technical and esoteric for keeping his eyes and ears open. Every one else who was "working" on the case was equally at a loss: every one was just "rubbering around."

One morning, while matters were at this pass, the Chief handed Minick a telegram which was dated Akron, Ohio. It signified that one "Bud" Denmer—age thirty-six, height five feet eleven and a quarter, complexion dark, eyes blue hazel, hair prematurely gray and black, beard solid black, teeth good, nose large and pugnacious, weight 165 pounds—was "wanted," and was supposed to be in New York. The reward was $500, and the particulars would follow by letter.

Women, in the Great Republic at least, are superior to men in everything, except the ability to remain in great cities during the hot season. This is the almost universal testimony of those who have given the question the greatest amount of attention, and when specialists agree it ill becomes the uninformed to profess an opinion. The point is that Mrs. Richard Cober was an exception to the general rule; she found it impossible to master the elements of applied mathematics. Even in the matter of the currency she could never be got to understand that one dollar is no better than another dollar, when the first dollar was her

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Richard Cober.

own and the second was some one else's; and when the calculation came to concern husband and children her incapacity reached its extreme.

Richard Cober was fast becoming the head of a profession of which he was proud, but which he disliked to hear called by its right name. He was only a part of the time actively engaged in it, and it took him for the most part out of town into "the beyond." He was understood by his children, and nominally by his wife, to be a "traveling" man. His absences would last a few days or a few weeks, and out of "the beyond" he would commonly bring back a great deal of money or a very bad temper; once his absence lasted nearly three years, and he brought back only a new suit of clothes, a pallid face, and a most unpleasant trick of the eyes. Little Bessie said that he looked like a "bogy-man," and little Bobbie said he "'ooked 'ike a feif"; and both cried out and clapped their hands and ran in great glee to greet him. Mamma afterward explained to them that he had had an accident in "the beyond," and had been for a long while confined to the house, and that it had been bad for him to use his eyes. Bessie told him she was "*so* sorry—*ever* so sorry—*really!*" for his accident; and Bobbie assured him that he did not look in the least "'ike a feif," but "'ike a dear 'dorable papa."

When Richard Cober was in luck he was lavish with his "kids," and at all times liked nothing better than to have them tumbling over him; and whether or not he was in luck, there was nothing their mamma could want that he did not find a way to provide. Bobbie may have erred in the letter in his consolatory assurance, but he was right in his main intention. It may be doubted whether Richard "looked" adorable—for the most part he looked uncommonly sharp and hard—but in his daintily upholstered flat in Clinton Place he was at least adored. He sang songs and cut a double shuffle for the kids and played at blind-man's buff; and Mrs. Cober possessed jewels that would have made Sadie Meeker's frosty eyes burn with desire. Of an evening it was his habit to spend some hours in brilliantly lighted rooms supplied liberally with mirrors and with round hardwood tables, at which men with diamond scarf-pins and *boutonnières* sat or lolled in easy chairs and called for drinks. Because his own diamond scarf-pin and *boutonnière* were not conspicuously large, but unmistakably more "choice," everybody hailed him admiringly as "Buck," and demanded what he would "take."

One afternoon, while Bessie was dandling a doll half as big as herself, and Richard and Bobbie were doing a cake-walk with an energy and freedom of grimace and gesture that made her scream with laughter, the door opened, and a gentleman, who had held a little colloquy with the maid in the hall, entered unannounced. The gentleman was Detective Minick.

There was an instant in which, if Detective Minick had been a timid man, he would have found the sight of Richard bad for his nerves. That the sight of Minick was bad for Richard's nerves there was not the slightest doubt. But there are courtesies in the Under-World; even men who play for stakes as high as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness permit themselves the luxury of treating one another with respect.

"Eighteen-carat place you got here, Buck, old sport; pie-anna, French clock, Turkey rugs, nice kids; things been goin' your way."

"Don't look as if you'd been up against hard luck yourself. Skip, kids. Mr. Minick and me will be wantin' to bill and coo in private."

These were amenities. People do not shake hands in the Under-World, except as

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a sign of extreme formality, neither do they look one another steadily in the face except in anger; they glance at one another from time to time and converse at an angle of forty-five degrees. A certain gruffness of manner and voice are also *de rigueur*. It was Detective Minick's profession to bring every man's trouble home to him; but he had the reputation of executing his disagreeable task with as little offense as possible. It was an incident of Richard Cober's profession that he did not like to have people call on him; it always made him uncomfortable until they stated their business, and then sometimes it made him still more uncomfortable.

"Somethin' doin'?" he asked with laconic elegance.

"A little matter o' my own. I want you to put me next."

"What the blazes do you come to me about 'next' for? I ain't next to nothin' in this town, except you dead ones at the Front Office."

"Read the papers lately?"

"One o' you fly cops croaked, an' you want to touch me for a bouquet for the stiff?"

"Seen the details o' that Sandys job?"

"Oh, it's that, is it? You can search *me*. You'll have to guess again if you want to pick a winner. I ain't mixed up in that. I haven't done any work in this town for five years. I live here, an' you know well enough that where I live there's nothin' doin'. I've got too much at stake."

"Don't suppose I'd be sittin' here rubberin' at your wall-paper if you done it, do you? But I want you to get mixed up in it. There's 5,000 semoleons reward, an' I need 'em in my business."

"Who told you 't I was interested in your business? I got troubles o' my own."

These also were amenities. The next statement was open combat.

"It won't do, Charley. I give it to you straight, I didn't do the job myself, an' don't know who did; but if I knew I wouldn't tell you. I ain't got nothin' against you personally. You always treated me square, an' I'd go as far for you as another man; but I never yet beefed on a pal, an' I'm not goin' to begin. I know it's done, as well as you do. I haven't heard of a reward these last ten years that you people have copped out that some gun didn't help you get; but you can keep the dough for all me—when you get it. I'm a bad lot if you like, but I wouldn't turn mouthpiece for the whole five thousand."

Lubin Cavanaugh.

"Better wait till I offer 'em," said Minick intently. "What'll you do for this?" Minick passed him with one hand a telegram from Akron, Ohio, and with the other fingered a revolver in his coat-pocket. Minick's acquaintances whom he met in the way of business were sometimes spasmodic in their movements. Moreover, Richard was age thirty-six, height five feet eleven and a quarter, complexion dark, eyes blue hazel, hair prematurely gray and black, beard—that is to say, close-cut mustache—solid black, teeth good, nose large and pugnacious, weight 165 pounds.

"Swell place you got here, Buck; pie-anna, French clock, Turkey rugs, nice kids. I should think you'd hate to shift."

Minick was to be congratulated on the completeness with which he had thought out his case.

"I don't want to be hard on you, Buck. I'll give you time all right to turn the thing over in your mind; but understand *me*, I want those semoleons. If you should happen to discover a way of helpin' me get them, well—it's been six years since I seen Bud Denmer in Joliet. I might be so stuck on myself I couldn't recognize him in the street if I passed him a dozen times a day; an' I'm the only man on the force that's onto his mug. If you shouldn't happen to discover a way of helpin' me, that telegram reads cuffs in Clinton Place, jail in Akron, stir in

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Columbus, free rides between p'ints, an' free grub an' lodgin' everywhere."

"Dick, you've said time after time that if it ever came to a pass again, where you had to choose between me and the kids and a gun, you'd let the gun go; and you're up against that choice now," urged Mrs. Richard Cober, when Minick had said "So long," and taken his leave. "You've got enough money saved up to quit the business anyhow. I've often told you that with what we have in the bank we could go over to London, bring up the kids respectably, and live decently ourselves."

"A man like me's no business with kids, Nell, old girl, nor with a woman either," said Cober wearily, not for the first time in his life "up against" the eternal difference between a woman's world and a man's.

Be it known that in the Under-World, as in the Upper, everybody minds his own business when his own business is promising; when it is not, he minds conscientiously and discusses with unction the business of everybody else. Speaking broadly, the only person who knows nothing and can discover nothing of who did what, is the detective. He is as well known as if he moved about preceded by a town-crier. On all sides of him the words that it concerns him to hear are vibrating in the air. The vibrations die away just before they reach his ears.

That evening, after his pacific interview with Minick, Cober loitered listlessly about the better sort of haunts of the Powers That Prey. He was caught up by groups who back mathematics *versus* confidence and stand to win, and heard the latest gossip about the favorite, the odds offered and asked, the latest news of the champion's "condition," the latest arrangements for a "fake" match of bantam-weights, in which everybody who put money on the sure thing was to gain experience at the end of a rally in the eighth round. He heard the last great score at billiards, the last great game at hazard, and received an invitation to make one of a select party forming to work the crowd at the coming Cincinnati Sängerfest. From time to time, in the lull of more urgent affairs, a remark was dropped that "Blinky" pulled off a good thing two days ago at "Phillie's;" that that had been a tidy "get away" the night before on Fifty-ninth Street ("Long Morgan, you know," was added in a lower tone by way of complete information), and that "Barney" had not been seen for some days and must have something "on." Richard would have been too shrewd, which is to say he loved his own skin too intelligently. to put direct questions about the Sandys job; nor would there have been the least reason why he should ask questions. The Sandys job was just becoming a subject of impassioned surmise. Twenty times in the evening Cober himself was asked if he knew who did it; twenty times he listened to notes of admiration of the cleverness with which it had been planned and executed, and to the opinion that it was the work of "outside talent." Before the evening was gone he came to loathe outside talent; he was sick of "outside talent," he was sick of the neatness of the Sandys job, he was sick of the choice that he must make, and of the evil that must befall him no matter what he chose. For himself he cared really little enough, if the truth were told, but it was altogether true that a man like him had no business with a woman and "kids."

He had fully mastered his ideas in this connection when he entered "The Green Dragon," and the presiding Belial stepped forward and handed him a note. It consisted of but two lines and a signature—he had received the precise duplicate of it just as he was leaving Clinton Place: "I want to see you in a hurry, Buck. Pull the ringer at the number given in the other note. L. C." Half an hour afterward he was sitting at the bedside of Lubin Cavanaugh, in a house on Sixteenth Street, where single gentlemen were permitted to pay exorbitant rates for lodging for the privilege of presenting introductions which guaranteed their reputability. When, in obedience to a weak-voiced summons to "come in," Richard first entered the room, he perceived an emaciated head fallen back in an ecstasy of exhaustion among the pillows. When the emaciated head had identified its visitor as Buck Cober, it hailed him as "Hello, Old Sport," and the man to whom it belonged sat upright and threw back the bed clothes and resumed an interrupted labor, which was the labor of "setting," or possibly, as Richard judged, of resetting jewels.

"Thought you might be the doctor with some more dope. He an' I are doin' a little song an' dance together while I fix up this pennyweight job. I'm playin' the pennyweight game alone, an' he might want to cut in. He'd speculate on these sparklers in his bill, if he knew I had 'em. Beutes, ain't they?"

The time had been when a "sparkler" had the same fascination for Richard Cober

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that it had for Lubin Cavanaugh, but he was in no mood that evening to admire another man's plunder. A wonder as to the previous ownership of the jewels he could not repress—even in the "stir" men make guesses as to the origin of an unscheduled piece of bread—but the etiquette of the Under-World forbids inquiry in regard to such matters.

"Then it's just a song an' dance?" Richard asked, referring to the bottles of medicine on the table and Cavanaugh's reclining position.

"That's all. Never felt better in my life. The doc calls it symptoms o' pneumonia, but they're the kind you an' I had when we made out we was dyin' o' consumption out in the Joliet stir. 'Member how we got into the hospital, don't cher? You faded away on soap, an' I jus' kept a-coughing. There was 'bout fifty of us dyin' o' consumption that bit, wasn't there? What you so blue about, Buck? Dig into that booze there, an' get a brace on. You an' Nell ain't been havin' a row, have you?"

The reference to Richard's domestic relations was merely experimental; Cavanaugh was in such good spirits himself that he could only fall back on the bachelor's chronic surmise when a married friend is out of sorts.

"No. It's jus' a general case o' grouch. I get hipped ev'ry now an' then jus' as I used to. What can I do for you, Lubin? I got to shift in a few minutes."

The two looked at each other for an instant in that quick but piercing way which all guns, let alone "pals," have. Merely a week's separation is sufficient to make necessary this preliminary test of a comrade's loyalty before new contracts can be entered into. Cavanaugh believed that he saw in his old companion the same Buck Cober of "square deals" and no "beefs."

"I'd 'a' let you into the job, Buck," he said, "but it was jus' the kind o' game to attract an old single-handed stiff like myself, an' I played it alone. What I want is a 'dopp' just like this one without the break," and he handed Cober a little instrument newly broken. "I've got to have a new one by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, an' I'll be dead obliged to you if you'll get it for me. I'd get it myself, but I got those symptoms, you know, an' the push thinks I'm out at that crib in Mexico rollin' the wheel. Understand, don't cher? Say, Buck, if it's dough you need, reach under my pillow here an' you'll find a roll. I been there myself, you know."

"That's all right, Lube. 'Tain't as bad as that."

"Well, take care o' yourself, old man, an' if you see any o' the push, tell 'em I'm baskin' in the sun down among the Mexies. So long, Buck."

"Well?" said Mrs. Cober when Richard paused at the close of his account of the evening's interview with Cavanaugh.

"Well! It's cuffs in Clinton Place, jail in Akron, free rides between p'ints, free grub an' lodgin' everywhere. I can't 'beef' on a pal like Cavanaugh, Nell. A man's got to stick by his friends."

"It ain't a case o' beefin' on a pal, Dick; it's a case o' doin' dirt by me an' the kids. There ain't one o' your friends has stood by you like me an' the kids. If you got to stick by your friends, you got to stick by us."

"It won't do, Nell. A gun's seen his luck when he turns mouthpiece. I've watched it since I was a little shaver sellin' papers an' buzzin' molls. Be square with the push, an' the push'll be square with you, an' it'll be the better for you in the end. I don't even know for sure that Cavanaugh made the touch; but whether he did or not, he'd know I had split on him, an' he'd follow me till he croaked."

In an earlier period of her married life, Mrs. Cober would at this point have resorted to tears or to blandishments. She had learned, however, that there were times when Dick meant what he said, and was of opinion as she studied him that this was one of the times. She did not in the least give up the battle; a hard man makes a hard wife, unless he kills her, and she had her idea. If she had been altogether wise she would have held her tongue, but it is not in nature to be so wise as that.

"A woman is perfectly helpless when she's tied to a man that means to play the fool," she said, bitterly. "You have to be square to the push, or the push will get even with you; you can do as you like by the woman an' the kids. No matter what you do, they've got to stand for it."

This statement being self-evident, Richard Cober made no reply to it; he went to bed. Half an hour later Mrs. Cober put on her hat and shawl and softly left the house; that, perhaps, was a part of her idea.

The raid was one of those ordinary man-hunts with the game at bay, the details of which even the newspapers have long since

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wearied of reporting. The "flatties" in uniforms surrounded the place, and Minick with three fellow-huntsmen went into the building to face an animal rather more dangerous than one of the larger carnivora. The animal, however, was intelligent. Cavanaugh had not the slightest chance of escape, and knew it the minute his door was forced open and the detectives drew their revolvers. "They're good," he remarked in the gambler's jargon, and allowed himself to be handcuffed. His only comment on the capture lay in the words, "Another case of beef."

The Sandys jewels were all found in Cavanaugh's possession, a number of them very skilfully reset, and two of the larger very skilfully disfigured. The public prints rang the next day with the praise of the celebrated Minick, and repeated their version of the unrecognized intellectual profession which taxes the swiftest and subtlest powers of the mind, and to which society owes its immunity from crime. "If a man is built for the perfession," the illustrious Minick was reported to have said, "he can cop out a gun as if by miracle; if he ain't, he can sit at table with the man that's wanted an' study his photograph, an' go home a dead one." Every reporter agreed that the celebrated Minick was "built for the perfession," and had laid his hand, as if by miracle, on the man that was wanted; what they did not give him credit for was a gift for statement not greatly unlike their own.

Sadie Meeker drew the attention of both Marge and Kittie to the most highly ornate paragraphs in praise of the celebrated Minick, and enjoyed the proud delight of fame. She had been in some doubt until the newspapers took him up whether she cared for him "really," but the reporters' eloquence decided her. When the ring was brought a great flush of triumph came into her face—the diamond was bigger than Kittie's and prettier. "Oh, Charley, there *is scale* in your job," she exclaimed, "and I *will* marry you—for your *mus*-tache!" The "box" was as satisfactory as the stone, and a receipted bill from Tiffany's was even more satisfactory than the box; but there were a number of items of which Tiffany took no account.

The week that the marriage of Detective Minick was announced, a trivial incident occurred in one of the side streets of the City of Mexico. Different accounts of the affair appeared at the time in the police columns of the daily press of the city, but the only arrest that was ever made was of the young man who, on reading the items in the newspapers, volunteered the information that on the night of the trivial incident he had seen a suspicious-looking figure loitering about the corner where the injured man was found. He said, furthermore, that on turning the corner himself, he had heard the sound of a bit of scuffling, but there was no outcry. He very much regretted, as he stated to the police, that he had not turned back and investigated, but he was in a hurry at the time and gave no serious heed to the episode. He described the suspicious-looking man that he had seen merely as a heavily built man, with noticeable square jaws, and added that he looked like an American; although of this he was, of course, not sure. Naturally the police tried to find a reason for "holding" the young man; it served him right for offering information that led to nothing; but his good name among his neighbors, as well as with certain influential city officials, made it impossible seriously to suspect him. At the city hospital, where the injured man was taken, certain papers and checks found in his pockets showed that he conducted his financial affairs at least over the name of Oliver Hewes, but the police were much puzzled to find tattooed in blue ink on the left forearm the words "Buck Cober." The lettering was somewhat blurred, and the inference of the police was that the man had tried to prick it out with milk. He never regained consciousness, and it was impossible to obtain any statement from him. The wound in his head seemed to indicate that he had been hit with an uncommonly heavy "billy." A woman came forward from nowhere in particular to claim the body, but she did not seem to feel it incumbent upon her to part with much biographical detail; she devoted her energy mainly to hysterics.

It has, perhaps, no connection with the trivial incident that, two weeks before, the following paragraph was printed rather extensively in certain newspapers in the United States: "Lubin Cavanaugh, alias New York Lube, escaped from —— prison last night. He is a notorious professional burglar, and has a record against him which takes up several pages of the —— prison blotter. A reward of $500 is offered for his capture and imprisonment until the prison authorities can be communicated with." There are those who rate themselves "wise," however, who believe that the two trivial incidents are connected, and that a belated item should be added to the Bill from Tiffany's.

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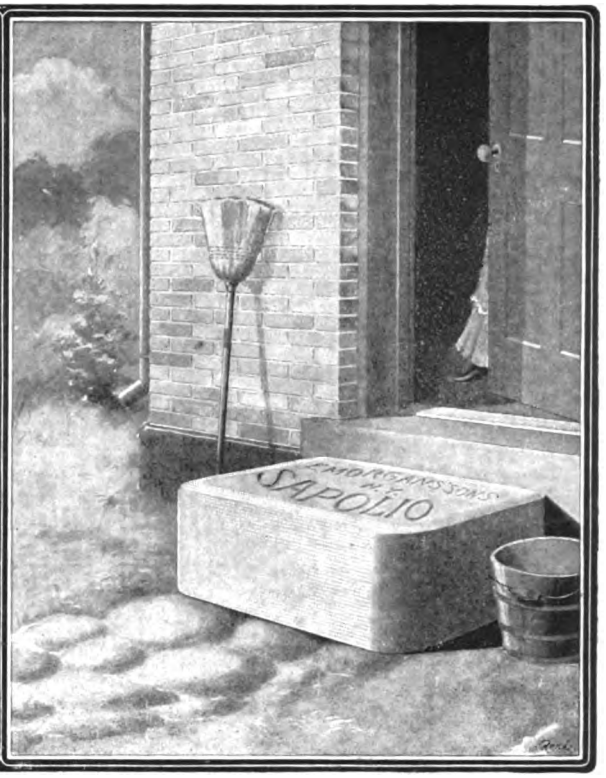
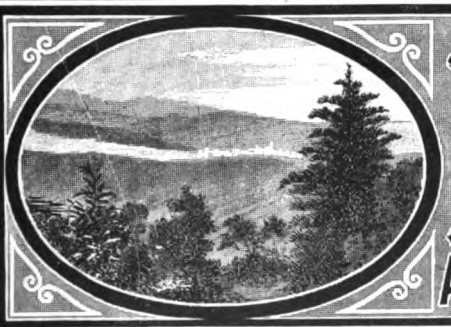
IS A STEPPING STONE TO WEALTH

FOR YOUR FIRST STEP

USE

SAPOLIO





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FOR OCTOBER

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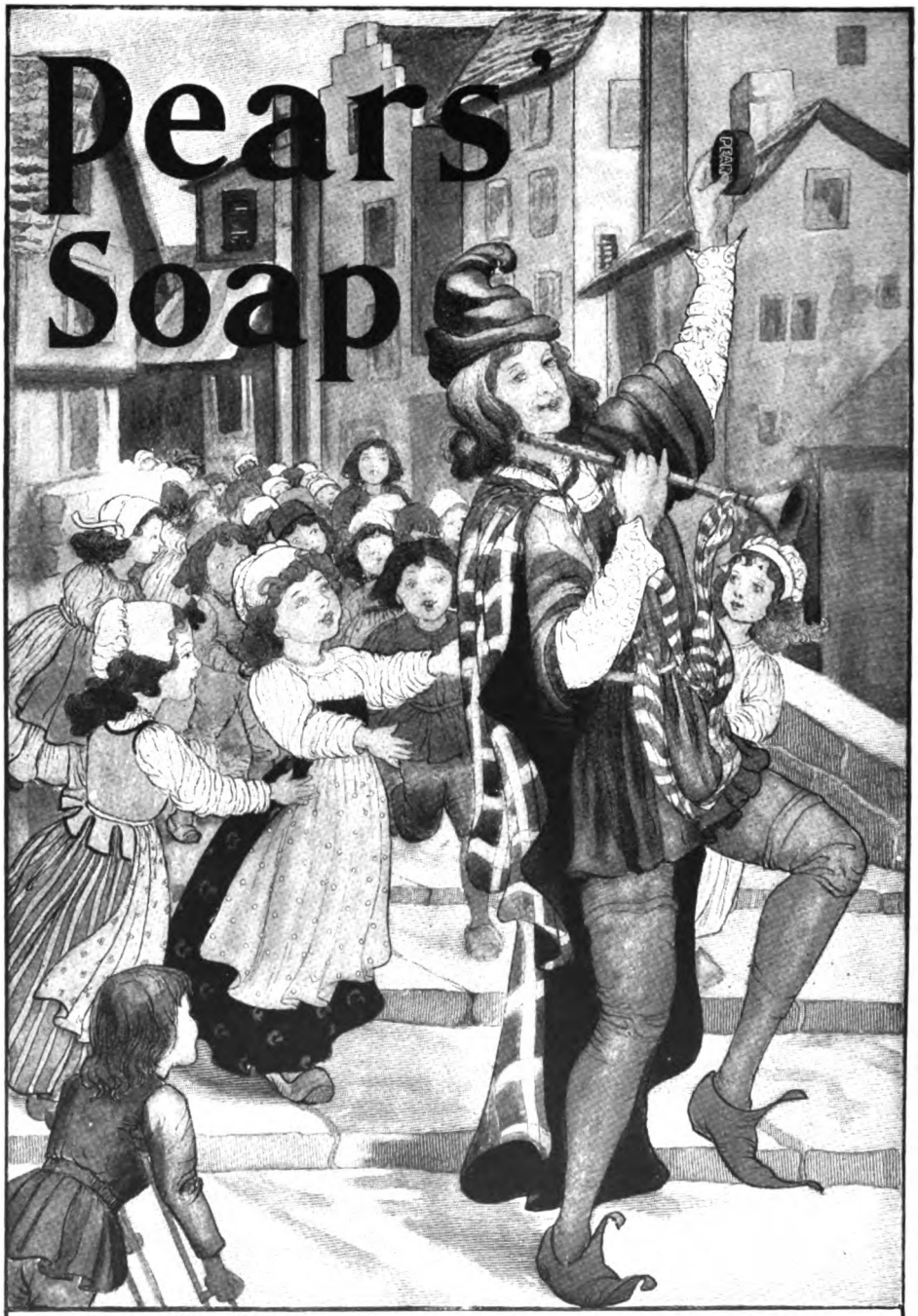

The Piper's Charm

The Piper promised a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue;
And this was the crown of the children's hope
To bathe in the fountains and use Pears' Soap.

(With apologies to Browning)

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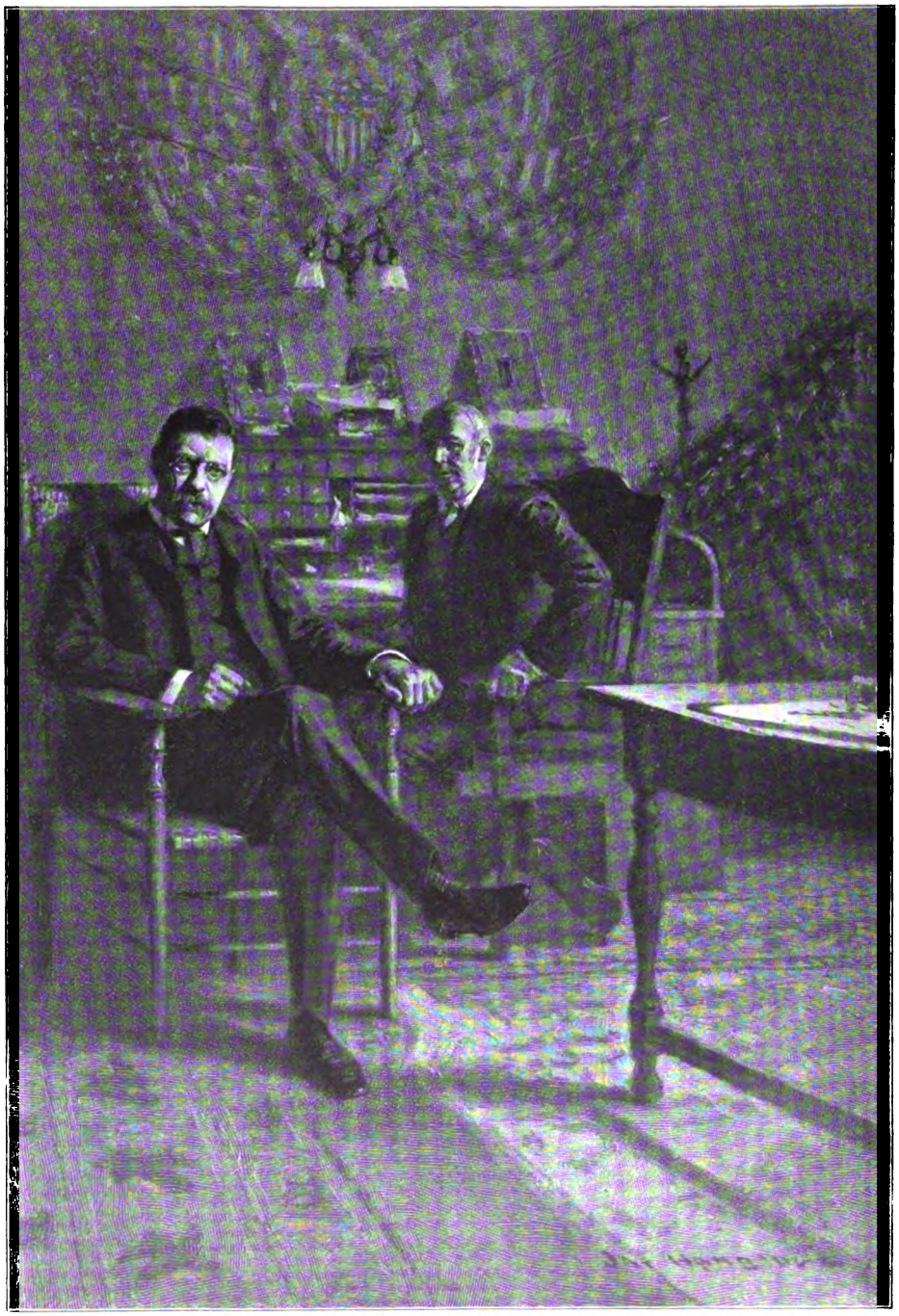

Drawn by Jay Hambidge.

GOV. THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND CHAIRMAN MARCUS A. HANNA IN THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK.

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McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XV. OCTOBER, 1900. No. 6

THE STRATEGY OF NATIONAL CAMPAIGNS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE POLITICAL WARFARE OF THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN IN THE THICK OF IT.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

Horace Greeley.

THE strategy of politics bears much resemblance to the science of directing military operations. In the Presidential campaign now in progress, for instance, the objective of the rival party generals is the attainment of a majority of the Electoral College, which may be taken to correspond with the subjugation of a hostile country. There are in the Electoral College 447 electoral votes scattered through forty-five States. Study closely the movements, and you will find in the march of events, all bearing on the capture of 224 partisan electors, a problem of absorbing interest, although, happily, not usually accompanied by bloodshed, carnage, and gunpowder.

Following the Civil War, the first great conflict in which strategy and political cunning played a dominating part was that of 1876, when Samuel J. Tilden ran against General Rutherford B. Hayes. Greeley's defeat had left the Democracy shattered. The great New York politician, in that campaign, put the Democratic party on its feet, and for the first time since 1856 did it go to the polls with anything like united ranks. Tilden, a consummate master of men, having fought Tammany to its knees, and having made a reputation as a smasher of rings while Governor of New York, began and carried out his campaign for the nomination with remarkable skill and was easily nominated. With him for Vice-President ran Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana. Tilden was a hard-money man, and he was hated by the greenbacks of the West. Governor Hendricks, influenced possibly more by the environment than by logic, was rated a greenbacker.

The Republicans were unfortunate in having to carry all the scandals that had inevitably followed the War, and the carpet-bag period in the South. Rings of many kinds had sprung up in the Federal government. Jobbery was rampant in the District of Columbia, in the Internal Revenue Department, in the army, and in Congress. More than that, there was a fierce contest, followed by bitter feeling, between Conkling, the candidate of the Grant wing, and Blaine, his principal opponent in the Convention.

It became clear, soon after the lines of battle had been formed, that a very large number of voters wanted a change, and that the contest would be a stubborn one. Senator Barnum, of Connecticut, was in charge of the Democratic campaign. Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was at the head of the Republican canvass.

Ohio and Indiana, at that time, in the Presidential years elected their State tickets in October, and were known as the October States. The election in October in these States, however, was a drawn battle, only Ohio going Republican, and the fight went on with renewed vigor in Indiana, New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey.

Election night came, and the country awaited the result in palpitating excitement. The returns from New York, New Jersey,

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Connecticut, and Indiana were early. Tilden had carried them all. He was elected if the South was "solid." General Hayes conceded the election of Governor Tilden. Zachariah Chandler, the Republican chairman, closed the headquarters and went to bed confessing defeat. Yet the election was not decided, and a dramatic incident occurred the next morning about two o'clock that resulted in the eventual seating of Hayes.

The late John C. Reid, managing editor of the New York "Times," which was the most virile journalistic opponent of Governor Tilden, sent his first edition to press practically conceding the election of Tilden. A moment later a messenger arrived with a note from Senator Barnum asking what the "Times" claimed in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana. Mr. Reid made a mental calculation, and found these three States would elect Hayes. He immediately stopped his presses, destroyed the edition, and got out a new one claiming the election of Hayes by 185 votes, just enough. He knew, of course, that if Barnum was sure of the result the note would not have been sent him. The "Herald" that same morning gave Tilden 184 votes, Hayes 166, and put the 19 in doubt.

Mr. Reid, leaving his office, hurried to Republican headquarters in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. No one was on guard but a telegraph operator. Soon Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, Secretary of the National Committee, came in, having just arrived from his own State. Mr. Reid quickly explained the situation to him, and told him that these nineteen votes should be counted for Hayes if there had been an honest election. These two gentlemen then hastened to Chairman Zachariah Chandler's room, routed him out of bed, and told him the situation as he sat blinking in his night-cap. The chairman told the two men to do what seemed best, and went to sleep again. A resolution was quickly formed. With Mr. Reid's assistance the wires were burdened with telegrams to Washington and to the political leaders in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, telling them that Hayes had the election, that it all depended on these three States, and that their electoral votes must at all hazards be held for the Republican candidates. The National Committee's telegrams that night cost Mr. Reid's newspaper hundreds of dollars. But for Senator Barnum's note, it is probable Mr. Tilden's election would never have been seriously contested.

Scores of prominent politicians from the North began hurrying to these States on Wednesday, and they later became popularly termed "visiting statesmen." The Republicans had the Federal troops to back them. The nineteen disputed electoral votes were hung up beyond the reach of Tilden. The Electoral Commission followed, and Hayes was seated by a vote of eight Republicans to seven Democrats. This was the great strategy of the campaign of 1876, and was known as William E. Chandler's "great coup." The history of that contest has filled many volumes, and is the most remarkable in our history, as it brought the nation to the verge of a civil war once more.

Samuel J. Tilden.

The campaign of 1880 marked the passage from the political field of the two great popular leaders, Tilden and Grant. Governor Tilden, who all Democrats and many others to the day of their deaths will believe was elected President in 1876, withdrew as a candidate for President before the Democratic National Convention was held, and paved the way for Democratic harmony in the State of New York and for the nomination of General Winfield Scott Hancock, a gallant Union general and a native of Pennsylvania. Again the Democrats took their candidate for Vice-President from Indiana, in the person of William E. English. They entered the campaign with practically a united front and reasonable chances for success.

Not so with the Republicans. Grant, backed by an element in the Republican

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party of great strength, had been a candidate before the Convention for a third term. There was a deep-rooted antipathy to any man having a third term as President, and the cry of "Cæsarism" was raised. Grant's principal opponent was James G. Blaine. Once more the strife between the Blaine and the Grant wings prevented the success of either faction. Conkling was the leader of the Grant interests. What happened in that memorable fight at Chicago is still well remembered.

In a bitter mood Conkling returned to New York. He was wedded to Grant's cause, and he took his defeat far more than if he himself had been defeated. General James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was nominated by the Convention, and Chester A. Arthur, of New York, one of Conkling's chief lieutenants, was nominated for Vice-President. He was nominated without the consent of Conkling. Conkling simply would have nothing to do with anything in the Convention after Grant's defeat.

James A. Garfield met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by Conkling's friends—"like the play of 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out."

Then came a period during which it seemed that New York, the pivotal State, was surely lost to Garfield. Senator Conkling, holding the Republican organization in the hollow of his hand, would allow nothing to be done. The campaign lagged. Apparently there was no chance of getting the New York Republicans into line, yet to get Conkling on the stump was vital to the success of the ticket. In this dire emergency, General Garfield decided to come to New York and bow the knee to Conkling. He was ready to promise almost anything in reason. To cover the real purpose of his visit, a conference of the National Committee and the chairmen of the various Republican State Committees throughout the Union was arranged at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. General Garfield arrived to meet Senator Conkling on August 4th, but it was like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. Garfield registered at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where Conkling was living, yet Conkling did not call on him. Any communication General Garfield might have to make must be made second-hand. The conference of the National leaders was held. Conkling did not attend. Marshall Jewell, chairman of the National Committee, was discouraged. General Garfield swept West by another route, making speeches as he went, but speaking with a heavy heart.

Soon thereafter came a calamity to the Republicans. Maine, which had been famous in other elections as fixing the pace in Presidential campaigns, still elected her governor at a September election. The greenbackers and Democrats at that September election carried the State.

In the meantime the issues of the campaign and the strategy of both the parties became sharply defined. The Republicans met the boast of the Democrats that they had a solid South with speeches against the Southern Confederacy. This style of campaigning became known as "waving the

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Grover Cleveland.

bloody shirt." The plans of the Republicans were to solidify the North and West for Garfield on that issue. The question of the tariff had become prominent; and General Hancock, in his letter of acceptance, had characterized the tariff as a "local issue." This is a proposition on which many of the most prominent advocates of a protective tariff now agree, but the Republicans seized upon it and made great capital out of it, and declared for the principle of protection pure and simple. From this statement Hancock never recovered. He was charged with being a free-trader; and although he denied this, he could never overcome the effect of his first utterance.

Garfield was subject to a bitter attack early in the campaign. The Credit Mobilier scandal was given prominence. At the time of Garfield's greatest distress Conkling was induced to break his silence. He and General Grant went to Ohio in company. General Grant presided at an enormous meeting, and Conkling made a speech. This gave new vigor to the campaign, and after a desperate struggle for the control of the October States, the Republicans carried both Ohio and Indiana.

In the closing days of the campaign the famous forged Morey letter appeared. In this letter, purporting to have been written by Garfield to H. L. Morey, the Presidential candidate seemingly acquiesced in the employment of Chinese labor to the exclusion of American labor. Unless its genuineness was disproved, its effects would be to lose the Republicans the electoral votes of California and Oregon. Garfield convinced the public that the letter was a forgery. The result of the election was a triumph for Garfield and Arthur, the Republicans getting 214 electoral votes to 155 for Hancock and English. The loss of New York by the Republicans would have elected the Democratic ticket.

Political conditions by 1884 had undergone a tremendous change. This was due to the great strife between the Federal administration and Conkling, the tragedy which sent Garfield to the tomb, the independence of Arthur on his accession to the Presidency, and the loss of New York to the Republicans in the Folger campaign, which brought to the front that new and dominating figure in national politics, Grover Cleveland.

The party in power was also suffering from serious scandals. The greatest of these was the Star Route plundering in the Post-Office Department. In a Congressional investigation, it was disclosed that mail contractors had drawn unearned millions through favoritism. During this investigation a side light was thrown on the campaign of 1880 by the publication of a letter written by General Garfield, while he was a candidate, to J. A. Hubbell, of Michigan, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, suggesting in terms too plain to be misunderstood that Second Assistant Postmaster-General Brady should require the Star Route contractors to contribute to the expenses of the campaign. This letter was addressed to "My Dear Hubbell," and "My Dear Hubbell" was a favorite phrase in politics for years.

Thus moorings had been loosened, and to many it seemed that political organizations were going adrift. The country had not seen before, and has not witnessed since, such a sensational struggle as that which took place between Cleveland and Blaine. Blaine, with both Conkling and Grant out of politics, at last was enabled to take the first step in the ambition of his life at the Chicago Convention. He was nominated for President, with General John A. Logan as the candidate for Vice-President. Governor

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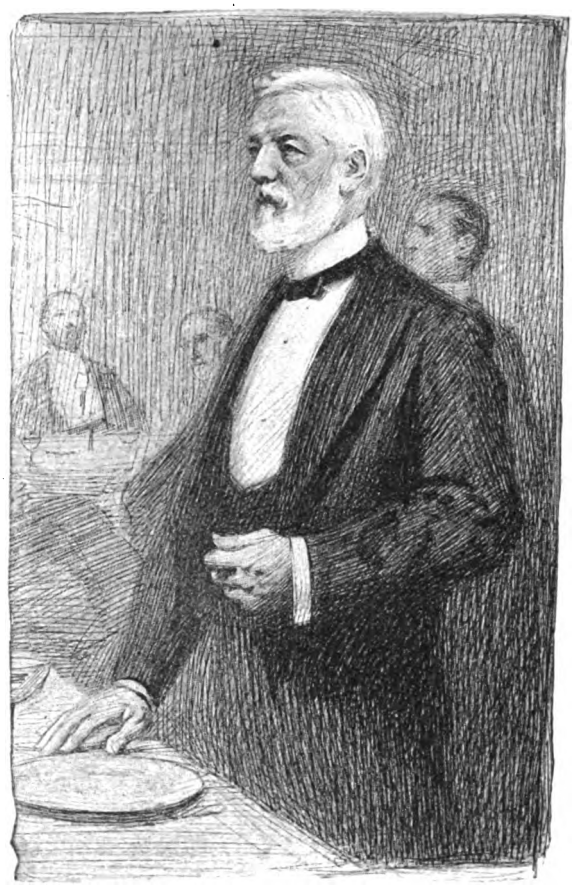
Cleveland was nominated by the Democrats after a hard fight. He had the prestige of the tremendous majority by which he had been elected Governor, and of the record he had made at Albany.

Almost instantly the issue became Blaine. This remarkable man had been in public life for many years. He had made many enemies. He had done many things which laid him open to attack. He was one of the most daring men under political fire that ever lived.



James G. Blaine at "Belshazzar's Feast."

Now with Blaine the candidate, the batteries of the Democrats opened on him. He was charged with improper conduct in trying to sell a patent gun to the Maine militia, with bartering his influence to the Hocking Valley coal interests, with similar misconduct with the Fort Smith and Little Rock Railroad. His letter bearing on this, with the concluding paragraph, "Burn this letter," was made public. So was another letter saying, "I shall not be a deadhead in the enterprise." Still another, about "casting an anchor to windward." One of the men to whom Mr. Blaine has written letters was named Mulligan. The Democrats instantly organized the "Mulligan Guards." Mr. Blaine took the stump and made a tour of the country, meeting the charges with that spirit and dash which had always characterized him. Indiana had ceased to be an October State, but an October election was still held in Ohio. Mr. Blaine made a tour of Ohio from end to end and side to side, speaking now from rear platforms, and now from a stage built up of pig-iron. Ohio went Republican by 10,000. It was a small majority, but it was enough, and up to this time Blaine had the best of it. The campaign became more bitter and personal as it progressed. The private life of Grover Cleveland was assailed. So was the private life of James G. Blaine. At the first whisper of scandal against Cleveland, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher wrote Governor Cleveland a letter, and he replied at length, entering a complete denial. This led the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to take the stump for Cleveland, and he characterized Mr. Blaine as "the prince of liars." But there was more to come. Another attack, this time very specific in its nature, was made on Grover Cleveland's private character. It was something requiring prompt attention. It was damaging, and to the minds of many almost fatal to the Democratic candidate. A conference was hastily called. Senator William H. Barnum was still chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Senator Arthur P. Gorman was chairman of the Executive, or Campaign, Committee. Senator Gorman was one of those who went to meet the Governor. Mr. Cleveland had written a long letter in which he defended himself from the charges made against him. Gorman read the letter.

"This," said he, "will never do."

Then and there he tore up the letter the Presidential candidate had written and tossed the fragments into the grate. Instead of the long letter thus destroyed, there were given to the press the next day a few lines

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addressed to an inquirer, in which occurred these memorable words, "Tell the truth." Their directness caught the public. The attack really acted as a boomerang, and "Tell the truth" became a slogan in the campaign.

Now great difficulties began to confront the Republicans. Blaine had been regarded by the Republican managers as assuredly elected the first week in October. But one thing necessary was that the campaign should be kept going at full steam. This could not be done without money, and the treasury of the National Committee became exhausted. Mr. B. F. Jones, a wealthy manufacturer of Pittsburg, was chairman of the National Committee, and he had been influential in raising money. But the attacks on Mr. Blaine, and the popularity of Governor Cleveland based on his courage as a reformer, had driven many wealthy Republicans, who had been depended on for contributions, into the ranks of the independents, known as "mugwumps," a term first applied to them in this campaign.

Arthur Pue Gorman.

So it was that Chairman Jones, one day in October, called his Campaign Committee together. His face wore a very serious expression. He had already given $83,000 from his private purse. He could give no more.

Then a step was decided upon which cost James G. Blaine the Presidency. Mr. Blaine had finished his campaigning in the West. He had been advised by many of his friends to go home to Maine and remain there until after the election. These persons believed that if he came to New York something would be likely to happen which would cause disaster. But money was needed, and Mr. Blaine came to New York to help raise it. A dinner was arranged for him at Delmonico's. It was a money-raising dinner, pure and simple. There he met the most prominent business men and financiers in New York City. Jay Gould was there. So were Cyrus W. Field, Russell Sage, and John Jacob Astor. Included in the list were bankers and brokers, officials of the Vanderbilt and Gould railroads, Standard Oil magnates, and, indeed, representatives of almost the entire wealth of New York City centered in Wall Street. Reporters were not permitted to attend. At that time Jay Gould was an issue in politics, and so were the trunk lines. General Benjamin F. Butler was running for President on an anti-monopoly platform. He was supported by the New York "Sun," Cleveland's most bitter opponent, and was expected to draw votes from the Democrats. Think, then, of Blaine going to a monopoly banquet in the closing days of an anti-monopoly campaign! The dinner was a tactical blunder, and it was only necessary for Mr. Blaine and Mr. Jones to read the papers the next morning to realize the full folly of the dinner. It was there labeled "Belshazzar's Feast." From one end of the country to the other went the statement that Blaine was Gould's man, and that Gould had given a banquet with the purpose to raise money with which to purchase Blaine's election. This was a great calamity, but regarded not in itself as necessarily fatal. Another calamity came to Mr. Blaine on the same day, October 29, 1884. In order to offset the defection of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, an ecclesiastical reception had been arranged for Mr. Blaine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Many ministers of the gospel were present. The Rev. Dr. Burchard was the spokesman. Mr. Blaine received them on the second floor, and Dr. Burchard addressed him, standing on the third step of the great staircase. Near the conclusion of his address Dr. Burchard said:

"You represent all the virtues. Mr. Cleveland represents rum, Romanism, and rebellion."

All who were watching Mr. Blaine at the time agree that he started violently as this utterance was made. He realized as quickly as the representatives of the Democratic National Committee in the crowd the awful import of the words. But he was powerless to rebuke the statement, not wishing to

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offend the Protestant clergy who had called to do him honor. He endeavored to explain it next day; but it was too late. The enemy was not idle, and "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" went through the country hand in hand with the news of "Belshazzar's Feast."

To all it was apparent that New York was the pivotal State again. Whichever party carried it, carried the election. When the full returns came in, it was found that Mr. Cleveland had the electoral vote of New York by 1,047 plurality. The Republicans disputed the count. They claimed, and still claim, that the votes cast for Benjamin F. Butler in Richmond County, and in some districts of New York and Kings County, to the number of more than 2,700, were counted for Grover Cleveland. General Butler makes this distinct charge in his published memoirs.

William C. Whitney.

For a time serious trouble seemed to be impending. In this crisis, William C. Whitney called a conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There were present Chairman Barnum, Senator Gorman, Thomas E. Benedict, the late Hubert O. Thompson, Robert A. Maxwell, and others. The Democrats deemed it necessary to have a fund to protect the count. Mr. Whitney undertook to raise the money, and he did raise $50,000. The next day it was announced that the Democratic lawyers would be reënforced by Roscoe Conkling, who would give them his opinion on all points of law. In addition to this, the returns showed that Oneida County, Conkling's former home, had given Cleveland 1,000 Republican votes. The narrow Democratic margin in New York stood, and Grover Cleveland became President of the United States. Mr. Blaine afterward said that he drew back from the contest because he believed that civil war would have resulted.

Beecher stumping for Cleveland.

There were signs early in 1888 that the country was preparing for another upheaval. Cleveland, of course, was the standard-bearer of his party again, but his administration was attacked chiefly because of the tariff-reform message and the consequent unsettlement of business conditions. Senator Gorman and Senator Calvin S. Brice of Ohio were the Democratic campaign managers.

The nomination of General Harrison, of Indiana, by the Republicans, was well received, and the placing of Levi P. Morton on the ticket as the candidate for Vice-President placated New York; and at this time there was no difficulty in getting

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the leaders of the Empire State into line. Senator M. S. Quay and James S. Clarkson of Iowa had charge of the Republican canvass.

New York again was the State on which the election turned. As in 1884, the candidate who carried the Empire State was to win. The principal issue was the tariff, but for the first time trusts came prominently forward. The use of money in elections also became a conspicuous feature. Four prominent merchants and manufacturers in Pennsylvania raised a fund said to be about $400,000 for the Harrison campaign.

Senator Quay, in speaking of expected campaign contributions, was reported to have said that the managers would proceed to "fry the fat" out of the protected manufacturers. "Frying the fat" is still an expression used whenever the Republican managers begin the collection of campaign funds.

Late in the canvass there was a startling development regarding the use of money, when the Democrats procured and published a letter purporting to be signed by W. W. Dudley, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, respecting the vote-getting in Indiana on election day. Two of the rules laid down in this letter will bear reproduction:

1. To find out who had Democratic boodle, and steer the Democratic workers to them and make them pay big prices for their own men. . . .

4. Divide the floaters into blocks of five, and put a trusted man with the necessary funds in charge of this five and make him responsible that none get away and all vote our ticket.

Mr. Dudley denounced the letter as a forgery, but it is a fact that a very large sum of money, in bills of a small denomination, was sent to Indiana in charge of two trusted Republican workers. The writer has talked with one of the men who took the money. It was to be turned over to the Indiana Republicans at Cincinnati. It was taken in a trunk. By the time the two men and the trunk arrived in Cincinnati, the Dudley letter had been published. One of the men took fright, and disappeared. The Indiana men, not knowing what information the Democrats had, were afraid to come to the hotel selected as a rendezvous. There the remaining guard of the money, heavily armed, stood by his post, night and day for two whole days, and finally turned it over to the Hoosier delegation. Indiana in that year went Republican by a small majority.

Matthew Stanley Quay.

Senator Quay was familiar with the whole story of the loss of New York State to Blaine in 1884. He proceeded to guard against the mistakes that the Republicans had made, and devised a most comprehensive plan for carrying the Empire State for Harrison. It is necessary to explain that each of the great political parties had accused the other of colonizing voters in New York City; that is, registering a large number of names and hiring illegal voters from other States to vote on these names. Tammany, being in control of the police force, would naturally be able to do more of this work, but the Republicans had the benefit of a United States Supervisor of Elections in John I. Davenport, who had an enormous number of deputies.

Early in the campaign Quay met a man by appointment in a town in New Jersey. He explained to him in great detail what he wanted done, and arranged for the payment to him at stated intervals of large sums of money. "Now," said the Republican manager at the conclusion of the interview, "you have your orders; go ahead. But until this work is done do not come near me, and do not in any way give any one an intimation that we may ever have met."

Very soon after this meeting a new firm of directory publishers began work in New York City. An entire building was rented on Broadway, and an enormous sign bearing the words "New York City Directory" was thrown across its front. An army of canvassers were put to work, and soon the

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names of all the inhabitants of the city were collected. But the new directory did not appear.

It was late in the campaign and the directory sign was down. The newspaper organs of both parties were crying "Wholesale Colonization" and "Fraud Afoot." There were many evidences that both organizations had imported large numbers of voters. At this juncture Quay sent for a prominent Democrat closely identified with the Cleveland campaign in New York. He took him into a room that contained piles of books as large as ledgers, reaching half-way to the ceiling.

David Bennett Hill.

"There!" he exclaimed with a wave of his hand. "Look at those books. We've got you."

He took down one of the books and opened it. It contained the names and addresses of all the male voters in a certain ward, carefully arranged, first alphabetically, and then house by house and block by block.

"These books," he added, "contain the names of the men who have a right to vote. If others vote, the jails will not be big enough to hold them."

There was little illegal voting, at least by Democrats, in New York City in that election.

David B. Hill ran for Governor that year, and he had the support of Tammany, while Tammany was angry at Cleveland. Election day brought about an unprecedented result in New York. Hill was re-elected Governor by 19,000, but Harrison carried the State by 14,000. Cleveland's friends charged that Hill and Tammany sold out the electoral ticket, but President Cleveland declared solemnly the next day that he believed Hill had been loyal.

Richard Croker.

At midnight of election day Quay issued one of his characteristic pronunciamientos: "We have carried the election and will hold it with the mailed hand."

New York, as everybody expected, settled the day. It was the key to the position. The result was largely due to Quay's novel methods.

The admission of the territories of Idaho, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, North Dakota, and South Dakota as States during Harrison's administration and the increase in the Congressional representation in other States had, by 1892, enlarged the strategic field, so that the Electoral College consisted of 444 votes. Both parties began the campaign with many of the leaders utterly disgusted with their candidates. Harrison was renominated despite the protest of nearly all the bosses in the important States, including Quay of Pennsylvania, Platt of New York, Manley of Maine, and Clarkson of Iowa. Blaine resigned as Secretary of State in Harrison's Cabinet on the eve of the Convention and became a candidate against him.

Cleveland, too, was nominated for a third time after an exceedingly bitter struggle. It was probably the fiercest ever waged in a Democratic convention.

Both candidates, as

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Whitelaw Reid. Benjamin Harrison, and Thomas C. Platt in conference at Ophir Farm.

soon as they were nominated, applied themselves to the task of getting the New York politicians to support their election. Cleveland had the least trouble. William C. Whitney brought about amicable relations.

General Harrison had to placate not only the New York machine, but almost the entire Republican organization of the country. He had fought Quay and Don Cameron over patronage, and had almost mortally offended Senator Platt by refusing to appoint him Secretary of the Treasury and by ignoring his recommendations as to various appointments. At the very outset Harrison, instead of thanking Quay for his efforts in 1888, had spoken coldly about Quay, and gave his thanks to divine Providence "for pulling him through." Quay retaliated by assisting Don Cameron in the Senate in his fight against the Force Bill. With the Democratic senators from the South he played the Force Bill against the Tariff Bill. "Which do you want," said Quay, "a Force Bill or a Tariff Bill?" The Tariff Bill prevailed, and the Force Bill was lost, and came up to plague Harrison in this campaign.

Harrison had difficulty in getting any one to serve as chairman of the National Committee. The position was offered to probably a dozen men, who declined to serve. Finally, in sheer desperation, the Committee elected Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, who was then Commissioner of the Land Office, and is now United States Senator, and at last it got to work in a half-hearted, hap-hazard sort of way.

The Homestead strike and riots, and those at Buffalo, all aided the Democrats. Mr. Cleveland's managers set up the cry of "plutocracy," by which they meant a new class supported by millions gained through the new tariff. Speedily the situation brightened for Cleveland, and the Republicans floundered.

Senator Platt, the acknowledged leader in New York, remained inactive. The President was at Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks. Mutual friends of President Harrison and Senator Platt went to see the Republican candidate. Then followed General Harrison's famous visit to Ophir Farm, near White Plains, the country seat of Whitelaw Reid, President Harrison's associate on the ticket. There President Harrison was visited by Senator Platt, accompanied by William Brookfield, chairman of the Republican State Committee, and General Samuel Thomas. When these three gentlemen arrived, they were shown into the parlor, where General Harrison and Mr. Reid were awaiting them. After shaking hands, Mr. Brookfield and General Thomas withdrew, leaving Senator Platt with the two candidates sitting there in the dim twilight. What was said and done only these three gentlemen knew, but Senator Platt went to work for the ticket and supported it loyally.

With great vigor the Democrats pressed their advantage. They made a fight in every State in the Union. William F. Harrity, a rising young Democrat of Pennsylvania, who had been postmaster of Philadelphia under Cleveland, was chairman of the National Committee. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, who had been Cleveland's Postmaster-General, was chairman of the Executive Committee, and was destined to play a distinguished part in the election.

In the campaign of 1888 Senator Brice, of Ohio, had spent much time in the West endeavoring to carry Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan for Cleveland. His roseate reports about the Democratic party's prosperity in these States caused him to be styled a "Rainbow Chaser." Don M. Dickinson, in 1892, went West on the same mission. He was accused of chasing rainbows, but as a result of his efforts about the entire Middle West went to the Cleveland column.

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In their eagerness to win in this campaign, the Democrats took a step that was the forerunner of the coalition between the Democrats and Populists in 1896. The People's party had already begun to make its influence felt in the West. General Weaver was the Populist candidate for President. The Democrats went deliberately to work to form a coalition or fusion with them, to keep votes away from Harrison. In a number of States they succeeded. Cleveland was elected by a landslide, having 277 electoral votes, but the free-silver element of the party came into control before the expiration of his term and dominates it still.

Indeed, in that election the surprising run of General Weaver, the Populist candidate, made the general coalition between the Democrats and Populists which came in 1896 inevitable. Weaver received twenty-two votes in the Electoral College, having carried Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Nevada, and captured one vote in each of the States of North Dakota and Oregon.

In the campaign of 1892 both the great parties spent large sums of money, but the Democrats had absolutely more money than they could use, while the Republicans at the most critical stage of the campaign became practically bankrupt. The day after the election Cornelius N. Bliss, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, after paying off all the debts, discovered that his private bank account was $75,000 smaller. He did not get this money back until 1896. Immediately after the election he went to the rooms of the American Protective Tariff League, of which he was president, intending to close up the establishment. He discovered that the League had $5,000 in the bank and no debts. He was astonished.

"This," said he, "is the only solvent thing in the Republican party in the United States."

The great campaign over the financial

William Jennings Bryan.

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question in 1896 is too recent to require any elaborate explanation. The strategy was clear to any one who watched the progress of events. All politicians agree that when Bryan was nominated he was apparently certain of a majority of the electoral votes of the country. The free-silver propaganda had been carried on throughout the West, and States like Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, and even Minnesota were regarded as certain to go for Bryan, unless a remarkable change took place in the sentiments of the farmers. This then had to be combated with literature, speakers, money, and a business panic. Senator Hanna, chairman of the Republican National Committee, moved the main headquarters of the party to Chicago, and from that point directed the fight. A campaign of education was begun, and a vast amount of money was expended in combating the arguments in favor of the free coinage of silver. Hundreds of men carrying this literature journeyed through these States in wagons. They distributed their tracts, talked with the farmers, and reported regularly at given points. In time a change was apparent. Bryan to offset this made the most extensive speaking tour known in American politics, but all in vain. When the election came, practically the entire Middle West, including Kentucky, cast its electoral votes for McKinley. These votes, added to those of the solid East, and those of California and Oregon, gave McKinley 271 electoral votes, almost reaching the high-water mark of Cleveland in 1892.

Probably never before in this country did a political committee have such a large campaign fund as that disbursed by Senator Hanna in 1896. It reached into the millions, and even as late as October a demand went out to certain corporations assessing them one-fourth of one per cent. on their capital stock. The Committee, like the Democrats in 1892, could not spend all their money, and the Republican newspaper reporters on duty at the New York and Chicago headquarters were all given gold medals by Senator Hanna at the conclusion of the campaign.

But what of the strategy of this campaign? The lines of battle are somewhat different from those of 1896, although a declaration in favor of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 is in the Democratic platform, and the same candidates for President are in the field. The Democrats have declared that anti-imperialism is the paramount issue. On that they are going to make their fight, although the Republicans are seeking to bring forward the financial issue as they did in 1896. Most of the Democratic managers unite in the opinion that there is a chance to win without New York. They expect to carry Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, Michigan, and Illinois, all of which went for McKinley in 1896.

The Republican managers contend that McKinley cannot be defeated unless he loses New York. The events of a single day might make New York a pivotal State, as it was in 1880, 1884, and 1888. Cleveland could have won without New York in 1892; McKinley could have been elected without New York in 1896. Possibly before the campaign closes the battle lines will fall, as so often before, in the great Middle West and in the Empire State.

It is a singular fact that since 1864 the electoral vote of New York has swung like a pendulum between the two great political parties. Nowhere else in the Union is there such a large army of independent voters. Lincoln carried the State the second time in his second campaign of 1864; Seymour carried it in 1868; Grant in 1872; Tilden in 1876; Garfield in 1880; Cleveland in 1884; Harrison in 1888; Cleveland in 1892, and McKinley in 1896. Will it be the pivot in 1900?

Thus the lines of battle are drawn, and in this month of October strategic movements will be rapid. The political armies engaged are far larger than any ever put into the field in actual war. In some States as election day approaches the entire male voting population will be participating. The general in command on either side will be embarrassed, as many military leaders have been, by the enmity of some commanding figure in his own party—there may be a Conkling, as in 1884; or a Gresham, as in 1892; or a Hill or a Gorman, as in 1896.

Both parties will strive for the possession of the commanding points, for the control of doubtful or pivotal States. Tactical skill will be brought into play everywhere. The cutting off of supplies from the enemy; the diverting of issues so as to change the theater of war; the weakening of rival lines through local alliances; the entrapping of candidates into ambuscades through artifice and subterfuge; the confusing of the enemy through unexpected moves, the forced marches of politics—all these things, so familiar in war, have their parallels in American presidential campaigns.

And the first week in November will see the end of it all.

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"Alone with her in the gathering dusk of sky and sea."

MADEMOISELLE PARCHESI.

By Gelett Burgess.

AN "EVENT" WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE MORE THAN AN "EPISODE."

JUSTIN STURGIS had missed the "Veendam" by an hour. The next vessel of the line would not touch at Boulogne-sur-Mer until Saturday. He had still three days to wait, and he was already bored with the town. The Casino was closed, so, after whiling away the most of the morning at the fish market, he had struck out for the beach and walked along the sands below the Boulevard. A half-mile beyond the deserted bathing-machines he sat down on the shingle, and abstractedly watched the gulls circling about a huge rock which rose from the water between the limits of ebb and flood tide.

It was in April, too early in the season for tourists or "trippers" from England, and the whole reach of shore was deserted, save for an occasional fish-wife shrimping, knee-deep in the water, framed in a glittering perspective of sea, sand, and sunshine.

His wandering eye was arrested, after a time, by a patch of red that appeared and disappeared in the breakers which lazily washed the beach. After a closer examination, Justin rose and waded into the water to retrieve this bit of flotsam. It was a red silk parasol, caught by the rising tide, filled with sand and laced with the foam of the billows.

He opened it, set it upright in the sun to dry, burying its ivory handle in the pebbles, and then walked curiously down the beach,

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inspecting the sands. A little beyond where he had been sitting, he encountered a double line of footprints leading to and from a confused impression in the beach. There was a small hole scooped out by hand, half-filled with water, and from this abandoned resting-place the footprints led down to the foamy seaweed, as if the owner had escaped by way of the open sea. As the tide was rising, Justin surmised that the owner of the parasol had been there some time before, and would probably return to seek her lost property; and he saw in this chance, hope of an adventure. It was, however, by this time nearly noon, and the thought of luncheon constrained him to hide his discovery and return as soon as possible. He concealed the sunshade, therefore, beneath a ledge, and made his way back to his hotel.

He found the *salle à manger* occupied by a party of two, who were taking their *déjeuner* at a table not far from his, by an open window. The elder woman was dressed in black, and her manner and conversation betrayed the patient chaperon of a whimsical ward. Justin's eyes slipped over her face and figure lazily, and passed on to the young girl opposite her. Only her back was visible, unfortunately, but from its lines, the curve of her cheek, and a coil of well-dressed hair he formed an interested estimate of her charms, which was soon justified by the reflection of her face in a conveniently placed mirror. It was not long before the young lady, who had not been altogether oblivious of his entry, discovered this go-between also, and she sent a swift glance occasionally into the glass, not one of which shots missed its mark. Her face and expression gave her a mischievous original sort of beauty, so much her own as to preclude any hints as to her nationality. The two women were speaking French, engaged in an animated conversation, plainly audible from where the young man sat.

Never did Justin Sturgis more painfully regret his ignorance of the French language, for he could not read even a *menu*. A few words, indeed, he knew, and *ombrelle* sounds remarkably like an English word of similar significance. It was not long, then, before he made sure that his find on the shore might be put to good advantage, and he swore to himself that it would be redeemed only at the price of the girl's acquaintance.

As soon as he had made sure that she had left the hotel, Justin set out himself, and, making a detour at a rapid pace, reached the shore and recovered the parasol. Then, opening it, he stretched himself at full length under its shade and pretended to fall asleep. In a few moments he heard the crunching of pebbles, and, turning cautiously, he saw the young lady from the hotel picking her way among the boulders. By the time he had composed his features she had come up to him.

"*Pardon, monsieur,*" she said, in excellent French, "but I perceive that you have my parasol."

The words, of course, were incomprehensible to Justin. He was, moreover, supposed to be asleep. He tightened his grip on the ivory ring in the handle and tried to keep from smiling, but an imp of mischief was torturing him internally.

"*Monsieur!*" the girl exclaimed impatiently—and that was as much as Justin understood, though there followed a number of sentences, volubly spoken and emphasized with a stamp of the little foot whose shoe-prints he had admired that forenoon.

Justin rose now, made her an elaborate bow, and handed her the sunshade. These signs, however, seemed to him so inadequate that he spoke in English, on the chance of her understanding him. "I beg your pardon, *mademoiselle*, for a rather poor joke, but, as I have only just found your property, I was waiting to see if you would have the courage to claim it. Do you speak English?"

The girl's eyebrows had risen for a second, and she bit her lip. Her brown eyes gave him a swift look-over, from his shoes, which were pointed, to his hair, which was parted in the middle. "*Non,*" she said, swallowing a smile; "*monsieur ne parle pas Français?*"

"No," Justin answered in his turn; and at this illumination of the situation, they both broke into laughter, than which, perhaps, there could be no better introduction.

Now, some premonition had warned Justin, as he descended the hill, to stop at the *pâtisserie* and buy an assortment of cakes, which he had brought with him down to the shore. So, at a loss for words, in the hopes of detaining her as long as possible, he offered her the package, seated himself on the sand, and beckoned her an invitation. The girl accepted frankly, and, spreading a tiny handkerchief, she arranged the *gâteaux* upon it, for the repast.

There were coffee *éclairs*, suffering a little from the torment of the rapid trip, and *puits d'amour*, whose shaking custard hearts were torn by the same commotion; two *tartelettes*,

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one of whose boatload of strawberry passengers had capsized; and a couple of *babas*, sweet little sponges, saturated with rum-and-water—the favorite confection of the American girl in Paris. She relieved the agony of the *éclairs*, staunching their creamy wounds with a slim forefinger; she patted and petted the other cakes into shape; and waved her hand merrily over the spread, with a gesture of approval. She then signed to Justin that all was ready and helped herself to a *baba*, which disappeared between her lips in a mumble of delight. It was enough for Justin to sit and watch her legerdemain, but she forced a cake upon him, that he might share her delight.

When they had finished eating, the young man set himself to the rather difficult task of amusing her, with an impromptu conversation without speech. He pointed to the sea and sky with gesticulations of admiration, and the girl evidently approved of the landscape, sea-scape, and weather. She helped on the dialogue in high spirits by

"By the time he had composed his features she had come up to him."

pointing to the gulls, expressing a wish to fly by waving her arms vertically, and her ability to swim by horizontal motions. She called his attention to the fishing smacks, and, sailing in an imaginary boat, of which she seemed to hold sheet and tiller, she made a most successful voyage across the Channel. Justin himself preferred riding, and he mimicked a horse's gallop and trot till the girl wept with laughter, and so they responded in kind, one following the other. She proved herself a clever actress, willing to amuse as well as be amused by the drollery of their ridiculous pastime.

The acquaintance, now well under way by the adoption of this language of signs, progressed gayly. The young lady was evidently mistress of her own time, and the whim pleased her. It was not long before the two were playing together like two children, building forts in the sand, pelting each other with rags of seaweed, and making rainbow mosaics of colored pebbles. They walked a mile or so up the beach and back again frolicking ingenuously, full of the joy of the warm spring afternoon sunshine, and captivated with the innumerable absurdities of their original relation and intercourse.

One of their earliest attempts at diversion was in the contrivance of a make-shift game of parchesi, the diagram for which Justin drew in lines upon the sand. The girl recognized the circles, ladders, and "safety-points" immediately, and with her white pebbles for counters, proved herself well skilled in the rules of the game, and a difficult antagonist in the race around the square into the "home circle." Partly on account of her luck with his wooden dice, and partly for want of a better name, since she would not tell him hers, he began to call her "Mademoiselle Parchesi," and this pseudonym she kept as long as their acquaintance lasted.

Both, indeed, had so entered into the spirit of the game, and had devoted themselves with such energy to the contrivance of new methods of communication, that four hours passed rapidly, and six o'clock found them by the fish market, well fatigued with their romp. It was time to return for dinner, but Justin had no idea of letting the excitement die here. Much to

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his chagrin, however, the young lady absolutely forbade his accompanying her to the hotel, and, with a decided gesture, intimated that he must not even recognize her there.

This was a difficult message to communicate, and she accomplished it only after an elaborate pantomime, requiring many simulated scenes. She acted out several possibilities, taking his part with clever parody—where she approved his behavior she applauded enthusiastically, clapping her hands high in the air; where she made him commit an indiscretion she stamped her foot pettishly, and hissed her condemnation of his *rôle*. In this manner she succeeded in laying out the course of action he was to follow, and he was given to understand that her *duenna* was all but an ogress, and that even his by-play in the mirror would bring about the most unpleasant consequences.

She agreed to come down to the beach every afternoon without fail, and in the mornings as well, whenever she was given the opportunity. Justin, however, must ask neither her name, residence, nor age, and he must never—*jamais*—try to find out. She liked him, yes, she liked him very much—especially his hair, which was dangerously curly—and if he were good, she would give him a photograph to put in his watch, though she insinuated with a fluttering finger that it would not stay there long. They were to be good friends for three days, if he obeyed her wishes; after that—an affected little shrug of her shoulders, a glance upward, and a handkerchief held to very dry brown eyes, intimated her despair. All this in the most fascinating play-acting, distracting in the extreme.

This was the beginning of a three-days' comradeship, half child's play and half flirtation, more piquantly amusing than anything Justin Sturgis had ever before attempted. Mademoiselle Parchesi was ready for any entertainment he might suggest, lithe-limbed and graceful, delighting in constant action, and swept at times by a gale of merriment for which he could discover no reason.

They got on, for the most part, by means of the language of signs that they had first adopted, and which they added to, more and more, every time they met, by the acceptance of significant conventions, instinctive as the motions of savages or deaf mutes. The few words common to both French and English, such as *hôtel*, *train*, *dîner*, *chocolat*, *poste*, *télégraphe*, *photographie*, *lettre*, *voyage*, and so forth, they found very convenient, and by these they avoided the necessity of many a long rehearsal in pantomime. As a last resort Justin would sometimes refer to his French-English, English-French dictionary, but this came to be understood as unfair and against the rules of the game they were playing; and the girl would vigorously protest against the consultation. Justin's note-book played a good part, too, in their interviews, and before he left her it was completely filled with their almost impossible sketches.

All this did well enough for the simpler conditions of their friendship, but Justin's increasing admiration for his playfellow engendered many ideas too abstract for this limited means of communication, even when he wished to confess his thoughts. He revolted occasionally against the obstacle of his ignorance, which shut him out of her thoughts, as by an insurmountable wall, and at these times he relieved his mind with a few sharp sentences in English, expressing himself with a force he might not have dared use had he thought he were understood. At other times, however, this very barrier gave him protection, and the belief in his comrade's ignorance of English emboldened him to speak naïvely with immense candor, breaking out into fearless phrases of whimsical expostulation, speculation, or open compliment.

"You're the most delicious sort of a gamin," he would say, "a new kind to me—I don't know just where to place you. . . . I wonder how many of the girls I know would stand the test of not being allowed to talk for three whole days! . . . If you *could* speak English, I wonder what you'd say! You'd probably bore me to death, or else insist on talking personalities. . . . What sort of funny things would come out of that funny face? . . . It's always a surprise to me when people appear to like me, but I'm pretty sure you really do, or you wouldn't take so much trouble to come down here with me. . . . Perhaps it's only the novelty of the thing, though. . . . I'm sure I wouldn't get tired of you, though, for a long time. . . . I suppose, now, you think you dress well, but you don't. You oughtn't to wear red. You ought to wear blue. . . . You've got such a funny mouth—but it's a good, generous one. . . . I wonder if you blackened your eyebrows this morning? . . ."

Mademoiselle Parchesi schooled herself assiduously; when he talked she paid close attention, and always laughed as if she was sure he was saying something amusing. In fact, it seemed to Justin that she laughed

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more at his remarks, seriously as they were spoken, than at her own, which, by the token of her expression, must have been decidedly witty. She attempted a little English occasionally, mouthing the words very prettily, with a French accent, but sometimes she would also speak her mind, and deliver a few rapid incomprehensible sentences quite deliberately, looking at him through half-closed lids, and smiling as she turned away. Her eyes wrinkled pleasantly as she did this, and her mouth was apt to become unmanageable, while her eyebrows went up and down—what Mademoiselle Parchesi was thinking of, Justin would have given a good deal to know.

"It was enough for Justin to sit and watch her legerdemain."

The tender meeting the "Obdam" was to leave the jetty at eight o'clock Saturday evening; that afternoon, therefore, was the last time that the two could meet, and the three hours on the beach below the Boulevard were well filled with their sports and nonsense. It seemed rather cruel to Justin that such an experience as this new friendship should come to an end without some trace of regret on the part of his new-made friend, but nothing he could do succeeded in drawing from Mademoiselle Parchesi any expression of concern at the approaching separation, and she obviously parried his advances in this direction. This hurt him a good deal. It was inconsistent with the estimate he had formed of her character to be so unfeeling, for she had always been frank and sympathetic before, in all their meetings.

He threw off this feeling of disappointment as well as he could, nevertheless, and determined to make the best of this last opportunity of seeing her. He had had three days of unconventional, almost primitive, comradeship with her, happily without a hint of discord. He would not spoil that now by a disagreement. He was very glad to have been able to know her, even for this short interval. He had no hope of ever seeing her again, and so he gave himself up to the pleasure of this last time.

They walked up the beach more quietly than usual, and by five o'clock reached the place where they had first met. The shore was deserted, and they sat down together, with a little embarrassment, the tension of their approaching farewell asserting itself in spite of Mademoiselle Parchesi's nervous attempts at raillery. These she gave up after a while, and sat quietly gazing at the sea.

Justin looked at the girl narrowly and wondered what was behind her silence. It was some time before he could pull himself together enough to say good-bye, and then the old difficulty confronted him; the barrier of language, never so exasperating, never so insurmountable as now, alone with her in the gathering dusk of sky and sea—for the last time. Again the temptation to free his mind was too great to be resisted.

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"I can't stand it! I won't stand it!" he said. "The idea of being here with a girl like you, whom I shall probably never see again in my life, and not able to talk to you! By Jove, I *will* talk to you, whether you understand or not! You're my kind; we are of the same caste. I know it by every gesture you make. There ought to be a universal language for people like us. I ought to be able to understand what you say, if you spoke Arabic, on a day like this! And I could make myself worth your while, I'm sure of that—I feel remarkably interesting, and I'm not afraid to tell the truth about either myself or you. But what's the use? You're a mummy—you're a ghost—you're deaf and dumb! *Grrrr!*" He growled the last ejaculation of dissatisfaction through clenched teeth.

Mademoiselle Parchesi certainly did not look like either a ghost, a mummy, or a deaf-mute, for she sat up straight, clapped her hands and cried, "*Encore! encore!*" laughing nervously.

It seemed foolish to Justin to go on so, talking to himself in this ridiculous way, but there was something in the girl's attention that encouraged him, he hardly knew why. More than this, a finer sense of the humorous possibilities of the case awakened in him. He went on with his monologue, speaking more to himself than to her.

"I'd like to know who you are! I don't mean your name and residence, but who you *really* are—who you are to me, and what it means, my meeting you like this!"

Mademoiselle Parchesi did not attempt to reply, but sat back, watching his profile outlined against the sky. She seemed more serious than she had ever seemed before, more serious even than the occasion demanded. She no longer said, "Vat ees eet?" in broken English. Her hands were tightly clasped together, and her teeth were set on her lower lip. Justin gazed at her as if she were a portrait.

"You've got such a funny face," he continued. "You're not a bit pretty, but you've got what not one woman in ten has, and that's a personality. No one would ever forget *you!* There's something in behind your face that turns the lights up and down, and sets off red and green fire, and stage-manages your whole expression. Let me see your hand!" and he reached for it assuredly.

She gave it him a little reluctantly, and he inspected it at his leisure. "H'm!" he murmured, in a manner that palmists use. "What a headline! You're in no danger from that two inches of heart. . . . You'll live to be eighty-six years old. . . . Yes, you'll be married. . . . How would you like to be married—to me?"

Mademoiselle Parchesi's hand curled almost imperceptibly, but Justin did not release it. He turned it over, felt of the phalanges, tested the density of the flesh and the smoothness of the skin. There were little pads on the end of her fingers, where the tactile nerves were concentrated. These he pinched softly.

"These fool palmistry books give you a sort of map with little mountains and gulfs and rivers and peninsulas to guide one in exploring the human hand, but they don't help one much about a person's climate and meteorology—storms and winds and tides and currents and all that. It's all that that I'd like to know. I wonder what sort of a friend you'd be. I wonder how you'd wear, and if I'd get tired of you, or you of me!"

There is no word for "wonder" in French; if there were, Mademoiselle Parchesi might have used it then, also, for she looked up suddenly as if to speak, and her eyes were full of a message she was trying to find the courage to say. But she looked down again passively and reclasped her hands, saying, "*Encore!*" under her breath.

"I suppose," said Justin through his teeth, "if I were a certain sort of man, I would try to kiss you now, and if you were a different sort of girl, you would let me, after more or less stage business. Here's a *mise-en-scène* appropriate enough for any sort of a flirtation. I wonder if I *am* that sort of man."

He rose and paced up and down the sand a few moments, thinking over the situation so intently that he was almost oblivious of the girl's presence. In her manner a few hints had begun to trouble him with a suggestion that, at first, he could not determine. He turned to her and saw that she was watching him intently. She had drawn on her cape as if preparing to leave. He went up to her quickly, with a flash of intuition, and standing still, said, deliberately, "I believe I *will* kiss you, and see what good that will do!"

He had made no suggestive motion, but as soon as the words had left his mouth Mademoiselle Parchesi started up and took a step away from him, and stood in an attitude of defense. Her face had gone scarlet, and her hands were raised to her breast.

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With a rapid gesture he seized her by both arms and looked her straight in the eyes. "You speak English!" he cried, angrily. "You have understood every word I have said from the very beginning, and you've deliberately let me go on, talking like a fool. You've tricked me, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" Then with a toss of his head he left her standing there, her hands covering her face, and walked away.

"With a rapid gesture he seized her by both arms."

What had he said to her? Nothing of consequence perhaps, nothing at least he was ashamed of, but the feeling that he had been played with and led on for so long a time aroused a lively resentment. How stupid he had been not to have suspected her! But it had not entered his mind to doubt the girl after her first words. Her face had told him nothing of her nationality; she was only herself, Mademoiselle Parchesi, his three-days' friend—it seemed like three months! The recollection of her original escapades softened him, and a saving sense of humor came to her rescue, overthrowing all his annoyance. Certainly she had been as clever as he had been dull, and in a few moments he had acknowledged it to himself.

There was a rustling of silk skirts behind him, and he had but time to resume his mask of resentment when a hand was laid on his arm.

"I'm very sorry!" Mademoiselle Parchesi was saying, very softly; "I am ashamed of myself, and I apologize."

She looked up at him shyly through a little dew of tears. "But it was so funny, it was so *terribly* funny! I tried to tell you so many, many times, really I did, but you were so awfully sure I was French; I couldn't

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help going on with the joke! And when you began saying things you really meant, so frankly, I couldn't resist the temptation to let you go on, though I knew I was no better than an eavesdropper. I've been in Paris for three years at a French *pension*, and it's so long since I've had any one say real things to me. You were so perfectly dear and genuine and absurd, and I was afraid you'd stop it all if you thought I understood. I have never heard a man really talk to himself before, and it fascinated me. I understood what you meant, all the time, I'm sure I did, but now you'll think I'm a horrid little minx! But I don't care, it was terrible funny! Wasn't it?"

They laughed together as they had laughed when they first met. "I'll forgive you," Justin said, as they turned down the beach, "if you'll tell me whether I am to consider all this an episode or an event."

"You're going to leave to-night for New York in the 'Obdam,' aren't you?" she said.

"Yes, of course; and I thought it was cruel of you not to be sorry to say good-by."

"Well," said Mademoiselle Parchesi, punching little holes in the smooth, wet sand with the end of her red silk parasol, "as long as I'm going in the 'Obdam,' too, perhaps this affair is only an Episode. But, considering that I've met a man who has told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth for three whole days, I think it ought to be regarded as an Event."

SIR HENRY MORGAN AND HIS BUCCANEERS.

By Cyrus Townsend Brady,

Author of "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Grip of Honor," "Stephen Decatur," etc.

THIS is a tale of a few of the exploits of the greatest and worst of the buccaneers. Like "Taffy," Morgan was a Welshman. The parallelism may be carried further with accuracy, for he was also a thief, but there it stops. "Taffy" was an angel of light beside Morgan. Like the first conspicuous bearer of his name, Sir Henry was a heretic—from the Spanish standpoint. He was born the son of poor but honest parents, farmers in Wales, about 1637. At an early age he ran away to sea, bound himself out as an indentured servant, and sailed for the New World. He faithfully served his time, and then cast about to see what fields of action were open for a young gentleman of limited education, entire unscrupulousness, abundant courage, and overweening ambition, and decided to join the ancient and successful army of "tanners," otherwise buccaneers.

Bartholomew, Portuguese, L'Olonnois, and Mansvelt had already made a name for themselves when Morgan rose to unenviable eminence and surpassed them all. With a force of twelve small vessels he sacked the town of Puerto Principe, Cuba, from which his party gleaned considerable profit, just enough to whet their appetites for more! Not that their appetites needed much whetting, for of all the examples of insatiable rapacity, the "brethren of the coast" bear the palm.

After the raid on Puerto Principe, with nine small vessels and 450 men he assaulted and captured the important city of Puerto Bello in the spring of 1668, acquiring a booty amounting to over 250,000 pieces of eight (Spanish dollars), beside rare merchandise of prodigious value. Among the trophies of the expedition was a beautiful emerald ring sent to Morgan by De Guzman, the Governor of Panama, by way of expediting the buccaneer's departure from Costa Rica, perhaps!

The ill-got gains of the pirates soon vanished, and they were ripe for another undertaking. Early in 1669, Morgan, who was rising in fame and importance, assembled fifteen vessels and 800 men. With this force he sacked the wealthy cities of Maracaibo and Gibraltar in Venezuela, burned or captured an overwhelming squadron of Spanish war vessels sent to intercept him, and by brilliant and daring strategy carried his fleet past a powerful blockading fort without the loss of a ship. The booty was even greater than that taken from Puerto Bello.

Encouraged by these successes, Morgan organized another expedition, which, from its magnitude and audacity, threw his other adventures into the background. He was

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the King of the Buccaneers now, and he had only to lift his hand to find himself surrounded by the cream of the ferocious society. Word was swiftly passed from mouth to mouth in every drinking place, brothel,

The flag-ship was the "Flying Stag," a ship of thirty-six guns, which had been sent by the Governor of Jamaica. It was gravely alleged that Morgan issued commissions to his principal officers in the name of the Gov-

"WITH STRANGE OATHS AND DEEP POTATIONS THEY DRANK SUCCESS TO THEIR ENTERPRISE."

and purlieu of the wicked cities of the Caribbean, that he was about to take the sea once more, and that there would be rich pickings for bold men under his command. Morgan himself wrote letters to the principal scoundrels of his acquaintance from Tortuga to St. Kitts. A rendezvous was appointed at Port Couillon, on the south side of Hispaniola, as usual.

His previous successes and the glowing accounts of the royal times they had enjoyed, which had been spread about by all the swaggering pirates among their detestable kinfolk and acquaintances, caused the greatest numbers to flock to the rendezvous. Morgan carefully scrutinized the various applicants, and by a process of natural selection secured such a body of desperate, hardened, ferocious, courageous ruffians as probably had never been assembled before or since.

ernor and King Charles II., guaranteeing them from all the effects of Spanish hostility. On October 24, 1670, twenty-four vessels had assembled at the rendezvous. After some predatory expeditions to secure supplies, the squadron set sail for Cape Tiburon, to take in food and water. Here Morgan was joined by several ships from the thrifty coasts of New England, which had been refitted and commissioned at Jamaica. The combined fleet now numbered thirty-seven vessels of various sizes, manned by 2,200 human tigers.

Contrary to custom, he took counsel with his principal officers to consider the best point of attack. They wavered between Panama, Carthagena, and Vera Cruz; the determining factor being not so much which was the easiest, but which was the richest. The decision finally fell upon Panama. I

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have no doubt that De Guzman's emerald, which he still wore, influenced Morgan to this decision.

We can imagine how the hearts of these buccaneers beat with anticipation, how their eyes gleamed with lust and cupidity, as in the cabin of the "Flying Stag," with strange oaths and deep potations, they drank success to their enterprise, the most difficult thing ever attempted before or after by the famous brethren of the coast.

Before they could proceed to Panama it was necessary to capture the fort at the mouth of the Chagres River. Morgan and the bulk of his command remained at St. Catherine's, employed in preparation for their enterprise, while five ships and 400 men under the command of Bradley, a famous buccaneer, were sent forward to seize the castle. Morgan was to follow with the rest after eight days.

The castle of St. Lawrence was built on a high mountain of the same name at the mouth of the river. It was surrounded by strong wooden palisades banked on the inside with mounds of earth. There were four bastions toward the land and two toward the sea. The land side sloped down to a gentle valley, the sea face was precipitous and unscalable. The top of the mountain was divided in two parts by a ditch thirty feet deep. At the foot of the hill was an eight-gun fort and two batteries of six guns, all commanding the river. As usual, the buccaneers landed some distance away from the point of attack, and marched through a wood which was so thick that they had to hew out a way with axes and cutlasses. They finally reached a hill which commanded the castle, but, as they were without cannon and beyond musket range, their position was of no value.

They then descended the hill, avoiding the river forts, crawled across the open on their hands and knees to escape the dreadful fire which the Spaniards and their Indian auxiliaries poured upon them, which killed and wounded many of them, and then, sword in hand, swarmed up the steep sides of the hill and strove to climb the palisades. Many were shot down before they reached the rampart, where they enjoyed a certain immunity, for the most expert shots among the pirates, who had been stationed under cover, picked off every Spaniard who showed his head in an embrasure.

The fight dragged on until evening, when the buccaneers, having in vain tried to fire the palisades, retreated down the hill in the dusk in great disorder, having lost heavily. They carried their wounded with them. Bradley had both legs broken by a cannon shot, but his spirit was still undaunted. A steady exchange of musketry was kept up during the evening until night fell, when they made another assault.

Taking advantage of the darkness, a strong party crept up to the palisades. At the same time a body of French were detailed to climb the path upon another side and make a diversion. One of the Frenchmen was pierced in the shoulder with an arrow. Hastily tearing the dart from his quivering flesh, he took a handful of wild cotton which he kept in his pouch for lint, wound it around the arrow, and then, extracting the bullet from his musket, substituted the arrow for it. He took careful aim at the castle roof and discharged his piece. The arrow lighted on some dry thatch. The cotton caught fire from the discharge. It smoldered a moment or two upon the thatch, and then broke into a bright flame. There was soon a roaring blaze on the roof of the castle. Other buccaneers picked up the Indian arrows and repeated the experiment. Flames broke out on every side, and finally a barrel of powder blew up in a bastion, causing great damage.

With fierce cries of victory, the buccaneers rushed to the attack. The poor Spaniards were in a dreadful dilemma. Their situation was desperate indeed. Their forts and houses were burning behind them, and their foes were clamoring at the palisades. If they left the ramparts for a moment they would be slaughtered by the foe; if they could not check the flames they would be equally lost. They fought on, however, with the gallantry of their proud race. Their bodies, outlined against the bright light, presented a fair target for the pirate sharpshooters, while the latter were invisible in the darkness. While the palisades held, the Spaniards made good their defense, but as the night wore on the buccaneers succeeded in setting fire to the palisades. When morning broke, the wooden walls had been burned down and the earthen ramparts had fallen in great heaps. Pouring a tremendous musketry fire upon the now undefended place, shooting down man after man at the guns, which stood in the open, about noon they advanced to the storm. They passed the ditch by climbing on each other's shoulders. The Spaniards rallied around their governor and defended themselves with the courage of despair. It was a hand-to-hand struggle of the most dreadful description. Rampart

after rampart was taken by the resistless valor of the pirates, and the defenders finally fought from room to room in the castle, making a last stand in the guard-room, when the governor, sternly refusing to surrender, was shot dead.

When the buccaneers finally overbore resistance, and broke down the last brave defense by sheer weight of numbers, they captured but fourteen men, whom they rendered helpless by tearing their weapons from their hands. Many of the Spaniards, disdaining surrender, leaped over the cliff into the sea. The fourteen captives and nine or ten too desperately wounded to move, were all that were left of some 350 men in the garrison, not counting Indians. Over 200 of the buccaneers had been killed or wounded. It was as bold an attack and as desperate a defense as was ever made.

The courage of the buccaneers was beyond description. One of the surgeons has left on record an incident which shows the fortitude and fury of these pirates. A man who had been pierced in the eye by an Indian arrow came to the doctor to have it taken out. The surgeon shrank from the operation, knowing the intense pain it would involve. As he hesitated, with a curse the man tore it out of his eye with his own hand, and binding around his head a piece of rag ripped from his shirt, he rushed forward to the assault once more.

A few days after, Morgan arrived with the main body. Great was the joy of the buccaneers when they saw the royal flag of England floating over the ruined fort. In their eagerness to make the harbor, several ships were wrecked on the rocky reef at the mouth of the river, including the famous "Flying Stag." The crews and provisions we

"ABOUT NOON THEY ADVANCED TO THE STORM."

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saved, and but for a "Norther" which swooped down upon them, the ships might have been saved. The remainder of the ships safely entered the harbor and the fort was rebuilt and garrisoned.

On January 18, 1669, the buccaneers set out with 1,300 men in canoes and small boats toward Panama. The great loss at the mouth of the Chagres, and the wreck of the ships filled some of the superstitious sailors with foreboding, but they were jeered and laughed at by the majority of the ruffians, and under the threat of being left behind they fell in with the rest. This was the cheer with which they began their march: "Long live the King of England, and long live Harry Morgan!" A nice collocation that!

For four days they toiled along the river, some in canoes and boats, and some on the banks. Their provisions speedily gave out and their hardships began. The country was a wilderness. They met no one. The villages they passed through had been denuded of everything edible and abandoned. They were forced to subsist upon roots, leaves, and grasses. In the absence of any proper equipment for any land campaigning, they were compelled to sleep on the ground in the damp, chilly, unhealthy tropic nights; consequently many fell ill. Their clothing was soon torn to rags by the impenetrable forests through which they were forced to make their toilsome way. On the fourth day they came upon an intrenchment, at which they rushed to the attack, sword in hand, but when they climbed over the ramparts they found it had been abandoned like the rest. There were a large number of old leather bags in the place. They cut them into pieces, soaked them in water, beat them soft between two stones, scraped the hair off with their knives, and roasted them by the fire. When cooked sufficiently, they cut each piece into small cubes and swallowed them. A poor substitute for food they found it.

On the fifth day, at a plantation at Barbacoa, they found several bags of flour, some jars of wine and bunches of plantains in a cave, which, by Morgan's orders, were divided among the most exhausted of the men. Some of them were nearly dead from famine, fatigue, exposure, and illness. The weaker men were placed in the canoes, and they resumed the march. On the sixth day they rested and sent out foraging parties to gather berries and roots until noon, when they again started forward. One party, wandering from the way, came to a plantation and a barn filled with corn. They broke down the crib and fell upon the maize ravenously, eating it raw in their desperate hunger. The rest of the army was notified, and forgetting discipline and order, swarmed about the great barn like ants on a hill. Each man received a small portion. They had a skirmish that afternoon with some Indians, which was of no importance, except that the men, thinking they were at last in touch with the Spaniards, with plenty of food in sight, threw away the maize they had saved. The Indians fled, and the buccaneers crossed the river and struggled on. They were in a state of utter despair, and only the heroic determination of Morgan kept them up. The admiral inspirited them by bribing the guides to tell them that they would soon be at their goal.

On the seventh day they arrived at a town called Cruz. As they approached it they saw, through the thick woods, columns of smoke rising from every side. Imagining that this betokened fires from the village kitchens, they rushed forward with the eagerness of starvation, only to find that the Spaniards had evacuated the place, taking everything eatable with them, and then had set fire to the town. There were a few stray cats and dogs prowling around the deserted streets; the hungry pirates fell upon them and they were soon killed and eaten.

In the only building at Cruz which had not been burned they found fifteen jars of Peruvian wine. Though Morgan spread a report that the wine was poisoned, the starving and desperate men could not refrain from drinking it. Many of them became violently ill from their excesses. The canoes were now sent back to join the other boats.

On the morning of the eighth day Morgan passed his ragged tatterdemalions in review. He found his force was reduced to 1,100 men. From this number he selected 100 of the strongest to lead the advance, and then took up the march again. Late in the evening, while traversing a rocky pass, they were ambushed by Indians, who killed or wounded some twenty men by a flight of arrows. The buccaneers fired blindly into the woods, and two or three Indians fell from the heights into the road. One of them was evidently the chieftain of the party; a brave man, for as he lay wounded on the rocks, and one of the buccaneers made toward him, offering him quarter, he savagely tried to stab his whiter—but no less savage—foe. He was instantly shot down. The Indians broke and fled after [illegible] heir leader, and though

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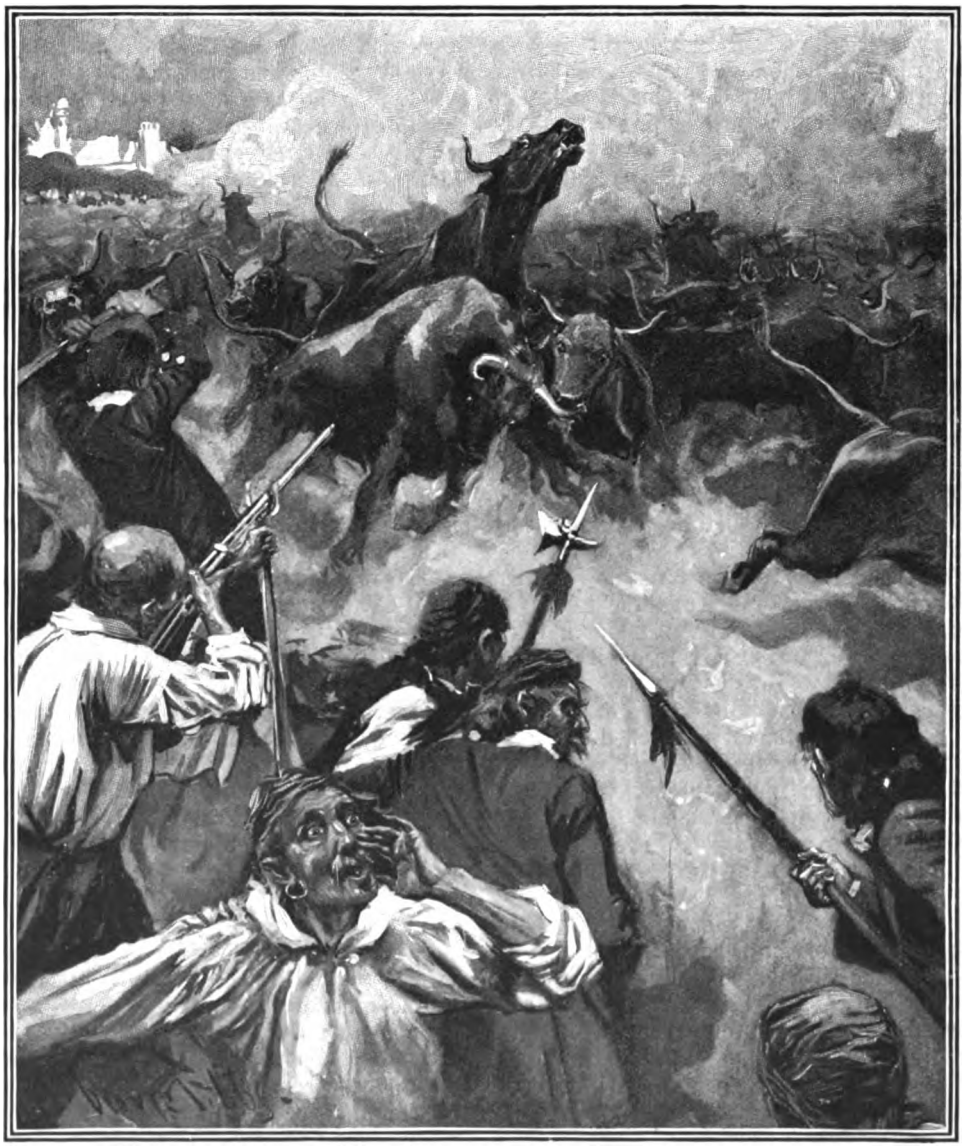
the buccaneers pursued them and killed several, they could not capture any of them. Meanwhile, a way had been made through the pass, which 100 resolute men could have held against an army. The rain beat down upon them all that night as they lay in the open without shelter.

The ninth day was a repetition of the others, a day of hunger, of labor, of despair. That day they saw some Spaniards for the first time, and although Morgan offered a reward of 300 crowns for every prisoner brought in, they did not succeed in catching any. They still toiled on, however, heading ever to the southward, and in the afternoon they climbed a mountain called to this day *El Cĕrro de los Bucaneros*, or the hill of the buccaneers, from the top of which they saw spread before them the heaving waters of the great Pacific Ocean. The sight had been much to Balboa, more to Sir Francis Drake, it was still more to Morgan and his men. I have no doubt that the old "*Thalatta*," which had risen to the lips of the Ten Thousand on a similar occasion, mingled with the shouts of that triumphant hour.

They descended the mountain that after-



"THE MEN . . . HAD NOT HUNTED CATTLE FOR NOTHING IN DAYS GONE BY."

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noon and came to a valley filled with horses, mules, and cows. The ravenous buccaneers fell upon them like beasts of prey. They tore huge lumps of flesh from their quivering bodies while they were still alive, and scarcely waited to scorch them by the fire in their frantic hunger. Says a contemporary observer, "Covered with blood of the animals they had slain, they resembled cannibals rather than Christians." Having satisfied their appetite with the first full meal they had enjoyed in ten days, they took up their march toward the shore. Ascending a little eminence just at nightfall, they saw the church steeples of Panama bright in the light of the setting sun. Salvos of musketry and wild cheering rang in the air. The red flag under which they fought was unfurled and saluted with blasts of trumpets. The camp was then pitched for the night, the sentries posted with care, and then, lying on their arms, they sought much-needed repose, in preparation for the demands of the morrow.

When the buccaneers put themselves in motion the next morning, the tenth day, they marched for two hours through pleasant valleys magnificently wooded and diversified by running brooks and lakes of fresh water. At last they halted upon the top of a small hill. Beneath them spread the fairest prospect their eyes had ever looked upon. If Cuba is the Pearl of the Antilles, certainly Panama was the Gem of the Pacific. The white city lay before them embowered in foliage like a "handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald." Broad and fertile savannas extended between them and the town. A large part of the plain was under cultivation, and the beach was fringed with plantations shaded by groves of orange and lemon trees mingled with tall clusters of cocoanut palms. Beyond the city stretched the broad expanse of the beautiful Pacific. It was a picture of peace and contentment, soon to be replaced by a simulacrum of hell.

The houses and shops of the city were built chiefly of cedar and stone. There were at least 7,000 buildings in the town, and the population numbered about 30,000. The city was laid out in a handsome and imposing manner with broad streets and plazas. Within its walls eight monasteries, a lofty cathedral, many churches, and a splendid hospital attested the piety and generosity of the sons of Castile. The largest buildings, however, were the great warehouses of the Genoese company, which were tenanted from time to time by thousands of wretched human beings torn from their African homes to be sold into slavery. Out in the harbor, far away rose the beautiful islands of Tavoga and Tavogilla.

Here, at stated times, arrived the great plate fleet laden with treasures from the mines of Peru, which were exchanged for the negro slaves and for the produce and manufacture of the world, for Panama was the *entrepôt* for all the trade with the South Seas. More than 2,000 mules were annually employed transferring gold and silver alone to Puerto Bello. It was the strongest, richest, most magnificent city in the New World. It was protected by walls and forts, one on the Vera Cruz road mounting no less than fifty guns. There were 600 soldiers held in reserve in the city and the streets were barricaded. On the plain between the buccaneers and the town an army was drawn up. It comprised four regiments of regular Spanish infantry, a brigade of splendid cavalry, 2,000 armed citizens, sixty Indians, and some negroes. This formidable array of over 5,000 men, nearly 1,500 of whom were horsemen, was augmented by a strange auxiliary, consisting of 200 wild and furious Spanish bulls, which were with difficulty controlled by Indians, negroes, and mounted matadors.

The Spanish soldiers were all brilliantly uniformed and caparisoned, and made a brave show in the morning, advancing steadfastly under the great yellow silken flags of Spain. The hearts of the buccaneers sank at the sight of this army before them. The task seemed beyond their capacity. If they succeeded in defeating this force they still would have to deal with the city.

Morgan, by one of his brief fiery speeches, succeeded in infusing some of his own energy into the ranks of his ragged, sullen men, numbering now scarcely more than a thousand blades. He divided them into three battalions, sending 200 picked marksmen in advance as a forlorn hope. When all of his dispositions had been completed, he pointed out that they had no option, they must fight or die. The buccaneers, giving three cheers, desperately moved down the hill against the enemy. If ever an army fought with a halter around its neck, it was this. It was a struggle, not merely for booty and lust, but life. The thought nerved their arms.

The Spaniards advanced gallantly, the horsemen leading. Morgan sent his forlorn hope against them. As the Spanish cavalry charged, the buccaneers halted in a bit of marshy ground, into which the horsemen galloped recklessly, only to find themselves

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mixed, checked, and thrown into confusion. The little party poured volley after volley into the cavalry, which made the most strenuous efforts to extricate itself and advance.

Meanwhile the Spanish infantry and the main body of the buccaneers opened fire upon each other. There was no comparison between the marksmanship of the rival forces. The Spaniards were mowed down in scores, but kept on bravely. At this juncture, the men in charge of the bulls endeavored to drive them upon the English flank. The men on Morgan's right had not hunted cattle for nothing in days gone by. By clever manœuvering they succeeded in heading them off, and the maddened animals rushed through the ranks of the Spanish infantry, trampling them and throwing them into terrible confusion. A valuable auxiliary they proved to the pirates.

After two hours of fighting, Morgan so manœuvered his men that a gap was opened in the Spanish lines between the cavalry and the infantry. Into this gap, with the quickness of a born soldier, he threw a small body which he held in reserve, at the same time ordering a general advance which he led in person. The Spanish line was pierced and broken. The pirates poured through the gap and extended themselves on either side. Taken in reverse, the horsemen were cut to pieces. Over 600 of them were killed outright, a large number wounded, and the remainder were driven in headlong flight from the field. The forlorn hope which had done such effectual shooting now turned their attention to the disheartened Spanish infantry. It had been beaten out of all semblance of organization, and, assailed on two sides, after a few more volleys and some desultory firing, the men broke and fled. The buccaneers pursued them unrelentingly, giving no quarter. The field became a scene of indiscriminate slaughter. The Spaniards were completely broken and scattered. Morgan had meanwhile adroitly interposed between the Spaniards and the city, so that only a few fugitives gained the walls.

Allowing his men—who were tired out from hacking, hewing, and slaughtering—but a short time for rest, for he appreciated the necessity of giving the Spaniards no time to recover themselves, Morgan took up his march for the city. Like a good soldier, he avoided the fort on the Vera Cruz road, and approached from the direction of Puerto Bello. The pirates were met by a smart fire from the ramparts, but their blood was up now, and they recked little of works or fortifications. They carried the outer works by storm, and poured into the terror-stricken city in a resistless horde. The Spaniards left there made an heroic defense, fighting from street to street and from house to house, until they were cut to pieces, but nothing could stay the onslaught of these human tigers. Ere sunset they were in complete possession of the city.

Ample warning had been given of the approach of the buccaneers, and many of the wealthy citizens, including a large number of women and children, had fled to the islands and the surrounding country. They had taken much treasure with them and concealed much more. In spite of this, however, the conquerors found themselves in possession of a vast booty. The Spanish officials had been confident that the pirates would be unable to capture the city. They had trusted in the numbers and valor of their army, and they had therefore not destroyed and concealed everything, and they had not entirely depopulated the city. Indeed, it would have been impossible. Morgan, fearful lest his men should get entirely out of hand, enjoined them, under the severest penalties, to drink no wine. They had lost heavily in their tremendous battle; probably not more than 600 able-bodied men remained to him, and there were many wounded needing attention. He was fearful lest the Spaniards, who still greatly outnumbered him, should rally and overwhelm his little force. The men were restrained with the greatest difficulty.

They had struggled, fought, marched, and suffered so dreadfully they could scarcely be made to understand the necessity for further restraint in the presence of wine, women, and treasure lying under their grimy, blood-stained, lustful, covetous hands. Unable to defend the town with his little force, Morgan resorted to a desperate expedient. He himself set fire to a number of the principal buildings of the city, to placate his men spreading the report that the Spaniards had done it. The night was dry and windy, and the fire got beyond control, burning down the greater part of the town before it could be checked.

That night the buccaneers camped under arms outside the walls. When the fire finally burnt itself out, Morgan despatched a strong party to the Chagres River to announce the victory and see that all went well with the garrison, and then the victors entered the trembling city. They fortified the Church of the Trinity, raised earthworks about

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"THAT NIGHT THE PASSIONS OF HELL . . . WERE LET LOOSE."

and mounted all the guns they could crowd in the plaza. The remainder of the guns on the walls and the forts were spiked.

Then began the search for treasure. That night the passions of hell, pent up in their bosoms, and burning more fiercely from their unaccustomed restraint, were let loose. The bright moon from the clear heaven looked down in all its tender, tropic splendor upon such a carnival of crime and debauchery as possibly the world had never seen. The sacking of a town is a most frightful event, even when it is done by regular soldiery, but when the army is made up of men like the buccaneers, there are added to the scene touches of horror and atrocities which no pen can describe. The lust and greed of the conquerors was proportioned to the difficulties they had undergone in achieving the conquest. Rapine, murder, plunder, outrage, drunkenness, excesses of every kind filled the night with misery. Neither old age nor youth, beauty nor innocence, wisdom nor folly, good nor evil, were spared. It is impossible to depict the horrors of the period. The wounded and the prisoners were crowded into the churches where they had so often worshipped, and left to starve or die. Tortures of every kind which their rude ingenuity could suggest, were inflicted upon

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helpless victims to make them disclose the hiding-place of their treasures.

Finally, after utterly ruining what was left of the town, the buccaneers took their departure on February 24, 1671. They had a vast amount of precious merchandize, 175 beasts of burden laden with gold, silver, and jewels alone, and 600 prisoners held for ransom.

One Spanish woman of surpassing beauty and heroic soul, who had very bravely held her honor against Morgan's advances, was taken with the rest. She sent two men to friends of her husband to get her ransom money—15,000 pieces-of-eight! They had betrayed their trust and had used the money to rescue some of their own friends. When Morgan learned of this fact he released the woman without ransom, and treated the messengers with the utmost rigor. It is the one solitary act of clemency and mercy which appears in his whole history. When the party reached the village of Cruz, Morgan halted until all but a few of the poor prisoners were redeemed. The false messengers, by the payment of a prodigious sum of money, escaped a just retribution for their treachery. The treasure was unloaded and embarked in boats and sent down the river to Barbacoa. There a muster of the buccaneers was held, and every one was searched for concealed booty, Morgan himself setting an example by submitting to the search.

The band, now almost in a state of revolt, took up the march and finally reached the Chagres once more. Morgan and a body of his favorites, mainly English, were in terror of their lives. They put a bold front upon the situation, however, and the day after their arrival they divided the booty, which amounted to over $2,000,000, or pieces-of-eight, in cash, not counting the value of silk, cloth of gold, arms, and merchandise. The jewels were sold unfairly, the admiral and his friends buying the greater part for a mere song; beside which, in spite of the search, Morgan had found means to conceal an immense treasure in small compass. The buccaneers were disgusted and infuriated at the small sum which they individually received, and they even proposed to seize Morgan and compel him to disgorge and redivide. He got wind of their intention, however, and treacherously abandoned the main body by stealing out of the harbor in his own ship.

He returned to Jamaica, and contrary to his custom, invested his money, forswore pirating, and married the daughter of one of the principal men of the island. His position was an uneasy one, however, and it was even rumored among the buccaneers in the Caribbean that Morgan, fearing for his life, had determined to take possession, with a party of congenial spirits, of the famous island of St. Catherine, and take up the old trade again. The men, whose former affection to him was now turned to bitterest hatred, determined to waylay him on his voyage and capture him with his wife, children, and treasure. But before Morgan could get away a new governor arrived at Jamaica with a royal order to send Morgan to England to answer to the complaints of the King of Spain.

Undoubtedly the reformed pirate did not find this a hard matter; possibly some of the gold, silver, and jewels of Panama found their way beside the French crowns, into the coffers of the needy English king, for Charles II. disgraced knighthood by giving this dishonored adventurer the royal accolade. Sir Henry Morgan returned to Jamaica in triumph, where he continued his respectable career and rose to positions of prominence. In 1680 the Earl of Carlisle, the then governor of the island, returned to England on account of ill-health, and left Morgan as the deputy governor. The old buccaneer had his hour. He remembered his old comrades and the threats they had made against him, and he used his new-found authority to apprehend them and hang them without mercy, until the arrival of a new governor put a stop to his revenge. When his royal protector, Charles II., died he was thrown into prison, and of his further fate nothing is known.

In connection with the story of the sufferings of the Spaniards in Central America arises a thought of retribution. They had treated the aborigines of the land with a cruelty and rapacity which would have made an Aztec warrior blush. When they suffered from the cruelty of the buccaneers, they might look back upon the peaceful populations and the smiling land they had destroyed in their lust for gold, and remember that text of Scripture which says: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

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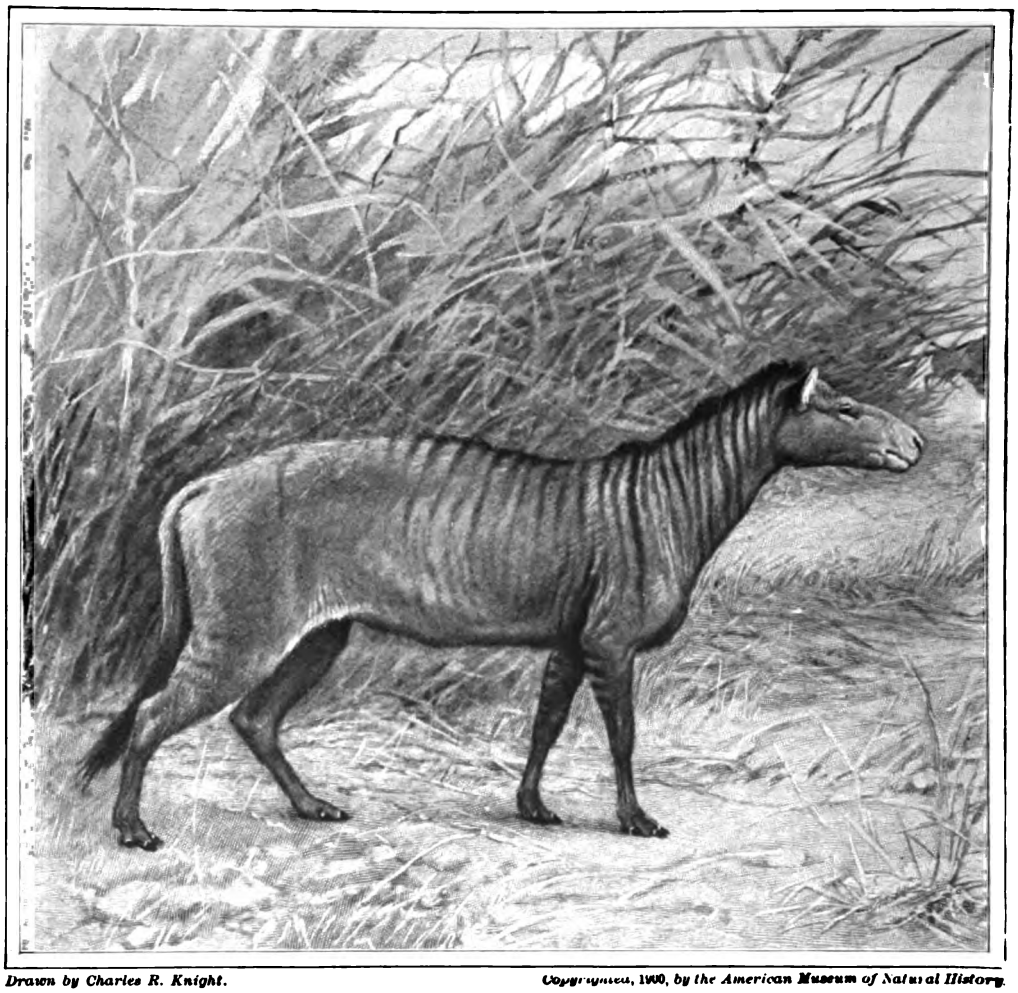
THE FIRST HORSE. HEIGHT, 14 INCHES.*



Drawn by Charles R. Knight. *Copyrighted, 1900, by the American Museum of Natural History.*

THE ANCESTRY OF THE HORSE.

BY FREDERIC A. LUCAS.

A FAMILY RECORD THAT REACHES BACK ABOUT TWO MILLION YEARS.

THE American whose ancestors came over in the "Mayflower" has a proper pride in the length of the line of his descent. The Englishman whose genealogical tree sprang up at the time of William the Conqueror has in its eight centuries of growth still larger occasion for pluming himself on the antiquity of his family. But the pedigree of even the latter is a thing of yesterday when compared with that of the horse, whose family records, according to Professor Osborn, reach backward for something

* The Hyracothere, or four-toed horse, which lived 2,250,000 years ago, was about the size of the fox.

The form and proportion of the figure are based upon the skeleton. The short mane, the tail with hair upon the sides alone, and the dark markings are conjectural, but are made intermediate in character between those of existing horses and those which we suppose to have been found in the early types of hoofed animals.

Drawn expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE from material in the Department of Paleontology, American Museum of Natural History, and under the direction of Professor Henry F. Osborn.

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like 2,000,000 years. And if, as we have been told, "it is a good thing to have ancestors, but sometimes a little hard on the ancestor," in this instance at least the founders of the family have every reason to regard their descendants with undisguised pride. For the horse family started in life in a small way, and the first of the line, the Hyracotherium,* was "a little animal no bigger than a fox, and on five† toes he scampered over Tertiary rocks," in the age called Eocene, because it was the morning of life for the great group of mammals whose culminating point was man. At that time, western North America was a country of many lakes, for the most part comparatively shallow, around the reedy margins of which moved a host of animals, quite unlike those of to-day, and yet foreshadowing them, the forerunners of the rhinoceros, tapir, and the horse.

The early horse—we may call him so by courtesy, although he was then very far from being a true horse—was an insignificant little creature, apparently far less likely to succeed in life's race than his bulky competitors, and yet, by making the most of their opportunities, his descendants have survived, while most of theirs have dropped by the wayside; and finally, by the aid of man, the horse has become spread over the length and breadth of the habitable globe.

Now right here it may be asked, How do we know that the little hyracothere *was* the progenitor of the horse, and how can it be shown that there is any bond of kinship between him and, for example, the great French Percheron? There is only one way in which we can obtain this knowledge, and but one method by which the relationship can be shown, and that is by collecting the fossil remains of animals long extinct and comparing them with the bones of the recent horse, a branch of science known as Paleontology. It has taken a very long time to gather the necessary evidence, and it has taken a vast amount of hard work in our Western Territories, for "the country that is as hot as Hades, watered by stagnant alkali pools, is almost invariably the richest in fossils." Likewise it has called for the expenditure of much time and more patience to put together some of this petrified evidence, fragmentary in every sense of the word, and get it into such shape that it could be handled by the anatomist. Still, the work has been done, and, link by link, the chain has been constructed that unites the horse of to-day with the horse of very many yesterdays.

The very first links in this chain are the remains of the bronze age and those found among the ruins of the ancient Swiss lake dwellings; but earlier still than these are the bones of horses found abundantly in northern Europe, Asia, and America. The individual bones and teeth of some of these horses are scarcely distinguishable from those of to-day, a fact noted in the name, *Equus fraternus*, applied to one species; and when teeth alone are found, it is at times practically impossible to say whether they belong to a fossil horse or to a modern animal. But when enough scattered bones are gathered to make a fairly complete skeleton, it becomes evident that the fossil horse had a proportionately larger head and smaller feet than his existing relative, and that he was a little more like an ass or zebra, for the latter, spite his gay coat, is a near relative of the lowly ass. Moreover, primitive man made sketches of the primitive horse, just as he did of the mammoth, and these indicate that the horse of those days was something like an overgrown Shetland pony, low and heavily built, large-headed and rough-coated. For the old cave-dwellers of Europe were intimately acquainted with the prehistoric horses, using them for food, as they did almost every animal that fell beneath their flint arrows and stone axes. And if one may judge from the abundance of bones, the horses must have roamed about in bands, just as the horses escaped from civilization roam, or have roamed, over the pampas of South America and the prairies of the West.

The horse was just as abundant in North America in Pleistocene time as in Europe; but there is no evidence to show that it was contemporary with early man in North America, and even were this the case, it is generally believed that long before the discovery of America the horse had disappeared. And yet so plentiful and so fresh are his remains, and so much like those of the mus-

* The man who writes a museum label or an article on natural history is usually taken to task for not using common names, when the real trouble is that there are no common names to be used. The people who call for easier names do not stop to reflect that in very many cases the scientific names are no harder than others, simply less familiar, and when domesticated they cease to be hard: witness mammoth, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe, boa constrictor, which are all scientific names. If we call our Hyracotherium a Hyrax beast, it isn't a name, but a description, as if one were to call a horse a one-toed, bushy-tailed, equine animal instead of *Equus caballus*, a name by which he is known the world over.

† Four, to be exact; but we do not wish to injure any part of Mrs. Stetson's poem.

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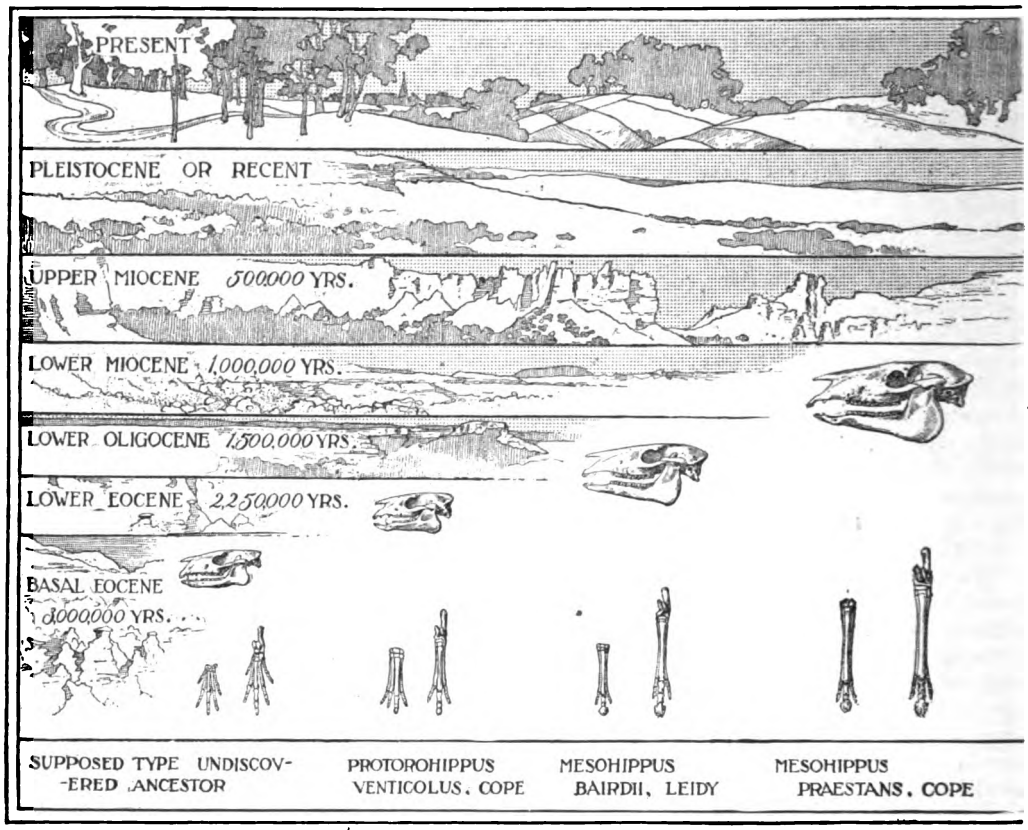

THE DEVELOPMENT

Drawn expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *by Bruce Horsfall, from specimens in the Department of Paleontology.*

tang, that the late Professor Cope was wont to say that it almost seemed as if the horse *might* have lingered in Texas until the coming of the white man. And Sir William Flower wrote: "There is a possibility of the animal having still existed, in a wild state, in some parts of the continent remote from that which was first visited by the Spaniards, where they were certainly unknown. It has been suggested that the horses which were found by Cabot in La Plata in 1530 cannot have been introduced."

Still we have not the least little bit of positive proof that such was the case, and although the site of many an ancient Indian village has been carefully explored, no bones of the horse have come to light, or if they have been found, bones of the ox or sheep were also present to tell that the village was occupied long after the advent of the whites. It is also a curious fact that within historic times there have been no wild horses, in the true sense of the word, unless indeed those found on the steppes north of the Sea of Azof be wild, and this is very doubtful. But long before the dawn of history the horse was domesticated in Europe, and Cæsar found the Germans, and even the old Britons, using war chariots drawn by horses—for the first use man seems to have made of the horse was to aid him in killing off his fellow man, and not until comparatively modern times was the animal employed in the peaceful arts of agriculture. The immediate predecessors of these horses were considerably smaller, being about the size and build of a pony, but they were very much like a horse in structure, save that the teeth were shorter. As they lived during Pliocene times, they have been named "Pliohippus."

Going back into the past a step further, though a pretty long step if we reckon by years, we come upon a number of animals very much like horses, save for certain cranial peculiarities and the fact that they had three toes on each foot, while the horse, as every one knows, has but one toe. Now, if we glance at the skeleton of a horse, we will

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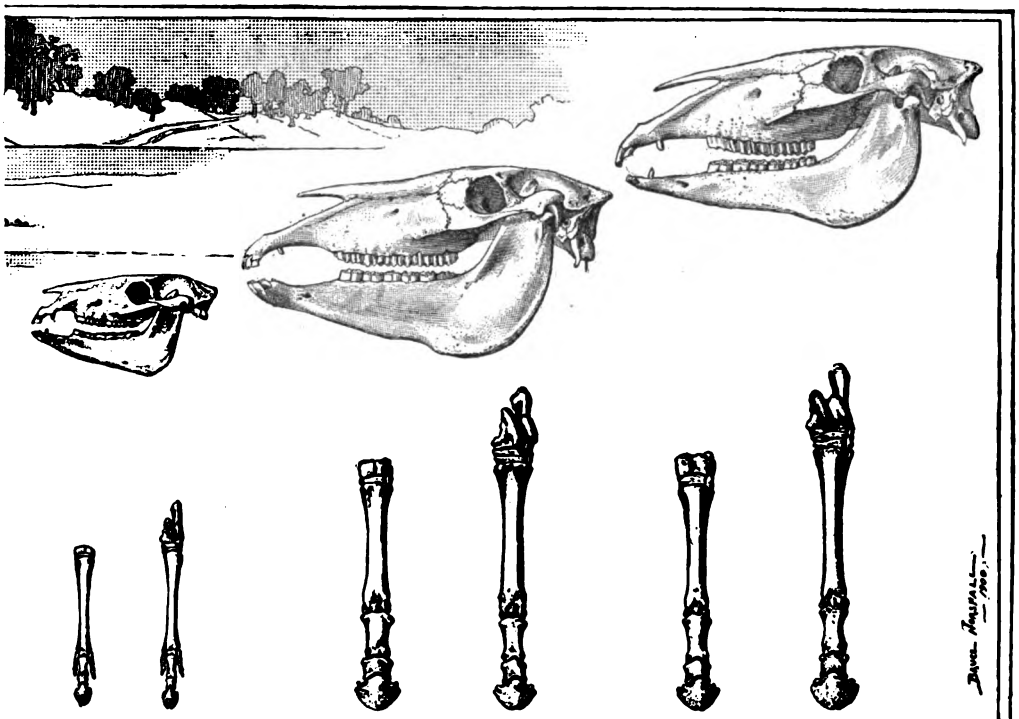

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OF THE HORSE.

American Museum of Natural History, New York. The estimates of time are those adopted by Professor Osborn.

see on either side of the cannon bone, in the same situation as the upper part of the little toes of the Hippotherium, as these three-toed horses are called, a long slender bone, termed by veterinarians the splint bone; and it requires no anatomical training to see that the bones in the two animals are the same. The horse lacks the lower part of his side toes, that is all, just as man will very probably some day lack the last bones of his little toe. We find an approach to this condition in some of the hippotheres even, known as Protohippus, in which the side toes are quite small, foreshadowing the time when they shall have disappeared entirely. It may also be noted here that the splint bones of the horses of the bronze age are a little longer than those of existing horses, and that they are never united with the large central toe, while nowadays there is something of a tendency for the three bones to fuse into one, although part of this tendency the writer believes to be due to inflammation set up by the strain of the pulling and hauling the animal is now called upon to do. Some of these three-toed hippotheres are not in the direct line of ancestry of the horse, but are side branches on the family tree, having become so highly specialized in certain directions that no further progress horseward was possible.

Backward still, and the bones we find in the Miocene strata of the West, belonging to those ancestors of the horse to which the name of Mesohippus has been given because they are midway in time and structure between the horse of the past and present, tell us that then all horses were small and that all had three toes on a foot, while the fore feet bore even the suggestion of a fourth toe. From this to our Eocene hyracothere with four toes is only another long-time step. We may go even beyond this in time and structure, and carry back the line of the horse to animals which only remotely resembled him and had five good toes to a foot; but while these contained the possibility of a horse, they made no show of it.

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Increase in size and decrease in number of the toes were not the only changes that were required to transform the progeny of the hyracothere into a horse. These are the most evident; but the increased complexity in the structure of the teeth was quite as important. The teeth of gnawing animals have often been compared to a chisel which is made of a steel plate with soft iron backing, and the teeth of a horse, or of other grass-eating animals, are simply an elaboration of this idea. The hard enamel, which represents the steel, is set in soft dentine, which represents the iron, and in use the dentine wears away the faster of the two, so that the enamel stands up in ridges, each tooth becoming, as it is correctly termed, "a grinder." In a horse the plates of enamel form curved, complex, irregular patterns; but as we go back in time, the patterns become less and less elaborate, until in the hyracothere, standing at the foot of the family tree, the teeth are very simple in structure. Moreover, his teeth were of limited growth, while those of the horse grow for a considerable time, thus compensating for the wear to which they are subjected.

We have, then, this direct evidence as to the genealogy of the horse, that between the little Eocene hyracothere and the modern horse we can place a series of animals by which we can pass by gradual stages from one to the other, and that as we come upward there is an increase in stature, in the complexity of the teeth, and in the size of the brain. At the same time, the number of toes decreases, which tells that the animals were developing more and more speed; for it is a rule that the fewer the toes the faster the animal: the fastest of birds, the ostrich, has but two toes, and one of these is mostly ornamental; and the fastest of mammals, the horse, has but one.

All breeders of fancy stock, particularly of pigeons and poultry, recognize the tendency of animals to revert to the forms whence they were derived and reproduce some character of a distant ancestor; to "throw back," as the breeders term it. If now, instead of reproducing a trait or feature possessed by some ancestor a score, a hundred, or perhaps a thousand years ago, there should reappear a characteristic of some ancestor that flourished 100,000 years back, we should have a seeming abnormality, but really a case of reversion; and the more we become acquainted with the structure of extinct animals and the development of those now living, the better able are we to explain these apparent abnormalities.

Bearing in mind that the two splint bones of the horse correspond to the upper portions of the side toes of the Hippotherium and Mesohippus, it is easy to see that if for any reason these should develop into toes, they would make the foot of a modern horse appear like that of his distant ancestor. While such a thing rarely happens, yet now and then nature apparently does attempt to reproduce a horse's foot after the ancient pattern, for occasionally we meet with a horse having, instead of the single toe with which the average horse is satisfied, one or possibly two extra toes. Sometimes the toe is extra in every sense of the word, being a mere duplication of the central toe; but sometimes it is an actual development of one of the splint bones. No less a personage than Julius Cæsar possessed one of these polydactyl horses, and the reporters of the "Daily Roman" and the "Tiberian Gazette" doubtless wrote it up in good journalistic Latin, for we find the horse described as having feet that were almost human and as being looked upon with great awe. While this is the most celebrated of extra-toed horses, other and more plebeian individuals have been much more widely known through having been exhibited throughout the country under such titles as "Clique, the horse with six feet," "the eight-footed Cuban horse," and so on; and possibly some of these are familiar to readers of this magazine.

So the collateral evidence, though scanty, bears out the circumstantial proof, derived from fossil bones, that the horse has developed from a many-toed ancestor; and the evidence points toward the little hyracothere as being that ancestor. It remains only to show some good reason why this development should have taken place or to indicate the forces by which it was brought about. We have heard much about "the survival of the fittest," a phrase which simply means that those animals best adapted to their surroundings will survive, while those ill adapted will perish. But it should be added that it means also that the animals must be able to adapt themselves to changes in their environment, or to change with it. Living beings cannot stand still indefinitely; they must progress or perish. And this seems to have been the cause for the extinction of the huge quadrupeds that flourished at the time of the three-toed Miocene horse. They were adapted to their environment as it was; but

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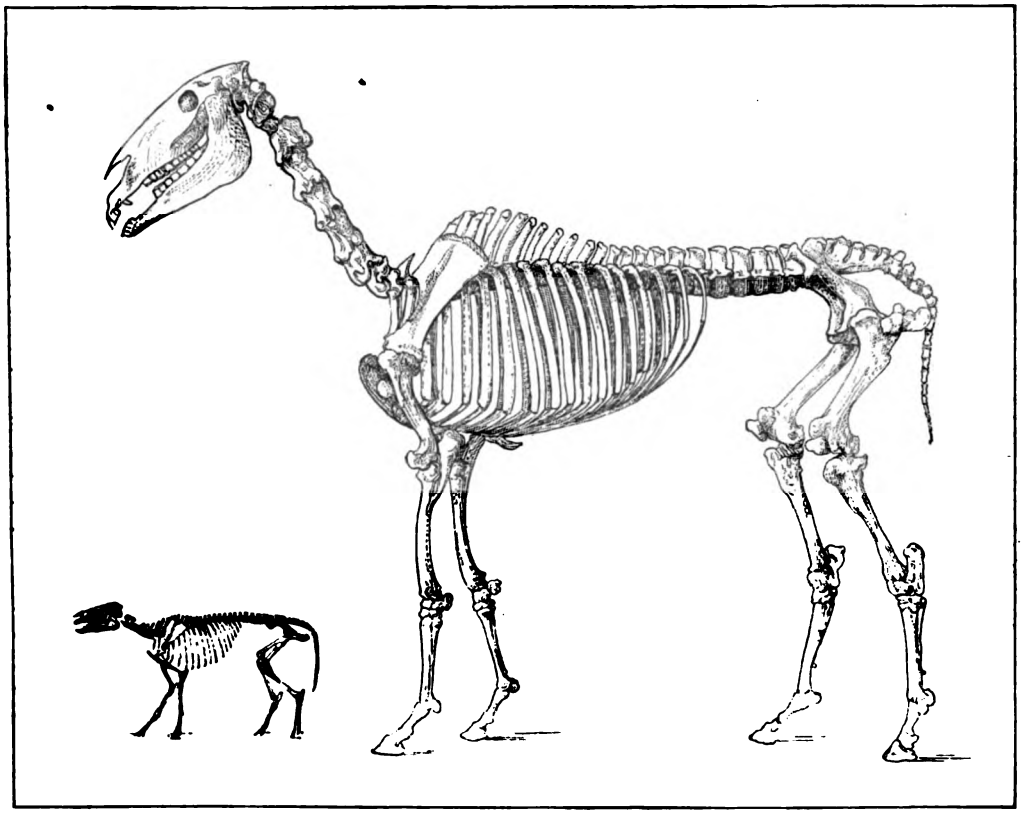
when the Western mountains were thrust upward, cutting off the moist winds from the Pacific, making great changes in the rainfall and climate to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains, these big beasts, slow of foot and dull of brain, could not keep pace with the change, and their race vanished from the face of the earth. The day of the little hyracothere was at the beginning of the great series of changes by which the lake country of the West, with its marshy flats and rank vegetation, became transformed into dry uplands sparsely clad with fine grasses. On these dry plains the more nimble-footed animals would have the advantage in the struggle for existence; and while the four-toed foot would keep its owner from sinking in soft ground, he was handicapped when it became a question of speed, for not only is a fleet animal better able to flee from danger than his slower fellows, but in time of drouth he can cover the greater extent of territory in search of food or water. So, too, as the rank rushes gave place to fine grasses, often browned and withered beneath the summer's sun, the complex tooth had an advantage over that of simpler structure, while the cutting-teeth, so completely developed in the horse family, enabled their possessors to crop the grass as closely as one could do it with scissors. Likewise, up to a certain point, the largest, most powerful animal will not only conquer, or escape from, his enemies, but prevail over rivals of his own kind as well, and thus it came to pass that those early members of the horse family who were preëminent in speed and stature, and harmonized best with their surroundings, outstripped their fellows and transmitted these qualities to their progeny, until as a result of long ages of natural selection there was developed the modern horse. The rest man has done: the heavy, slow-paced dray horse, the fleet trotter, the huge Percheron, and the diminutive pony are one and all the recent products of artificial selection.



THE HORSE OF THE PAST AND THE HORSE OF THE PRESENT.

The Eocene four-toed horse, "Protorohippus venticolus," was fourteen inches high, while the modern horse, "Equus caballus," is fourteen hands high. The small horse was found by Professor Cope in the Wind River Mountains, Wyoming, and is now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

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TRUE STORIES FROM THE UNDER-WORLD.

By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton.

III.—FOUND GUILTY: Or, How the "Fly Coppers" Croaked a "Gun" when their Corporate Pride was Wounded.

With Drawings from Studies of Types in the Rogues' Gallery.

AMONG the graver misfortunes in the Under-World is that of being in the right in a contest with the Powers that Rule. When a man adds to this misfortune the sheer folly of pressing his right offensively, the gods have abandoned him. The gods had abandoned Howard Slifer, even in the hour of his triumph; from the first his humiliation was a certainty—the precise time and manner of it only were left in doubt.

Howard Slifer was a gentleman of the Under-World who allowed it to be generally known that any one who asked him for a fight would get it. A sensitive recognition of the claims of other people, and an austere respect for them, does not belong to the point of honor in the Under-World. There the point of honor is for the most part concerned with a man's recognition of his own claims, and with his determination to have other people austerely respect them. And Howard Slifer was punctiliously honorable.

Howard Slifer.

He was possessed of considerable sums of ready money, kept, with some trifling exceptions, in strong-boxes, the formulas for opening which invariably included a drill and a bit of dynamite. The trifling exceptions were small matters of loose coin and broken rolls of bank-notes which people of fortune, who had had no previous acquaintance with Mr. Slifer, stood and delivered to him "at sight" and "on demand," and, by a solecism in their business habits, asked no quittance or receipt. His physique was a patent of nobility in which all who stood might read a power to levy taxes and to assure possession of his personal estate wherever he might find it. He was of that build that led men to follow him with their eyes, and to speculate upon the amount of "punishment" he could take and could inflict. While they speculated, they respected him greatly.

Captain Brigstock of the —— Precinct was not a man, he was a deputy-divinity, and respected nothing except the arch-deputies, his official superiors. Technically, there were sharp limitations to his constitutional powers over mere mortals; but in practice, technical distinctions so seldom obtruded themselves upon his notice that his sense of them was apt to become quite vague. What the precise occasion was of his entering Mr. Slifer's domicile, nobody in the outer world ever plucked up courage to ask him. When Slifer was asked, he said that the captain had dropped in unofficially, on "private business," and added no comment beyond a malign grin. There was an impression in the outer world that the captain had made his visit expressly at a time when he knew Mr. Slifer was not at home, and that Mr. Slifer had returned unexpectedly. What was certain is that the captain made his exit from

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the Slifer domicile in unconventional haste, and that no mention of the incident was ever made in the public prints. He had reached the street from a second-story window, through which he had backed with such violence as to bring away the sash. This was the hour of the haughty Slifer's triumph and the hour when the gods abandoned the captain.

Three weeks afterward, there occurred a manifestation of *esprit de corps* among the Powers that Rule which it was not pleasant to contemplate. Patrolman Hooper, of Captain Brigstock's precinct, had been murdered overnight while on duty; and not only in Brigstock's precinct, but throughout the city the force was of one mind. It was not only that an officer on duty is not safe, for not a man of them was safe; but there was an element of insult and effrontery in an attack upon a patrolman that stirred something more in his associates than personal fear. It touched their corporate pride.

"Somebody's got to croak for this," Detective Swinton declared sententiously to a group of his brother "sleuths." "I don't care if Hooper was only a Flatty. He was a copper, and we fly cops have got to send some bloke to the chair for baistin' him. There's a push o' guns in this town that thinks Flatties don't count, that there won't be much of a kick when one of 'em 's keeled over, an' they'll croak some of us fly cops before long if we don't learn 'em a lesson.

"It was a great bull somebody wasn't croaked for the killin' o' Patrolman Stimson two years ago. Stimson was a fool right enough to go up against the gang that did him, but if one of 'em had croaked for baistin' him, Hooper 'ud be alive now. I tell you, guns are just like kids when it comes to learnin' 'em anything. If they see 't ye mean business they'll crawl, but if ye monkey with 'em, they'll t'row ye down. There's some that thinks that guns 'll act on the level with coppers whether they got to or not. That's —— rot. 'Course there's some squarer than others; but I've known all kinds for twenty-five years, an' I give it to ye straight, they ain't built to like us. They got the same class feelin' 't we have, an' if we don't croak one of 'em for doin' Hooper, they'll get so nervy that coppers'll be droppin' in their tracks ev'ry month. They got to be called down."

The law for the Powers that Prey is: *It is better ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer.* The law for the Powers that Rule is: *An example must be made.* The Powers that Prey must suffer as a clan for an offense against the Powers that Rule. The clan must give up its offending member, or must stand in uncertainty and terror of where precisely the hand of the force will strike. That it will strike somewhere there must not be the slightest doubt.

The orders of Captain Brigstock were laconic, and smacked of his superhuman authority. He recognized no impossibility in the case; he spoke with the accent of omnipotence. He said simply:

"Find him: I don't want to hear a word about difficulties: d—n the difficulties: I want him found."

There were for the moment but the slightest indications to go upon. Hooper must have been struck from behind, must have turned upon his assailant, and in the scuffle lost his helmet. At least, he had been stabbed twice in the back and had received a heavy downward blow in the temple, from which his helmet would have saved him. The mainspring of his watch had been broken; and the hands marked five minutes past four, thus determining almost with exactness the moment he was assaulted. His assailant had been hurt, and could be traced by bloodstains to a sheltered doorway half a block distant, where he had seemingly bound up his wounds and changed his clothes. A hundred other details were reported, but for three days these remained, in spite of the command of deputied omnipotence, the only ones that were significant. Then came a statement that a short time before his death Patrolman Hooper had had difficulty with Howard Slifer, and that high words had been exchanged.

It is said that Slifer attempted to break away when he found himself safe within the walls of the station-house in the —— Precinct. He was, at all events, soundly clubbed before he was locked in his cell. The blows given were actually measured according to his powers for taking punishment: it may be doubted whether Captain Brigstock had been more thoroughly bruised when he measured his length in the street. It is perhaps a chance coincidence that the captain was present while Slifer was being taught the power of the law.

The evidence against the prisoner was worked up with systematic vigor. The negative evidence, especially, was significant: it could not be discovered that at the time Patrolman Hooper was struck down the prisoner was not near at hand.

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Patrolman Gundy, in a misguided moment, opined that almost at the precise time of the murder he had seen the prisoner enter a house a dozen blocks distant from the scene of the affair. The outburst of disapproval with which this statement was received made Patrolman Gundy uncertain, first about the time, then about the precise man, and finally about whether or not he had seen any one.

Patrolman Conard opined that at a quarter to five he had passed a man, who might be the prisoner, within a block of the scene of the affair. The captain asked him what in the name of things unprintable "his glims were for," and told him point-blank that any one not an ass could say whether a man that he had passed was the prisoner or not. Patrolman Conard became certain that he was not an ass, and certain that he had passed the prisoner—that the hour was a quarter to five, or a quarter to four or to three.

A safe had been blown open in the building immediately in front of which Patrolman Hooper's body was found, and the prisoner's method of collecting the living that the world owed him was well known. There were a number of other people who employed the same method, but that is a matter of detail. The abandoned clothes were much too short in the arms and legs for the prisoner, and much too small to have been drawn on over a second suit; but clad in his underclothing it was just possible that he could have squeezed into them, and the less perfectly they fitted him the better the disguise. At the time he was stripped and examined in his cell he had so many recent wounds that the only difficulty was to decide which of them his captors had not given him.

The indictment before the grand jury was secured by evidence which, as the newspapers said, was so "overwhelmingly convincing" that murder in the first degree was the only charge permissible. The district attorney publicly complimented the police on their handling of the case, and declared that never before in his activity as public prosecutor had he known of a murderer who was not actually seen committing the crime being brought to the bar of justice with proof of guilt so thoroughly established and ably presented. In an interview with a representative of the press, he said: "Captain Brigstock's men have not only avenged the murder of their brother officer, they have demonstrated afresh the remarkable ability of the city's police force. It is no slight matter to protect a city as large as ours, which in the very nature of things becomes a Mecca and Medina for criminals; and it is gratifying to know that our safety is looked after by so conscientious a band of officers."

The patrolmen ordered before the grand jury not only distinctly remembered seeing Slifer in the near neighborhood of the scene of the crime soon after it was committed, but they produced the weapon with which Hooper had been struck down, and showed the jury several rolls of bills, taken from Slifer's pockets, which there was no doubt were part of the plunder he had secured in the safe robbery. Free to indulge his imagination as to how the struggle between Hooper and Slifer took place, the prosecuting attorney portrayed the villain discovered by the virtuous Hooper in the act of blowing open the safe, or in the act of endeavoring to escape, no matter which. The intellectual and wholly impatient jury, who had business of their own which they were not attending to, saw in their mind's eye the prosecuting attorney's vivid picture, saw the villain Slifer blow open the safe, saw him make his escape, saw the faithful Hooper attempt to arrest him, saw the struggle, the blows, the gleam of the knife. Finally, they saw in private, with eyes not of the mind, Slifer's mishandled body. To add force to these specific arguments, Slifer's record, both as a "peterman" and convict, was produced, and he was declared to be one of the most desperate offenders in the country. There was nothing for the jury to do but indict him, and he was bound over till the next term of court.

Francis Pirie and James Schell were two travelers of the Under-World who had just returned from Europe to secure fresh letters of credit. They had made the fashionable grand tour of the Continent, had "blown themselves" at the Monte Carlo "crib," had seen wonderful things in forbidden Paris, and had come back to "God's country" to attend to business until their bank accounts should permit of another trip abroad. Schell had suggested while they were in Paris that they recoup their fortunes on the spot, and avoid the sea-sickness and miscellaneous locomotion, but Pirie's counsel had prevailed; and they had arrived in "God's country" about three weeks previous to the murder of Patrolman Hooper.

"There's dough on this side all right," Pirie admitted in reply to Schell's suggestion that they establish themselves in the French capital; "but it ain't our kind o' dough.

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I been rubberin' round pretty strong since I been on this side, an' I'm next to how the money market stands over here. You remember that fellow from Vienna 't I borrowed a hundred from in Rome, an' how he kept tellin' me to be sure an' return it by the time I said I would? Well, he shows the whole business. He was a nice enough bloke, an' had the rocks an' all that, but he ain't the kind o' bloke that let's you an' me live an' take trips abroad. When he figures up his accounts at the end o' the year, ev'rything must balance. He'll have a whole string o' items jus' called, 'Man ain't made o' wood,' but he knows where them contributions went. See? Well, it's the same all over Europe; they all got to know where and how their dough went, who got it, and what they got for it. It 'ud kill 'em to figure up one o' the columns in their account books, and have to write after it: 'Gone, an' d——n me if I know where.'

Captain Brigstock, a deputy-divinity.

"They've got dough, but they ain't got no dough to lose without makin' a —— of a beef about it. See what they did with Bidwell when he made that Bank o' England touch in the early seventies. Gave him life! W'y, them Englishmen thinks money is somethin' sacred, holy, religious-like. I gamble a thousand that old bank could be touched up again for a million or two, but they'd hang the bloke that done it. It's not like that on the other side: ev'ry year there's just so much dough lyin' around loose to be swiped, an' if it ain't swiped it's put down in the profit column. It's the same kind o' dough that's lookin' for circulation in poker games. It wants to keep movin' an' changin' hands, an' guns is there to give it rope. See? It's a kind o' Providence!"

"An' the coppers is there to make the guns trouble," retorted Schell. "It's all right about the loose dough, but how about the loose fly cops? I'd rather take my chanst with ten o' these Rube coppers here in Paris 'n with one o' the fly elbows in York."

"Aw, everybody's a copper on this side," urged Pirie. "You remember that gun in Berlin tryin' to make a get away after he'd picked the moll's pocket, an' how the whole street sprinted after him? That's the way they do things on this side — the crowd is in sympathy with the copper an' not with the gun. In the States they give a gun a runnin' chance, an' let the copper do the chasin'. That's what's what an' the way it ought to be."

The morning of the day following the murder of Patrolman Hooper, two men were in earnest conversation in a gaudily furnished room in an uptown hotel. One lay on the bed with a bandage around his head; and from the blood-stains on the clothes it was evident that he was nursing a wound; the other sat at the bedside. The two were registered on the hotel's books as coming from Sydney, Australia, and had signed their names as Richard Wamperson and Jackson Mather.

"You put his light out all right," the man at the bedside remarked. "They picked him up croaked."

"Serves the duffer right," mumbled the invalid. "Anybody been copped out yet?"

"The 'pipers' say—jes' listen to my furrin eddication!—that the police have pinched that Michigan bloke, Slifer. We done a bit with him in Cherry Hill eight years back; remember?—the bloke 'at made old Brigstock take that quick sneak out of his flat one day. They're going to railroad him for fair. The 'World' says the police found the weapon on him, an' the 'Journal' claim

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't he had some o' the bank's dough in his pockets."

"Them newspapers is gettin' real wise. What a lot they do know! Seems like a gun can't do nothin' any more 'thout bein' pinched for somethin' else!"

This comment was certainly ungrateful, the invalid not having been pinched of late for anything. More than that, it was unintelligent: the invalid did not understand the arrangement of things which makes imaginative "news" columns indispensable.

"I'd sooner be pinched for what I didn't do 'n what I done; it riles a bloke's senses o' justice to be accused false an' helps him put up a front," declared the other. "But you kicked in Payree about ev'rybody bein' a copper in Europe an' a gun havin' no chance; what do you call the newspapers in this country but coppers?"

Francis Pirie.

"Fly ones, ain't they? They ain't copped you an' me; they're as dead as de stiffs in the Front Office!"

"They say Slifer got away with the full 50,000 because they only found a few rolls on him. They're smart, they are! They think he's made a plant somewhere."

"Shows you how dead they are. They know about's much who copped that coin as Slifer does. Course the police 'a' got to put up a bluff, an' 'r' glad to pinch anybody; but you'd think them papers might take a tumble to themselves once in a while."

"Good job for us 't we wasn't mugged that time that old Freckleton got 'is glims on us. Three years ago, ain't it?"

"Longer 'n that, an' besides, old Freck's croaked. He's the only man on the force 't knew us."

"Oh, I ain't leary, I ain't; but it's pie to take your constitutional without ev'rybody rubberin'. Say, I guess I'll take a bit of a leg-loosener, an' see 'bout bankin' that dough in London. That's where we need it in our business, an' the sooner we get it there the quicker. We want to mooch soon as you can stand for the ante!"

"A' right, but don't be long—I'm dead to the world up here alone. So long."

"So long."

The night of the beginning of the eighth week after the murder of Patrolman Hooper, Francis Pirie and James Schell were sitting in a fashionable midnight resort in Sixth Avenue. Pirie should have been at home and in bed; almost any layman could have told him that he was gravely ill. He was a dime-novel specter, and the flesh had drawn back on his bones till they began to stand out in sharp angles. The inference of an outsider would have been that he was another of the victims which the life in fashionable midnight resorts sometimes demands; but inferences made by outsiders show their wit, and not their knowledge. The only person present who really knew what was what was James Schell, but he would not have admitted this even to Pirie. There was a look of disgust in his face while he watched the sick man reach feebly for his glass.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't take a bracer. You've been hangin' around these joints for the last two months, an' I'm gettin' tired o' lookin' at you. I want to mooch to the other side. Any one 'ud think that that copper had hit you with a base-ball bat, the way you play the baby act. He jus' gave you a love tap with his mace, that's all."

"A couple o' love taps like that 'ud 'a' put out my light then and there," Pirie answered wearily. "I'm a sick man, Schell."

"Sick nothin'. Why the devil don't you stay to home if you're sick? You been followin' me about for the last eight weeks like a cur purp. I never asked you to. Stay to home an' nurse yourself if you're so knocked up. I'm agreeable. I'm gettin' badly tired o' hearin' you whine. You don't need to be afraid o' me; I ain't goin' to knock against

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you. Nobody'll ever find out from me 't you an' that flatty couldn't hit it off together. I can keep as dead about that as you can. An' I ain't goin' to do you out o' the dough either. You'll get all that's comin' to you when we get to London. It's banked there, an' half of it is your'n. But I give it to you straight, I'm goin' to give you the chilly mit if you don't stop doggin' me round to all these joints."

"You give me the chilly mit!"

Pirie sat upright in his chair with an obvious effort. The hand of death was upon the man really, but he had his grit with him.

James Schell.

"That's what I said. You're all right when you want to be, but I won't stand for any more o' this shadowin' me about—see? What I think is, you're bug-house."

Merely to acknowledge that he was sick was a confession which, in the circumstances, it had cost Pirie more than Schell realized to make; to sit at a table with a man whom he had looked upon as his "pal" and hear that he was "bug-house" was a challenge which even his weakened state could not keep from accepting.

"Take that, you duffer," he hissed between his teeth, and threw his beer glass with all his might at Schell's head.

The fight was over before the attendants could interfere. Schell tried to throw Pirie to the floor, and Pirie sent a bullet through his heart. His light went out without a flicker.

A man lay dying in the hospital ward of —— Prison. Captain Brigstock, of —— Precinct, sat beside his couch.

"Scheduled to croak, all right—ain't I? Raise me up a bit, Cap. Thanks."

"That's what they call it, Pirie."

"Well, Cap, I might as well tell you now as later. You got the wrong bloke in that Hooper business. Slifer didn't do Hooper. Give me some more o' that dope there—quick- -I—I—am—dyin'. Lord, but it's a dirty job to die: an' me too—I die bad. That's why I'm tellin' you."

The stimulant revived him for a moment.

"Say, Cap—me an' Schell—you listenin'?—put it on paper, blokey; I'm gettin' kind o' weak in me tubes: got the pencil there—me an' Schell, we croaked—gettin' it down?—we croaked Hooper; me in front with a billy when his helmet dropped off an' him behind with a knife. That stuff in the papers was rot. An' Schell, I put his light out, d——n him. He tried to do me out o' the dough. That's why I'm here. See?"

Brigstock's pencil paused, and Brigstock himself took it for a sign of some special care of Providence for him that Pirie's confession had been made to no one else. What kind of Providence would naturally choose him out to care for, and whether in highest heaven or deepest the other place, he had not leisure at the moment to inquire.

"Where's the dough planted?" Brigstock asked.

The sick man's eyelids fluttered open, but with no recognition of Captain Brigstock or of his question: there was a great light of anger and pain in the eyes, and the lips drew back from the strong, discolored teeth.

"You give me the chilly mit!" he almost shouted, half rising in bed. "Take that, you duffer!" and he flung himself bodily on Captain Brigstock.

It was quite true that Pirie died bad.

That evening Brigstock in his lodgings meditated afresh on the special care of Providence. At the end of his meditations, which he had assisted by striding up and down the room, he knelt by the open fire and tore out and burned certain leaves from his notebook.

The night of New Year's Day, some ten months after the murder of Patrolman Hooper, Howard Slifer sat in his cell in —— Prison, and talked through the bars of the cell door with his "death watch." The evidence given at the time of his indictment

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had been repeated with additions at the time of his trial, and among those additions the confession of Francis Pirie was not found.

"You hear what I'm tellin' you, Jackson," Slifer said that night. "I ain't turnin' soft, an' kickin' 'bout goin' to the chair: not me! It's up to me to sit in it, that's straight. An' I've done enough to deserve croakin', ten times over. But, Jackson, it ain't up to me to stand for the killin' o' Hooper. I didn't do it. 'Course the evidence don't look that way; an' they think that they've got me dead to rights, but that jus' shows how bug-house some o' the things in this world are. Jackson, if Hooper could get out of his grave now, he'd say: 'Slifer didn't do it.' I don't mind croakin' for anythin' I done, but I hate like —— to croak for somethin' I didn't."

HER HUSBAND'S WEAKNESS.

By Myra Williams Jarrell.

MRS. SANDERS turned her head away from the bacon she was frying, that her tears might not fall upon it. It was not a bitter, scalding down-pour, but only a faint, despondent drizzle which came from eyes from which the luster of youth and hope long since had faded.

"Now, Ma," protested her husband, who was sitting uneasily on the edge of a chair with a feeble smile on his face, "don't take it so hard; it ain't as though we was starvin'. You know, don't you"—with an eager tremor in his voice—"that I wouldn't 'a' done it if we'd really needed the money for food?"

"'Tain't no use argying with you, Pa," she answered drearily, "'cause if you had some more money to-morrow, and saw somethin' pretty 'at you thought me or the children would like, you'd get it, even if we didn't have no shoes nor stockings to our name."

Presently, the bacon fried to a crisp and the eggs sizzling in the grease, she glanced again at her husband. With his round, china-blue eyes, his ruddy skin, and his tously red hair, he looked absurdly like a child sitting there; and as if he were a child, there was a quiver about the weak mouth, as if he strongly felt the weight of her disapproval.

All the instinct of motherhood rose in the woman; and going over, she laid a kind hand on his shoulder and said cheerfully: "Never mind, Pa, it *is* a handsome water service, and will look real nice on the marble-topped table 't mother give us when we was married."

He brightened up immediately and said: "I knew 't you'd like it, Mandy, when you once got over your predjoodice agin sich things."

She sighed slightly, and began dishing up the supper. "Call the children, Pa," she said. Soon they came trooping in, a healthy, happy brood of five, all under twelve, with scarcely a whole garment between them, and what they had all patched and darned.

There was nothing in the patient mother's face to show the despair she felt, when, after the meal, the children were marshalled by their enthusiastic father in the front room to view the new possession, a swinging silver water pitcher with two silver goblets on a standard. Eagerly he displayed it to their admiring eyes, and proudly he told how much it had cost, in his pleasure at their round-eyed appreciation forgetting the gentle chiding he had received when he first reached home with it.

After the work was done and the children in bed, Mrs. Sanders sat down by the kitchen table with a heap of little clothes beside her to patch and mend. "Now tell me, Pa, did you pay Deacon Jones the int'rest money on

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the mortgage?" she asked anxiously, after a silence.

He cleared his throat before he replied: "Well, no, Mandy, but I'll pay next week. John Bent's goin' to buy my heifer, and then I'll give the deacon that money."

"I s'pose, now," she queried, "you saw the pitcher before you saw the deacon?"

"Well, yes, Ma," he chuckled; "but don't you fret. We'll come out all right. The wheat crop'll be good if we don't have too much of a drought—and then I'll buy you a piano."

"Now, Pa," she protested vehemently, "don't be silly; we need all the money we can get hold of, just to dress and feed the children and to pay the mortgage."

"I ain't forgot, Mandy Sanders, if you have, how lovely you used to play the melodeon when you was a girl, and we used to sing together: 'Oh, believe me if all those endearing young charms that I gaze on so fondly to-day'——"

"I remember," she put in softly, "and 'tain't as though I don't love music now, for I do; but you mustn't think of doing such a thing, Pa, really you mustn't."

"Don't you fret, Ma, just you trust me. I ain't never failed you yet, hev I? Hevn't I been faithful an' true to you, Mandy?"

"Yes, Pa," she assented, then added with some spirit, "but maybe 'twould be more to the p'int if you'd 'a' been less faithful an' true an' had had more common sense. There, there, I didn't mean to hurt you, Pa, but sometimes when I think o' them little folks o' mine, I wish't you'd take better care of your money, and not be so indulgent."

"I'm sure I'm doin' the best I can fer all of you," he muttered sulkily. "I work hard, and try to please you, and then you grumble that I don't provide for you." And he went to bed in an ugly frame of mind.

Mrs. Sanders sat there long after he had gone to bed, thinking bitterly of her sacrifices and economy since her marriage, which had always been rewarded by just such extravagance as this of to-day.

It was a good farm, not heavily mortgaged; and she knew it would pay if there were no drought, and if only he were not so foolishly childish about the value of money.

As usual, though, after her bitter reflections, she upbraided herself for harshness, as a mother does toward a much-loved child who has deserved and received discipline, and she went to bed resolved to be kinder in her judgments in the future.

The weeks following were ones of depression. Everything depended upon rain, and the sky remained blue and unclouded, and the sun scorching. Even Mr. Sanders' optimism deserted him at times, and he took his defeat like a spoilt child, and became petulant and irritable.

Whenever Mrs. Sanders looked at the silver pitcher, her soul rose in revolt against a man who could spend his little all in such senseless extravagance, while his children were nearly naked, and the larder was diminishing day by day. Every day she went to the kitchen door and looked off over the boundless stretch of prairie toward the western horizon, looking for some hopeful sign, if it were only a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. But none appeared.

Finally Mr. Sanders sold the heifer, and, jubilant once more, he started to town to make some necessary purchases.

"Please be careful, Pa," entreated his wife; "you know how doubtful the crop is, so don't buy anything outside o' this list I've given you, things we just can't do without, and see Deacon Jones and ask him to let the int'rest money run a little longer; he's so good and kind 't I know he will if you explain how it is."

"Now don't you fret, Ma," was her husband's cheerful response. "I guess I know how to manage my own money," and he drove off, leaving Mrs. Sanders in a dubious frame of mind.

All through the long, hot day she hummed a tuneless song over her work, trying to assure herself that her husband would be careful and buy only the necessary things.

As evening drew on, the children gathered around, and they all sat in the shade of the little house waiting for his arrival. The minutes passed, and still he did not come. Mrs. Sanders shaded her eyes and stood up to see better. Off toward the setting sun a cloud was gathering—a tiny cloud, gradually enlarging, which spoke of renewed hope.

She looked again toward the road which led to town, and gave a sigh of relief as she saw a wagon slowly, slowly crawling toward them. "There he is at last," she said to the children; "now I'll go in an' see about supper."

In a few minutes the children called her excitedly. "'Tain't Pa; it's Mr. Bert an' Mr. Wilson, Ma." She rushed out of the house, and was met by two downcast, rugged men, who explained that her husband's team had run away with him and thrown him out,

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and that they had brought him home. "Badly hurt, ma'am," one of the men added; "seems as if he ain't goin' to git well."

Tenderly they lifted and carried him into the house, and laid him on the sofa in the front room, the awestruck children following on tip-toe, and pushing each other to get a better look at the poor, limp, white thing which had been their father.

He opened his eyes, and looked around and smiled feebly at his family, then demanded of his neighbors,

"Where's my package?"

One of them went out to the wagon and returned with a soiled, crumpled paper bag.

Mr. Sanders reached for it, and withdrew from its depths a very flimsy, gaudy, much-beflowered bonnet, which would have suited a girl of sixteen, and said, as he handed it to his wife: "Here, Mandy, it's for you; you allus looked so pretty in them kind o' things when you was a girl. Now don't you worry, Ma, the Lord will——"

The sentence was never finished. His widow fell on her knees beside the sofa, sobbing and kissing his poor hands, just as the rain began coming in a steady down-pour

THE LADY WITH THE WATERFALL.

A VIRGINIA BEAUTY OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

By Anita Fitch.

With Pictures by W. Glackens.

IT was in the Forty-second Street Park that I met and knew her. I had strolled in one early summer morning, and found her seated upon a bench near the reservoir, her delicate old hands filled with leafy green—plainly a stolen spray from a neighboring bough—which she held with the grace of one accustomed to bouquets.

She was shabbily dressed, in a ridiculous old fashion of long-ago days; but I knew

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that when she was young she had been blonde and beautiful. Indeed, she was beautiful still, with her strangely fresh blue eyes, and that subtle something that defies time (I was never quite satisfied with my guesses of her age), like a tall lily that had withered without losing its fragrance. There was, too, something about her luminously aristocratic, and a gracious dignity; and in spite of her funny, almost ragged clothes—often not even over neat, alas!—her faded loveliness and high-bred manner carried the day, and I knew myself in the presence of a soul superior to earthly trifles.

But anything more wonderful than the old lady's costume I have never beheld off the stage. It marked an ancient period—the vast false *chignon*—the real old-time "waterfall"—the tiny bonnet, worn well over the forehead; the trailing gown, with its frills and "peplum"—all suggesting the remote and gilded day of the Grecian Bend. And she wielded a minute green parasol—the piteous, darned, and faded ghost of a parasol, still brave with a pinked frill, and bending modishly at the handle—with an art that made one forget that its blooming days were over.

In spite of her setting, grotesque for any other woman, she made an elegant picture in walking. She held her skirt straight up in front in the old-time way, an airy pinch between the thumb and forefinger, and kept a splendid lift of the head and chest; and at a little distance, when you could not see the poor makeshifts of poverty, or the shadow, light though it was, Time had left upon her beauty, she was like a fair lady upon some antiquated valentine, who, for a moment, had stepped from her filigree page to astonish a hurrying world with her sweet, deliberate graces.

I sat down beside her, for I could not resist the temptation, and after a moment we entered into conversation. It was pleasant, she remarked, for ladies who had nothing to do to come and sit in the park in the morning. I don't remember what followed this speech, but in a little while I had gathered from the delicate inflections of her voice that she was Southern, and that poverty was no bar to her genteel idleness. She did not speak of her affairs or of her abiding place, but prattled daintily of the summer birds, and of the first spring leaves, and of the sudden sweet scents that came even to this flowerless city oasis, "as if from a hidden garden."

In time, for I met her many times before the fatal day that separated us forever, I grew to know that she was full of these pretty fancies, and that she saw only the beautiful side of life; and she could never have fully realized that her estate in life had fallen, for she spoke with the easy splendor of one who still rode in carriages, and took her airings about her private domain, instead of upon a wooden bench in a city park.

One day I discovered that my contemptuous view of the other loungers of the spot awoke in her a pained wonder. They all knew her by sight; and from the handsome, gloomy-looking young man who read an endless newspaper upon the next bench, down to the handless old pencil-woman at the gate, they greeted her comings and goings with respectful obeisance.

With the gloomy young man the old lady had a speaking acquaintance. I had idly christened him Mr. Roads, eliminating the current and insulting prefix "Dusty" out of consideration for her feelings; and observing the coquettish grace with which she thanked him for occasional small services, that sudden radiation the soft woman has forever for the betrousered animal, I felt in her a vast and beautiful tenderness for the stronger sex, and loved her for the sweet weakness that had outlived so many years and cruel changes.

For that my lady with the waterfall had been a person of consequence in her time, I did not for a moment doubt. But as time went on and she spoke no word of that past, the glorious past I had given her, nor even honored me with the confidence of her name or the title of her birth-place, and closed every loophole for inquiry with a wickedly stubborn delicacy for my affairs, I confess to having cherished a mean impatience that one day burst its bounds in this blatant fashion:

"I am a Virginian," I said—for no reason at all that I can now remember—"and I am proud of it."

That this would prove a home thrust I did not for a moment doubt, for I knew my own Virginia accent too well to be misled in placing her. But I was unprepared for the change, like a sudden blight, that fell upon her joyous being.

"I am a Virginian, too," she said, after a moment, in a thin, strange, cold voice I had never heard before. "But—" and one of her little, pitiful, elegant hands (the years had so gently touched it!) went to her throat with a choking gesture.

Some time in that scented, befrilled long ago she so faithfully reflected, my sweet old

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butterfly had received a mortal wound. She could still smile, but nevermore could she speak of Virginia; and so I placed Virginia upon the shelf of tabooed subjects, along with death, the mere mention of which gave her a frozen displeasure, and made a vow then and there not even to wonder about her again if I could help it.

The waterfall lady was a delightful companion, and, after this brief trembling at the precipice, our friendship ran on smooth tracks, under blue skies. Every morning for weeks I sought her at her bench, at first inventing excuses for my going, but at last going as a matter of course.

In this way I came to know her dainty tastes, and that she had been educated in the good old way, with a little bit of every ladylike accomplishment, and not too much of any one. She could sing; her favorite song was a venerable ballad, much in favor with young ladies of forty years ago, called "The Blue Juniata"—she pronounced it *jew-knee-ah-ta*—and she proudly told that she made her own gowns, which, though always of the style of the same far back period (for her Time must have stood still), were of different colors and materials—dark for morning, light for afternoon—and, with their comical pretension, were so numerous that I saw she must have been something of a Lady Brummel in her day.

But though her gowns were an evident and dear delight to her, and I could see that she would not for worlds have parted with her long topaz "eardrops," plainly the bulk of her woman's vanity had been invested in her waterfall.

It was speakingly false in its blonde freshness next the rest of her poor, pretty, gray-streaked hair; but it was always in such immaculate condition, the fat puffs so smooth and glossy and round under the new silken nets, that I could not believe it was always the same waterfall. It seemed to me she must have quite a drawerful of the wonderful things, and I hoped that the hairdresser with whom she must spend much of her small substance was moderate in his charges, for I could not bear to think he might take advantage of her.

MR. ROADS.

As usual, a little stubby about the face and sinister in raiment."

One day—if I had smiled about her before, how much have I not sighed since!—I stumbled upon the secret of my old lady's life. It was my birthday, and to celebrate the occasion I had planned a modest dinner at a simple restaurant nearby, with my fascinating park acquaintance as sole guest.

With this secret intention—for I contemptibly felt that my invitation must depend largely upon the lady's costume, which was sometimes too picturesque for even my unconventional taste—I mentioned only the fact that it was my birthday, and expressed a desire to see her again in the park late in the afternoon.

When I arrived at five, she was already at our bench. And that she had attired herself in her bravest finery in my honor, I could see from the gate.

She advanced to meet me as I entered, with airy kisses of the hand and merry beckonings of her little green parasol; and—oh, sweet dead days of "illusion" and moss-rose buds! though one might tremble a little for its effect upon the vulgar, uninitiated mind—never was seen a more gracious vision!

A delicate shimmer of apple-green and yellowed white silk surrounded her in flowing sleeves, and a voluminous skirt that I knew had been born to spread its splendors over a hoop.

With this magnificence a real lace bertha and all the old-fashioned trinkets she was never without—the swinging topaz eardrops; the thin neck-chain, with its endless array of charms; the ring whose vanished gems had been replaced with sets of red sealing-wax; and the hair bracelet upon her beautiful left wrist.

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As we met, she brought with her a faint atmosphere of dead roses and musk and patchouli.

And then I saw the brown time-spots on her finery, the heavy creases and straining seams, for the wasp waist-line of youth was scarcely sufficiently generous for the proportions of forty years later; and recognized with a throb, somehow inexplicably poignant, that this adorable and sad old frock was no modern effort, designed after ancient memories, but precious millinery, preserved by some tender miracle, that had come straight down from the distant day it represented.

That my old lady had anticipated my invitation, or some invitation, I could see in an instant. The glorious toilet was for me; her whole being radiated a holiday anticipation. And when, presently, with two kisses on the cheek and a pleading tenderness, she

"A DELICATE SHIMMER OF APPLE-GREEN AND YELLOWED WHITE SILK SURROUNDED HER."

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pressed a book upon me as a birthday gift, one of those dear old blue-and-gold "Friendship's Offerings" read by young ladies in the 'fifties, I hated myself that I had held my invitation back at the notion of her costume, and resolved upon a choicer restaurant, with as much of a festival as my fortunes would allow.

She fluttered and flushed with a girlish excitement as I laid the evening programme before her. Then, since it was not yet time for dinner, it was suggested we "walk up and down" a moment in the park, exercise was so good for the appetite; though an earnest warning followed that we keep watch upon the hour and not get to the restaurant too late. We must have a little quiet table to ourselves so that we could talk, and time to decorate it with flowers—birthdays were not birthdays without flowers, and they were *so* cheap on Sixth Avenue.

"*Quelle heure est-il, monsieur?*" she inquired suddenly of the shabby Mr. Roads, in her pretty, halting French; it being the habit of the pair, who certainly had their share of lower world realities, to interchange almost entirely in this glittering language of courts.

We had stopped at Mr. Roads's bench, where, intrenched behind the inevitable newspaper, sat the gentleman as usual, and as usual a little stubby about the face and sinister in raiment; but with this dangerous external leaning toward trampdom gloriously offset by his look of superb health and comely youth. His handsome eyes flashed a sulky pleasure at the old lady's notice, and the big fellow bounded respectfully to his feet to answer.

"*Cinq heures et demie.* No, *madame*, I do not think it will rain."

So, with a "*Merci, monsieur*," that was as tender as a pat upon his tousled head, off we set upon our promenade, the lady warning me in anxious whispers that I was not to consider *him* any ordinary sitter upon benches.

Indeed, Mr. Roads was a young man of unusual parts, I was given to understand. But he was at present under a cloud with his family, his pride was of the fiercest, and she thought she would offer him a little coaching with his French.

"It would be so useful for him to speak it correctly, you know. It might help him to get a position."

And this when Mr. Roads's French was almost indecently good, and the old lady owned a wonderful pronunciation, darlingly foolish, and tangled her verbs in a way to tickle the ribald heart with joy!

Up and down the footpath in front of our bench we walked for a long time, my companion the object of much wondering admiration. The very glass of antiquated fashion, she moved in the serene belief of the elegant fitness of her toilet, a faint tea-rose flush of triumph outblushing her dust of rouge; for she painted, she did—hers had been the day when rouge-pots were no disgrace—but she painted with a sublime discretion.

The closing day lent a softness to her faded folderols; and so tall and gracious and sweet was she, so singularly slender and youthful for her age, she had besides a maidenly air that convinced me she had never married.

She confessed, with a momentary droop, that she had lived long alone in New York. And with a swelling tenderness, as I listened to her unworldly prattle, I walked beside her as proudly as if she were some lovely and dear relative, one thought holding me with its growing attractiveness, that after this intimate and to-be-remembered day we could no longer be strangers.

And then it was, with my whole being breathing nothing but tenderness for the gracious old gentlewoman, not three hours later, that my ruthless hand tore open afresh the wound of her life, and thrust her broken and fearing me—fearing but not hating me; oh, no, not hating me; there was no place for hate in that flower-sweet soul—thrust her back into the crushing loneliness that only too well I know now had been hers ere we had met.

Alas, why is it that such little things turn the current for unalterable moments! Why was it that a foolishly sweet old book and a stupid girl came together, and, bridging the desolate years, were the instruments of fate to break once more a helpless butterfly upon the wheel?

It was nine o'clock when the thing happened. Let me tell it as it was.

We had dined gayly at the brightly lighted restaurant, and toasted our President and ourselves with bubbling champagne—her delicately racy *trinquer* with me, the "*a noter santy*," were sufficient rewards for the extravagance—and gone back to the park for a brief airing with almost dancing steps.

During the dinner my blue-and-gold birthday book had claimed much of my delighted attention, and it was with an exquisite appreciation that, over the coffee, I listened to the old lady's pretty school-girl rendering of

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a favorite poem, bearing the stately title of "Memory's Shrine." I can scarcely tell why it was, but the sentimental last line of this poem,

"As I was, remember me,"

fell upon my ear with seductive enchainment. I felt it would be a quaint dedicatory motto for my book. And with the notion of any sort of an inscription—an inscription that she must write—came the hope that I should at last learn her name and more about her. For up to this moment, though we had foregathered at the park near two months now, and had at last drunk from the loving-cup of tender friendship, we were still unknown to each other by title, and her place of residence was still to me a mystery.

Once back in the haunt that knew us, and the moment seeming propitious, my pencil appeared and I ordered her to write. A swinging electric globe nearby supplied the necessary illumination, and by its light I could see Mr. Roads, a lonely figure, where we had left him, upon his bench, as if he had not dined at all.

"*As I was, remember me,*" I saw my old lady trace in a delicate, old-fashioned handwriting upon the blank leaf of my book

"WE HAD DINED GAYLY."

"And now the date, and my name, Katherine Brice," I commanded quickly, and was vaguely conscious that under the rim of his dingy derby hat, tilted villainously forward, Mr. Roads's dark eyes were closely observing our every movement.

She stopped to comment on my name. It was "pretty" and suited me; and then underneath it wrote "from." I waited in a delicious flutter of speculation as to whether her own name would suit her as well as everything else about her did, and hoped, with

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an inconsequent distaste, that it might not prove Amelia.

Then I saw her write "Evelina," and a shock of recollection went through me.

"Evelina!" I exclaimed, all uncaring of the fact that her pencil had moved on to trace another title. "Evelina! How curious!"

For with the suddenness of lightning a long-closed door had opened in my memory, and there came back a period of my childhood, when, with my impressionable imagination fed by a bitter tale, I was influenced to fear and abominate an unknown woman who had borne this old novel-name, and who, long ere my eyes had seen the light, had brought woe unto my kindred.

I told her the story, and as I look back upon it I wonder that I could have been so blind.

But, to my fanciful picturing, the woman I had been taught to hate and dread in my child days had been as dark as devils were, and clothed in flaming scarlets. Now, with that childhood and its influences all behind me, with the story almost forgot for want of telling, I still saw her the same. How was I to know that this fair, blonde old woman, so exquisitely tender for all, was the same cruel Evelina Drury for whose cold sake my mother's dearest brother, Ernest Hamilton, had fought a duel and perished, forty years before, in far-off Virginia?

I forgot that she herself was Virginian, that she had a secret of her own, and that death was a tabooed subject.

I forgot everything but that I had a good story to tell, and that of all New York, perhaps, she was the one listener who could best appreciate it. For I knew that she must have been of the pompous time of my Uncle Ernest, when a Southern gentleman's ruffled dignity could only be smoothed by blood, and a duel before breakfast was scarcely a more remarkable occurrence than a canter on horseback. So I told her the story to its last detail, with as many flourishes as I could remember, to give it color, and putting my love-sick, duel-slain uncle before her as I knew him from the family portrait—a dashing figure in the tight blue coat so elegantly slim at the waist, as the dandy fashion of the period demanded, with the flashing dark face propped by a tall, pointed collar, and framed in black Byron locks. Against a curtain of crimson velvet he was pictured standing in a consciously graceful attitude, one well-shaped foot advanced, good shoulders back, a gloved hand resting upon the hip, and its fine bared mate, wearing a dazzling ring, posed lightly upon the knob of a slender sword-cane.

To my childish eyes this ill-fated relative had seemed a glorious lover, and I could never fully understand why the difficult Evelina had given him the mitten; for after untold coquetries in my uncle's direction, it was her sudden favoring of his rival, Godfrey Bullock, it was claimed, that had brought the duel about.

These two had been the chosen beaux of all that long-ago Virginia time. And the belle and toast of three broad Southern States, the mirror of fashion and envy of her sex, was Evelina Drury; one dowered as richly by Fortune as by Nature, but with a heart as hard, I had been taught to believe, as her body was soft and beautiful.

It was vowed that it had required death to open her eyes to her choice; for when that chill November morning, half-crazed by grief, and their own worship for her turned to sudden hate, the two avenging younger brothers carried Ernest Hamilton, stark in death and terribly beautiful, to the Drurys' door, and laying him at the feet of the proud daughter of that house, faced her with his murder, with one cry she kissed his cold lips and fell senseless upon his breast; and then all that Southern world had known that love had come at last, too late, to cold Evelina Drury.

All this I related again that modern birthday night, in a city where romance seemed to have but little part, but with the drear of its rushing life forgotten in the imposing sorrows of my family legend. And I think I must have told the story well; for aside from its romantic fascination, the influence of that distant duel had been a vivid and terrifying one upon my early childhood. Family feuds of intensest bitterness had followed upon its heels, and lived through generations. And though the stimulus for the desperate act (at last I know the innocent stimulus) had with her single parent, General Drury, disappeared at once from Virginia, and up to my last hearing of the story not been heard of since (by my family, at least), in their infantile prayers my mother's children, born years after that autumn morning tragedy, nightly uttered the name of Evelina Drury with bated breath, as protection was implored against her blight for the remaining bachelors of our blood.

Even this idiotic detail I repeated. And I added, laughing, for somehow these child prayers, told off with such deadly earnest-

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ness against the unknown sinner, always came back to me with delightful appreciation:

"Think of praying solemnly every night, even after I was sent to school, and away from old Bina's influence, who had taught us—she had been my mother's and Uncle Ernest's nurse as well, and he was the apple of her eye—'*God keep my Uncle Jack and my Uncle George from Evelina Drury.*' Think how invincible she must have been.

"Old Bina vowed that her soul was as black as Satan's, yet they called her 'Fair Evelina,' 'Sweet Evelina'!"

And then something in my listener's attitude—a stricken stillness—arrested my attention, and, looking into her white face, in one awed moment I knew the truth.

Exiled and alone in the alien land, old and poor, but still rare and conquering in her dimmed plumage, the belle of long-ago Virginia sat beside me—she who had been the toast of three broad Southern States, she for whom men had died.

All the glory of her state departed, she was still a queen upon the dusty park bench; and I could fancy, as I looked at her, what a whet she had been in her blooming youth to hot-headed youths fiercely jealous of her smiles. I knew, too, in a flash, with that conviction of the soul that flouts at testimony, that the pride and envy of that old-time Virginia had not been the heartless siren my grieving kindred had made her, but just a sweetly silly girl, a tender enchantress, who could not entirely leave any suffering swain without hope.

All this I saw, and one other thing—a look upon her face as fixed and unrelated as Destiny's, and as hopeless. I was not to be left long in doubt as to its meaning.

With her old grace, but with a terrifying ceremony of manner, she thanked me for the pleasure my society had given her. "Oh, how much pleasure" she could never tell me. And in the same cold, strange, artificial little voice, my wondering ears soon heard her imploring my forgiveness—my forgiveness, dear Heaven!—that she had forced me to break bread with her, her the enemy of my house, my *born* enemy!

"Ah," she sighed here, with that breathless movement of her small hand at the throat I had before called forth, "if only I had known who you were, nothing on earth would have made me do it."

No word of reproach did she speak for the dead Hamiltons, who had heaped her name with blame and her memory with venom. No slur did she cast upon the one who must mix a lady's name with pistoling, and whose dead kiss had driven her like one hunted from her own land, with a dowry of bitterest maidenhood; for afterwards, on the spotted blank leaf of my old "Friendship's Offering," where she had written it that night, I read in

"THE LAST I EVER SAW OF MY OLD BEAUTY."

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full the name of her youth, and could not help believing that it had been for the sake of the dead duellist that it was never changed. No displeasure for me even. Only that one thing that I read in her strange words, in her frozen countenance, in her blue eyes, wide with a wild dread of me—a sea without bounds rolled between her and me.

At last I comprehended, and ceased to implore her; for I saw that I was pleading with one who could not understand, and that the dreadful blunder I had made in telling her the story was not the thing that stood between us. It was the old feeling of my family, the hatred that for forty years had divided her and hers and all those of my blood, the Hamilton-Drury feud; and without ever having known hate herself, after forty years she still bowed to hating ideals. Ah, whatever might be the bitter consequences, she must walk in the bitterer way she had known so long! The sacred dignity of that solemn thing, the feud, must be left undefiled!

She arose to depart, and somewhat comforted by a faint inclination to shake her for the fantastic etiquette I could not at all appreciate—what was a painted duellist to me now compared to her living charm!—I swallowed the rising salt of my misery and bowed in silence to her decree.

"Miss Brice, believe me, it is best we meet no more," she said, with a plaintive solemnity that was yet a command. "Miss Brice, I bid you good-night;" and still trembling visibly, tragically white under her dust of rouge—how it tore me to see it at that moment!—with her wide skirt held out, she swept me a low courtesy, a salutation so coldly ceremonious, so sadly unrelated to the dear kinsfolk's moments we had known together, that in spite of myself, and all unschooled in these stately politenesses, I was forced to my feet to return in the best fashion at my command.

She turned and moved away with the wonderfully youthful carriage that had always bewitched me. Through my tears, too, for I could not bear to lose her, I saw that in spite of her misery she held her skirt straight up in front in the pretty old airy way.

Then all at once her fineries were huddled close about her in a delicious feminine concern for their safety. But even as I trembled for the precious antiquities, she was joined by a rushing figure, evidently equally solicitous for their welfare, the handsome Mr. Roads, with his clumsy gallantries and his big umbrella, a cheerless property without which he rarely appeared at the park; for suddenly the storm that for hours had been threatening, and for several seconds announcing its coming with fierce windy gusts, had burst upon the park in wild dashes of rain.

This was the last I ever saw of my old beauty, as she departed that night on Mr. Roads's arm, under dripping skies and a piteously disgraceful umbrella.

As she went, my thought flew back to my dead and once worshiped kinsman in a fierce reproach. His moment of manly folly had brought the gentleman swift peace; but for the sin of having been born soft and beautiful, this still sweet and delicately faded Evelina (who at ninety, maybe, would still cherish beaux and fineries) had for twoscore years, uncomplaining and in desolate exile, reaped the bitter harvest that folly had sown. If in that long ago she had been at all to blame, had she not atoned?

At the park gate the departing pair hesitated for a moment, as if searching for near shelter from the sudden tempest.

Then, with the bumpy umbrella breasted against the wind, a lightning flash, and a last silhouette of grace and bygone fashion—a silhouette of clinging femininity; and back into the shadow from which she had for a moment emerged went the belle of old Virginia.

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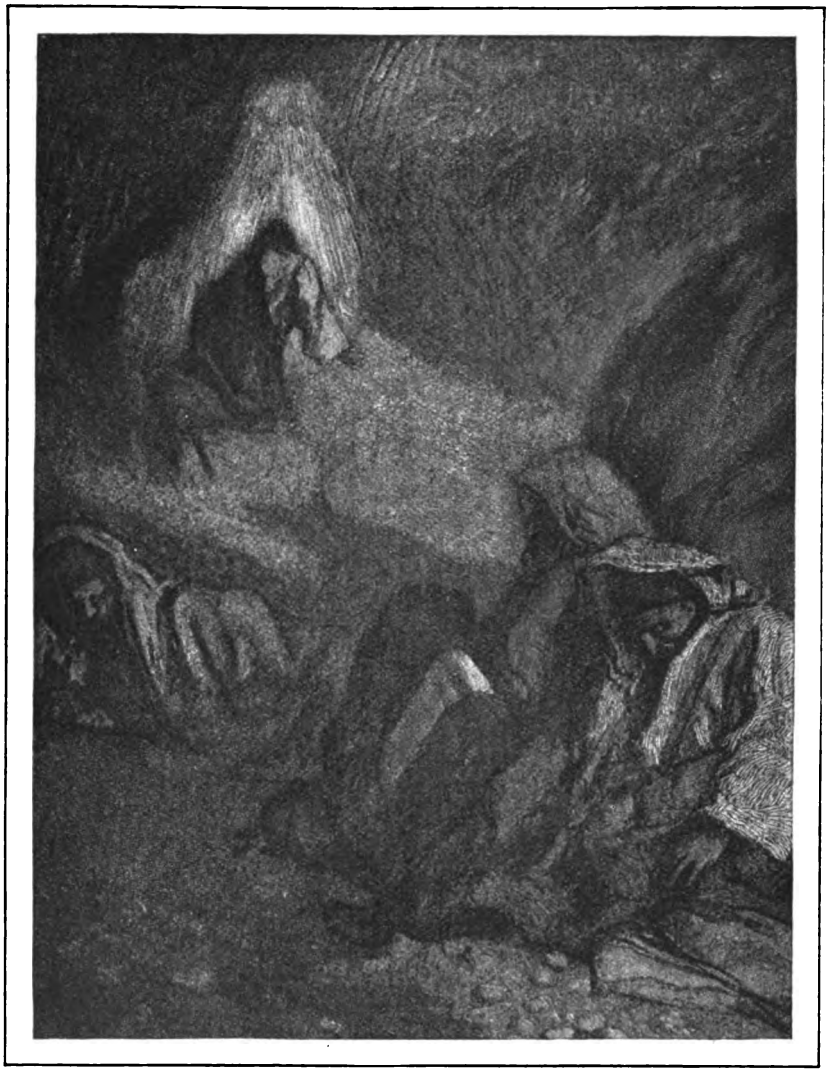
And He was withdrawn from them (the disciples) about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed. . . . And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him.—LUKE, xxii. 41-43.



THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.

PART X.—JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.—BEFORE PONTIUS PILATE.

IT would be with a sense of relief that Jesus accepted arrest and stood a prisoner before the supreme court of His nation. His relations with the ruling class had been strained from the beginning of his public ministry, and during the last year they had become unbearable. For a public teacher the most unkindly atmosphere is one of suspicion and prejudice; the most genial is one of candor and sympathy. It was fast becoming impossible for Jesus to preach the Gospel with abandonment of mind, because it was imperative for Him to defend Himself against outrageous charges and poisonous insinuations. Within the arena of open debate Jesus had met and worsted His opponents at every turn; but this had only fed their hatred. His moral victories had de-

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JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

The high priest . . . said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: . . . Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? . . . What think ye? They answered, . . . He is guilty of death. Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him. — MATT. XXVI. 63-67.

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livered His soul; they had condemned His life. There was no use in delaying the final issue; the rulers had completed their plans; He had placed Himself in their grasp; let Him be tried for His life according to law. He did not, in the state of feeling, expect justice; He was prepared for the Cross; He only had one desire—that the end should not tarry. "What thou doest," He said to Judas, with a touch of impatience, "do quickly." And then Judas left to fire the mine.

Whatever may have been the fanaticism of the Jewish character, the spirit of Jewish law was merciful in the extreme. Under no system has there been a more conscious desire to guard the rights of a prisoner or to allow him opportunities for escape. As regards his own evidence, and the testimony of the witnesses, and the time of the trial, and the action of the judges, the accused had every advantage. It is not vain prophecy to say that if the processes of law had been observed, Jesus would have been acquitted. There are occasions, however, when passion can be restrained by no form, and the Council were determined that by fair means or foul Jesus should die. It does seem true, as theology has suggested, that this Man was the innocent substitute for other men's sins, for every arrangement of justice was upturned in His case, and He, who was the most innocent of men, was treated as the most guilty. The trial of Jesus was, from beginning to end, a travesty of justice; and although it may be granted that our Master was a heretic according to the Jewish creed, as far as law went His was a judicial assassination.

The sustained course of injustice began with His arrest, which was accomplished with every circumstance of treachery and violence in the Garden of Gethsemane by a band composed partly of Roman soldiers, partly of Temple servants. There were only two circumstances in which an accused person could be arrested before his trial in Jewish practice—if it was supposed that he would escape, or that he would offer resistance. As the Council was perfectly aware, neither alternative applied to Jesus. Instead of showing any desire to evade their authority, He had come up to the capital and practically presented Himself for arrest, and the only danger of tumult among the people lay in the violence of the Council. If Jesus was simply summoned to appear and to defend His teaching before the Council, He would certainly not refuse, and His followers, from certain past collisions, had no reason to fear the result. The midnight arrest, planned with so much cunning and treachery, was a gross mistake, because it was a flagrant illegality and a wanton indignity. Jesus would allow no resistance to be offered. He checked Peter's folly instantly, for this would have put Him in the wrong and justified their action; and He protested, with indignation, against their conduct. "Was He a common criminal and a mere brigand, that they should come out against Him with swords and staves?" His captors were not, however, in a mood to listen to any protest, and, going to the extreme of illegality, they led Jesus away bound.

As they had arrested Jesus with force, they were under the deeper obligation to bring Him to a regular trial without delay; but their next proceeding was to take Jesus not to the Sanhedrin, which was a competent court, but to the palace of Annas, who was not even a magistrate. No doubt there was a strong reason for haling Jesus before this man, and no doubt he was anxious to examine Jesus. Years ago Annas had been himself High Priest, and was removed from office by the Roman authorities for his arrogance. Although a private person, he was the acting head of the priestly party, a man of enormous wealth, crafty ability, and unscrupulous character—the type of a successful, influential ecclesiastic of the highest rank. It may be assumed that the final plot against Jesus was hatched in that palace, and that the strong will of Annas stiffened the courage of the Council. Jesus would be perfectly aware that He was face to face with His most dangerous and powerful enemy, and He would also know that, as an ex-High Priest, Annas had in his own person no judicial position. One may therefore be certain that the first examination of the Master, which by an ambiguity in the narration might have taken place before either Annas or Caiaphas, did not take place before Annas. Very likely the old priest was content to study Jesus, and did not care to ask Him questions. As soon as his curiosity was satisfied Jesus was removed to the palace of Caiaphas, the High Priest of the day and Annas' son-in-law, where a legal court was waiting to receive the case. So it remains that before Jesus' trial began He had been twice wronged, once by His arrest, and a second time by being taken to a private house that He might be exhibited to a disgraced and wire-pulling ecclesiastic.

The court before whom Jesus appeared

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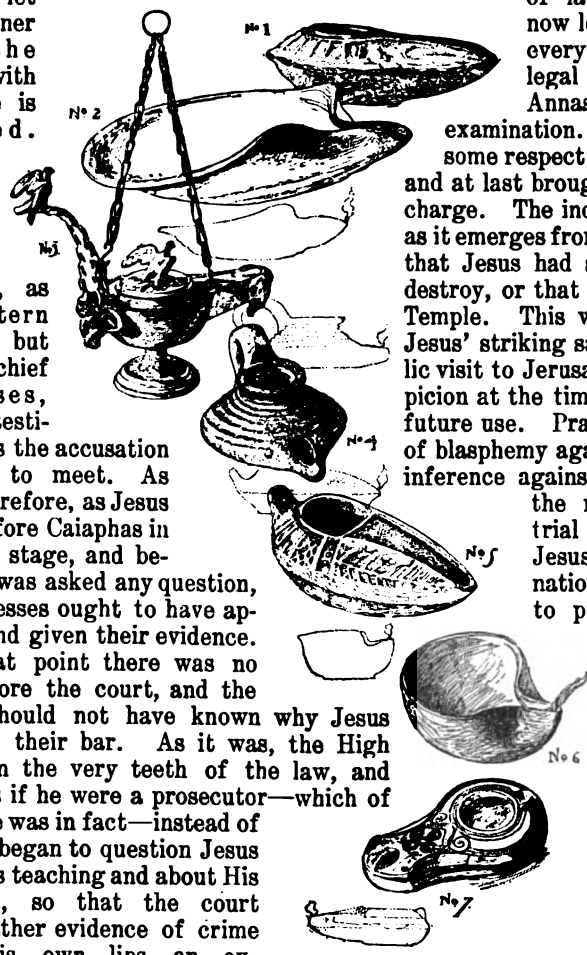
for His first examination, and which might be called a court of the first instance, was a committee of the Sanhedrin, meeting under the presidency of the High Priest. Its duty was to conduct the preliminary examination, and, in case of presumptive guilt, to send the accused to the full Sanhedrin for final examination and sentence. No objection could be taken to the judicial body before whom Jesus now stood, but the gravest objection is to be taken at once to their procedure. According to Jewish law—and it is also in accordance with justice—the first step is to let the prisoner know the crime with which he is charged. With the Jews this was done not by an indictment, as in western custom, but by the chief witnesses, whose testimony was the accusation he had to meet. As soon, therefore, as Jesus stood before Caiaphas in this first stage, and before He was asked any question, the witnesses ought to have appeared and given their evidence. Until that point there was no case before the court, and the judges should not have known why Jesus stood at their bar. As it was, the High Priest, in the very teeth of the law, and acting as if he were a prosecutor—which of course he was in fact—instead of a judge, began to question Jesus about His teaching and about His followers, so that the court might gather evidence of crime from His own lips—an extremely convenient and simple method of managing a case, and one which might be very successful with a timid and conscience-stricken prisoner. Jesus was neither, and He at once refused to be witness as well as accused, and reminded His judges that they were violating the clearest provisions of the law. He had not been a crafty conspirator, forming a secret society and teaching secret doctrine. On the contrary, He had taught in public places, as they knew, and discussed His message openly with the people. Why did they ask Him questions? why did they not ask those who had heard Him? Here was the third illegality—to begin a trial without a charge, and then to endeavor to create a charge from the prisoner's lips.

If Jesus' enemies had imagined that they could play fast and loose with the regulations of law unchallenged, they had now learned their mistake, for at every step Jesus had gained a legal victory—at His arrest, in Annas' palace, in the attempted examination. They were concussed into some respect for their own jurisprudence, and at last brought forward witnesses and a charge. The indictment, to take that first, as it emerges from the evidence, came to this, that Jesus had said, either that He would destroy, or that He was able to destroy, the Temple. This was a perversion of one of Jesus' striking sayings during His first public visit to Jerusalem, which had excited suspicion at the time, and had been laid up for future use. Practically it came to a charge of blasphemy against the Holy Place, and by inference against the worship and creed of the nation. As a ground for trial it was quite fair, since if Jesus had wantonly attacked the national institutions He was liable to punishment, but everything depended on the witnesses. And the witnesses against Jesus were worse than useless for two damning reasons. One was that, while it is an elementary condition of justice that there should be no collusion between the witnesses and the judges, those witnesses were notoriously arranged for and suborned by the judges, and the other was that they had learned their lesson so ill that they contradicted one another after a flagrant fashion, and their testimony could not be accepted even by this partial court. As the wit-



NATIVE LAMPS.

The Oriental has never possessed adequate means of illumination. The feeble glimmer of an oil taper, or a twisted wick of wool floating in oil, has been to this day the Easterner's source of artificial light. Of the lamps shown in the drawing, No. 1 is said, from its decoration, to be early Christian; No. 2, although found in an old tomb, is similar to No. 6, which is in modern use; No. 5 is Jewish; and No. 7, Greek. Excepting No. 3, the Roman bronze, all are of clay or terra cotta.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

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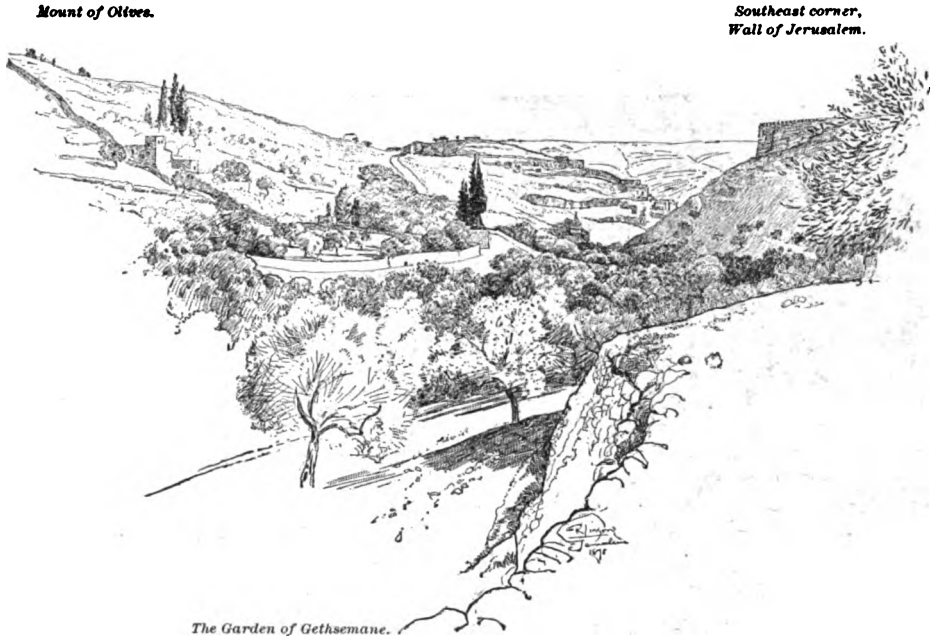

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT.

nesses had obliterated one another, there was no charge against Jesus, and He ought to have been declared innocent and set free. As it was, He was kept bound till a meeting of the full Sanhedrin could be called in the early morning, and He be placed again on trial. Two more illegalities were now added to the list—the tampering with witnesses, and the imprisonment of an acquitted man.

The daylight was breaking when Jesus was brought for the first and last time before the Seventy, who, with the High Priest as president, made the supreme court of the nation, and the final stage of this momentous trial began. One expects some respect for law now, and some decency in proceedings, but Jesus fared as ill in the Sanhedrin as in its committee. After some irregular examination and some open insults, the High Priest arose in his place and solemnly charged Jesus to declare whether He were the Messiah, the Son of the Blessed. The former charge of blasphemy against the Temple had disappeared, and a new one had been sprung on the prisoner; and in spite of the provision in Jewish law that no accused person should be invited to incriminate himself, the chief judge put this leading question to Jesus. The Master might have objected and kept silence; but with a court set on injustice, and thirsting for His blood, what purpose would be served by appeals to justice? Standing in face of the heads of the Jewish people a bound prisoner, He declared that He was the Christ, and that His judges of to-day, now vaunting themselves in their power, would see Him sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven. A paroxysm of fury seized the court, the High Priest rent his clothes, and the Sanhedrin condemned Jesus to death for the highest form of blasphemy.

Still faithful at every turn to their principle of injustice, the court, in their final decision, accomplished two more violations of law. They found Jesus guilty of death for a crime which did not exist—claiming to be the Messiah; and they did not try Him for the crime they intended—claiming to be the Messiah and being an impostor. It was a satire on all the past history of the Jews that the Messiah could now never be accepted, since as soon as He declared Himself, He would be put to death without more ado, as happened to the real Messiah. They also began the trial at night, which, in a case so serious, was illegal, and they concluded it on the day before the Sabbath, which was illegal, and they passed sentence without adjourning four-and-twenty hours, which was illegal. In their frantic haste to secure the death of Jesus, the chief council of His nation trampled under foot every safeguard afforded to the humblest criminal, and carried the death of Jesus with enthusiastic acclamation. It was the exposure and con-

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JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

My kingdom is not of this world; . . . for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. – JOHN. xviii. 36-37.

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demnation of the rulers of the Jewish nation. For about three years the Master had taught and lived the gospel of the Divine Love among this people, with the result that the Jewish Church would have dealt more kindly with Him if He had been a highway robber or a religious hypocrite. So fierce was the hatred of goodness among the priests: so unreasoning was the fear of reality among the Pharisees. The verdict on Jesus was the victory of the ecclesiastical and dogmatic spirit at its worst.

When the supreme court of the Jewish people tried Jesus and found Him guilty of blasphemy, the Sanhedrin had done its utmost, but the persecutors of Jesus were still far short of their end. Prejudiced and venal judges might override every form of Jewish law; but one thing they could not do, and that was to put Him to death. As soon as the Jewish judges had finished they had the prisoner conveyed to the Roman Procurator, and they accompanied him in force lest their illegal verdict should be overruled, and, after all their endeavors, Jesus should escape.

Pontius Pilate, as the representative of the Emperor, had imperial authority in his province, subject always to the appeal to Rome; but this authority he was obliged to use in accordance with the policy of his state. The Romans, with much wisdom, were accustomed to allow to every conquered nation as much liberty as might be consistent with the absolute supremacy of Rome, and to interfere as little as possible with local affairs. Unto each people was granted the use of their own religion and their own laws, with only this condition in the matter of religion—that they should not interfere with any other; and this restriction in law —that the power of life and death should remain with the Roman official. As a rule, the Romans were strongly disinclined to meddle with religious squabbles, but they were very sensitive to the slightest suggestion of treason against the Emperor. When the Jews brought Jesus to the bar of Pilate, their danger was, that he would refuse to have anything to do with a point of theology, and their final cue was to convince the Roman judge that Jesus had been fostering a revolution against the government.

What, however, they hoped was, that the Procurator, busied about many things at that season and disinclined to have any controversy with the nation assembled for Passover, would be content with the acknowledgment of his authority, and ratify any sentence they might have passed. It is suggested by the circumstance of the Jews presenting Jesus without any accusation that Pilate took a very formal view of his duties, and did not trouble himself to inquire into cases. They forgot that there was a difference between Barabbas and Jesus. To-day the Jews found Pilate in another mood. With the instinct of a judge he compared the noble face of the prisoner and the evil countenances of the priests, whose chiefs he knew well and did not respect. It was evident to any person that this was no bandit or common malefactor whom they had hauled to the judgment-seat, and that their eagerness was rather an outburst of fanaticism than the passion for justice. Pilate must go to the bottom of this matter, as he was a Roman and Procurator of Judæa, and he demanded to know the charge against the prisoner.

This unexpected curiosity of Pilate was a distinct check to Jesus' persecutors, who had hoped to pass their case through the Roman court without investigation. They were annoyed as Jews, because Pilate had asserted his latent authority with emphasis in face of the public; they were embarrassed as pleaders, because they were perfectly aware that the charge on which they had condemned Jesus in the lower court would not serve their turn here. If Jesus had spoken disrespectfully of the Temple, which they knew He had not, it would be rather a certificate of common sense to Pilate; and if they urged Jesus' assertion of Messiahship, the Roman would not know what they said. They were not ready with the other charge on the instant, and lost their tempers —not for the first time in this case. Were they going to be questioned and called to account at every turn? Was it any pleasure to them to visit Pilate's court? "If He were not a malefactor," they answered sullenly, "we would not have delivered Him unto thee."

When Pilate received this discourteous reply, he understood the situation, and knew that he was master. It was, as he suspected, a conspiracy of those tricky, unscrupulous, revengeful priests, and he was to be the tool to do their behest. This victim of theirs was a Jew of nobler character with whom they had quarrelled about religion, and to please their spite Roman law was to put Him to death without trial. Let them understand that even a Jewish provincial had a right to better treatment. Without fair trial Pilate would not condemn Jesus,

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and without a charge he could not try Him, and so it would be best for the priests, he suggested with grim suavity, and it would also save all friction, that they should take Jesus away and try Him according to their own law. As if they had not done so, as if Pilate did not know they had, as if their difficulty was not to judge Jesus, but to get Jesus crucified. With much bitterness they confessed their desire, and acknowledged Pilate's authority. Did he think that they would have brought their prisoner to him if they could have managed their own business? "It is not lawful for us," they said bitterly, "to put any man to death."

OLD CAPITAL—FRAGMENT AT CAPERNAUM.

By this time they were ready with a charge which Pilate would understand without any difficulty, and which would surely remove his scruples. Once again His prosecutors changed the ground of guilt, and now they betook themselves to straightforward and unjustified falsehood. A few days ago the Herodians had laid the trap of treason for Jesus, with their question about paying tribute to Cæsar, and Jesus had put them and the Pharisees who inspired them to confusion. They did not ask the question now: they boldly made the assertion. What mattered it that Jesus had been careful never to say one word against the Romans? that He had cast His shield over the tax-gatherers? that His whole teaching had been against revolution? It was expedient that this man should die, or else the nation would be destroyed—it was His death in the end which did destroy the nation—and so it did not matter much what was the accusation so long as it secured the crucifixion. This is His crime: "He has been inciting the people not to give tribute to Cæsar, and claiming Himself to be a king."

Pilate may have been contemptuous and unprincipled; the whole incident shows that he was not stupid, but that he had a very shrewd insight. Had Jesus been one of the zealots, who were ready to rise at any time against the Roman legions and to reduce society to anarchy, Pilate would have identified him at a glance and taken sharp measures. Only it would not have been the Jews who would have been the prosecutors. This poor man, in His peasant dress, and with His gracious face, may have been an offender against some absurd Jewish law, but He was no revolutionary against the Romans. Pilate took Jesus apart, and with a certain not unkindly irony, asked whether He was the King of the Jews. And Jesus, who would hardly answer His own Council in their insolence and hypocrisy, was candid to the Roman magistrate; who was not His enemy, who was rather His friend. "In the sense in which you and these priests would understand the word I am not a king; I have no soldiers, and no sword must be used for Me; the Emperor need have no fear of Me. In another sense I am a King with a Kingdom which will be far wider than the Roman Empire. My Kingdom is not that of the sword, but of truth; and I reign not over men's bodies, but over men's souls." As Pilate looked on this calm, beautiful enthusiast, with his unworldly hopes and spiritual dreams, the futility of life came upon the cynical Roman. "What is truth?" said Pilate, and he did not wait for any answer—what use was it?—but he returned to the Jews and declared that he could find no fault in Jesus.

It was a just judgment, worthy of the Empire and the law which the Procurator represented. It must ever remain a satisfaction to the disciples of Jesus that our Master received one honest trial in His life, and was declared innocent before the highest tribunal of earth. If Pilate had only stood fast in his integrity, and given effect to his sentence! But he was not trying an ordinary prisoner, and before him lay the keenest ordeal. At his decision the storm burst forth of disappointment, malice, insolence, anger, and it beat furiously on Pilate's judgment-seat, so that he was shaken, and, hesitating, lost his opportunity. As he sought for a way of escape, his ear caught the word Galilean, and Pilate conceived an adroit stroke of policy. He would send this embarrassing prisoner to Herod, Jesus' own monarch, for trial; thus at once conciliating the Tetrarch, and ridding himself of Jesus. Herod was much pleased with this courtesy, and was anxious to see Jesus do miracles; but the fox was too cunning to undertake a

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trial, so Jesus was cast back on Pilate—flung from one to the other as an offense whom generations to come would welcome as their Saviour.

Pilate, whose nerve was rapidly departing, now tried one expedient after another to save Jesus without risk to himself, for the personality of our Master cast a spell over him, and his wife's dreams had increased his awe. He would scourge Jesus, as a warning to this harmless enthusiast not to meddle with dangerous affairs, and let Him go, but this concession of injustice would not satisfy instead of the Cross. He would offer them the choice of a prisoner as an act of grace, either Barabbas, a famous bandit, a Rob Roy and Robin Hood kind of person, or Jesus of Nazareth; and he supposed that for very shame even the priests would have taken Jesus, but they simply clutched at Barabbas. As for Jesus, He must be crucified. Then Pilate washed his hands in token that he would take no responsibility for what was to follow, and, going from one injustice to another, he gave Jesus to his brutal soldiery to be scourged, and afterwards—a pitiful device—he brought out the bleeding victim, and let the people see the gentlest of prophets and most gracious of benefactors with the crown of jagged thorns on His head and the signs of unspeakable insult on His face. "Behold the Man!" Pilate said, with a mysterious emotion, in the vain hope that the heart of the people would be touched by the sight of outraged love; but the fanatics, unreasoning and implacable still, chanted their death song, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!"

As the Procurator stood irresolute, torn between justice and fear, he heard some voice, louder than the others, declaring that Jesus had claimed to be God, and the awfulness of Jesus deepened in his imagination. Once more Pilate led Jesus into the hall of judgment, and now he asked Him fearfully whether, indeed, He were divine. Jesus was silent. Could speech avail anything now with this temporizing, cowardly man? No answer; and Pilate, who was much shaken, lost patience. "Have I not power to set Thee free, or to condemn Thee to Calvary?" Jesus looked on this helpless shadow and semblance of a man who had not power enough to obey his conscience, or bid defiance to a crew of fanatics, and again the grace of Jesus overcame them, and He pitied His judge. He acknowledged the power of the state, as He had ever done, and honored civil authority—reminding Pilate that he was commissioned of the Eternal, and He apportioned the sin of His trial, with equal hand assigning the larger share to the Jew and not to the Roman. If the Romans were His executioners, they were unwilling. It was the Jews who hungered for Jesus' death. They, therefore, not Pilate, should have the blame. Once more Pilate pleaded for Jesus before he spoke the words which would send the Master to the Cross, and leave an indelible stain on Roman justice, "Behold your King!" and then the rage of the priests and the mob, which had been rising and swelling for three hours, broke all bounds; and they began to murmur with ominous suggestion: "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend." Already, with the imagination of one conscious of many acts of injustice, Pilate saw himself accused to the moody and jealous tyrant who ruled the world, and to save himself he must sacrifice Jesus. After an agony of anxiety and the last degradation of self-respect, the priests had won, and the long feud of the Pharisees was satisfied. Pontius Pilate, at the bidding of Jesus' own nation, and with the full knowledge that Jesus was innocent, ordered the Master to be crucified.

One cannot bid good-bye to the judge of Jesus, to whom was given a solitary opportunity, and who misused it so miserably, without vain regret and a fond imagination. If the Procurator of Judæa had obeyed his own conscience, and vindicated the majesty of Roman law, if he had declared Jesus innocent from his judgment-seat, with authority, and rescued Him from the hands of His enemies, then he had gained unto himself everlasting renown. Jesus might afterwards have been stoned to death by a Jerusalem mob—very likely He would—and Pilate might have been recalled in disgrace to Rome; but the friends of the Master over all the world would have remembered with just pride that in the hour of His extremity Jesus found protection under the Roman eagles, and they would have placed the name of His brave, incorruptible judge next in order to the Holy Apostles.

(To be continued.)

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"The crucible was outside the furnace, filling the . . . dim room with heat and light, like a new sun."

CASTING A GREAT LENS.

A NEW VENTURE IN PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY

By Ray Stannard Baker.

With Illustrations from Drawings made on the spot by George Varian.

IT had just turned afternoon in the furnace house of the glass works of Jena. For upward of two hours everything had been in readiness for the casting of the great lens, everything except the glass. The Master had directed the placing of the huge circular iron mold near the open doorway and just between the two furnaces—the one from

Making Crucibles.

which now burst the fervid white radiance of the molten glass, and the one in which through weeks of lessening heat the lens, when cast, was to be cooled and toughened and tempered. The mold was a meter and a quarter in diameter—over four feet—and the lens here to be cast would make one of the largest in the world, large enough to bring the moon within a few score of miles of the earth, and one so perfect, perhaps, as to surprise new secrets from the sun itself.

The Master had sprinkled the bottom of the mold with fine sand from a curious tin pot, that the hot glass might not take up impurities from the iron. A dozen brawny workmen, in blue blouses and wooden-soled shoes, had come in to man the long, wheel-mounted tongs which were to drag the crucible from the furnace bed. Other workmen with sledges and bars had torn a gaping hole in the front of the cooling furnace, so that it would be ready for the instant admission of the lens.

So everything was ready. The Master, shading his face with his upraised arm, peered into the "glory" hole of the melting furnace, as he had been doing with ever greater frequency for hours past. He watched for a moment the shimmering, wrinkled surface of the molten glass within the crucible, and then he followed the movements of the stirring lever. Was the color exactly right? Did the sluggish waves which followed the stirring plunger show thick or thin enough?

At last the time came. The Master gave the word, and a dozen men sprang forward with hooks and bars. The "glory" hole was hardly larger than a man's head—just sufficient for the passage of the stirring lever

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and to permit examination. With this as a beginning, the workmen tore out the whole front of the furnace, working with the utmost activity, their heelless shoes clattering on the stone floor as they rushed back and forth. The stirring lever was dismantled, and the stirring plunger itself, white-hot and sparkling with the dust that fell upon it, was cast outside, where it lay, a deep wine-red, in the sunshine.

The grappling tongs were thick bars of steel about thirty feet long, mounted on iron wheels. As soon as the furnace was open, the grappling ends were thrust inside, one on each side of the crucible, the men at the other end leaning back with heads averted to avoid the fervid outburst of heat.

Although the novice could not see it because of the brightness of the glow, there was a thick ridge around the crucible, about halfway up. Under this the tongs fitted themselves. The men at the other end bore down

THE CRITICAL POINT.

"There is . . . a quick upward swing of the foreman's arm, and out from the crucible slips the molten glass. . . . There is something indescribable about the fluidity of this mass. It seems thick, like oil, and yet it spreads more swiftly than water."

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hard, but the crucible did not stir. It was firmly fastened to the furnace floor by the glass that had spilled in the melting. It was an anxious moment. Crucibles have been broken in lifting. The Master raised his hand. Slowly the men added their weight at the far end of the lever. The crucible broke suddenly free, jogging a little, so that a bit of the glass overflowed and ran down like thick syrup. An instant later the crucible was outside the furnace, filling the whole of the high dim room with heat and light, like a new sun. And thus it was pushed down the room toward the mold, a thing of exquisite beauty, and yet of terror, showing a hundred evanescent colors, changing red, pink, yellow, violet.

AT THE COOLING FURNACE.

"The mold, with the glowing lens inside, was . . . lifted with chain tackle to the height of the furnace floor. A movable-frame tramway was then placed underneath it, and it was quickly pushed into the furnace."

The crucible was lowered to the floor, the tongs were removed, and a workman cast a beard of asbestos over the glass to prevent too rapid cooling. Here it stood a few minutes, and when the crucible began to define itself, one discovered that it was made of fine yellow-glazed pottery. Imperfections on its surface stood out like specks on a mirror, or as one would imagine the spots on the sun.

It had required long hours for a man to fashion the clay of this crucible, and many weeks for it to dry, and then for days before it was used it had been slowly heated to prepare it for the high temperature of the furnace. And with this single melting its service is finished and it is consigned to the scrap heap.

Three men with thickly gloved hands are now fastening an iron band around the crucible just under the ridge. On each side of this band there is a protruding pivot of steel which fits into a socket in the ends of the grappling tongs, thus permitting the crucible to be tipped up as if on an axle. Again the men rest their weight on the other end of the tongs, the crucible is lifted, and an instant later it is poised over the iron mold. The critical point of all this labor has at last been reached. There is a pause as if the workmen felt the anxiety of the moment. The foreman, with his hand ready on the tilting lever, awaits the Master's word. There is a shout, a quick upward swing of the foreman's arm, and out from the crucible slips the molten glass. It has been a moment of so much stress that one anticipates a crash as the glass touches the cool iron of the mold, but there is absolute silence—not so much as a hiss or the sound of the splash. There is something indescribable about the fluidity of this mass. It seems thick, like oil, and yet it spreads more swiftly than water: it is more like quicksilver than anything else that one can think of, and yet not at all like quicksilver.

The mold, with the glowing lens inside, was now covered with a plate of iron, wheeled to the mouth of the cooling furnace, and lifted with chain tackle to the height of the furnace floor. A movable-frame tramway was then placed undereath it, and it was quickly pushed into the furnace. Workmen were ready with brick and mortar, and in ten minutes the lens was walled in. Here it is cooled for two weeks, and then brought again to the open air, dull and milky of surface and possessing only the general shape of a lens. After that, for days and weeks, workmen are employed in polishing it, not to give it the final form which it will have in the great telescope, but merely to prepare it for that important and anxious day when it will be submitted to those searching tests

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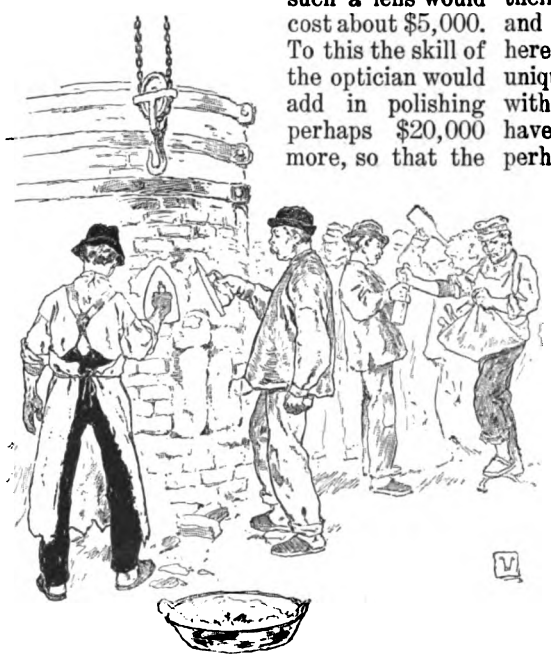
for imperfections, during which it must pass even the close scrutiny of microscopic and spectroscopic examination. A few bubbles it may have and pass, for bubbles have no effect, except to reduce the passage of light in a minute degree; but veins, denoting the improper mixture of the ingredients of the glass, it must not have. If it passes all the tests—and sometimes it requires many castings and costs many rejected lenses of this most precious of glass before the necessary perfection is attained—it is again sent to the furnace house, where with even greater care than before it is slowly raised to a high temperature, and thus annealed, and then as slowly cooled for two months or more. After that it is ready for the lens-maker proper, that skilled mechanician and mathematician of Jena or of America or of France, who polishes down its sides with infinite care, until they reach the most perfect curves appropriate to the refraction and dispersion of the glass disks employed. Each of these processes has absorbed precious time and has cost much money: the bare glass for such a lens would cost about $5,000. To this the skill of the optician would add in polishing perhaps $20,000 more, so that the finished lens, ready for fitting into the telescope tube, would represent an expenditure of some $25,000. Through such pains and expense as this must science pass that mankind may add a few facts to its knowledge of some distant star.



"Workmen were ready with brick and mortar, and in ten minutes the lens was walled in."

The German workmen are standing back from the cooling furnace, perspiring, the lens finally cast. A boy comes in with his apron full of beer, a bottle for each, and they drink in characteristic German fashion to the success of the work. It may be many a day before such another lens is cast.

The quaint old city of Jena in the German Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar is chiefly famous for three things. It has an unfading claim on history because Napoleon once marched through its streets and won a celebrated victory on the hills to the north—the battle of Jena—and in the present it is known the world over for its university and for its glass and lenses. There are glass works, if not lens manufactories, of far greater extent in America and in other parts of the world than these of Jena, and yet Jena glass and Jena lenses have their own unique claims to distinction, especially among men of science.

Not only in their processes of manufacture and in the perfection of their products are these works famous, but the management of their business affairs furnishes a most unique and fascinating study in social economy, for here the dream of an idealist has been given unique and wonderfully practical application, with the result that the workingmen of Jena have opportunities and rewards unequalled, perhaps, anywhere else in the world. And curiously enough, owing to the modesty of the originator of this scheme for the elevation of the workingmen and for the advancement of science, very little has ever been published about it, and nothing in English so far as I can learn. With German conservatism, Professor Abbe has desired to give his experiment the test of years before recommending it by a formally published account.

For many reasons it is not probable that such institutions as these—for in reality they partake as much of the character of public institutions as of regular business enterprises—could have originated in America. They would seem to be a product typically German, a result in part of what may be called the German scientific temperament, and in part of the wave of commercial expansion now sweeping over Germany. Many years ago Professor Abbe, who then, as now, filled the chair of applied mathematics, natural philosophy, and astronomy in the University of Jena, became deeply interested in lenses and lens-making.

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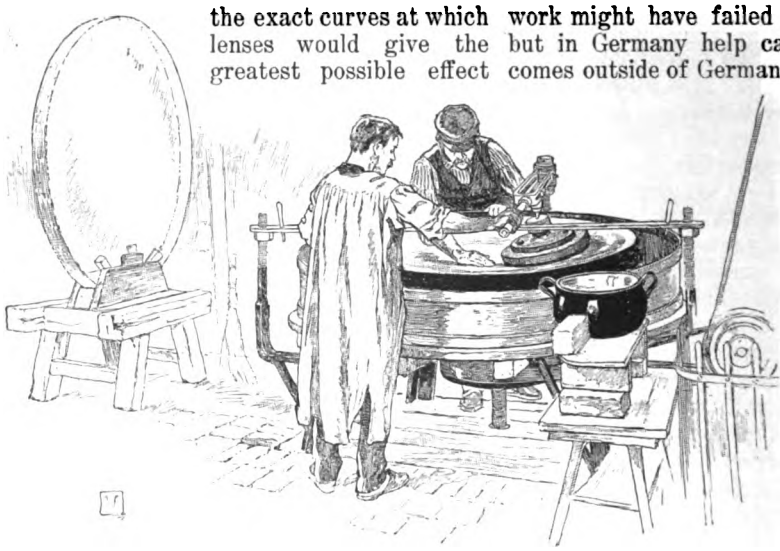
He had seen the defects of the lenses in use for astronomical and microscopical work, and he set himself to establish by purely mathematical calculation the exact curves at which lenses would give the greatest possible effect with regard to the refraction and dispersion of the light which passed through them. In other words, he sought to form a new and scientific theory for making lenses. He then interested himself in the modest lens works of Carl Zeiss, of Jena, and here he had lenses made according to exact scientific methods. Before his time lens-making was largely a matter of experience and experiment on the part of highly skilled workmen. Professor Abbe succeeded in laying down exact mathematical formulæ.



"For days and weeks workmen are employed in polishing it."

But it was not long before he discovered that a complete revolution in glass-making was necessary in order to accomplish the great results at which he was aiming. The task seemed to be insurmountable, but it did not daunt him. His first step was to interest Dr. Schott, of Witten, in the work. Dr. Schott was not only a thorough scientist, especially in chemistry, but he possessed a technical knowledge of glass-making, as it was then conducted. In 1881 the first smelting experiments were made in a small laboratory erected in Jena for that purpose. There was a deliberate plan on the part of the two scientists to solve by scientific methods the difficult problems of glass-making, though they involved not only the most advanced optical research, but the most difficult chemical and technical manipulations.

Almost at once they began to get promising results, and after two years they were prepared to carry on their experiments on a larger scale, but this they did not have the means to do. In America or in England the work might have failed just at this point, but in Germany help came as help rarely comes outside of Germany. Professor Abbe laid his results before the Prussian government, showed what had been done, and what needed to be done, and the wide-reaching effect which favorable results might have in every department of science—the possibility of making microscopes, telescopes, and photographic lenses of hitherto unequaled definition and power, and of producing thermometer and barometer glass which might advance the science of temperature and pressure determination. The government at once felt the commercial appeal. Germany must needs buy all of her glass for scientific purposes in Paris or in Manchester, and here was an opportunity for building up a new industry which would employ German workmen and bring money into Germany. So the Prussian Government appropriated 30,000 marks ($7,500) in 1883, and the same amount in 1884, to have the experiments carried forward. At the end of that time, so successful were the investigators that a regular glass-making establishment was well under way, and there was no further need of governmental assistance. In four years' time these glass works furnished a large proportion of the fine scientific and optical glass used in Germany, and now their wares are known everywhere in the world—in the form of microscope and photographic lenses and prisms, of thermometers, of chemical apparatus, and of the highest grades of commercial glass. This little story is especially interesting as showing why Germany is making such extraordinary strides in commercial affairs. Out of science, assisted by the state, has sprung a new and profitable industry.

In all, over one hundred new kinds of glass

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were originated and are now manufactured at the Jena glass works. In former times glass was composed almost entirely of the silicates, potassium, lead, soda, and lime, and there were, roughly speaking, only two varieties: the old-fashioned standard crown glass and flint glass. Professor Abbe and Dr. Schott used no fewer than twenty-eight new substances in glass-making: phosphorus, borax, magnesium, zinc, cadmium, bismuth, iron, mercury, antimony, tin, and others. Each of these substances has its own peculiar effect in the refraction and dispersion of light, and in doing away with or lessening what is known as the secondary spectrum. Much of the glass thus produced has been ground into lenses at the Carl Zeiss Works, and the resulting microscopes give a new impetus to every department of science which has to do with minute forms of matter or of life. It would have been impossible for Dr. Koch and other great contemporary investigators in bacteriology, for instance, to have made the astonishing additions to our knowledge of the life of microbes and bacteria had not Professor Abbe first produced a perfect or nearly perfect instrument for examining those low forms of life. In all of his published reports Dr. Koch as well as other scientists give Professor Abbe a large share of the credit for these profoundly important discoveries in connection with the germ theory. In the same way the Jena microscopes have done wonders in the hands of such men as Haeckel in laying bare the wonderful life processes of the lowest forms of plant and animal existence, in tracing the development of each, and in forming the great chain of proof of the theory of evolution. In the same way our present minute knowledge of embryology and the growing mastery of the details of that marvelous machine, the human body, are due to the efforts of that modest, hard-working professor of Jena.

PROFESSOR ERNST ABBE,
UNIVERSITY OF JENA.
From a photograph by Braunlich.

The achievement of the investigators lay not so much in producing microscope and telescope lenses of higher magnifying power —that service science did not need—but in so perfecting the lenses that the image would be clear and clean-cut, or, in the words of the science, "in securing perfect definition." A microscope which magnifies 4,000 times and produces such a blurred image of a cell that the investigator cannot tell whether or not it contains a nucleus, is not as valuable to science as one that magnifies 500 times and brings out every minute detail distinctly and sharply. And that is also just the distinction between a good and a poor photographic or telescope lens. Professor Abbe also introduced the system of "oil immersion" and other great microscope improvements. Indeed, he may be justly called "the father of the modern microscope."

From the investigations thus begun in a laboratory by Professor Abbe and Dr. Schott have sprung two great manufacturing plants, separate and yet allied, neither of which is able to keep up with the present demand for its product. We visited the Schott Works on the hill above Jena, where all the new varieties of glass are made, and afterwards at the Carl Zeiss Optical Works we saw this glass ground and polished with infinite care and precision into lenses and prisms.

In the manufacture of optical glass for the microscope lenses—I have already described the processes of making a great telescope lens—the constituents of the glass are mixed with great care under the supervision of expert chemists, then the heating and stirring goes forward for several days, until the glass is hardly thicker than water and thoroughly mixed. After that it is taken from the furnace and allowed to cool in the crucible. Of course it cracks into hundreds of pieces, some large and some small. These pieces are carefully assorted, and all the imperfections chipped off—we

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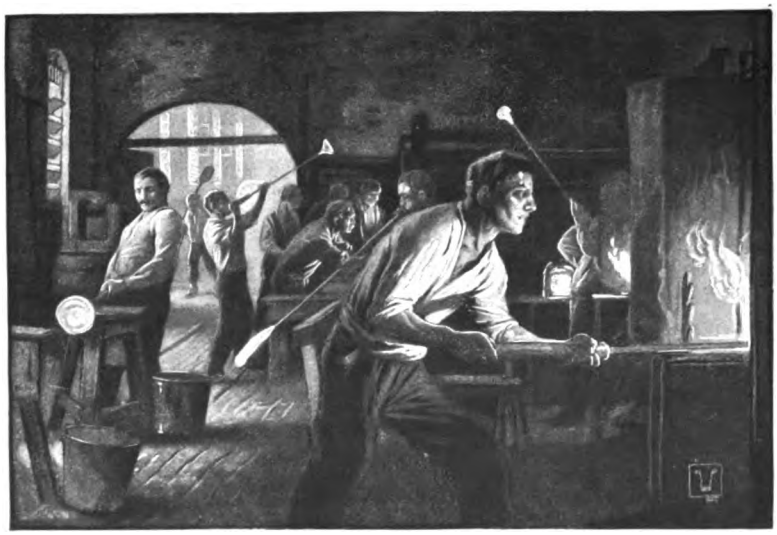
saw two men, their eyes protected by goggles, employed with hammers at this work. It is interesting, and significant of the care required in these processes, that in spite of experience and the closest attention, more than one-fifth of all the glass melted is regularly rejected owing to imperfections. These pieces of glass are now placed in a square clay mold or *chamotte* of just the size that the future rough lens block is to be. Then it is set aside in a furnace, where for a month or six weeks it is slowly heated until it softens down and fills the mold; then it is as slowly cooled. It comes out looking like a rough block of sanded glass. The polishers now rub down two of the sides, until they are perfectly clear and bright, so that one may look straight through the block and make the closest examination for flaws. The best of this glass is as beautifully clear as a jewel. There are a great variety of shades, from purest white to the deep yellow of the heavy lead glasses, the prices of some of the glass reaching as much as $20 a pound. At the lens manufactory this glass is ground into lenses and prisms of every conceivable size and form, some lenses being not larger than a pin-head and as costly almost as a diamond of the same weight. Great skill is required in this work, because an error of more than one ten-thousandth of a millimeter in the curve of a lens makes it unsuitable for use in the highest grade of instruments.

Another picturesque feature of the glass works is the great corridor where the thermometer tubes are blown and drawn.

In the early days of its work the Reichsanstalt (with the governmental normal-measure commission) joined with Professor Abbe and Dr. Schott in trying to produce more perfect glass for use in making thermometers, the glass formerly used being subject to the influence of heat and cold. The result has brought all the world to Germany for high-grade scientific thermometers.

We saw this glass in process of manufacture. A boy workman caught a bit of molten glass from the furnace on the end of a blow-pipe. It was hardly larger than a walnut, but by twirling and blowing and molding, it grew to the size of an orange, with the shape of an acorn. More glass was then added, and there was more rolling and blowing, and when the proper stage was reached the blow-pipe was passed quickly to the brawny master workman. He in his turn added glass, blowing from time to time with cheeks outpuffed until it seemed as though they must burst, and then rolling the great ball of glass on his iron kneading board until it looked like a huge yellow gourd. Faster and faster he worked, keeping the ball always symmetrical, and yet white-hot. At length he lifted the glowing mass quickly in the air, and a second workman attached his blow-pipe to the bottom. Then the two men ran in opposite directions, twirling the pipes and blowing lustily from time to time. From a thick, portly yellow globe the glass thinned out quickly as the men ran apart, until it became a dull red tube not larger than a man's little finger, and nearly 300 feet long. Sometimes in drawing these tubes one of the blowers would not only run the length of the corridor, but far outside on the hill. And that is the way a thermometer tube is blown and drawn. It requires only a moment in cooling, and then it is broken up into short lengths and sent to the ovens for tempering and annealing. In these rooms also are



In the Jena Glass Works. Blowing Chemical Glass.

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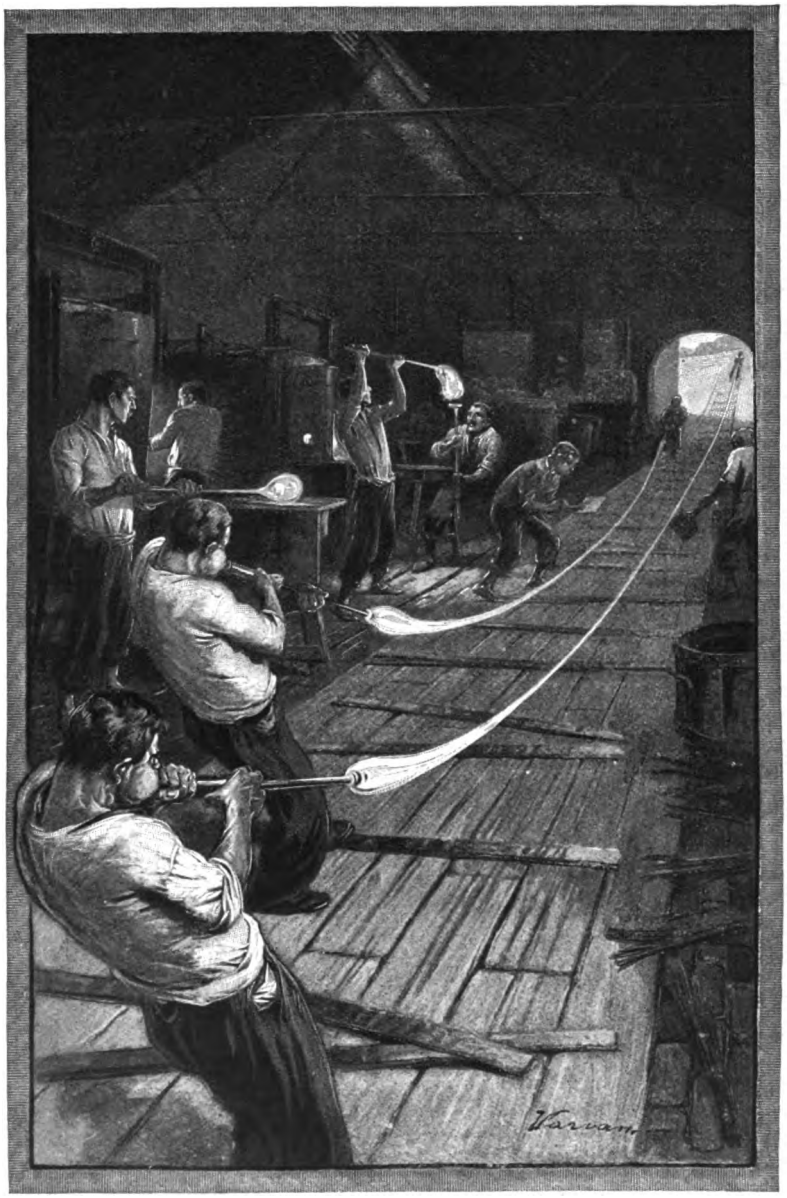

Blowing and Drawing Thermometer Tubes—the Most Perfect in the World.

blown the finest glass for chemical apparatus, for incandescent-gaslight chimneys—30,000 of these per day—and for other purposes requiring high-grade glass.

Both of these business institutions, founded on scientific investigation, still continue their scientific work. The lens manufactory has no fewer than twenty scientists on its staff, and the glass works has five, all thoroughly schooled investigators and mostly university doctors. These men devote their entire time and attention to experimenting along chemical, optical, mathematical, and technical lines, seeking to discover new processes and establish new principles which will be of value in the business. In this way the whole institution is kept on a thoroughly scientific basis and in the foremost van of progress. This idea of a scientific staff for a business institution has its most perfect development in Germany. Indeed, science lies at the root of some of the most progressive and profitable business enterprises in the empire.

The lens manufactory, especially, has its

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own unique methods of doing business. A large telescope is looked upon as an artist would look upon his newest picture. It must be as perfect as it can be made, time and cost of materials notwithstanding, and when it is finished it is billed on the basis of its cost. Cheap instruments are made to provide work and training for the younger and less experienced workmen. And yet so great is the demand for the fine products of the factory that it cannot be supplied. Curiously enough, also, no patents are taken on instruments and processes, like microscopes and microscope attachments, which are used solely for the advancement of science, the men behind this unique institution having their hearts too deeply set on the advancement of human knowledge to hinder it by monopolies. The product of high-grade microscopes alone at this factory is over 1,800 a year, and each microscope comprises the work in some detail of over fifty men.

And now I come to what is, perhaps, the most interesting feature of all in these astonishing business enterprises, the feature which makes the lens manufactory in particular really more of a public institution than an enterprise for private gain.

Professor Abbe lives just across the street from the huge buildings of the lens manufactory. His home is a little one-and-a-half-story building, old-fashioned and German-like. It is thickly surrounded with trees and shrubs, and laid out with flower beds. At the time I saw it the lilacs were in full bloom, and the fragrance, drifting across the street, filled the rooms where the glass polishers bent low to their work. Here Professor Abbe has worked year by year, in his favorite fields of optics, mathematics, social economy, invention; and although now well along in years, he is not lacking in his zest for new and more difficult problems. Every summer he takes a short vacation in Switzerland, where the people of the village at which he stays know him merely as "the German professor." Thus quietly he has lived, watching the factories rise around him and win him a fortune. From the first he was deeply interested in the welfare of the workingman—an interest hardly second to his love for science—and out of this interest grew the Carl Zeiss Stiftung (Institution), named from his friend, Carl Zeiss, which now controls the entire lens manufactory with its 1,200 or more workmen and owns a half interest in the glass works with its 400 workmen.

The Stiftung is unique among institutions. It is the creation of a law of which Professor Abbe was the author, and it is in the nature of a corporation under state control. To this Stiftung Professor Abbe turned over all his interest in both of the great plants at Jena, retaining only a directorship. A commissioner of the grand duchy visits the works every week and assists the local directors in carrying out the tenets of the law. The purpose of the Stiftung is two-fold. First, it provides for the comfort of the personnel of the works from the directors to the lowest apprentice boy, by means of a unique system of pensions, sick benefits, profit sharing, and educational advantages. Secondly, it provides for large contributions toward the advancement of science. No one connected with the institution receives any of the private profits of ownership. Professor Abbe himself receives merely the salary of a director, which, according to the law controlling the Stiftung, can never be more than ten times the average salary of the "standard" workman of the shop—the workman who is more than twenty-four years of age and for more than four years in the service of the firm. This standard workman now receives less than $500 a year. But Professor Abbe is entitled to a pension when he shall cease his active connection with the business, the same as every other employee. If it should be absolutely necessary to discharge a workman, he must not only be given due notice, but the Stiftung must pay him, if he has been employed for more than three years, a sum equal to his total wages for from six months to two years, according to the length of time he has been in the works. And after five years' service every workman who retires for age or invalidity receives a pension, or should he die, his family is pensioned. In this way he is absolutely secure in his work. The Stiftung sets aside a certain definite sum from its earnings every year, and this is so invested outside of the business that it will pay all pensions and discharge advances, thus making the pension system independent of the vicissitudes of the business, for even though the business failed, the money would be on hand to pay the regular pensions of old and faithful servants. Every workman is given a two weeks' vacation every year with pay for half of it, and he is also paid in full for all holidays except Sundays. Moreover, the whole lens manufactory, with Professor Abbe at its head, is like a great family. Every month a delegate from each of the departments, thirty in all, meets with the directors and dis-

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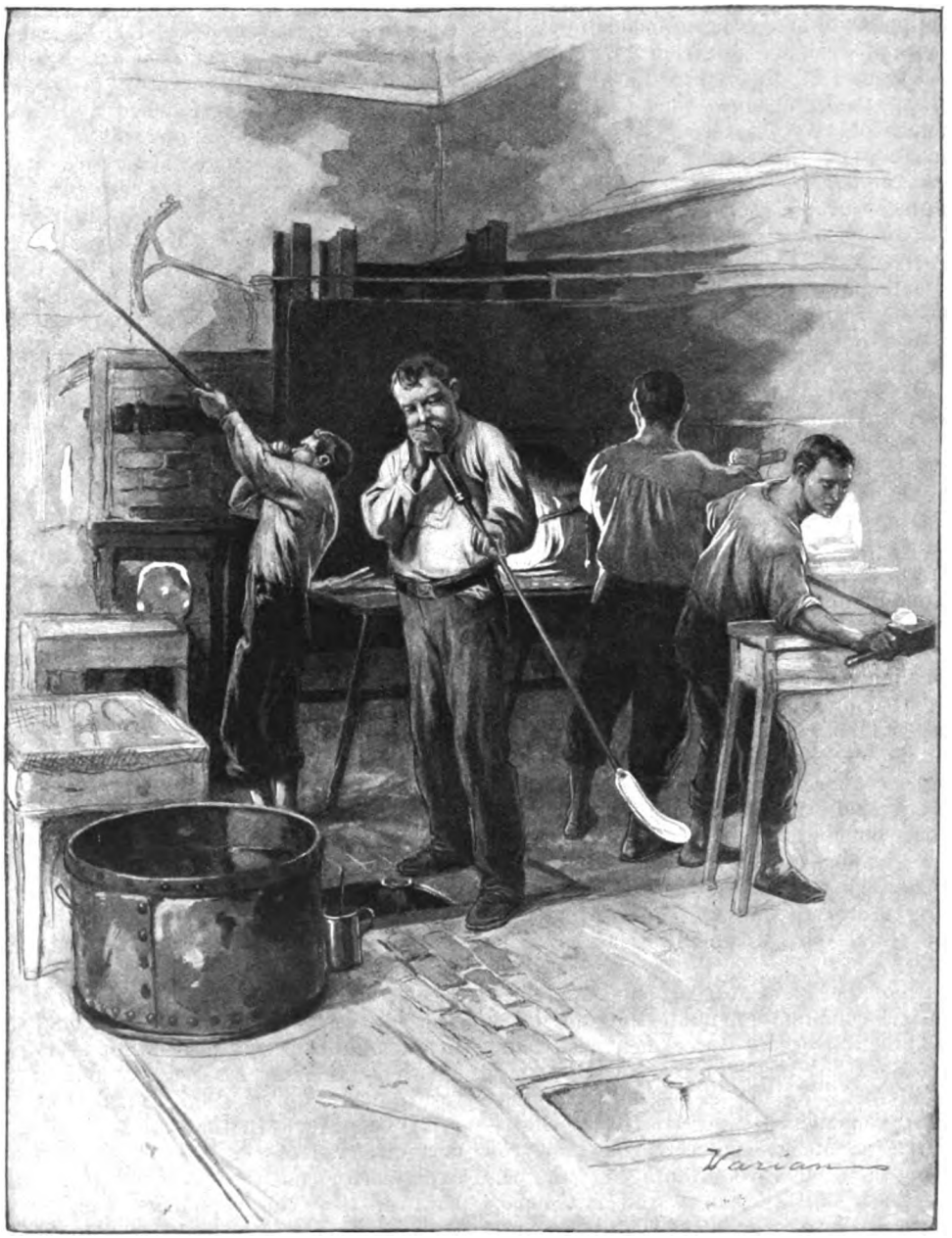

Blowing Incandescent-lamp Chimneys.

cusses the conduct of the work. These delegates are never foremen, but represent the men themselves, and the suggestions they make are from their own point of view, not from that of the foreman. Last spring the subject of shorter hours of labor came up, a subject of which Professor Abbe and the other directors had already been thinking. The workmen delegates to the conference suggested eight and one-half hours a day: the directors promptly responded, "Why not try eight hours?" Every workman was questioned, and six-sevenths of them asserted that they could do as much work in eight hours, working faster, than they could in the longer day. Lens grinding is very confining work, especially fatiguing to the eyes, and even more so to the nerves. So on April 1, 1900, the experiment of an eight-hour day—a very great innovation in Germany—was begun.

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If at the end of one year it is successful, the plan will be continued indefinitely. The hours of work are now from 7 to 11.30 A.M. and from 1.30 to 5 P.M., the long nooning giving the men ample time to go home to dinner and to rest thoroughly for the afternoon's work. Director Fischer informed me that the plan so far as it had been tried was a great success, fully as much work being accomplished in the short day as had hitherto been accomplished in the long day, and he thought that the work was of better quality, although the experiment had not then been in progress long enough to permit of positive assertions.

In addition to these advantages to the personnel within the works themselves, the Stiftung has spent large sums of money in other directions. I visited an extensive and highly popular free reading-room, said to be the largest institution of its kind in Germany, the Germans having always depended on the cafés for their periodical literature. A fine library building to contain a good collection of books as well as this reading-room is soon to be constructed. The Stiftung also contributes largely to the local hospitals that its workingmen may be cheaply treated; it has established special courses of instruction for its men in mathematics, physics, drawing, mechanics, and in the German, English, and French languages; it has instituted a free swimming bath in the Saale River; and it is helping to build walks and summer houses along the mountain-sides and in the forests around the town—those strolling and social spots which a German so dearly loves.

All of these advantages help to attract to the lens manufactory an unusually intelligent and productive class of workmen—and indeed for these fine operations great intelligence is required. So far as possible young men are taken and specially trained to the requirements of lens-making, and as they grow older, the cumulative advantages of the pension and profits system, as well as the short hours, tend to keep them where they are, even though tempted elsewhere by offers of higher wages.

These are by no means all the advantages which the Stiftung offers its workingmen, but they will suffice to indicate its purposes in this direction. In its other activities, science has already felt the influence of the Stiftung. It has established and equipped a fine astronomical observatory in the University of Jena, it has founded a new chair of mathematical physics, and will build a fine laboratory for experimental physics, and it is a large contributor yearly to other departments of investigation at the university. Nor are its interests confined alone to Jena, but extend to science in general, even to the considerable assistance of a recent Polar expedition. Such activities as these, and they are as much a part of the business of the Stiftung as the making of glass and lenses, seem odd enough as looked upon from the exceedingly practical point of view of ordinary business life.

The Stiftung has now been in existence nine years with great success. The profits of the business have been large, and its activities in science and in benevolence have been correspondingly large. It was the state that helped the work in the beginning by its liberal contributions of money, and enabled Professor Abbe and his associates to carry on their experiments, and now the German people, and, in fact, humanity in general, are reaping the reward. And in case the Stiftung should ever go out of business, for whatever reason, one-half of the proceeds remaining after the debts are paid will go to the city of Jena, to be used for the good of its inhabitants, and one-half to the University of Jena. Not a cent is reserved for private disposal.

Professor Abbe devotes most of his time to the working out of this great philanthropic idea. Anticipating, at the time he drew up the law governing the Stiftung, that forethought could not provide for every possible condition, he reserved to himself the right, until the year 1906, to make changes in the statute. In this way he is able to correct any errors or injustices as time and experience point them out. After 1906, however, there can be no more changes: the law will be absolute and perpetual, and as long as lenses are made at the Carl Zeiss Works, so long will its workmen enjoy advantages almost without equal anywhere in the world, and so long will science have a strong and faithful ally.

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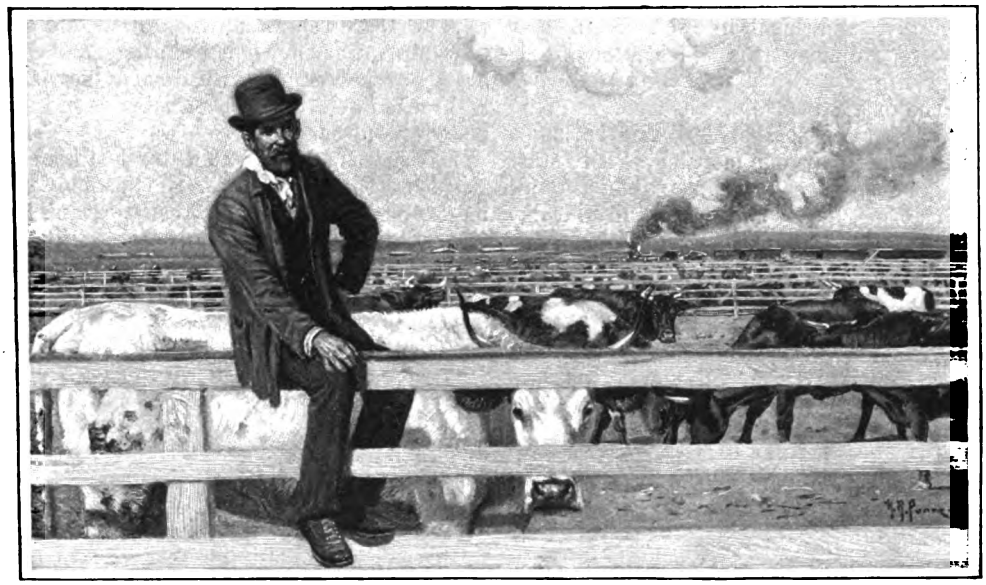

THE HORSE-THIEF.

HOW THE LIVE-STOCK EXPERT AND HIS PARTNER CAME TO LEAVE MONTANA.

By E. Hough,

Author of "The Story of the Cow-boy."

With Pictures by H. R. Poore.

YOU may see Dick Wilson almost any day at the Union Stock Yards. Every morning he climbs up on the fence near the car tracks, and sits looking out over the tossing sea of heads and horns and manes. You might mark the horseman in his attitude, for he sits the fence astride, as though he feared it might begin to pitch. As to his being a horse-thief, he does not look the part. He wears a "hard hat," and not a wide sombrero. His mustache is not dark and sweeping, but, on the contrary, stubby and hay-colored. His eye is not dark, furtive, and evasive; but open, blue, and direct. You would not call him a horse-thief, if only for the reason that you would feel sure he might resent with a certain asperity any suggestion to that effect.

Dick Wilson, in the language of the yards, "knows his business," and he is one of the most valued inspectors stationed there in the interests of the Western live-stock associations. These men of the yards are deeply versed in occult science. The buyer of hogs can place his hands upon the fair round back of any given swine, and forthwith tell you from what State it came, and whether it was fed upon corn or acorns. The inspector of horses and cattle can tell by a look at a roughened blotch of hair upon an animal's hide from what far-off chain of foot-hills and coulees it has come; for the map of the West, and the registered brands thereof, are written deeply upon his mind. The brands are the signs manual of the Medes and Persians; and if there are chirographic irregularities upon the parchment of a cow, who should be so quick to note and trace them as he who has in his time been Mede and Persian? Dick Wilson is now an inspector because he once was horse-thief. He is also one because he is perfectly honest. Your Kentucky single-footer would be quite safe with him; and so would your wife and family, your gold, your jewels. He would not steal, and every one knows that

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he would not. That is one of the facts which give additional interest to his own story regarding certain incidents of his earlier life.

"The only way to do, when you are running off a bunch of horses," said he, as he sat upon his fence one morning, "is to start 'em good an' fast, an' keep 'em a-goin'. You ride just as far as you can, all that day an' all that night; ride till you can't go any further. Then git up an' ride twenty miles further yet. The fellers that's a-follerin' you will stop short of that last twenty miles, an' that's where you git your start. Of course, they've got a good deal of interest in them horses, an' in you, but they ain't got near as much as you have.

"The time me an' Jim Mulhally run off the bunch I was tellin' about, we was broke, an' had to make a raise. We figgered around quite a while before we decided where to start in. Of course, you've got to know where to start, and where you allow to come out. In them days there wasn't much wire fences an' you could ride most anywheres. The grangers hadn't come in much yet.

"Now, nobody but a horse-thief would just take the first bunch of horses he come acrost. Of course, Jim an' me, we didn't want to take no horses from anybody that needed them. But we finally located a new horse ranch up in Montanny, run by a couple of tenderfeet from Boston. Them fellers had a heap more horses than they needed, an' money that was scandalous. They was breedin' hackneys, or roadsters, or something of that sort, out in Montanny, allowin' they could sell 'em plenty down East. I reckon some of them horses was roadsters, too, before we got through with 'em.

"There was really four of us that started on this trip, me an' Jim an' Bill Waters an' Willie Anderson. Of course, we didn't act like fools, an' just go in there for a few days, an' then disappear, through a act of Providence, about the same time some feller's horses was a-disappearin' too. We was in that little town several weeks, an' Jim, he got hisself put up to be elected county assessor. We never did wait for the election, but we shore was leadin' citizens while we stayed there.

"I don't know how it is, but some way it seems like a feller may be square, an' all right, an' look like he has plenty of sense, yet every once in a while he'll turn loose an' do some fool thing or other that'll spoil every single chance he's got. It was a good deal that way with us. Just along about the time we allowed we'd make our start on our trip, why, we fellers, all four of us, we got to foolin' around down at the saloon one day, an' we wound up by gittin' some elevated, right when we'd ort to been sober as judges, every one of us.

"They was a sort of theayter just started there in that town, an' the people was mighty proud of this here theayter, an' had just got in a right strong actor outfit for to open up the place. These here folks, they had just come into town, an' they was a-goin' to start up that very night. It was us four leadin' citizens that kep the openin' from comin' off, an' I don't think we done right. Really, it was mostly the fault of Jim. He allowed he was assessor, or was due to be right soon, an' so he had some privileges. He allowed it would be about right for us to go up back of the stage an' git the clothes of them actor folks, they not havin' come down to the theayter yet that night for to begin actin'. We done so.

"I suppose maybe it was all right for Jim to dress up in them clothes, but I thought at the time he looked right singular as he rid down the street in the moonlight. We other fellers didn't dress up, but we each tied a bunch of them fancy clothes behind our saddles, some men's clothes, an' maybe some women's. We wasn't very particular.

"We all rid out in the country a little ways, an' come together to sort of figger it over. Jim he said that if we was goin' to run off a bunch of horses, we might as well begin that night as any time, for we never would be fixed up any better than we was then. He said we could go disguised. I reckon maybe he'd read about such things somewhere; or it might have been just one of his jokes. He said he didn't believe they'd elect him assessor now, anyhow. They ain't so particular out there as they are here; but I never did think a county assessor, even in a cow town, ort to ride down the public street with a sort of gauze frill stickin' out around his saddle, an' a pair o' imitation wings growin' out of his back. 'Look at me,' says Jim; 'I'm Cupid. An' I allow I'm about the d—dest best Cupid that ever hit this range.' That ain't no way for a assessor to act, even allowin' Cupid ort to wear long-shanked spurs.

"Well, we rounded up the bunch we was after, somewhere long about midnight. They was 214 head in all, though some of 'em was mares an' colts we didn't have time to cut out. We headed 'em south, an' away we went, a-jumpin' an' a-flyin'. You talk about

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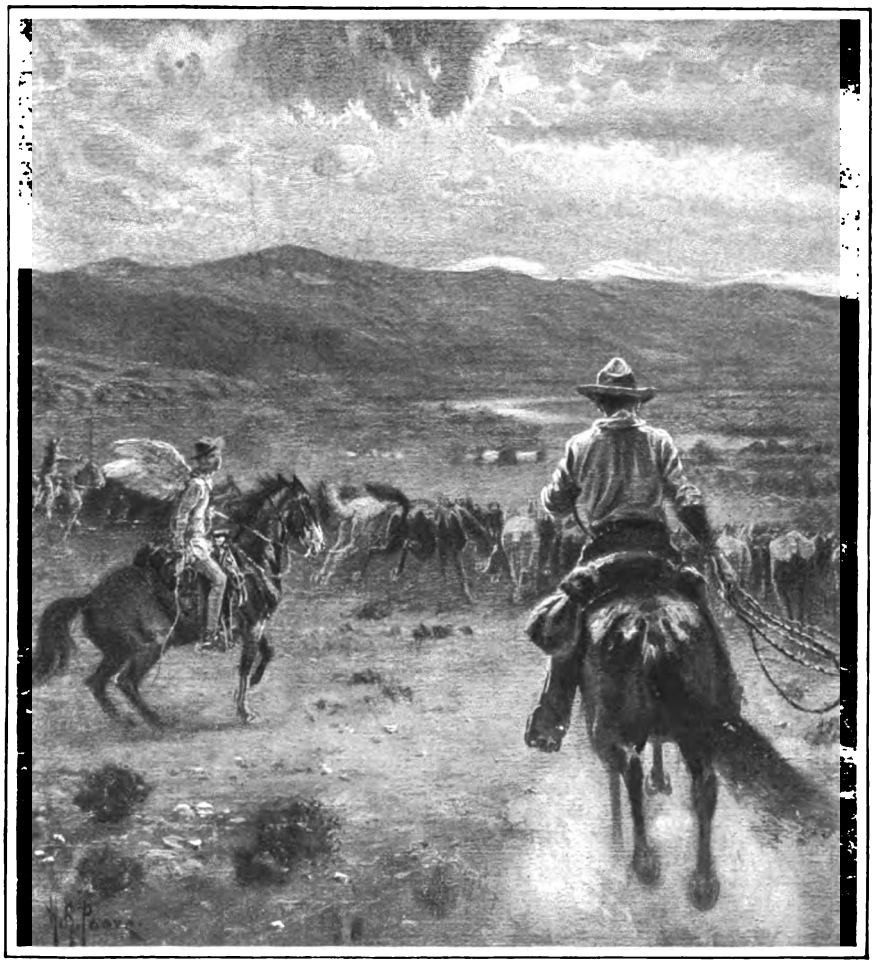
cavalry! I jolly, I can see that now!" Dick half leaned forward and his hand gripped the fence rail.

"It was right bright moonlight when we started, an' we could see the whole bunch clear as day. Off on our right was the big 'em close an' kep 'em straightened out in front.

"The sight of the dust risin' in the moonlight, an' the sound of the feet of so many horses, put me in mind of a stampede of cows. Every once in a while I could hear



"The sight of the dust risin' in the moonlight, an' the sound of the feet of so many horses, put me in mind of a stampede of cows."

mountains, standin' up white an' sort of solemn-like. You know how them mountains makes a feller feel. Why, a feller couldn't do a low-down thing while the mountains was a-keepin' tab on him! We was just east of the foot-hills, in a wide sort of valley, an' the way we laid out to go was right down that valley, south of the Bear Paws, an' on across to the Bighorn Basin, where we thought we knew about what to do with our stock. We was in a hurry, of course, an' we had plenty to keep us busy. Willie an' Bill they kep 'em comin' from behind, an' Jim an' me bunched Willie an' Bill give a yell, an' then Jim would answer, an' I would see him edge a little further front on the point at his end of the herd. I cou'd always see him easy, on account o' the light clothes he had on. He come over to me durin' the night, an' he says to me, 'Press where you see my white wings shine amid the thick of war!' Then he laughed. He was a funny sort of fellow; but he shore was a straight-up rider.

"I'm tellin' you, we only hit the trail in the high places that night. Along about daybreak the horses begun to tire a little. Willie an' Bill wanted to turn out an' sleep

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a while, but me an' Jim knew that wouldn't do. We all roped fresh horses an' changed saddles, an' kep the bunch goin' till noon. Some of the colts had dropped out before that, an' a good many of the mares was hard to handle, but we must have had near two hundred head left. We kep' pushin' 'em on, fast as they could go, for we was afraid some of them folks back to the town might be lookin' for their candidate for assessor, an' we knew they'd more'n likely be touchy about our breakin' up the show. We didn't stop till night. Then we rested about a hour, on a little creek bottom, where they was some feed. Jim was still stickin' to his actor clothes. He said he liked 'em. 'They don't hamper the fore-movement o' my manly form,' says he.

"All night we kep' movin', though we was all pretty tired by now. The fellers up there did foller us, we heard afterwards, but they never got beyond our first camp. We rid all the next mornin', too, till we come to a big basin that used to be called Squaw Flats.

"The last time we was in there, three years before, there wasn't a granger within a thousand miles of there; but now, what do you think? Some fool land company or other had planted a colony of Norwegians in there. An' blame me, if they hadn't put up houses an' started ranches; an' right at the time we struck in there, they was a-holdin' some sort of a doin's they called a hay festival. I don't understand all about them foreign customs, but them folks, they had several loads of hay drawed up in line, an' they probable elected the best-lookin' gal in the outfit for to be the hay queen, or somethin' of that sort. They was a mighty homely-lookin' set of women, anyhow.

"We left Willie an' Bill a ways back to hold our herd in some coulees out of sight, an' Jim an' me we rid in among the foreigners to see what was goin' on. Jim was riled at seein' this granger outfit in there. He rid up alongside the men folks an' allowed that he was the only legitimate queen o' the May then an' there present on the Squaw Flats. 'I wouldn't say this if I didn't have the wings to back it,' says he, 'but I shorely must insist I'm a heap lovelier 'n any one o' these moharries here.' An' he gives his wings a flip, to make 'em show up good. They wasn't one of them fellers denied what he said. They looked some suspicious at his clothes. I reckon they didn't understand our customs any more'n we did their'n. One of them men folks, a old-lookin' sort of feller, with pink whiskers, he says to his old woman, says he, 'Mary, I tank way badder go back to Duloot!'

"We tried to sell them fellers some horses, but they wouldn't buy none, an' they didn't seem to understand nothin'. We got out of 'em at last that they had come in from the new railroad; which was shore news to us. We hadn't heard of any railroad up in there. It was that line up from Newbraska. That settled us. 'By Jinks,' says Jim, 'I'll bet a hundred dollars they'll telegraph from Bear Paw down the trail, an' we got to cross this here new road!' An' that was just what did happen, too.

"It was a low-down thing to do, that telegraphin', an' that was one of the reasons we left that country. We see a honest man couldn't hardly make a livin' there any more.

"We, that is, me an' Jim, we rid back from the hay festival to where Willie an' Bill was a-holdin' the herd. We knew it was a rather ticklish place we was in, an' it was goin' to take hard ridin' to git out. Bill he was sort of sick, an' near played out, and Willie he allowed he couldn't leave Bill. They was sort of partners, same as me an' Jim. We saw we'd have to split up here, for Bill couldn't ride so hard as we'd likely have to. We hadn't figgered on ever goin' much farther than right where we was then. Jim fixed it up. He said:

"'I'll tell you how to do this. These Swedes haven't seen you boys yet at all. Now, we'll start the herd full pelt and cross the flat right by their d—d hay outfit. You an' Bill, you come on after us, a-chasin' us and a-shootin', like you was tryin' to catch us. When you get to the Swedes, you pull up, an' tell 'em we are two horse-thieves that's run off a big bunch from up country, an' that you've been follerin' us for three days. It'll take that outfit about ten hours to git it through their heads, an' that'll give us some chance. You two fellers stop here, then, and do just the best you can. As for Cupid, he ain't never a-goin' to stop.'

"We done it that way. We come out on to the flat a-whoopin' an' a-goin', Willie an' Bill behind, a-shootin' and yellin', like they was crazy to catch up with us. We shore stampeded the hay festival. Jim an' me didn't stop to learn how it all come out, but we learned later that Willie and Bill took the first train as soon as they found the new railroad, an' got out to Omaha all right.

"Jim an' me, we traveled a day an' night from Squaw Flats, an' then we crossed the

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" We come out on to the flat a-whoopin' an' a-goin'. . . . We shore stampeded the hay festival!"

new railroad in the night, an' headed southwest, square for the Red Desert of Wyomin'. Then it was a good deal like a dream, for that was the awfullest ride I ever had in all my life. Our horses died all along the trail, one after another, an' all they could do was to walk. We kep 'em goin' all we could, ridin' among them, an' shootin' down the ones we saw was goin' to drop soon. We lived on horse meat for days, for we hadn't anything else to eat. When we struck good feed and water for the stock we hadn't over forty head left, an' we didn't care whether school kep or not. Jim was wore down to skin and bones, an' his face was cracked and split with the alkali, the same as mine, an' he couldn't hardly talk some days; but he never did weaken, an' he stood watch fair when it come his turn, an' he wouldn't have gone to sleep if he'd a-died standin'. An' all along the ride he stuck to his actor clothes, partly because he didn't have any others unless I give him some of mine, but mostly because of devilment. I let him have both saddle blankets at night, for he said there wasn't much warmth in his wings. 'The feller that built those here wings didn't gauge 'em for this altitood, I reckon,' says he.

" We knew we had to do business right soon if we ever did at all, for what with this telegraph keepin' us movin' so far, our stock was so foot-sore an' wore down that it couldn't travel no further. We kep on the best we could, but we wasn't averagin' ten mile a day, an' a-losin' a horse nigh about every mile, you might say.

" We was now a long step from Montanny, an' we finally allowed we'd head for the Green River settlements, where the Mormons was, thinkin' we could maybe ship our stock by the 'U. P.' from there, where nobody knowed us, an' nobody couldn't have heard of us. It was a long pull, an' mighty hard on our property, but we finally got in on the Green River.

" The day we was to strike the railroad at the Mormon settlements, we met a feller ridin' out a little way from the railroad station, an' we stopped a while to pass the time o' day. He looked right careful at our outfit, an' finally Jim asked him who he was.

" 'I'm the sherf,' said he, quiet like.

" 'Oh, you be?' says Jim.

" 'Yep,' says he. 'Who are you?'

" 'Well,' says Jim, a-throwin' one leg acrost his saddle, 'I started out as Cupid; but I allowed, if we hadn't of met you, I'd a-rid into that there town and seen if I couldn't pass for the departed sperrit of Joseph Smith.'

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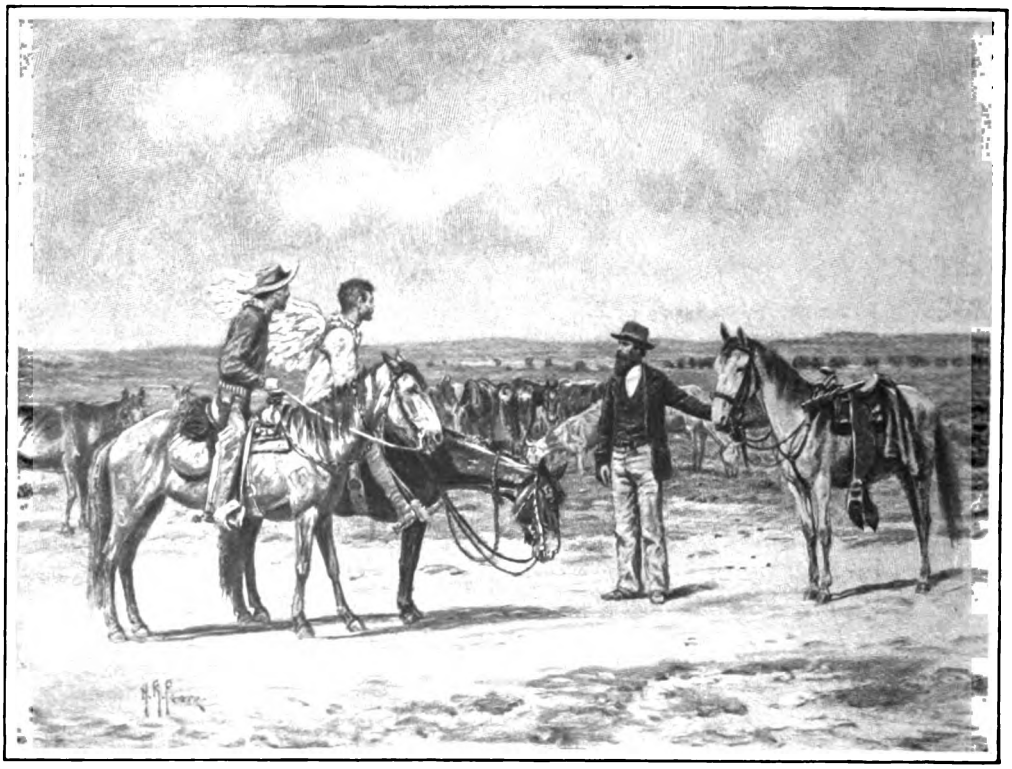
"The sherf he laughed. 'I know who you are,' said he.

"'How?' said Jim.

"'Story come out from the Swede settlements on the Squaw Flats that the Angel Gabriel had come through there in a hurry, headed south. Description was some like your'n. It was telegrafted all over. Do you know what you two fellers done?'

"'You're a white man, friend,' said Jim, 'if you are a sherf.' So we both shook hands with him. 'I come mighty nigh bein' a assessor,' said Jim; so he told how that was. I thought the sherf would die a-laughin' at Jim. It was him that got Jim some clothes. 'I'll bet a thousand dollars,' says the sherf, 'that you're the first cow-puncher that ever rid acrost the Red Desert in pink



"'But you two fellers, if I was you, I believe I'd just take the train out to-night. You needn't mention meetin' me.'"

chaps and with speckled wings a-growin out of his shoulders!' And I reckon like enough that's so.

"'No. Why?' says Jim.

"'Why, half that colony went back home. Country seemed a little swift for them, I reckon,' says the sherf.

"'Maybe *so*,' says Jim.

"'Is this all the horses you've got left?' asked the sherf, an' we told him yes. He asked us if it was true we'd come all the way from Montanny since the first of July, an' we told him yes. He set down then an' sort of reflected some. 'Boys,' says he, at last, 'I expect you'd better leave the stock in here. I'll have 'em took care of till their feet and legs gets a chance to grow out, an' that'll be time enough to talk about sendin' 'em back up the range. But you two fellers, if I was you, I believe I'd just take the train out to-night. You needn't mention meetin' me.'

"But wasn't that a pore round-up for a whole season's work? We didn't git more'n forty head through, an' they wouldn't of brought four dollars a head. That's a fact."

Apparently regarding his story closed, the inspector started to climb down from the fence, but upon expostulation tarried long enough to tell something further of the fate of Jim.

"Why, Jim," said he, "he went up into the Black Hills country, not long after that, an' he stayed there quite a while, punchin' cows for the Open A Six outfit. One day he was in to town at the railroad, an' he run acrost a outfit of movers who was comin' in through there with a team an' wagon.

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They was a pore, broken-down lot, the horses near played out, the man down sick, an' the women folks half starved. They hadn't a thing to eat, an' they was a-settin' out there on the edge of the town, waitin' to starve to death, or else waitin' till some of them town folks would come out an' give them a bite to eat; an' I reckon one'd catch 'em about as quick as the other. Jim come up and talked with 'em, an' saw how it was. He didn't say much, but he turned around an' rid out of town about a couple of miles, till he come up with a good fat yearlin' runnin' out on the range. He draws down an' kills the yearlin', an' cuts off a quarter, an' takes it up in front of him on his saddle, to carry it back to this here pore outfit, a-settin' there by the road, without ambition enough to go out and rustle a little meat for theirselves.

"Now here was where the fool side of Jim come in again. It wasn't rainin' that day, nor lookin' anything like rain. But Jim, he had a big pommel slicker tied on to his saddle, an' he got this slicker an' put it on, an' pulled it down over the quarter of yearlin' that he was carryin' up in front of him on the saddle. Jim told me, the last time I seen him in the pennetentuary, that he done that just for the sake of appearances, realizin' that times had changed. Well, they had. He hadn't much more'n dumped the meat off his saddle in front of the movers' wagon, before the town marshal come out an' arrested him for concealin' stolen goods, or somethin' of that sort. You ort to see some of them statutes made an' pervided out West now. You can't look cross-eyed at even a beef critter without gittin' in jail. There never was a squarer man throwed a leg over a saddle than this same Jim Mulhally, but here they put him in jail. But say," the inspector added suddenly and earnestly, "Jim's time is nearly out. Can't we git him a job here, somehow? You can see for yourself there ain't no chance for a white man out in God's country any more."

SOME LESSONS OF THE WAR.

BASED ON ENGLAND'S EXPERIENCE IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN.

By A. Conan Doyle.

Editor's Note.—The following article is taken from Dr. Doyle's book, "The Great Boer War," published by McClure, Phillips & Co. It is of interest particularly to Americans, because the lessons learned by Great Britain in South Africa are the same as we learned in the Spanish and Filipino wars. The problems now confronting Great Britain and the United States as to the reorganization of the army are also similar. Both nations have learned some things and ought to profit by them in future. Dr. Doyle was with the British army as a surgeon during most of the important fighting. He writes with knowledge and great candor. His history of the war is by far the ablest contribution to literature on this great event in modern British history.

THE very first of all the lessons of the war, as it seems to me, is that there must be no more leaving of the army entirely to the professional soldier and to the official, but that the general public must recognize that the defense of the empire is not the business of a special warrior caste, but of every able-bodied citizen. It is an enervating thing for a nation when it comes to be accepted that its protection depends upon a small special class. With modern weapons every brave man with a rifle is a formidable soldier, and there is no longer the need for a hard training and a rigid discipline which existed when men fought in platoons and performed complicated evolutions upon the field of battle. With his pen, with his voice, and with his rifle every man who has the privilege of a vote must do what he can to strengthen the fighting force of his country. How many criticisms made by civilians in the last few years have been proved by the stern test of this war to have been absolutely justified! It is the fresh eye, undimmed by prejudice or tradition, which is most likely to see clearly. From the War Office, declaring that infantry and not cavalry were necessary for the campaign, to the general on the spot who considered that with 10,000 men he could march to Pretoria, our professional soldiers have not shown that they were endowed with

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clear vision. In the face of their manifest blunders and miscalculations, a civilian need not hesitate to express his own opinion. A few strong impressions were left upon my mind by what I heard and saw of the war, and these, for better or worse, I shall endeavor here to place upon record.

One of the most certain lessons of the war, as regards ourselves, is once for all to reduce the bugbear of an invasion of Great Britain to an absurdity. With a moderate efficiency with the rifle the able-bodied population of this country could, without its fleet and without its professional soldiers, defy the united forces of Europe. A country of hedgerows would with modern weapons be the most terrible entanglement into which an army could wander. The advantage of the defense over the attack, and of the stationary force against the one which has to move, is so enormous, and has been so frequently proved by the Boers against ourselves, as well as by ourselves against the Boers, that the man who still dreads the invasion of Kent or Sussex must be either the most nervous or the most stupid of his sex. So much national consolation can we draw from the ordeal through which we have passed.

While we can depend for the defense of our own shores upon some developed system of militia and volunteers, we can release for the service of the empire almost all the professional soldiers. The lesson of the war, as I read it, is that it is better and cheaper for the country to have fewer soldiers which shall be very highly trained than many of a mixed quality. If, in order to secure that keenness and individual push and intelligence which modern warfare demands, you have to pay your soldier half a crown or three shillings a day, you can by securing a higher type do with fewer numbers, and so save in transport, clothing, accoutrements, and barrack accommodation. At such a wage you could pick your men carefully, eliminate the unfit, insist upon every man being a highly proficient marksman, and make dismissal from the service a very real punishment. In the wars of the future, where a soldier has to be conveyed to the center of Africa, the interior of China, or the frontier of Afghanistan, it is most necessary that the army so conveyed should be of the highest quality. It costs as much to convey and feed a worthless man as a good one. If he is not a dead shot with a rifle what is the use of carrying him 7,000 miles in order to place him in a firing line? One man who hits his mark outweighs ten who miss it, and only asks one-tenth of the food and transport. If by paying three times as much we can secure that one man, it is an obvious economy to the country to do so. Eliminate the useless soldiers and increase the pay of the useful ones, even if it reduces our army to 100,000 men. With our reserves, our militia, and our volunteers we can always fill up the ranks if it is necessary to increase their numbers.

To take the various arms of the service in turn, our infantry has shown itself to be as good as ever it was. The generals have winced long before the soldiers have done so, and whether it was in such advances as those of Talma Hill and Elandslaagte, or in such passive acceptance of punishment as at Spion Kop or Modder River, they have shown all their old qualities of dash and steadiness. Their spirit was extraordinarily good. I do not know where in our military history we can match the fact that the troops who were hurled backwards at Colenso in December, who were cut to pieces at Spion Kop in January, who were driven off Valkrantz early in February, were the same men who went roaring over the Boer intrenchments in the last week of that month. Nothing could demoralize or even dishearten them. As to their patient endurance of pain and of hardship, one could not be a witness to it in the hospitals without a higher sense of the dignity of human nature. Their marching was unexpectedly good. With burdens of forty pounds they covered their twenty miles a day with ease, and on occasion they rose to greater efforts. The forty miles done by the Guards before Bloemfontein, and the marching of Yule's retiring column, and of the Queenslanders and Canadians who joined Plumer before the relief of Mafeking, were all very fine performances.

So much for the men themselves, but it is in their training that there is the room for criticism. The idea that an infantry soldier is a pikeman has never quite departed in our army. He is still to march in step as the pikemen did, to go steadily shoulder to shoulder, to rush forward with his pike advanced. All this is mediæval and dangerous. There is only one thing which wins a modern battle, and that is straight shooting. To hit your enemy and to avoid being hit yourself are the two points of the game, and the one is as important as the other. After the lessons which we had in the first Boer war, the musketry instruction in the British army has been simply disgraceful. The number of

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cartridges served out annually for practice varies from fifty in the militia to 300 in a few select regiments. Three thousand should be the absolute minimum. If a man is not a marksman he should be cast from the army; for why should a useless man be paid and fed by the country?

The taking of cover, the most important of all infantry exercises, appears to be even more neglected than our musketry. In the Salisbury Plain manœuvers of 1898 I saw with my own eyes lines of infantry *standing* and firing upon each other at short ranges, without rebuke either from their officers or from the umpires. A colonel who stood upon the position to be attacked, and praised or blamed the company officers according to their success in concealing their men in their advance, would soon teach them to use cover. A sleet of Mauser bullets has the same effect, but it is hard that our peace training should have so small a relation to war.

Intrenching also is one of the weak points of our infantry. As Mr. Bennet Burleigh has observed, the sappers have a bad influence upon the infantry, for they teach the foot soldier that he will have things done for him which he should be able to do for himself. Every infantry officer should know how to plan trenches, and every infantry soldier how to make them. All through the war our trenches have been the merest rabbit scratchings compared with those of the amateur soldiers who were opposed to us. Sometimes they were even ludicrous, like some which I saw myself—in a position which might well have been attacked—where the sides of the loopholes in the parapet were made of empty jam pots. At Spion Kop, at Reddersberg, at Nicholson's Nek, at Lindley—on these and many other occasions better intrenching would have saved lives, if not the day.

Better shooting, better knowledge of cover—these are the main desiderata in our infantry. The latter will in the near future be attained, I believe, by some portable bullet-proof shield. There are many smaller improvements which will be wrought by the war. Never again should the most valuable lives be exposed by the fatuous idea of giving them a different dress. The officer will carry a rifle like his men. And, above all, the officer must take his profession more seriously. He must remember that the lives of his men are in his keeping, and that if through any fault of his they are lost his guilt is not far removed from murder. A braver man than the British officer, or one with a more indomitable and sporting spirit, is not to be found. But he treats his work too lightly. Military conversation, though commoner than it once was, is still much too rare. During six months' intercourse with officers I have only once seen one of them reading a professional book. Young lawyers and young doctors cannot take their profession in this dilettante spirit. As a point of honor it is surely indefensible to accept certain duties and to be paid for them without carrying them out with all the industry and energy that is possible. A young officer must remember that if he leaves all the thinking to his superiors, and refuses to use his own mind, he will have lost the power of doing so by the time that he comes to be a superior himself. Our junior company officers should be constantly encouraged to think and to act for themselves.

Passing on to the cavalry, we come to the branch of the service which appears to me to be the most in need of reform. In fact, the simplest and most effective reform would be one which should abolish it altogether, retaining the household regiments for public functions. One absolutely certain lesson of this war is that there is—outside the artillery—only one weapon in the world, and that weapon is the magazine rifle. Lances, swords, and revolvers have only one place—the museum. How many times was the lance or the sword fleshed in this war, and how many men did we lose in the attempts, and how many tons of useless metal have our overburdened horses carried about the country? But if these various weapons are discarded, and we come down to the uniformity of the rifle, then of course we must teach the trooper to use his rifle on foot and dress him so that he can do so. So in an automatic and unavoidable way he becomes mounted infantry.

But when I say mounted infantry, I do not mean the vamped-up horseman who is converted by battalions as Charlemagne converted the Saxons. Considering his genesis, this man has done very well; but, as Albrecht remarked, it is some time before he has ceased holding his hat on. What I mean are regiments of the type of the Imperial Light Horse, as well horsed and as highly trained in peace time as our cavalry are now. We have not yet realized what first-class mounted infantry can do, for we have never trained any first-class mounted infantry.

When we compare the doings of cavalry and of mounted infantry in this war, we must remember that it is not a fair comparison,

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as the one force was highly trained while the other was rapidly improvised. But even so the comparison may be sustained by the junior branch. I have more than once asked cavalry officers whether they could point to any single exploit in the whole war which could not have been as well done by equally well-horsed mounted infantry. The relief of Kimberley, the heading off of Cronje, the pursuit after Elandslaagte—there is not one which is essentially a cavalry exploit. But, on the other hand, the mounted infantry did things which cavalry as at present constituted could never have done—such as the ascent of Elandslaagte, or the surprise of Gunhill. Let us preserve all our old historic regiments, with their traditions and their *esprit de corps*—and let them be called cavalry also, if the name is dear to them—but let them have only a rifle, and let them be trained to fight on foot. Then, if less ornamental, they will become more workmanlike and more formidable. Boer tactics with British courage would make a combination which would carry everything before it.

In dealing with our artillery it must be acknowledged that for personal gallantry and for general efficiency they take the honors of the campaign. Nothing could exceed the devotion with which officers and men stood to their guns under the most deadly fire. The accuracy of our shooting left something to be desired, but in some actions it reached a very high standard.

Our gunners, however, were always from the beginning paying the penalty of being the attacking party. As a rule they were firing at guns which were in a position higher than their own, and they were continually engaging guns which they could not see. That the Boers were at the beginning of the war able to bring on to the battlefield very much heavier guns than we could set against them must have been foreseen by our military authorities, who knew, by the report of the Intelligence Department, that they possessed four heavy Creusots and sixteen 4.7 howitzers. To some extent these were neutralized by our own use of naval guns—a most dangerous and hand-to-mouth expedient. Outside these special guns, which were not field guns at all, our 15-pounders were as good as anything which the Boers could set against them. In quality of ammunition we had an immense advantage. Had the Boer forces been as good as their guns and their gunners our losses would—especially in the early part of the war—have been much more severe.

We imagined that we possessed another advantage in the possession of lyddite, but it appears that a careful inquiry should be made into this substance before we commit our artillery further to its use. Its destructive power upon buildings, etc., is beyond doubt, but it is by no means equally fatal when used against troops in an open formation. I have spoken to several Boers upon the subject, and none of them expressed a high opinion of it. We imagined that there was a considerable area of destruction round each bursting shell, but I know of at least one case where a shell burst within seven yards of a man, with no worse effect than to give him a bad headache.

But the very great advantage which the Boers possessed—one which enabled half a dozen Boer guns to hold as many British batteries—was that their cannon were as invisible as their rifles. The first use which a Boer makes of his guns is to conceal them. The first use which a British major makes of his is to expose them in a straight line, with correct interspaces, each gun so near its neighbor that a lucky shell dropping between them might cripple the crews of each. The artillery are a highly educated scientific corps, so the outsider must conclude that there is some deep reason for this arrangement; but whatever the reason may be, it most certainly does not apply to a war like this. From first to last it has put us at a most serious disadvantage. Sometimes it is unavoidable that the attacking force should be in the open, but it is seldom that some broken ground, bushes, bowlders, or other cover cannot be found if the officer will be content to scatter his guns a little and to break his symmetrical line.

Another prejudice which may be quite justified in European warfare has exercised an evil influence upon our artillery in the campaign. This is the extreme reluctance of commanding officers to split up a battery and to act with any unit less than six guns. "One gun is no gun," says an artillery maxim, but there have been occasions in the campaign when a single gun would have saved us from disaster. While majors preserved their perfect six-gun batteries the troops at Reddersburg, at Lindley, at Roodewal, at Honning's Spruit, were all in dire need of the two guns which might easily have been spared them. The Boers sent their small parties about the country with guns, we sent ours without; and when the parties met, we were at a fatal disadvantage. And the root of the matter lay in the dis-

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inclination of our officers to divide up a battery.

There is another subject so painful that one would be tempted to avoid it but for its vital importance. It is the danger of the artillery firing into their own infantry, as occurred again and again in the campaign. At Talana Hill our guns opened with shrapnel, at less than 2,000 yards, upon our own stormers, and drove them with some loss off the crest which they had captured. Surely officers could be provided with a glass which would make it impossible to mistake Boer for Briton at so close a range. At Stormberg the same thing happened, with tragic results. So also at Colenso.

As far as our equipment goes most artillery officers seem satisfied, in spite of all criticism, with the 15-pounder field gun, and argue that any gun which fires faster fires too fast to be controlled by its commander. A battery at present can discharge from fifteen to twenty shots a minute. They hold, also, that any increase in weight of the gun must be at the expense of mobility. On the other hand, they have learned that the shrapnel time fuses are too short, and that batteries should be provided with common shell for use against sangars, houses, and other solid defenses.

It is for a committee of inquiry to decide whether such small changes as these are all which we can gather from our experience in this war. A certain conservatism and loyalty prompt a man to stand by the weapons which he knows how to handle as against those of which he has no experience. But surely it must be admitted that one gun which fires very rapidly is equal to several guns which fire slowly, and offers a smaller mark. Also that a difference of mobility, which may or may not be of any importance, is more than atoned for by the certain fact that with the heavier gun you can hit your enemy a mile beyond the range at which he can hit you. The 12-pounder Elswick gun, for example, cannot be much less mobile than the service weapon, and yet its effective range is nearly double the distance. In the wars of the future it is certain that very much heavier guns will be employed than in the past.

The lesson of the war as regards the effect of artillery is that while it is comparatively harmless where troops are extended or intrenched, it is most deadly when, through faulty leadership or the accident of the ground, troops are compelled to bunch. Spion Kop was won entirely by the Boer artillery—the one example in the war where infantry have been mastered by guns. The small Vickars-Maxim quick-firer established an evil reputation there and elsewhere; but as the war went on it was appreciated that its shells might as well be solid, as they have small penetrating power after their explosion, and are usually only to be feared on direct impact.

The engineers in every branch have done splendidly in the war. The balloon department was handicapped by the height of the scene of operations, which only gave them a narrow margin (a few hundred feet) of elevation. But in spite of this they did fine work, and their presence will become more essential as the trench and the hidden gun become universal in the battles of the future. The pontoon section also did well, but it is the railway sappers who have really won the first honors of the campaign upon the side of the British. They were, of course, immensely assisted by the presence of the Pioneer Regiment, with its skilled officers and trained workers, and also by the presence of cheap black labor; but the energy and ingenuity with which every difficulty was surmounted and the line was kept up to the army will always remain a wonder to those who saw it and a glory to those who did it. One branch of the service which proved to be most useful, and which might well be enlarged, is the mounted engineer. As the horseman threatens to play so great a part in the wars of the future, it is necessary to have your horse-sapper who will keep up with him, tap telegraphs, break bridges, cut lines, and get the full advantage out of each advance.

There remains that Medical Department upon which so fierce a light has beaten. It has had less than justice done to it, because the desperate nature of the crisis which it had to meet was not realized by the public. For reasons of policy the grave state of the army in Bloemfontein was never made known, and at the moment when the public was reading optimistic reports the town was a center of pestilence and the hospitals were crammed to their utmost capacity. The true statistics of the outbreak will probably never come out, as the army returns permit the use of such terms as "simple continued fever"—a diagnosis frequently made, but vague and slovenly in its nature. If these cases were added to those which were returned as enteric (and they were undoubtedly all of the same nature), it would probably double the numbers and give a true idea of

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the terrible nature of the epidemic. Speaking roughly, there could not have been fewer than from 7,000 to 10,000 in Bloemfontein alone, of which 1,300 died.

At the time of this terrible outbreak the army depended for its supplies upon a single precarious line of rails, which were choked with the food and the remounts which were absolutely necessary for the continuance of the campaign. The doctors had the utmost difficulty in getting the tents, medicines, and other necessaries for their work. They were overwhelmed with cases at the very moment when their means for treating them were at the lowest, and unhappily enteric is of all diseases the one which needs careful nursing, special nourishment, and constant attention. The result was in many cases deplorable. There were hospitals where the most necessary utensils were wanting. In supplying these wants locally there was, as it seemed to me, a want of initiative and of energy, but it sprang largely from an exaggerated desire on the part of the authorities to conciliate the Free Staters and reconcile them to our rule. It was thought too high-handed to occupy empty houses without permission, or to tear down corrugated iron fencing in order to make huts to keep the rain from the sick soldiers. This policy, which sacrificed the British soldier to an excessive respect for the feelings of his enemies, became modified after a time, but it appeared to me to increase the difficulties of the doctors.

Where the Department seemed to be open to criticism was in not having more men upon the spot. Capetown was swarming with civil surgeons, and there was no difficulty in conveying them to Bloemfontein, Kroonstadt, or wherever else they were needed. For example, a man should certainly have been on duty night and day at the station, to meet all incoming trains and receive the sick and wounded. There were cases where men lay on the platform for long periods before being removed. So also it was obvious that a rest camp should have been formed early, so as to relieve the congestion of the hospitals by taking away the lighter cases. But the situation was a most difficult one, and the men upon the spot, from General Wilson to the humblest orderly, were worked to their extreme capacity. It is easy now to criticise what they did not do, but it is just also to remember what they did.

The fact is that the true blame in the matter rests not with the Medical Department, but with the composition of the South African army. The Medical Department is arranged to meet the wants of such a body of regular troops as Great Britain could put in the field, but not to provide for a great army of irregulars and Colonials very much larger than could ever have been foreseen. It is unjust to blame the Medical Department for not being prepared for that which was a new thing, totally unforeseen by any one even after the outbreak of hostilities.

Leaving these hasty and superficial notes of the way in which each branch of the service has been affected by the war, I should desire to add a few words upon the army of the future. I believe that if we could lay the lessons of this war rightly to heart we might become as strong upon land as we are on sea, and that the change might be effected without any increase of expense. It will probably be represented that the lesson of the war is that the army should be increased; but my own impression, which I advance with all diffidence, is that the true reading is different, and that we should decrease the army in numbers, and so save the money which will enable us to increase its efficiency and mobility.

When I say decrease the army, I mean decrease the number of professional soldiers; but I should increase the total number of armed men upon whom we can call by a liberal encouragement of volunteering and such an extension of the Militia Act as would give us at least a million men for home defense.

The army proper should, according to this scheme, be drawn from a higher class than is done at present, for modern warfare demands more intelligence and individuality than is to be found in the peasant or unskilled laborer classes. To get these men a good wage must be paid—not less than half a crown a day, with a pension in reserve.

Granting that the professional army should consist of 100,000 men, which is ample for every requirement, I should divide them roughly into 40,000 mounted infantry, who should be the *élite*, trained to the last point, with every man a picked shot and rider. Twenty thousand I should devote to forming a powerful corps of artillery, who should be armed with the best weapons which money could buy. Ten thousand would furnish the engineers, the army service corps, and the medical orderlies. There is no use in feeding and paying men in time of peace when we know that we can get them easily in time of war and rapidly make them efficient. In all these three departments it

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would be practicable to fill up the gaps by trained volunteers when they are needed.

There remain 30,000 men out of the original number, which should form the infantry of the line. These should preserve the old regimental names and traditions, but should consist of mere "cadres," skeleton regiments to be filled up in time of war. There might, for example, be a hundred regiments, each containing 300 men. But these men, paid on the higher scale, are all picked men and good rifle shots, trained to the highest point in real warlike exercises—not in barrack-square evolutions. Where the standard of intelligence is higher, drill is not so necessary to give cohesion to a regiment. This force would in itself (with the aid of the mounted infantry and artillery) be able to cope with any ordinary task; but when the nation desired to use its whole strength, the regiments would at once be increased to 1,000 each by drafts from the huge volunteer and militia reserves. This new material would take some digesting, but with 300 old soldiers already in the ranks, it would not take long before the regiments would become formidable. Our infantry force would thus rise at once to 100,000 men, with behind them 1,000,000 or so of the picked manhood of the country ready to form fresh battalions or to fill the gaps in the old ones. Add to this the Indian army, and the splendid material of Australia, South Africa, and Canada, each of which should be separately organized, and we should have such a force as the empire has never yet had at its command. In spite of the higher pay to every officer and man, I believe that the economies would be so great owing to the smaller numbers—which count, not merely upon a pay list, but in our bills for transport, for food, for pensions, and for barracks—that we could do it at a considerably smaller cost if the nation can be persuaded to extend the Militia Act for short periods of home service. But, above all, let the army become a serious profession, let us have done with the "fuss and the feathers," the gold lace and the frippery, which were needed to catch the plowboy, but are repellant to the reasonable man. Let us have done also with the tailoring, the too luxurious habits of the mess, the unnecessary extravagances which make it so hard for a poor man to accept a commission. If only this good came from all our trials and our efforts they would be well worth all that they have cost us.

TRADE WINDS.

By Edith Wyatt.

A STORY OF THE CHICAGO WEST SIDE.

JOHN WOLLFE had spent all his life in the changes of trade in the neighborhood of Harrison and Halsted streets.

Here, after fifty years of industry, he had built up a small reef of a retail dry-goods store, where he lived with his family, a wife and six children.

His establishment was a three-story red-brick with a fifty-foot frontage. It had high plate-glass windows, a blue and white awning, and it was called "The Wolf Store"—a friendly pun, expressed by its sign, which had a gilded wolf walking out on a small platform over the awning, and by two iron wolves, one on each side of the street door.

Here Mr. Wollfe worked from early morning till late at night, making accounts, balancing books, selling over his counter, piling up rolls of cloth and boxes of ruching on his shelves; and arranging his windows attractively.

He was a small, thin man, pale, and always rather tired-looking, with gentle eyes, and a mild, smiling face. In the neighborhood Mr. Wollfe was regarded with respect, but with no liking nor interest. It was thought, for no reason except a disapproval of his quietness and diffidence, that he was "close." Still, his store was very popular. He was a member of the West Side Business Men's Club and of a Merchant's Marching Club. He kept out of debt; his family were comfortably fed and dressed, and they had certain luxuries.

His front parlor over the store was richly furnished with plush chairs, and with a marble clock; the boys had wheels; and Mrs. Wollfe, an active, good-looking woman with high cheek-bones, a lively gossip, admired in the neighborhood, had a silk petticoat and many large brooches and pins, birthday and Christmas tokens.

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Mr. Wollfe was not so humble nor so plain-minded himself but that he had his vanity. He was vain of the gay appearance of "The Wolf Store," of his position in the business world, and of his eldest daughter, Allie.

Allie was seventeen years old. She had soft brown hair, a few scattering freckles, and her father's gentle brown eyes. Her dimples were always coming and going. She changed color easily; and in spite of a life spent in serving the public in "The Wolf Store," she was shy and rather self-conscious. She was always biting the corner of her lip, taking out her handkerchief, running her thumb round the edge of her belt, or pushing back an escaping lock of hair. She dressed very fashionably, for her father liked to give her gold belts, and link cuff-buttons, and tucked shirt-waists from the store.

Although Mrs. Wollfe and the younger children habitually snubbed him, Allie would consult her father's opinion, and respect his tastes. He sometimes found cities she had given up as hopeless on the history map; and she would appeal to him with "Father, what do you think of my new hat?" and "Father, I just *know* you won't like these shoes. They're too stumpy-looking to suit *you*."

Allie had done well in the public school; and she now went to a dancing class, and to a history class, in the settlement house near, where she showed herself a good scholar, taking just what was given her without too much probing, and going through the history class with the same executive ability and neat despatch that she evinced in the dancing class, and in tying up parcels in "The Wolf Store."

She and Will, the eldest boy, both worked in the store. They enjoyed it. They liked giving souvenirs of little pasteboard plaques or aluminum match-safes, with a dollar's worth of purchase on Saturday nights. They liked to roll up parcels briskly, pulling string from an iron case, and tying it neatly before a watching customer; and Will showed the same pleasure in attitude and distinction of bearing that certain actors show in handing ladies off the stage, when he adroitly gathered up the folds of a piece of cloth to catch the light, and remarked, "*Here's a tasty thing in lawn, lady*," as he raised his chin, and gazed delicately out of the window, in order not to embarrass the choice of the awed customer.

Allie, for her part, adopted a confidential tone with the public. She advised, and at the slightest approbation of her wares, praised with uncontrolled enthusiasm, exclaiming, "*Awfully stylish*," and "*Yes, it is sweet, isn't it?*"

If "The Wolf Store" was delightful and satisfactory to Mr. Wollfe and his children, it was not faintly pleasing to a young gentleman, Mr. Henry Norris, who visited their establishment by chance one Saturday evening.

He was walking home from a visit to a friend at the settlement house; and he had been asked to stop on his way and leave word for Miss Wollfe that Mr. Norton was ill and could not conduct his history class.

MR. WOLLFE.

"A small, thin man, pale, and always rather tired-looking."

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As Henry Norris walked between the two iron wolves into the store, brilliantly lighted for the distribution of the Saturday evening souvenirs, he observed all the effort to attract the attention of the public, with a feeling of thorough disgust and contempt.

The windows were draped with red tissue-paper, and in one of them there was an elaborate tent of handkerchiefs. The souvenirs were all arranged in neat rows on a table near the door. Will was standing in a grand, clerkly attitude, holding up a piece of silk for a customer already arrived, though it was too early after supper for many people to have come in yet; and Allie was whisking around, in a new blue satin tie and belt, her eyes and cheeks shining with the excitement she always felt on Saturday nights.

Mr. Norris felt that here lay before him a picture of Commercialism, of the life of the petty tradesman, of greed, competition, and vulgarity. He disliked Commercialism, and often expressed a displeasure that it should exist; and he now walked with as much superiority and distinction as possible to the end of the store, and delivered his message as though he had been extending it at arm's length.

Mr. Wollfe, seeing his daughter in conversation with a stranger apparently not a customer, came forward with civility. His neat store, Allie's presence and prettiness, a successful day, all had combined to give him unusual self-confidence. Catching Mr. Norris's last words, and bowing to him cordially, he replied:

"Allie will be sorry to miss that class. But we'll be glad to have her here to help us to-night. We always have our hands full."

And he could not refrain from glancing contentedly around his establishment, nor from showing Mr. Norris the placard he had in his hand. He had bought it that morning at an advertiser's, and he believed it so apt and ingenious that it must appeal to anybody. Besides, the poor fellow was a gentleman, with no notion that all people were not social equals, and he was feeling on that evening very hospitable and kindly. He turned the placard towards the proud glance of Mr. Norris, observing, "What do you think of that, sir?"

It was a white placard, with a sentence printed on it in large, purple letters:

WE SHOULD LIKE TO
C U B A
CUSTOMER OF OURS.

Mr. Norris's expression as he looked at this unambitious instance of the facetiousness of advertisers changed from a gaze of lofty indifference to one of an almost insulted disgust.

Allie was laughing and saying, "Well, that *is* pretty good. Do you see the point?" she went on, turning to Mr. Norris, as she noticed his silence, "See you be a—CUBA!"

"Yes—ah—good evening," responded Mr. Norris inadequately, and he bowed himself away.

Mr. Wollfe was astounded and a little hurt by his indifference. He was easily dashed, and he had thought that any one must like this elaborate jest.

But as soon as Mr. Norris's back was turned, Allie put her hand over her mouth to keep from bursting out laughing, and glanced at her father with happy eyes.

"My! He didn't see the point, after all!" she exclaimed. She gave her father an affectionate little push, and he began to laugh, too.

"I'll run around, and see how it looks from the outside while you put it in the window," she continued sympathetically; and she slipped out of the store.

Her reasons for running around outside were not, however, entirely unselfish. She had for some minutes been aware that a friend, a young livery-stable keeper, a Mr. McGarrigle, was standing expectantly on the corner.

Mr. McGarrigle stood on the corner almost every Saturday evening, indeed, in order that Allie might come to the door to pull up the awning, or slip a door-catch, and incidentally observe him, and exchange a few words with him.

He was twelve years older than Allie, a tall, stooping, sallow Irishman, with a long, somewhat humorous face, and a taste for the lounging, public life of livery stables.

He was a good driver and card-player, and there was something masterly and impressive in his presence to the little boys in the neighborhood. They classed him with the policemen and the firemen of their acquaintance.

In his shirt-sleeves, with his Derby hat pushed far back on his head, strolling indifferently among the looming red vans and yellow-pictured moving-wagons of his dark warehouse, or smoking nonchalantly in his livery-stable office, Sam McGarrigle appeared to the little boys a man of scope, ease, and power.

On Sundays he sometimes took Allie driving, on these occasions always, indeed,

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producing on Allie the same effect as on the little boys.

When he drove two horses she was afraid of with one hand, with the other resting on his knee, and joked about the history class and "The Wolf Store," Allie was so impressed with his gayety and ability, so pleased with his admiration of her, that she could think of nothing else.

The Wollfes had a very large sale on the night of Mr. Norris's visit; and when they finally began to close the store, Mr. McGarrigle, always full of resource and initiative, detained Allie at the door with a pasteboard bucket of ice-cream. He had carried it from a restaurant, and even remembered to borrow spoons.

He and Allie sat on the iron door-step of the empty street outside, and ate the ice-cream, while Mr. Wollfe and Will, content with the day's work, rolled up bales and arranged the store for Sunday within.

ALLIE, MR. WOLLFE, AND MR. NORRIS.

"See you be a—CUBA!"

And so little impression had the visit of Mr. Norris made, so unconscious were they of their greed and squalor, that the evening was marked for them all with an especially careless and radiant happiness.

On the next evening Mr. Wollfe heard a piece of news that kept him awake all night.

The grocery store opposite had failed. Its owner would dispose as soon as possible of its stock, and rent the house to a retail dry-goods merchant.

Within two weeks the new store was established. Not to be outdone by "The Wolf Store," it had a name, "The Castle of Commerce." It was practically a branch of one of the large department stores, and it could afford to undersell Mr. Wollfe.

Further, it offered to the neighborhood attractions that Mr. Wollfe had not sufficient address to introduce.

On Saturday evenings, a band played inside the "Castle of Commerce": a dollar's worth drew a ticket for a lottery prize, a rocking-chair: once a woman with a patent button-holer sat in the window for a day, punching and outlining buttonholes with dizzying speed; and on another occasion, an agent for indelible ink wrote people's names on their handkerchiefs free of charge, in a flourishing, shaded hand.

Mr. Wollfe's regular customers slipped away. In two months none were left except a few women, sorry for Allie and Mrs. Wollfe. As for the casual trade—that was entirely absorbed by the newer, larger "Castle of Commerce."

Mr. Wollfe barely managed to pay his taxes. He was already in debt for his family's living expenses: it was impossible, without ready money, to buy more stock, and there seemed to be no outlook, nothing but failure ahead. He continued pinning up unnoticed placards, following the market prices even when he could not think of buying, and balancing every night the short column of

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sales in his account book. The only change observable in him was that, though he worked so much less, he looked more tired.

His wife was anxious, not over him, but over their prosperity. She continually told him that they were losing money if he only knew it. Why didn't he do something? She was sure they would end in the poor-house. Will was contemptuous and morose, and Allie merely thought times were hard.

In the fall Mr. Wollfe's creditors came upon him. They would have been more lenient but for the common belief that he was "close," that he could pay, if he sufficiently wished.

His failure was an honorable one, and he paid every cent he owed. But when that was done he had nothing left. At his age he felt that it would be impossible for him to build up another such business. There seemed to be nothing for him to do.

He tried to get work without success. The family moved to another, poorer neighborhood. Will found a place in the "Castle of Commerce"; and they lived on his wages, and on credit, as well as they could.

Mrs. Wollfe was more contemptuous than ever: and sometimes in her hard silliness, and in thinking of what he might have done at the last to stave defeat from "The Wolf Store," Mr. Wollfe would have been miserable enough, if Allie had not been with him now all day in their idleness—and just what she had always been. She even induced him to go into an algebra class with her at the settlement house.

Mr. McGarrigle was away managing a livery stable in St. Jo through most of the summer and at the time of their misfortune. But on the first Sunday after his return, he drove around just as usual, and Allie stepped into his high buggy, laughing and blushing, and waved her hand to her father at the window as they drove off, to the envy of the neighbors.

She and Sam McGarrigle had always come back at supper-time. But on that night it seemed as if they would never come.

It grew dark and late. The family went to bed, and only Mr. Wollfe sat up in the dark, bare little parlor, waiting for his daughter in unreasoning anxiety.

At ten o'clock some one knocked at the door. Mr. Wollfe opened it, and a policeman stepped gravely into the room.

"Did a Miss Alice Wollfe live here?"

"Yes."

"Be ye her father?"

"Yes."

"Was she drivin' with a young gintleman this afternoon?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wollfe, his eyes fixed on the policeman's face in an agony of impatience.

"Well, sir—" The policeman nerved himself, and dropped his eyes. "She was drowned in Humboldt Park, this afternoon—and the young gintleman."

Mr. Wollfe was too dazed to speak.

"What? how?" he managed to choke out.

"I saw them myself. The young gintleman was drivin' with a fine team of horses; and they come right along by the boat-house. The young gintleman says, 'It looks cool-like there, let's have a change,' he says. Just like that. The next I saw them was about half an hour later; they was on the lake, an' the gintleman was rowin'; an' a crowd of crazy fellows, showin' off, run into them. They come right up behind crashin' into them. He turned quick-like, but he couldn't get away. Their boat turned over—and the young lady never come up. Her dress was caught in the boat."

Everything turned black before Mr. Wollfe.

"It can't be true," he managed to say.

It seemed to him he was dead himself, as he watched his wife and the children gathering around in shawls and night-gowns, and listening to the story. Everything was vague and strange to him. He helped Will calm Mrs. Wollfe, hardly knowing what he was saying. He soothed the children; and after he had taken them back to bed, he started out, numbed and purblind, with the officer, walking along streets his feet seemed scarcely to touch, stupefied with a truth that left his mind dark and groping.

"The gintleman was drowned trying to get her," the policeman said. "So soon as we tuk her out, we found her name in her pocket-handkerchief, and there wuz some there knew him. 'Why,' they says, 'it's Sam McGarrigle, Sam McGarrigle, none other,' so they fetched his brother from the North Side."

The policeman talked on, his voice sounding in the still, echoing street, as they walked between the long stretching lines of the gas-lamps, and past the silent houses rising around like things in a dream; and his speech was the only thing that touched poor Mr. Wollfe's staggering senses, or that kept him from facing alone an unspeakable blankness.

Allie's death lent to the Wollfes' household a dignity it had not known before. In the midst of their bereavement, snubbing

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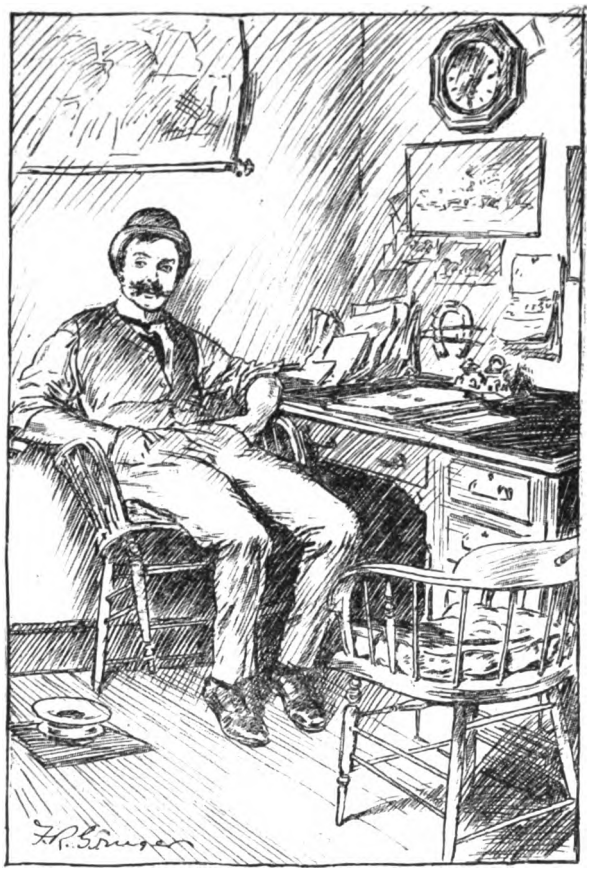

SAM McGARRIGLE.

"A man of scope, ease, and power."

and hard words were profane and impossible to them, and they were all delicately respectful and gentle with each other. Allie's loveliness, her gayety, her warm and tender graces, so mysteriously vanished, were, after all, not quite gone.

Their loss brought them consideration in their new neighborhood. Women were friendly with Mrs. Wollfe; and all her family, though so much sadder, were somehow, and oddly, less miserable.

Mr. Wollfe felt gratefully his family's comforting tenderness, and all the kindliness that never seems to fail bereavement, a kindliness lovely, and yet very different from the only especial tenderness he had ever known.

Besides, his unaccustomed idleness, heavier than ever now, kept his days drifting past swiftly and vapidly in a stupefying blankness. He would walk for hours staring dully at the streets and at the passers-by, sometimes stopping on the corners, sometimes standing on the Halsted Street Viaduct, leaning on its rail, looking out over the wide prospect spreading before him.

The sound of traffic hummed about him, the whizzing electric car and lumbering van, the clap of horse-hoofs, the calling of men's voices, and the chuffing or the whistling of steam from the near waterways. Close beneath him spread a fan of railroad tracks, in long, white and gray glittering lines, interlacing in countless switches and crossings; the tarred and pebbled roof of a round-house stretched at one end of the lines. Above them, in the height of the air, blew twisting funnels of pearl and murky smoke, pennons of feathered blue and white waved in lofty streamers, and furling clouds of steam of the same color puffed buoyantly in swelling folds of lustrous cream and snow from the engine smoke-stacks. And east, and west, and north, and south, below pillaring chimney and piercing spire, the city roof-tops lay grimed and dusky in a myriad of squares and gables above the peopled mart.

Here the prospect spread, vast and various, a place of lively transaction, of desperate endeavor and defeat, a proffer of an infinite opportunity.

As Mr. Wollfe stood one evening staring at the scene, unconsciously overwhelmed with the thought of his disaster among its million chances, unconsciously exhilarated by its generous scope and far outlook, he buried his face in his hands.

Meanwhile, on the same evening, Mr. Henry Norris, too, was on the Halsted Street Viaduct. He was not interested in the view, regarding this merely as one of the dirtiest portions of the city. However, perhaps the scene, with all its variety, had its unrealized effect, and unconsciously diverted him from his customary consideration of the squalor of Commercialism, and of his own relative social position.

At least, when he saw Mr. Wollfe leaning on the rail with his face in his hands, he was stricken with a genuine sympathy. He went up to him and asked him, with a real concern, and with no thought of patronage, nor even of benevolence, what was the matter.

Mr. Norris did not recognize Mr. Wollfe

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as the owner of "The Wolf Store," but Mr. Wollfe recognized Mr. Norris. The sight of him gave the householder a pang of reminiscent pride. He had scarcely heard the young man's words, but he perceived his friendly intention.

He shook hands with Mr. Norris. "You come from the settlement?" he said; and as Mr. Norris shook his head vaguely: "You came to my store one night from there. Don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes—yes. I've heard Mr. Norton speak of your daughter. How is she? How are all of you?"

The remembrance of Mr. Wollfe's desperate attitude, and some sad dignity in his face, made Mr. Norris ask this.

"Why, didn't you know? My daughter is dead. She was drowned."

Mr. Norris looked at him dumbly.

Mr. Wollfe had started up, and they walked along together.

After a time Mr. Norris asked him how his business was; and they began speaking of the details of Mr. Wollfe's failure.

Instead of rejoicing that Mr. Wollfe had been driven by circumstances from a field of sordidness and greed, Mr. Norris asked him if he could not help him in finding a place. Indeed, his hatred of Commercialism did not come into his head at all at the time.

Afterwards he really did find Mr. Wollfe a place as a buyer for one of the department stores, where his industry and ability brought him a very appreciative and grateful respect.

As time passed, and he gained honor and profit, Mrs. Wollfe was soon spiritedly and dressily superior among her neighbors again; and Will and the children held their heads high in the world in the possession of chainless wheels.

As for Mr. Wollfe, in his recovery of their pride and pleasures he found the happiness possible to a fine devotion.

A LOVE STORY

by Annie Webster

IT was not her first love. She had loved before, but never in this way. She looked with a certain pitying scorn on the fleeting attachments of two years, a year, six months ago. "I was very young then," she thought, looking up through the apple-blossom tree under which she lay.

She was ten years old now. Ten just the day before the day before yesterday. And day before yesterday was the first time she had seen Her. It had cost her a great deal to go to school that day. It was her birthday, and the sun shone. But she had gone. Things are very hard at times, but now how glad, how glad she was!

Now, lying under the apple blossoms, she made a great resolve. She would never catch on sleighs again. Supposing it had been winter, and a sleigh had come by and she had caught on, and She had seen her! Oh, perhaps She had seen; perhaps that was the reason why She had not even looked at her in school yet. Solemn tears came to her eyes. "I will wash the dishes every day, every day, without being asked," she thought.

If her legs were only thin! She had such lovely thin legs. And blue eyes, truly blue, instead of all sorts of colors mixed up. And her hair was long and braided, and had a little point at the end instead of twisting up and rumpling up, especially in church, until you were simply obliged to take your hat off or suffocate.

Perhaps She would have spoken that very morning if her hair had been different. No one understood. No one cared. She had not seen Her for two days, and just that morning she was looking in the glass to see if she had not changed at all, or grown very pale, when her mother began to twist the end of her braid around and around, and

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there it was all turned up again. No one understood; no one in the whole world—except God. He must. How near the blue sky seemed beyond the apple blossoms!

Suddenly she saw her brother come out on the piazza, look around, and then steal softly back of the house. "He's after my things, I bet," and she sprang up and after him; but she stopped in the midst of her run, hesitated, turned back, and then ran eagerly after him again. "I'll show him where I've hid the treasure, and I'll let him have my bower up in the tree," she thought. She ran on, tripped, and tore her dress. Her brother saw her coming, and fled precipitately over the fence. Then she leaned her head against a tree and looked down at her torn dress, and a great wave of sadness came over her. "Mother will scold, too, I suppose. No one knows how changed I am. I am going to die pretty soon, I guess."

The next day she went early to school and laid an armful of apple blossoms on Her desk. Then she crept softly out and lingered at the school gate, watching. But when She came near, walking quite slowly—not running at all, in fact, or even skipping—with her "geography" under her arm; with her truly blue eyes; with her hair which did not rumple or twist, but which ended in a little point; with her thin legs; the little girl's courage failed. She turned back, and walked slowly up the school walk. Her heart beat fast. "Maybe she'll catch up and speak to me." But She came up the walk behind, not even trying to step over all the cracks. "Maybe she'll fall down and break her leg, and I'll have to go for the doctor." But no; it did not seem to occur to Her even to see how many steps She could jump up. The little girl hid herself behind the cloak-room door, and watched through the chink to see if She would see the apple blossoms. Her desk was covered with them, so She broke off several twigs all pink and white, and taking up the others, threw them from the window. There were too many. She would have had no place to write on. "They were just common things. I'd ought to have brought lilies or roses or something lovely," moaned the little girl in the cloak-room. She did not venture in until the others came. Then she saw that She had pinned the apple-blossom twigs on her dress.

She wouldn't have pinned them on if she had minded their being so common! How beautiful the world was! How could any one ever be bad! How good God was! She couldn't have minded it! Passing Her desk she looked right at Her, and said softly, "Thank you." Then she rushed on, her heart beating.

But at her own desk, from where she could see the thin legs coming down below the seat, and above, the lovely braid, all but the little point, her heart sank. She realized now how the deformed man in her street felt. "Why does God make some people so nice and some so horrid?" she thought in despair. At recess, however, she was obliged to pass Her desk often. At last the bell struck, and as she went to her seat she said to Her:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" said the other little girl.

The next day they became intimate friends. The new scholar's name was Rosalie. The little girl was not surprised. She had known from the beginning it must be that—that or Violet. Her own was only Jessie.

There was another girl of the same age, whose name was Lilian. These three used to walk home together, arm in arm, talking very fast, and quite oblivious of the ordinary human being, except when he, by chance, plucked up courage to beg to be permitted to pass. They had the power of seeing who it was without looking or pausing, and overheard his request, granted it graciously, or swept past in a rush of indignation, in accordance with some delicate mind-process.

Rosalie and Lilian lived on adjacent streets, Jessie further on, so they separated one by one. One day Jessie asked Rosalie to walk on to the next corner. She did it. Then Jessie walked back again. That could not happen often, however, for Rosalie's mother had said she must come right home from school.

Some people were so different from other people. Rosalie was never bad, never! Lilian was lovely, too, though she sometimes did things. And some people were so bad. They didn't mean to be, but it just came. Rosalie really liked to put on her best clothes. It was true, She did. And they must have been just as uncomfortable as other people's.

The little girl looked up at the trees overhead with their fresh little green leaves, and the blue sky beyond. A song she had heard one day at the Sunday-school came to her mind. She could remember only detached lines, and she hummed them as she went:

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin."

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Rosalie didn't.

"Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Strive manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue—"

The sunlight danced among the little green leaves, but the little girl did not notice it. Looking up beyond, she repeated, absorbed in determination:

"Dark passions subdue."

A boy whistled to her from across the street, but she did not hear him. She looked around with grave eyes. Near her was a half-built house, with a quantity of waste wood lying around it. Suddenly Jessie sprang toward it and began to gather a big bundle, as much as she could carry. She was obliged to lay her books down, and forgot them as she trudged away. "I'll take it to the Poor Woman across the bridge," she thought. The load grew very heavy, and her heart filled with solemn joy. "Dark passions subdue," she sang softly to herself.

The load grew heavier. The world was very sad. There was this Poor Woman. Then the deformed man. And all the bad people. "I must be cheerful, though," she thought. "She would be."

There was no one in sight at the Poor Woman's house. Jessie laid her bundle down at the door very softly, and then ran away as fast as she could, her shoes clattering on the loose board sidewalk as she ran. When she stopped, out of breath, the whole world was glowing in a golden mist. Nothing was quite clear before her eyes, not the flowers, nor the trees with their little leaves, not even the blue sky. She had never been so happy before. "Rosalie, Rosalie, Rosalie," she sang as she skipped along. Then, as she came near her home, a feeling of solemn responsibility came over her. "I'll make Tom learn that song, too," she said; and she repeated it, looking up at the sky:

"Dark passions subdue."

The days slipped past. The three girls had been intimate friends four weeks. Rosalie and Lilian studied their geography together; Jessie lived too far away. They knew each other's inmost souls, and were closely united by a common passion for the teacher. They invented a cipher, the explanation of which each kept hidden away in the most secret part of her desk. It worked beautifully, for each one was permitted to add a new sign whenever it seemed necessary. Then they would read the accumulated notes on the way from school, and laugh, and it made the other girls simply wild. They likewise gathered large thorns, and swore to prick their fingers and write all very important notes in their blood. These notes were to be kept forever. However, an insurmountable difficulty presented itself—the pricking hurt. So a bottle of red ink was substituted.

It was in black ink, however, that a note was written by the little girl one morning. The name was signed in blood, and a rose was thrust through the middle of the note. The contents were as follows:

"I can come and study geography this afternoon."

Rosalie read it, and passed it over to Lilian when Jessie did not see. They looked at each other a minute, without speaking, and then Rosalie wrote in answer:

"We aren't going to study this afternoon."

We plan and arrange for everything, and then nothing comes of it. Life is bitterly hard. Perhaps God means that we shall be very unhappy most of the time, so that we shall get to be good sooner.

But the next day Rosalie wrote a note in cipher saying that she could come over after school. That day the world took hands with Jessie, and danced with her along the way.

A week later she said again that she could come over and study geography. Lilian looked at Rosalie. "We don't study together any more," she said to Jessie. "Didn't you know?" In fact, it was arithmetic they studied together now.

The next day Rosalie stayed after school to help the teacher. "She's always doing something lovely," thought Jessie. She looked around for Lilian, but could not see her. She walked down the path very, very slowly, hoping Rosalie would catch up. Then she waited at the gate, but Rosalie did not come.

"She'll be very pale to-morrow," thought Jessie, lost in wistful admiration, as she at last turned away alone.

The next day they all walked home together, arm in arm; but the next, Lilian had to stay to arrange her books. Rosalie waited for her. "Don't you wait," she said to Jessie. "Two don't need to, and I will." The next day Rosalie forgot something, and went back to look for it. The

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other two waited for a while at the gate, then Lilian went back to look for Rosalie. Jessie waited longer, then she went to look, but there was no one in the building—not in the recitation-rooms—not in the cloak-rooms—not even behind the doors.

For a week after that they all walked home together, arm in arm, discussing "standings" and other little girls' hair, and deciphering letters, oblivious as ever of the intruding wayfarer. After that Rosalie stayed after school every day. At first Lilian did not wait. Then she did.

A sense of deep unworthiness deepened each day in Jessie as she went down the walk alone. "She was so lovely, I guess I forgot to be good." Through the tears in her eyes she saw Her before her in all her unapproachable perfection. The truly blue eyes, the braid with the little point, the thin legs—she had seen all these things from the first. But it was not until they became intimate friends that she had understood what She really was.

But it was almost more than human strength could bear, walking home alone. One day she waited behind the school until they had come out together. Then she ran across the fields and came up to Rosalie alone near her home. "Rosalie!" she called out. Rosalie did not seem to hear. "Rosalie!" Rosalie turned and waited for her.

"Don't you like me any more, Rosalie?" cried the little girl.

"We're tired of you always hanging round," said Rosalie.

The little girl turned back. She sobbed as she ran, "She might have told me so before! She might have told me so before!"

Whether it was three weeks or three years that now passed is a matter of slight importance. But it was a very, very long time. Sorrow ages a person, and she was quite changed. Sometimes she forgot all when she was reading or playing ball, but later she remembered again. At night she always remembered. One night she could not sleep. Every now and then she would get up and look out of the window to see if it was not morning, until at last about ten o'clock she cried herself to sleep.

But the last day of school came. The "standings" were read aloud. Rosalie stood first, Jessie second, and Lilian third in the grade. For a moment the world grew bright again. Then she saw Rosalie and Lilian sitting in the same seat, comparing "standings."

School was over and a very long time passed. One day Jessie was walking along the street when she heard some one running behind her. She turned and saw Rosalie. Rosalie had a bunch of flowers in her hand.

"Don't you want one?" she asked. Jessie took it, and they walked side by side. After a minute Jessie turned to Her. "Can you ever forgive me?" she asked in a whisper, her lips trembling.

Rosalie was deeply moved. She threw her arms around Jessie and kissed her. "Of course I can," she cried.

They walked on with their arms around each other's waists. Jessie did not speak. There are no words for such things. For she knew now that they were intimate friends forever. Forever and ever.

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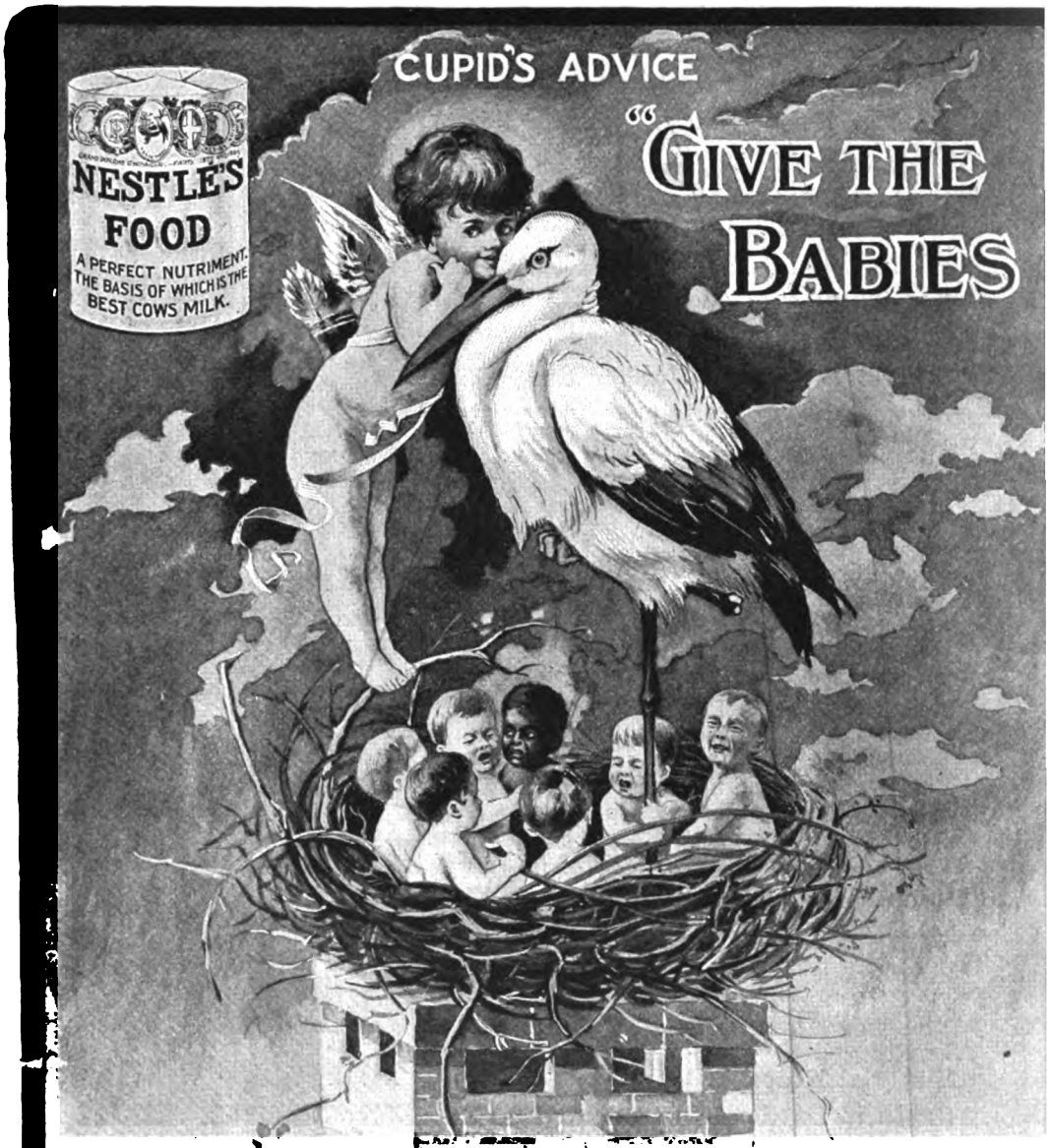

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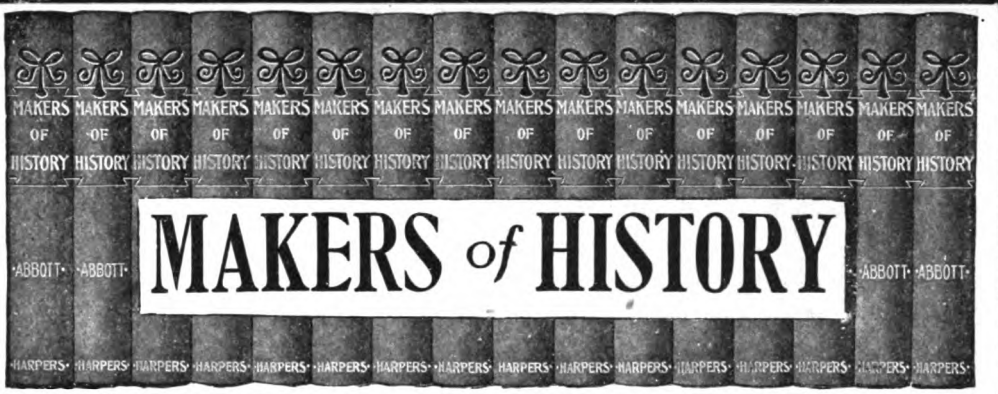

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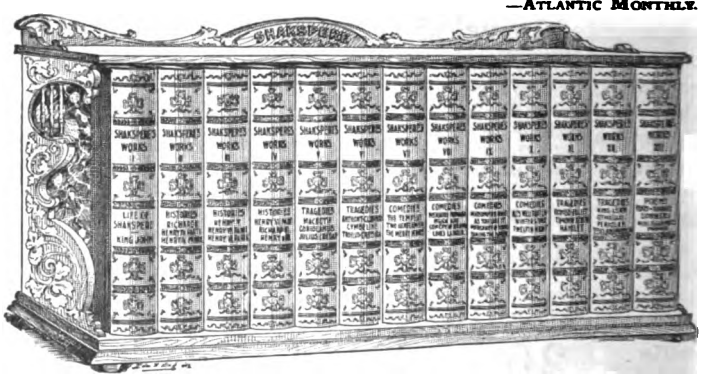

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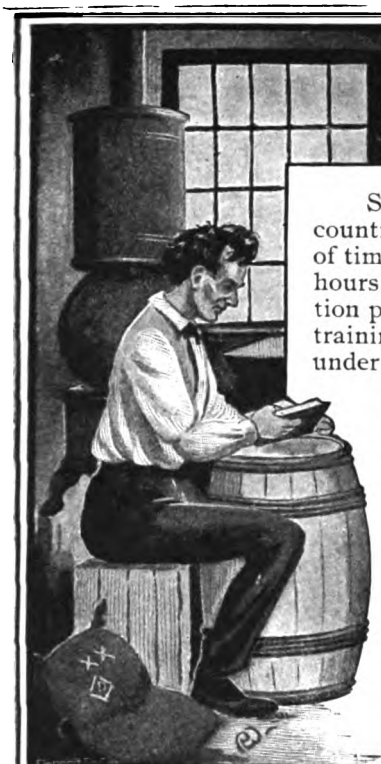

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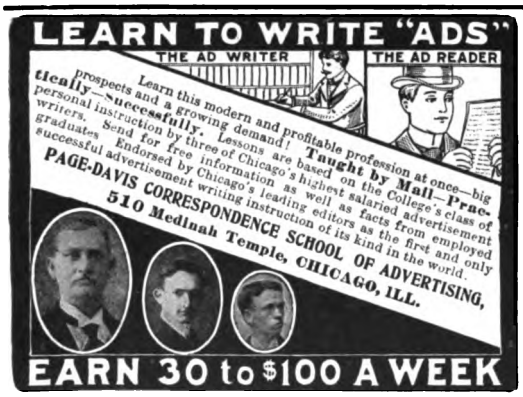

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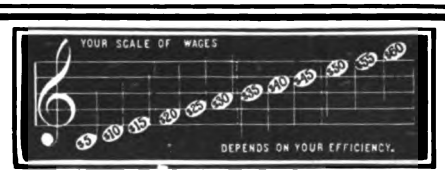

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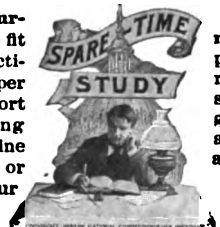

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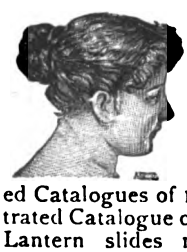

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Avoid Imitations

617

Out of sorts with Soap Powders - then your package does not look like this

Never a complaint of Pearline

Trade Mark Registered.

WILL develop or reduce any part of the body.

A Perfect Complexion Beautifier and Remover of Wrinkles.

Dr. JOHN WILSON GIBBS'
THE ONLY
Electric Massage Roller.
(Patented United States, Europe, Canada, Cuba, etc.)

"A new beautifier which is *warranted to produce* a perfect complexion, *removing wrinkles* and *all* facial blemishes. Will develop or reduce, as desired. A very pretty addition to the toilet-table."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"This delicate Electric Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. It is the *only positive remover* of wrinkles and crow's-feet. It never fails to perform all that is expected."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"The Electric Roller is certainly productive of good results. *I believe it the best of any appliances.* It is safe and effective."
—HARRIET HUBBARD AYER, *New York World.*

FOR MASSAGE AND CURATIVE PURPOSES.

An Electric Roller in all the term implies. **(Rollers magnetized or attached to batteries are not Electric Rollers.)** The invention of a physician and electrician known throughout this country and Europe. A most perfect complexion beautifier. Will remove wrinkles, "crow-feet" (premature or from age), and all facial blemishes—POSITIVE. Whenever electricity is to be used for massaging or curative purposes, it has no equal. *No charging. Will last forever.* Always ready for use on ALL PARTS OF THE BODY, for all diseases. For Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous and Circulatory Diseases, a specific. The professional standing of the inventor, with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. PRICE: GOLD, $4.00; SILVER, $3.00. By mail, or office of Gibbs' Company, **1370** BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Book free.

Positively, the Only Electric Massage Roller.
ALL OTHERS SO CALLED OR MAGNETIZED ARE FRAUDULENT.

"Can take a pound a day off a patient, *or put it on.*"—*New York Sun*, August 30, 1891. Send for lecture on "Great Subject of Fat," and Blank.

No Dieting. No Hard Work.

DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' OBESITY CURE

For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity.
Purely Vegetable. Harmless and Positive. **NO FAILURE.** Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, **$5.00.** Mail, or office, **1370 Broadway, New York.** REDUCTION GUARANTEED.
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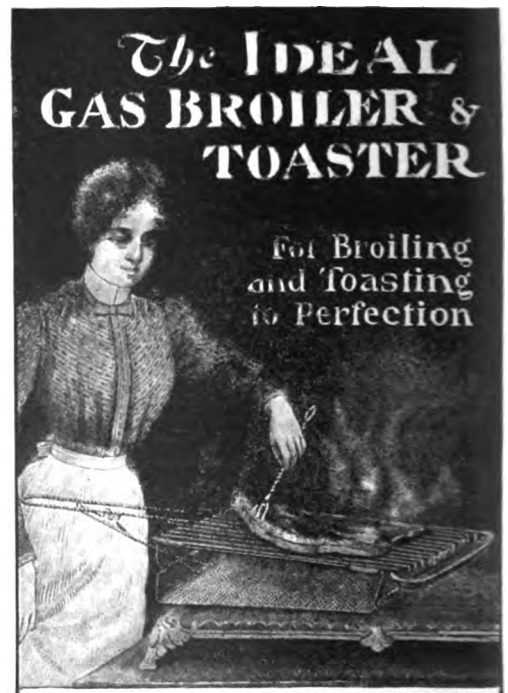

AT HARDWARE, HOUSEFURNISHING AND DEPARTMENT STORES
OR
THE GAS STOVE UTENSIL CO. 75 MURRAY ST. New York.

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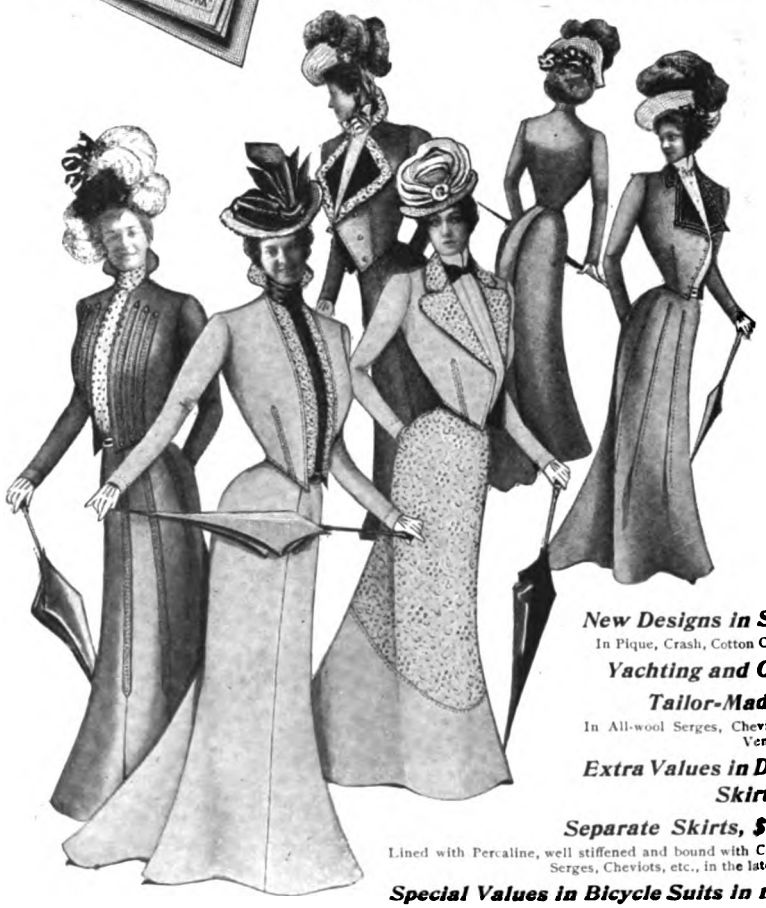
We have no agents or branch stores. All orders should be sent direct to us.

New Summer Suits, $5.

We have just received from abroad some entirely new styles in Suits and Skirts for summer wear. We have had these illustrated on a Supplement Sheet, which will be sent *free*, together with our Spring Catalogue and a choice collection of samples of suitings, to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost. We make every garment to order, thus insuring that perfection of fit and finish which is not to be found in ready-made goods.

We pay all express charges.



Our catalogue illustrates:

New Designs in Summer Suits, $4 up.
In Pique, Crash, Cotton Covert Cloths, Duck, Linens, etc.

Yachting and Outing Suits, $4 up.

Tailor-Made Suits, $5 up.
In All-wool Serges, Cheviots, Broadcloths, Covert Cloths, Venetians, etc.

Extra Values in Duck, Pique and Crash Skirts, $3 up.

Separate Skirts, $4 up.
Lined with Percaline, well stiffened and bound with Corduroy; made of All-wool Cloths, Serges, Cheviots, etc., in the latest effects.

Special Values in Bicycle Suits in newest fabrics, $5 up.

Separate Bicycle Skirts, $3.50 up.

Rainy-Day Suits and Skirts made of double-face materials.

Our line of samples includes the newest materials, many of them being exclusive novelties not shown elsewhere. We also have a special line of black goods and fabrics for second mourning. All orders filled with the greatest promptness; a suit or skirt can be made in three days when necessary.

Write to-day for Catalogue, Supplement and Samples; you will get them *free* by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY, 119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

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Healthy Food.

The cereal made of hard Spring wheat, noted for its health-giving, strength sustaining qualities, rich in gluten and phosphates, is

Pillsbury's Vitos

The ideal wheat food. All grocers sell Pillsbury's Vitos. Ask yours for book of Pillsbury's Recipes—Free.

Pillsbury-Washburn Flour Mills Co., Ltd., Minneapolis, Minn.

Makers of Pillsbury's Vitos and Pillsbury's Oats.

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Send for our FREE book

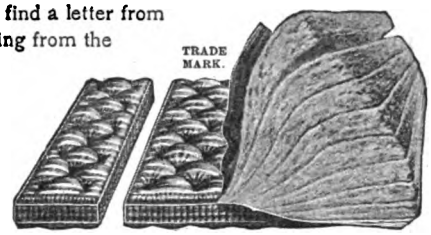
of 72 pages, "The Test of Time." In it you will probably find a letter from some neighbor or friend that is just as strong as the following from the

Rev. JOS. A. SEISS, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co., 1338 Spring Garden Street, Jan. 10, 1900.

SIRS:—I have had one of your Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses in constant use for twenty-eight years past—it is not in the least matted down, but is just as soft, clean and elastic as when new, although the ticking is very badly worn, so that I think re-covering is necessary.

I certainly would not have a mattress for personal use except the Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt, for there is not, to my knowledge, anything so satisfactory and enduring as your mattress possible to be obtained. Surely the sight of this twenty-eight year old mattress, and my remarkable experience, must convince doubters, if any are left. The Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, we furnished throughout with your mattresses, where they are proving just as satisfactory. Yours truly, JOS. A. SEISS.



The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15. Express Prepaid to your door.

is always "SENT ON SUSPICION," which means just this: SLEEP ON IT 30 NIGHTS and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked." There will be no unpleasantness about it at all.

Send for Our Book "THE TEST OF TIME," whether you need a mattress now or not. It will interest you to know about the *best* and *cheapest* mattress in the world.

3 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.	$ 8.35	ALL 6 FEET 3 INCHES LONG.
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10.00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.	11.70	
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35	
4 feet 6 inches wide, 45 lbs.	15.00	

Made in two parts, 50 cents extra.

Take Care! Don't Be Cheated! There is not a single store in the country that carries our mattress; almost every store now has an imitation so-called "felt," which is kept in stock to sell on our advertising. *Our name and guarantee on every mattress.* Can be bought only of

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 112 Elizabeth Street, New York.

We have cushioned 25,000 Churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."

A Goodform Closet Set

will make your closet look like this picture. Try it six months. Money back if you say so.

Men's Set. 12 garment yokes, 6 nickel-plated trousers hangers, 2 shelf bars and 1 loop.

Women's Set. 12 garment yokes, 12 skirt hangers, 2 shelf bars and 2 loops. See loop on door.

Sets $3.00 each—two in one shipment, $5.50, express paid.

Ours is the famous automatic nickel-plated trousers hanger. Sample, one, 30c.; four, $1.00; six and 1 loop, $1.50 delivered. Sold in first-class dry goods stores and by clothiers and furnishers. Booklet showing men's and women's sets free for the asking. Remit to us if not found in your city.

CHICAGO FORM CO., 83, 125 La Salle St., Chicago

Send no money to us if you are near any of the following Selling Agents:

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Hartford—Brown, Thomson & Co.
Providence—Callendar, McAuslan & Troup Co.
Brooklyn—Fred'k Loeser & Co.
New York City—Hamiltons, 23d and 6th Avenue.
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Jersey City—Wood & Menagh.
Washington, D. C.—E. H. Morsell.
Pittsburg—Jas. Phelan.
Detroit—Hunter & Hunter.
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Sandusky, O.—Harris & Schumacher.
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Indianapolis—Paul H. Krauss.
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HOOD'S TOOTH POWDER

"Everybody Says It is Excellent."

It thoroughly cleanses and whitens the teeth, has no unfavorable action on their substance and does not irritate nor inflame the tissues of the mouth. It hardens and reddens the gums, neutralizes all acid secretions and sweetens the breath.

Large Bottle, 25c.

Mammoth Size, Three times as much, **50c.**

C. I. Hood & Co. Lowell, Mass.

Free Sample.

HOOD'S Medicated SOAP

The Best For Everybody's Skin.

Cleanses, disinfects, heals, makes and keeps the skin pure and healthy; beautifies and preserves the complexion; lathers easily and abundantly, has a delicate fragrance, and is without an equal for the nursery, toilet, bath, and shaving.

Trial size, 10c.
Full size, 25c.
Free Sample.

C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

JUST ONE SUPPORTER

That makes the waist round

Curves it in at the back and permanently reduces the abdomen

3 Grades

Wide Web black or white **60c**

Wide web fancy frilled, black, white, cardinal, blue or pink..... **75c**

Heavy Silk Web large pad if desired **$1.25**

Made of satin with four bands of best lisle or silk elastic

To GET and KEEP a PERFECT FIGURE you ***must wear*** the Combined Belt and Front Pad

Foster Hose Supporter

(Patented Dec. 5, 1899)

See that the name ***FOSTER*** *is on every pair.*

First-class Dealers sell them; if not, write us. When ordering be sure and give your **height** and **waist** measure.

THE FOSTER HOSE SUPPORTER COMPANY,
3999 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Rich's Patent "JULIA MARLOWE" SHOES

Proclaimed by Thousands of Wearers the Most Perfect Fitting Ladies' Footwear ever produced.

THE PANEL OF ELASTIC GORING

in both Shoes and Oxfords causes them to

FIT EITHER HIGH OR LOW INSTEP PERFECTLY

and to yield to every action of the foot.

They are made of the **Choicest Kid,** in Black or Tan, in all sizes, in all the latest shapes of toe, and all widths from A to EE.

McKay Sewed Lace Boot, $3.25; Oxfords, $2.25
Hand Turned Lace Boot, $3.50; Oxfords, $2.50

All Kid or with Fancy Vesting Tops at same price.
Sent Express Prepaid upon receipt of price and 25 cents.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

THE RICH SHOE CO.
Dept. L. **Milwaukee, Wis**

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THE VOCALION IS DISTINCTIVE IN THE EXQUISITE QUALITY OF ITS TONE

ORGANS built on the Vocalion system are pre-eminently fitted for church services. They have a full, rich diapason tone and a peculiar delicacy in the string registers which make them of inestimable value as an accompaniment to the human voice.

STYLE 22. PRICE, $1,200.
Other styles from $275 to $3,000.

THE VOCALION ORGAN COMPANY
18 West Twenty-third Street, New York City
Fleming & Carnrick Press, New York

ITS METHOD OF TONE-PRODUCTION IS RADICALLY DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS

We wish to call the attention of all church societies contemplating the purchase of an organ to our Style 22.

Organs will be shipped on approval to intending purchasers who are unable to call at our warerooms. Details upon request. Write for Catalogue A.

The distinctive features of the Vocalion are:

Tonal superiority;
Compactness of form in proportion to capacity;
Variety of registration; and
Price.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Says: "I take great pleasure in recommending the Lewis Union Suits for women in all stations. Dress has so much to do with health. Nothing could be more beautiful and desirable than the various materials of which the

LEWIS UNION SUITS

are Knitted. Verily they are a dream of beauty, and every one should try them for the coming summer."—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

A Prominent Officer Writes: "I have worn Lewis Union Suits for years with every satisfaction in style, material and fit, and my wife says she 'cannot get along without them —she is now testing them in the Tropics. A summer campaign in Cuba convinced me there are none so good as your SILTRINE UNION SUITS."

"Send sample fabrics so that I may order for spring."—U. S. CONSUL, MEXICO.

These testimonials prove that for **Summer Wear Siltrine Union Suits** are the highest grade of knit-to-fit perfection, unsurpassed for coolness and comfort. For their perfection, finish, comfort, fit and durability in wear considered, although they are the best goods on the market they are absolutely the cheapest in the end. Ask your dealer for these Suits. Don't accept a substitute, but send 2-cent stamp for new illustrated (from life) catalogue, sample fabrics—linen, silk, siltrine, lisle, Balbriggan and wool—and testimonials that prove all our claims.

LEWIS KNITTING COMPANY, 204 Main Street, Janesville, Wis.

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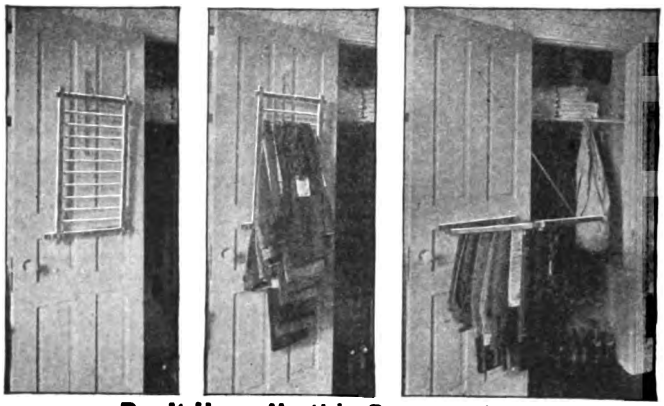
"OUT OF SIGHT" TROUSERS RACK



Saves Time, Saves Trouble, Saves Space, Saves Trousers and Saves Profanity

A handy device to attach to your closet or bed-room door, keeping your trousers in proper shape and in small space. Simple to put up—easy to operate. Handsomely finished in hard wood, all metal parts of brass. Does not mark or stretch the material. Saves pressing, saves time, saves trouble. Holds from one to ten pairs of trousers, and each pair readily get-at-able. Hangs all your neckties too. Indispensable when you once get it. Comes apart and goes in your trunk ready to use anywhere.

Don't Hang Up this Opportunity but Hang Your Trousers on it

Price $2.50 delivered, all charges prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Buy a rack and give it 10 days trial. If not satisfactory, money promptly returned. Send for illustrated booklet.

THE O. O. S. COMPANY, Dept. C, 914 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chid Cuffs

The latest idea—a *linen* cuff that fits well, looks well, wears well. Does not crack or fray, sets perfectly. Keeps the sleeve in shape. The correct cuff for all occasions. Sent direct prepaid on receipt of price, 25 cts. per pair, $3.00 per dozen. Address

Chid Cuff Company,
912 Lippincott Building,
Philadelphia.

IS YOUR INSTEP LOW?

GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS

"Worn inside the shoe,"

Arch the Instep. Increase Height, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Remove Jar in Walking. Indorsed by physicians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. ½ in., 25c.; ¾ in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and department stores.

READ. Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on ten days' trial. **GILBERT MFG. CO., 63 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.**

HARDY

Rhododendrons, Azaleas, Roses, Evergreens, Shrubs, Japanese Maples, Shade Trees. Planting plans, estimates and suggestions furnished.

HIRAM T. JONES, Union County Nurseries, Elizabeth, N. J.

New Buggy $26

Two **enormous factories** producing buggies by automatic machinery, from materials bought for cash. We sell direct and ***SAVE DEALERS PROFITS.*** Can't stop running factories. Enormous sacrifices on overstocked lines. Write immediately for special offer.

UNION BUGGY COMPANY, 32-44 Saginaw Street, PONTIAC, MICH.

FAY STOCKINGS

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

No supporters. Up to stay. Button to waist. Have no equal for health, durability or comfort. Ideal stocking for *summer* or *winter*. Two separate parts. Children's, 25 cts. to 45 cts. Ladies', 55 cts. to 65 cts. If not kept by your dealer, sent on approval, *post-paid*, on receipt of price. Circulars free, *Try them.*

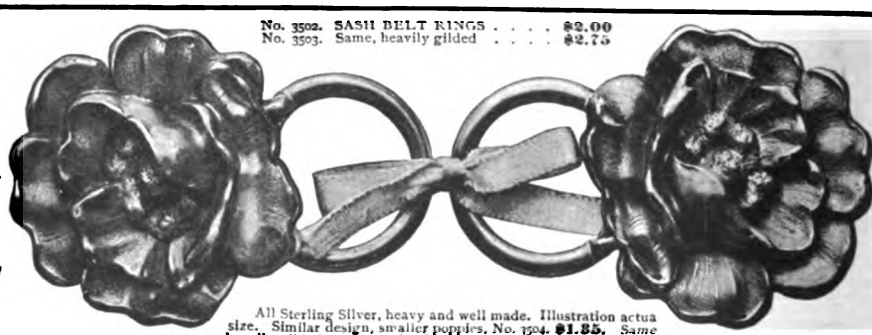
THE FAY STOCKING CO., 56 B St., Elyria, O.

Write for our

Spring Supplement

showing the latest Belt Clasps and Rings, and how they are to be worn; also other novelties and some suggestions for

Wedding Gifts in Sterling Silver.



No. 3502. SASH BELT RINGS $2.00
No. 3503. Same, heavily gilded $2.75

All Sterling Silver, heavy and well made. Illustration actual size. Similar design, smaller popples, No. 3504. $1.35. Same heavily gilded, No. 3505, $1.75. These rings are for mounting on a sash belt about 3 inches shorter than the waist measure. Pieces of 2¼ in. ribbon, sewed on each end, pass through the opposite ring and tie in a bow knot, taking the place of a clasp.

DANIEL LOW & CO.,

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Don't Tear Napkins

By fastening them with pins. Neither tuck them in the child's neck to make him uncomfortable and to fall constantly in his plate. Fasten them securely with the

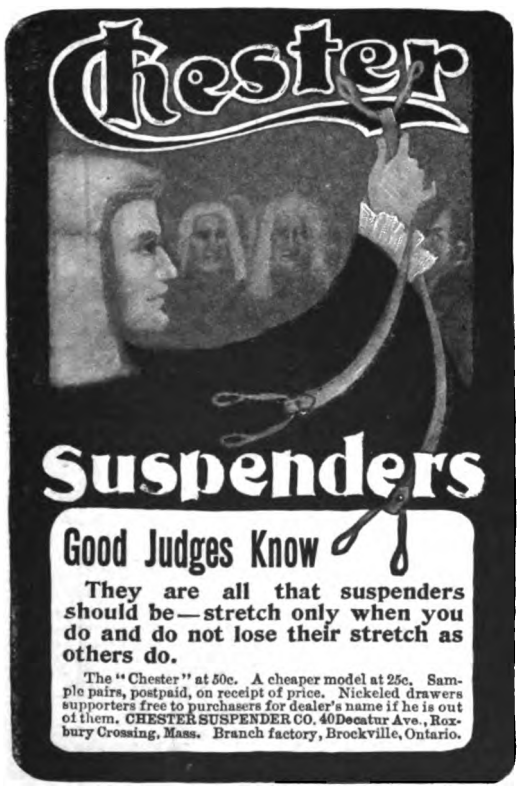
NAPKIN HOLDER

Made with the Washburne's Improved Patent Fasteners. Holds with a firm grip. Instantly released by lifting the little lever. Made with a silk cord two inches long. It is easy to substitute a longer cord or an elastic if desired.

BY MAIL, 20c.

Illustrated booklet of the Washburne attachments, free on request.

THE AMERICAN RING CO.,
Box K, Waterbury, Conn.



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YOU will not get "hot under the collar" if you wear Lion Brand goods this Summer. Their perfect unity of pattern makes them set easily, increases their stylish appearance, and prevents that binding which first causes warmth, and then mops up the perspiration, wilting collars, cuffs and shirts alike. A wide variety of design and style affords satisfaction for every fancy.

Two collars or two cuffs cost 25 cents. It doesn't pay to pay more.

Shirts cost $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, according to the kind you want.

Ask your furnisher.

UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO., MAKERS

TROY, N. Y.

THE FORSYTHE WAIST

Do you know that New York is the *centre* of Fashions for the United States, and that we are the only house in America manufacturing Waists exclusively for our customers, with agents seeking novelties in every part of the world? This is why the

FORSYTHE WAIST

is the correct thing. Our Mail Order Department brings our waists directly to ladies in the remotest parts of the country.

This illustrates Style No. 5, made from genuine Scotch Madras in over 2,000 patterns. **Price $3.50.** All sizes in stock from 32 to 42.

The assortment of other materials is almost unlimited.

Applications for samples, inquiries regarding styles, and orders will receive most prompt and considerate attention. Address Dept. A.

JOHN FORSYTHE, Shirt Waist Maker

865 Broadway, New York.

AN ACCOMPLISHED ARTIST AT SIX.

With the "Angelus" Piano Player a child that has never before seen a piano can render the most difficult compositions, in a manner possible only to the most accomplished and practical pianist.

The ANGELUS

PIANO PLAYER

It Plays any Piano. ::: Any one can play it.

The "Angelus Orchestral" is the original Cabinet Piano Player. It will do more than any other piano player made. With it you can produce any of these five effects: 1. Piano Solo; 2. Organ Solo; 3. Piano and Violin Duet; 4. Piano and Flute Duet; 5. Piano, Voice and Flute Trio. Price of "Angelus," **$225.** Angelus Orchestral, **$250.**

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BUYING FROM KRAMER'S SAMPLES

Saves $8 to $20

ON YOUR SUIT.

If you wish to be correctly dressed in every particular—Style, Cloth, Lining, Workmanship—in fact, everything that pertains to a perfect suit at

NO MORE EXPENSE

than if you wore ready-made clothes, send for

KRAMER'S SAMPLES OF

$12 Suits

ALL WOOL GOODS

actually cut, trimmed and made to your order in any style. Fit guaranteed. *We do not handle ready-made clothes, custom-made clothes, tailor-made clothes*, as many houses advertise, but **ACTUALLY MAKE** each individual garment according to your measure.

All our garments are strictly Merchant Tailor Made. **Others are satisfied**, so why not make use of our 23 years' experience and have your clothes made by us.

Trousers $3.75 and up.
Suits $12 and up.
Full Dress Suits $25 and up.
Overcoats $12 and up.

All garments sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination and trying on before you pay for them.

WE are the only exclusive merchant tailors in America that **prepay express charges.**

New Spring and Summer booklet with **Five Reasons Why** we sell our Suits below others, with samples, fashion plate and tape measure **Free.**

KRAMER & CO. Adams Ex. Bldg., Dept. I, CHICAGO

We also desire a responsible local representative in every City or Town where we are not already represented.

The Best Shirt On Earth

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM, TAKE NO OTHERS

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WAREROOMS
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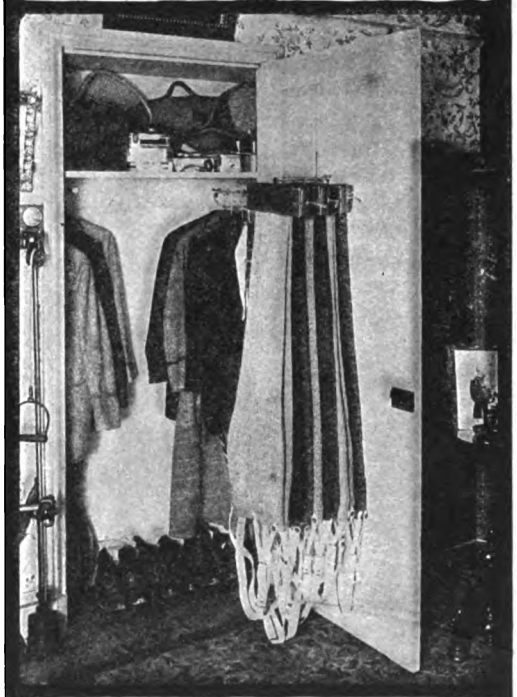
THE "PRACTICAL"
TROUSERS HANGER AND PRESS.

is indispensable to every man whether he have few or many clothes. It keeps trousers **"smooth as if ironed"**—renders every garment separately **"get-at-able"** and **doubles** closet **capacity.**

It is an absolutely perfect device in design, finish and construction. It is as much in advance of all other articles intended for the same purpose as the modern railroad train is ahead of the old-time stage coach.

It has been on the market **over seven years,** during which time it has satisfied the most exacting.



OUR 100 PAGE illustrated descriptive book (free on request) contains the endorsements of our device by more than **3000 well-known gentlemen,** every one of whom is using at least one of our **$5.00 sets.**

The Five-Dollar Set, which consists of 6 "Practical" Trousers Hangers and 3 "Practical" Closet Rods, is sent express prepaid on receipt of price. The closet shown is fitted with a $5.00 set. It meets the average requirements. For $1.00 we will send prepaid one hanger and one rod and afterward when wanted the remainder of the $5.00 set for $4.00. Single hangers, 75 cts.; single rods, 25 cts.

GUARANTEE OFFER. **Use our device for sixty days; if it isn't all you expected or hoped for, return it at our expense; and we will immediately refund the full purchase price.**

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO.
435 WALNUT ST. PHILA, PA.

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The Regal

SOMERSET.

Photographed from Russet King Calf Shoe (lace Style).

Russet King Calf, lace -	Single Soles
Black King Kid, lace -	Single Soles
Patent Calf, lace - -	Single Soles
Patent Calf, congress (black cloth tops, plain toe) - -	Single Soles
Russet King Calf, Oxford -	Single Soles
Patent Calf, Oxford - -	Single Soles

The Somerset is especially designed for those who cannot or do not wish to wear the curved, foot-form shoe.

Price $3.50 per pair.

Delivered, carriage charges prepaid, to any address in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Germany upon receipt of $3.75 per pair. Also to any point within the limits of the Parcels Postal Service.

The Regal Shoes are the most sensible shoes to wear. They are not all made on one last.

There are 147 different shapes and 121 different sizes.

You get a shoe that fits your foot, not the maker's idea of what your foot ought to be like.

For this reason Regal Shoes are perfectly comfortable shoes and insure strong, healthy feet.

They are just as handsome, and distinctive, and durable, and in every way satisfactory as any shoe you can buy anywhere at any price.

They cost but $3.50 because the Regal system eliminates all middlemen and brings the shoes direct from the tannery to the consumer with only one small profit added.

If a Regal store is not convenient to you we can fit you to your perfect satisfaction by mail, or your money refunded.

SEND POSTAL FOR CATALOGUE T, and BOOKLET ON "THE CARE OF SHOES."

L. C. BLISS & CO.,

Mail Order Department,
109 Summer St., BOSTON, MASS.

Western Branch, Mail Order Department,
103 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

STORES.—Boston, 109 Summer St.; Providence, 220 Westminster St.; New York, 115 Nassau St., 1347 Broadway, 291 Broadway; Brooklyn, 357 Fulton St., 111 Broadway; Baltimore, 219 East Baltimore St.; Philadelphia, 1218 Market St., 8th and Chestnut Sts.; Washington, D. C., 1003 Penn Ave.; Pittsburg, 309 Fifth Ave.; Buffalo, 362 Main St.; Cincinnati, 13-15 Fountain Sq.; St. Louis, 618 Olive St.; Chicago, 103 Dearborn St., 215 Dearborn St.; Detroit, 122 Woodward Ave.; Cleveland, 17 Euclid Ave.; Denver, 423 Sixteenth St.; Albany, N. Y., 34 Maiden Lane; Atlanta, Ga., 6 Whitehall St.; Milwaukee, Wis., 212 Grand Ave. Factory, Whitman, Mass.

Regal Dressing is the finest leather preservative and beautifier that it is possible to make. Of course it is to our interest to furnish only a dressing of the highest possible character and to make Regal Shoes last longer and look better than other shoes. Regal Dressing is made of pure, refined oils which will give you better satisfaction than any other dressing you can find. Our Traveler's Package will be sent by mail, postpaid, or with Regal Shoes, upon receipt of 15 cents. Large size, 30 cents.

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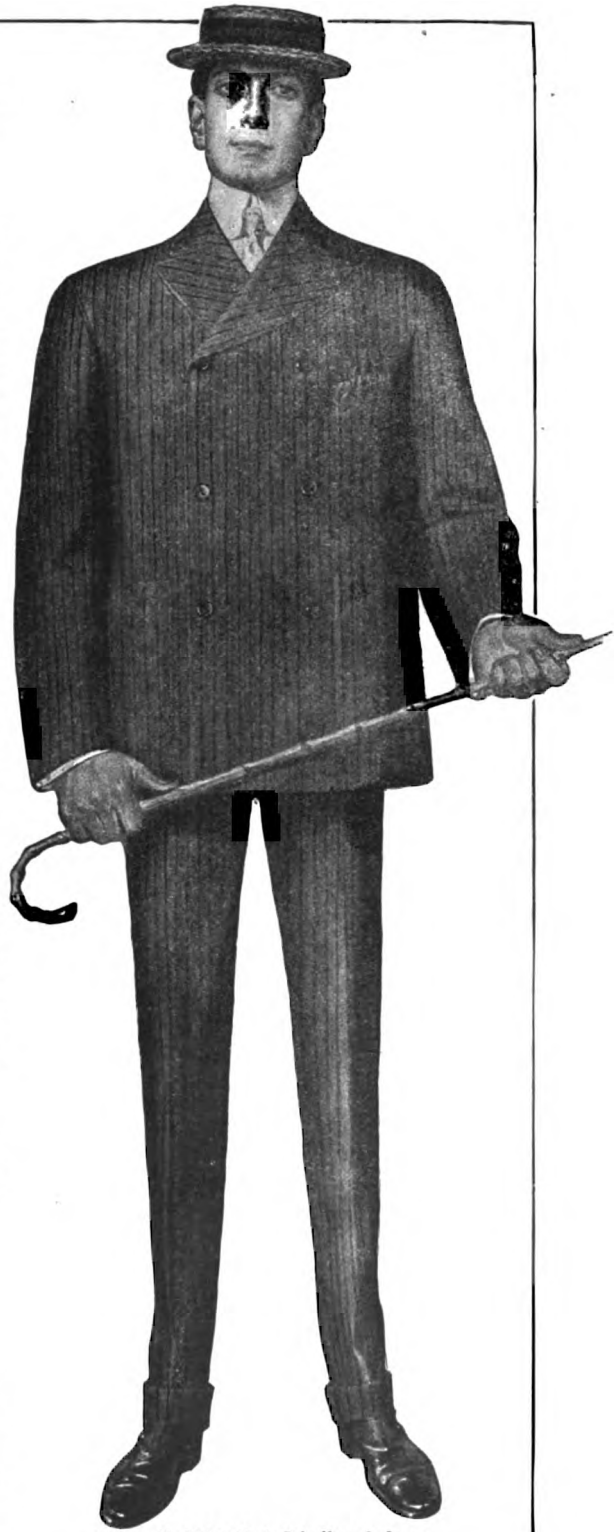
Nobby Suits For Summer

AT the seashore, in the train, aboard the Trans-Atlantic steamers, at the summer resorts, you will see dressy men wearing Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits. For traveling and outing wear our nobby sack suits have three qualities that make them immensely popular: They are stylish, they are durable, they are inexpensive. Try one of our light-weight suits this summer "just to knock about in," and you will be so well satisfied with the H. S. & M. idea you'll want one of our business suits for fall. We wish to remind you again that our clothes are unlike any other ready-to-wear goods you have ever seen or tried. They fit, keep their shape, look better and wear longer, because they are intelligently cut and tailored. They have a smartness and style your merchant tailor strives for in vain. Whatever your requirements you can get an H. S. & M. suit to please your taste at a price to fit your pocket-book. We make all the correct things:—Sacks, Cutaways, Double-breasted Frocks, Topcoats, Raglans, English Walking Coats, etc. Prices, $15 to $30. Style Book "D" tells all about them. The illustration here is not a "fashion-plate" but the portrait of a man wearing one of our suits. It is taken from life.



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OTHER STYLES IN THE OTHER MAGAZINES THIS MONTH

Business suits, Fancy Worsted, Cassimere and Cheviot, neat stripes, checks, plaids and mixtures, plain blue, black or dark gray goods, cut in regular sack or the new "Military" style, **15, 18, 20 to $25**

Sack suits for traveling, outing and warm-weather wear; fancy stripe flannels, blue Serges and Worsteds; coat and trousers to wear with negligee shirt and belt. Some of the trousers have "cuffs" to roll up at bottom, . . **$15 to $25**

GET YOUR SIZE

Ask your clothier for Hart, Schaffner & Marx Tailor-made Clothes. If he cannot supply you write at once to us. You may know our goods by this trade-mark sewed

inside the collar of the coat. Glad to send you our new Style-Book "D," free of charge. Every man should have it.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx

CHICAGO

Largest Makers in the World of Fine Clothing for Men

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Ask for it.

THE

ULTRA

SHOE

for women $3.50

NO matter how many shoes you have, it is economy to buy a pair of **Ultra Shoes.** It will make all the others wear better, used alternately, and when by comparison you have proved the superior comfort and perfection of the **Ultra Shoe** you will see the economy of using it altogether.

Our earnest offorts to make a better shoe than has been offered you before, do *you* no good unless you ask for it, buy it and wear it. Our guarantee protects you.

This dainty Oxford is a Summer suggestion that has a variety of attractive companions - in our free catalogue

Oxfords, - - $3.00
Boots, - - 3.50

Moore-Shafer Shoe Mfg. Co.
195 Main St., Brockport, N. Y.

Stop Pounding

on hard leather—wasting energy—jarring the system. Get a couple of soft spots under your heels. This making the paths of life uncomfortable is not only unwise, but unnecessary when

O'Sullivan's "EASY WALKING HEELS"

can be attached to the shoes you are now wearing by any dealer for a trifle. But it is jumping from the frying pan into the fire to accept a substitute for O'Sullivan's. Insist on having *virgin* rubber if you have to send to Lowell for it. It costs you no more —35c and a trifle for attaching.

O'Sullivan Rubber Co.
Lowell, Mass.

BEST & CO

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Russian Blouse Suit

Made of light blue serge, with sailor collar—white shield, hand embroidered with light blue and white, and lanyard covered with rows of white silk soutache braid. To be worn with white kid or black patent leather belt. Sizes 6 to 8 years.

$8.50.

This handsome little suit is an example of the good results obtained from the work of specialists. Tailors who make boys' clothing only are more likely to make it right. This principle applies to every department of the Children's Store.

Catalogue with

Over 1,000 Illustrations

of everything for boys, girls and babies, from hats to shoes, sent for 4c. postage.

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PIN REQUISITES

That it shall penetrate easily and smoothly.

That it shall not bury its head in the cloth.

That it shall not bend.

THE SOVRAN PIN

MEETS THESE REQUIREMENTS FULLY, BECAUSE:

It has a long, smooth, oval point.

It has a large, deep, convex head, and is easily withdrawn.

It is made of wire from a special formula, giving it great stiffness with the necessary flexibility.

FREE SAMPLES. Send us 2c. to pay postage, and we will furnish a sample card of these pins, and ask that in the above requisites of a perfect pin they be compared with the pins you are now using.

OAKVILLE COMPANY, Waterbury, Conn.

GUARANTY COUPON

THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER is Guaranteed to the dealer and user against imperfections Look for the Name on every loop.

This Yellow Coupon is on every pair.

NEVER SLIPS OR TEARS.

THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

No stitching in the elastic.

Sample pair by mail, 25c. Catalog free.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON EVERY LOOP

They gracefully round the over slender figure.

They conceal the too pronounced curves of the stouter form.

Braided Wire

BUSTLES and FORMS

can't be detected. Are dainty and cool. **Braided Wire Hair Rolls** are always fresh and clean. Match any hair.

Sold in all stores. Insist on having "**Braided Wire.**" If you don't find them, we will send, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Write for our booklet, "Hidden Helps."

The Weston & Wells Mfg. Co., 1112 Noble St., Philadelphia

"LINENE" COLLARS and CUFFS

(Reg. Trade Mark)

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY

Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth and finished alike on both sides. The turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK

When soiled on both sides, discard. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c.; *by mail, 30c.*** Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar and pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. 10, Boston

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HOOKON HOSE SUPPORTER

Holds the Stockings Up

Holds the Corset Down

Does away with Safety Pins

Being hooked on the lowest corset clasp it keeps the corset down and close to the body, preventing the point of the corset from protruding, **thereby greatly reducing the prominence of the abdomen.**

The **HOOKON** cannot become unfastened; always comfortable, no matter what position the wearer may assume. Made of best materials, and will wear longer than other hose supporters. For sale at leading stores.

Send 50 cents for sample pair—silk
Send 25 cents for sample pair—cotton

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FOR BINDING DRESSES THERE IS NOTHING EQUAL TO A GOOD BRAID.

GOFF'S BRAIDS are the BEST MADE

ASK FOR AND INSIST ON HAVING

GOFF'S TRADE MARK *Angora* BRAID

D. GOFF & SONS, Pawtucket, R. I.

THE OMO is the only perfect Dress Shield

Odorless.
Impervious.
No Chemicals.
No Rubber.
Washable.
Every Pair Warranted.

Recommended for their hygienic qualities by Journals of Health.

If your dealer does not keep them, send 25 cents for sample pair to

OMO MFG. CO.
Middletown, Conn.

SILK LINED JACKET

Tailor Made Suit $5.98

Latest Style for Spring and Summer of 1900.

FINE ALL WOOL The suit will be made to measure by skilled tailors from Evans' best all wool **ALBERT CLOTH,** famous for its rich bloom and beautiful weave. The Jacket is made in new single breasted style, beautifully lined with fine imported silk, elegantly silk faced and superbly trimmed with pure satin ribbon. The skirt is cut full width, is lined and interlined, has latest style flare, nobby welted seams, hangs graceful and stylish. Guaranteed strictly tailor made and worth fully $10.00. Choice of black and blue colors.

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LADIES' SUITS FREE We give suits away free and furnish a suit to wear while you are earning one. It's a great chance to get a suit free. Send one 2c. stamp to help pay mailing charges for complete outfit with which you can easily earn a suit. Write today.

THE C. LOUIS VEHON CO.,
155 W. Jackson Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Make Your Own Shirt Waists

Buy your Exclusive Patterns in Madras and Cheviot Fabrics.

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Send 8c in stamps for our line of samples. Refs.: Bradstreet or Dun.

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The Stallman Dresser Trunk is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

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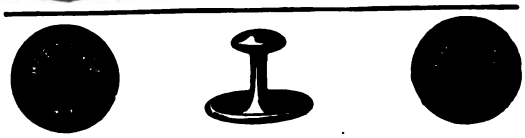

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ONE PIECE COLLAR BUTTON

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Style and Quality Guaranteed.

By our coupon system a $10 garment can be secured for

Only 35 Cents.

Remit us $2.10 for book of 5 coupons, each of which you sell to friends at 35 cents each ($1.75), and receive skirt or shirt waist, as preferred. Also

$7 Taffeta Silk Skirt for Children From 5 to 12 for **25c.**

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Toile-du-Nord Gingham

Shirt Waist

$1.00 Postpaid.

Very stylish, fancy special stripes; blue, red, heliotrope and black. Fast colors. Will launder beautifully. Exceptional value for $1.00. Postpaid. Guaranteed as represented or your money back. Samples and illustrated Spring Fashion Catalogue of goods for women's wear FREE.

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Slickest Thing on Earth.

The "Mascot" Cuff-Holder enables you to wear your round cuffs as *reversible* link cuffs.

Can be used on ANY Cuff. Sure to please you. Pair post paid for 15 cents.

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All Wool Sorge Suit

$4.95 MAN'S SUIT MADE FROM PARKERS BEST BLUE SERGE CHEVIOT

famous for its perfect weave and rich dark blue color. Its fine all wool, medium weight, and will positively not fade. Guaranteed equal to others $10.00 suits.

EXPERT TAILORS each style, to fit perfect, line it with fine super gloss farmer satin, pad and stiffen it so it will always retain its perfect shape and sew with pure silk and linen thread.

SEND THIS ADV. to us and we'll send free a large cloth sample of the blue serge cheviot suit and our big book containing 50 fine cloth samples of other made to order suits from $5.95 to $20.00. We make all grades and styles of suits to order in our own mammoth tailor shops and sell to consumers at lowest wholesale factory prices. Write today.

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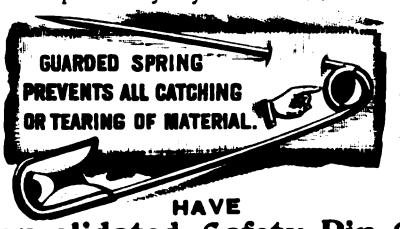
Fasten from either side but do not slip through. Effective guard. Imitated but not duplicated by any other maker.



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HAVE

"Consolidated Safety Pin Co."

ON EVERY CARD

None genuine without our name on card.

If dealers cannot supply you, send 3 two-cent stamps for sample of 12 assorted sizes.

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.
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Also makers of Holdfast Hairpins

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Pat. April, '98, others pending

The New and Improved **Irwin Bath Cabinets** Turkish Thermal or Vapor

contain all the best features of all the other cabinets with several entirely new ones fully protected by patents, making them the "only perfect Bath Cabinets." They are absolutely the only Cabinets *automatically* constructed so that you can supply yourself with drinking water and mop or sponge your face without assistance. They are self-purifying, the noxious gases from pores being promptly removed and replaced by fresh heat, carrying its full quota of oxygen, which equalizes and stimulates its effect. Better results at lower temperature and without oppression. Latest improved heating apparatus.

Turkish Baths and all kinds of Medicated and Perfumed Vapor Baths at home at a cost of only 3 cents per bath. Will break up a Cold or the Grip immediately, and cure or relieve most any disease.

The Most Complete Line of Bath Cabinets in the World.

Newest Designs, Latest Improvements and Patents. We make Cabinets from **$3.50** to **$12.50.**

Be sure to send for our catalogue before buying a Bath Cabinet if you want to have the best.

SPECIAL PRICES WHERE WE HAVE NO REPRESENTATIVE. We give better value for same money than any one. Beware of catch-penny methods and misleading offers. Book "Health and Beauty" free

AGENTS WANTED: one sold 1,000 in four months.

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FOR **GOUT & RHEUMATISM**

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. **50c. & $1**

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A Powder for the Feet.

Shake Into Your Shoes

"Oh, What Rest and Comfort!"

Allen's Foot-Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. **Do not accept an imitation.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

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helps you breathe, cleans the throat and lungs, is healing and soothing. Especially valuable in Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Head Colds, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Grippe, Consumption.

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The Steuben Sanitarium

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Charming location.

Buildings modern and complete.

Unsurpassed for thoroughness of equipment.

Highest medical skill.

Every form of bath and electricity.

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THE MAGNETIC HEALING CUP

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This Cup is a thoroughly scientific discovery. It heals every ill like magic and cures all forms of disease without the use of drugs by directly increasing the vital healing force and restoring to their normal state all functions of the body. It has resulted in marvelous cures in thousands of cases of **RHEUMATISM, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, INSOMNIA, HEADACHE, LIVER and KIDNEY TROUBLE,** and all other forms of disease.

The ***Magnetic Healing Cup*** is the wonder of all who have investigated its merits and have seen the cures performed by its use. The testimony of those who have been cured is the best evidence of its merits. Each cup will last a year and can then be recharged. It is absolutely harmless—a child can use it—and it will not interfere, but rather assist in any other treatment you may be using.

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Agents wanted everywhere. Write for particulars.

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Beautifies the Complexion

The only natural and perfect skin purifier, preservative and beautifier is

CASSANDRA CREAM

It removes pimples, wrinkles and other disfigurements, and makes the skin strong but velvety.

It is a natural skin food and builds up and fortifies the skin as well as making it smooth and beautiful.

The well known writer, Evelyn Hunt, in a book called "Womanly Beauty" (regular price 50c), tells women how to acquire and retain a lovely face and figure.

If you have not read this book you ought to.

We will send you a copy free, together with a trial size box of Cassandra Cream and a trial cake of Cassandra Soap, on receipt of ten cents.

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Millions of Women

Use CUTICURA SOAP exclusively for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and healing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, and for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. No other *medicated* soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic *toilet* soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and BEST baby soap in the world.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the Skin," free.

SKIN HUMORS Instantly relieved and speedily cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES, THE SET, $1.25.

$3.00 FOR THE *Fox* SHAVING OUTFIT $3.00

Contains our own make, full concaved **FOX RAZOR** (state if you wish narrow, medium or wide blade, square or rounded point), a genuine Horsehide and linen web double swing Strop, a collapsing Badger-hair lather brush, shaving stick, astringent pencil, Cosmetic, Magnesia and Aluminum Comb. **Every Article A No. 1 and fully warranted.** Put up in plush lined leather covered case. Sent prepaid on receipt of $3.00; or on receipt of 50 cts., balance C.O.D., **with privilege of examination.** We made Fox Razors for over 25 years and **guarantee to please you.**

We grind, hone and repair Razors. Write us.

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Address orders and repair work to 928 Main St., *Dubuque, Iowa.*

can be enlarged 1 inch and strengthened 50 per cent in one month by using the Hercules Graduated Gymnastic Club and Strength Tester 5 minutes each day. It will develop and strengthen the arms, chest, back and waist in less than one-half the time required by any other apparatus known. The busiest man can become strong and healthy by its use. *Write for descriptive pamphlet and price-list to*

HERCULES, BOX 3559 A BOSTON, MASS.

OPENS THE PORES

READY FOR USE.

This is the secret of the wonderful curative power of the **Buckeye Folding Bath Cabinet.** All the beneficial effects of Turkish, Vapor and Medicated Baths may be had at home at a trifling cost. Properly taken, every pore is opened and the medicated vapors are naturally absorbed, strengthening the entire body. **The Buckeye Bath Cabinet** is manufactured at our own factory under personal supervision. The cabinet is **supplied with a door and an opening for the arm,** convenient for bathers in removing perspiration from the face or otherwise adding to their comfort. It is absolutely germ proof and needs no care and is light and simple in construction. We sell on approval to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Price $5.00, including **Alcohol Safety Stove and Recipes** for all kinds of medicated baths. **LADIES** should have our **Complexion Steamer,** used in conjunction with the Cabinet. The only sure method of drawing away all impurities, leaving the skin clear and soft as velvet. Price $1.00 extra. **AGENTS and SALESMEN.**—We want agents and salesmen to represent us in every section and we offer **money making terms** to active men and women. **FREE.**—Descriptive Booklet and testimonials to all who write.

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Address **MOLLENKOPP & McCREERY, 910 Dorr Street, Toledo, Ohio.**

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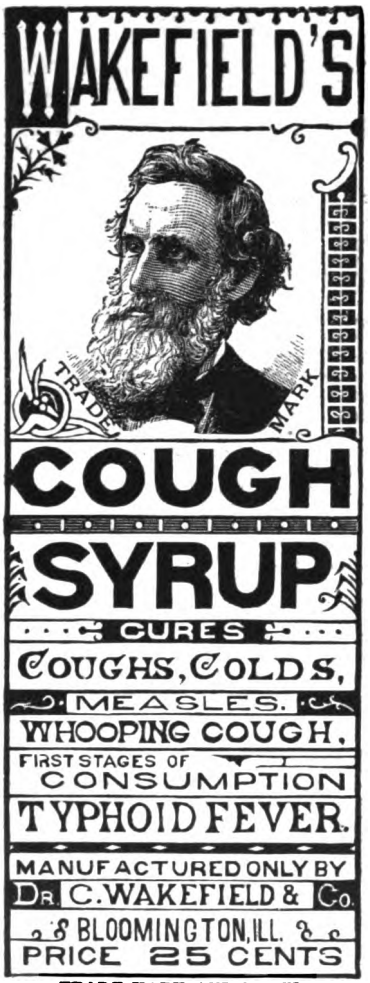

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PROMPTLY AND EFFECTUALLY

CURES

Coughs, Colds,
Croup, Measles,
Bronchitis,
Asthma,
Whooping Cough,
La Grippe
And all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

WAKEFIELD'S COUGH SYRUP *is for sale by all Leading Druggists. Price* **25 Cents and 50 Cents.**
If not on sale by your druggist, it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price.

WAKEFIELD'S GOLDEN OINTMENT

has no equal as a cure for **Sore Throat, Catarrh, Cold in Head, Quinsy, and Erysipelas.** For years it has had an unequalled record in healing **Old Sores, Burns, Cuts, Boils, Felons, Chapped Hands,** and all **Skin Diseases.** It has made thorough cures of **Piles** and **Corns.**

WAKEFIELD'S GOLDEN OINTMENT *is put up in a neat jar, and will be sent, prepaid, to any address, on receipt of* **$1.00.** *A sample bottle will be sent, prepaid, for* **25 cents.**

WAKEFIELD'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM

is a positive cure for **Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum,** and all forms of **Summer Complaint.** Excellent for **Children Teething.** Pleasant to the Taste. Highly recommended by Physicians, Professional Nurses, and First-class Druggists for more than half a century.

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do not gripe, but act promptly on the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Bowels. Invaluable for **Costiveness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Indigestion,** and **Biliousness.**

If not for sale by your druggist, send **25 Cents** *for a box, prepaid. State whether large or small sized pill is preferred.*

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A MODERN INSTITUTION for the treatment of chronic diseases, scientifically equipped and methodically conducted.

Every room in the building absolutely aseptic.

Decorations, furniture, fixtures, new.

Each bed-room furnished with finest bed. Ideal spiral springs and the best quality of curled hair mattresses, made in the institution, under our own supervision.

No odors, the purest of air.

The floors of the entire Sanitarium are polished quartered oak, strewn with rugs, rendering them perfectly noiseless.

Incandescent electric lights, electric call-bells, hydraulic elevators.

The finest bath-rooms, fitted up according to latest methods. Baths of every description, including the Electric, or "Radiant Heat Baths," (Kellogg's); with every facility for accurately ascertaining the pressure used, ranging from ten to thirty-five pounds, by the gauge; the temperature applied by the thermometer, and duration by a proper clock, with trained attendants.

Electricity, faradic, galvanic and static. Our static machine is one of the largest and most modern manufactured.

Massage, manual, Swedish and mechanical.

Calisthenics, therapeutic gymnastics, and trained nurses.

The institution is also provided with solar arcade, for rest cure.

Diet, scientifically regulated.

Mineral drinking water, absolutely pure, from a flowing well 187 feet deep.

Ventilation and heating the most modern throughout the buildings.

A corps of experienced physicians and nurses in attendance.

Just one word to the reader. You may have some chronic ailment for which you have failed to find a cure. No matter what your ailment is, write to us. We will treat your letter as strictly confidential, and if your ailment is one we are fully equipped to treat, we will send you full particulars. If not, we will frankly tell you so and return your letter. All communications should be addressed to

D. R. SUMMY, M. D., Supt.,
Columbus, Ohio.

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THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes.

Inebriety—A Disease

Inebriety, Morphine, and other Drug habits are dependent upon a diseased condition of the nervous system.

The victim of the disease again and again puts forth the most heroic efforts to reform, but his disease is too absolutely overpowering to be conquered by resolutions. The will power he would exercise if he could is no longer supreme. Alcoholic stimulants have so congested the delicate nerve cells that they cannot respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the helplessness of the victim's condition is as inexplicable to himself as it seems inexcusable to his friends.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

Over 300,000 men and women to-day have been permanently cured of the disease of inebriety through Dr. Keeley's treatment, which is administered only at institutions authorized by him.

The treatment at these institutions is pleasant; no restraint is imposed; it is like taking a four weeks' vacation; the patient only knows he is cured.

Detailed information of this treatment and proofs of its success sent free upon application to any of the following institutions:

Address THE KEELEY INSTITUTE at either
Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal., 1170 Market St.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C., 211 North Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind., 1903 South Adams St.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
New Orleans, La., 1628-38 Felicity St.
Portland, Me., 151 Congress St.
Lexington, Mass.
Minneapolis, Minn., Cor. 10th St. & Park Av.
St. Louis, Mo., 2803 Locust St.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y., 358 Niagara St.
White Plains, N.Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Columbus, Ohio, 90 N. Fourth St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 North Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
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Richmond, Va., 1012 E. Marshall St.
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Address the Institute nearest you.

"Non-Heredity of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed upon application.

DITMAN'S SEA-SALT

The Natural Salt of Pure Sea Water
TONIC, STRENGTHENING, INVIGORATING
Used for Quarter Century
Address **Ditman, 2 Barclay Street, New York**

PARALYSIS

Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled, Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by **DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD.** Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures **FREE. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

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The specific **OBESITINE** reduces fat even after repeated failures with so-called other cures. Respiration improved at once; safe; no dieting; no purge. **75 cents** and **$1.50. GOODRICH & CO.**, Dept. K, 935 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. *Samples and Circulars FREE.*

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I will guarantee to cure Diabetes. *No Cure, No Pay.* Would thank you in advance for names and P. O. Addresses of persons that are afflicted with Diabetes, also with Bright's Disease and with other Kidney Troubles. Write for terms. State age, and how long you have been afflicted. Address
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PREVENTED. That indescribable misery and discomfort to which many persons are subject on **Vessels, Cars and Vehicles** is absolutely prevented by wearing the **Anti-Nausea Stomach Shield.** It never fails to give satisfaction and works equally well on land or water. Mailed, prepaid, on receipt of **$2.00.** Further information on application. **ANTI-NAUSEA PAD CO., Box 147-B, Cincinnati, O.**

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Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. **ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 59, DETROIT, MICH.**

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WE WILL MAIL FREE on application, to any address, full information how to grow hair upon the baldest head, stop hair falling, cure weak eyebrows and eyelashes, scanty parting, scurf, dandruff, itching scalp, and restore gray and faded hair to its natural color, after all other remedies have failed. Enclose 2-cent stamp for sealed package.

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And almost frantic with HEAD-NOISES.

I tried every known treatment and device without help. Finally I cured myself by Galvanic Electricity. If you are deaf or growing deaf or have head-noises dont waste time and money as I did. Write me and I will gladly send you full information FREE. Address with stamp, W. J. TINDALL, 8 HARMONY BLK., COHOES, N.Y.

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TRIAL FREE ~

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I had suffered three years from backache, headache, bearing down pains, pain around the heart, constipation, sleeplessness and extreme nervousness. I am now completely cured, and the Brace did it. I gained 13 pounds in six weeks. I have not taken a drop of medicine since I began to wear the Brace. MRS. J. M. RAUGHT.

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SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION—COMFORTABLE—ADJUSTABLE TO ANY FIGURE.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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To **remove** hair—use a dissolver, or, better yet, use a razor. Both have the same effect.

To **kill** hair growth—investigate our common-sense, home treatment. Kills by absorption. Circular in plain, sealed envelope on application.

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to all who will send ten cents to cover cost of postage, wrapping, mailing, etc. This grand offer will stand for a short time only and is made solely that you may become quickly acquainted with a real blessing.

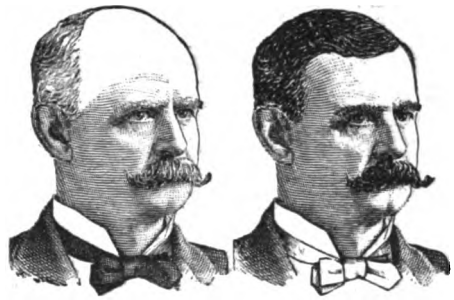
A. B. C. FACE REMEDIES for both sexes.

Will most positively remove and permanently cure all Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Red, Rough, Sallow or Oily Skin. Make the Skin Soft, Fair, Smooth and Clear. Restoring the most faded complexion to the natural vigor and brilliancy of youth so dear to all.

FULL SET, CONTAINING FIFTY DAYS' TREATMENT, **$1.00.**

Mailed to any address, upon receipt of price.

Goodwill Chemical Co., 326 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.



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TO MAKE HIS HAIR GROW, AND

Quick Hair Restorer

TO RESTORE THE COLOR.

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DESCRIPTION.—It's not a cheap, flimsy affair, but a genuine article, handsomely made, lasts 20 years. Has real swinging door, heavy steel frame, top curtains, rubber lined, latest improvements. Weighs 10 lbs. Easily carried. Folds flat in 1 inch space. Anyone can operate it. Especially for family use, no attendant, no danger. **Guaranteed to be the best of all Cabinets on the market or your money refunded.**

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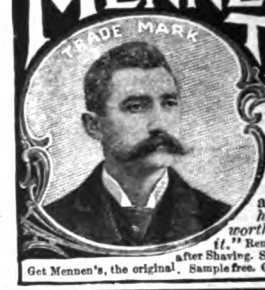

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And other parts of the body without the slightest injury, and leaves the skin white, soft and beautiful. Read what those say who have tried Padona: "I have used it with great satisfaction." "I find it a great success and very harmless." "My face is as clear as glass; I highly recommend Padona to all who are troubled like I was." "Find Padona better than anything I have ever used." "I have tried Padona with perfect success." I certify the foregoing are true extracts from letters received by The Padona Company, and that they have a large number of such letters in their possession. (Signed), G. A. BROOKS, Notary Public, Hamilton Co., Ohio. (Seal.)

Each package is absolutely guaranteed. Padona is sent postage paid, securely sealed from observation, in safety mailing case, on receipt of $1.00 per package. All correspondence strictly confidential.

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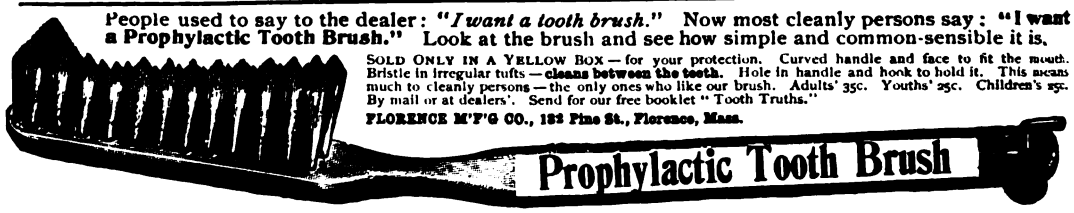
People used to say to the dealer: "*I want a tooth brush.*" Now most cleanly persons say: **"I want a Prophylactic Tooth Brush."** Look at the brush and see how simple and common-sensible it is.



SOLD ONLY IN A YELLOW BOX—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristle in irregular tufts—**cleans between the teeth.** Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush. Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 15c. By mail or at dealers'. Send for our free booklet "Tooth Truths."

FLORENCE M'F'G CO., 182 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

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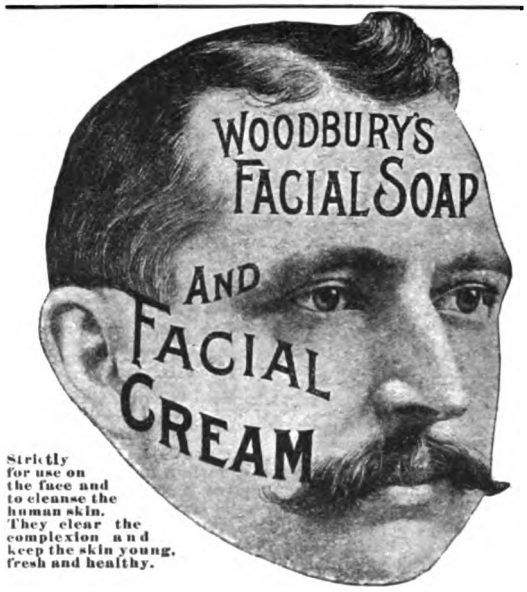
FREE TO THE RUPTURED

Dr. W. S. Rice, the Well Known Authority, Sends a Trial of His Famous Method Free To All.

There are people who have been torturing themselves for years with trusses. It is hoped their attention will be drawn to Dr. Rice's free offer. An elderly and retired physician, Dr. S. Ball of

DR. S. BALL.

Marion, Ala., is one of the hundreds attracted to this generous announcement and as a result he is now completely cured of a bad rupture which was very hard to hold. Although 72 years of age he had the courage and determination to try this new and novel method and now he lives in peace, contentment and security. Dr. Ball looks back to the old days of crude methods and in comparison hails the wonderful method of Dr. Rice as a marvelous God-send to the present generations. By all means write at once to Dr. W. S. Rice, 303 S. Main Street, Adams, N. Y., and he will send you a free trial of his remarkable home cure for rupture. There is no pain, danger, operation or an hour's loss of time, and by starting now you will be sound and well in a short time.



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All ingredients used in their manufacture are carefully selected and combined by a practical Dermatologist who has devoted the best efforts of his life to treating and curing affections of the skin, and if scientific attainment and long experience count for anything, he ought to know what is best to cleanse, purify and beautify the human skin and keep it bright and healthy.

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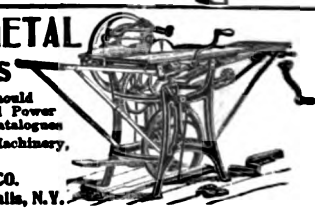

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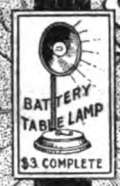

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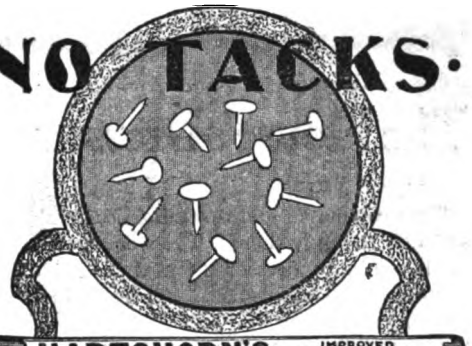

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GRIPPIN'S Wood, Crack and Crevice Filler

A non-shrinkable, tough, elastic filler, that will not crack, and will make old floors air-tight, water and vermin proof.

You Can Apply It Yourself.

Booklet telling all about it sent free.

Grippin's Deck and Seam Filler FOR YACHTS.

GRIPPIN MFG. CO., Newark, New York.

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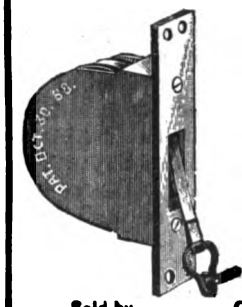

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10 Years Success has made it the standard substitute for weights and cords, for balancing window sash. Can be applied to old windows which have no weight pockets. Write for catalog and price list.

Sold by Hardware Dealers.

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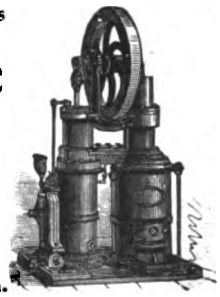
NOBODY APPRECIATES WATER

more than those people who having sanitary appliances in their houses find their water supply uncertain. If they had a

Rider or an Ericsson Hot Air Pumping Engine

certainty would take the place of uncertainty.

Catalogue "G" on application to nearest office.



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The dressmaker and the tailor know the styles and how to apply them. The woman or man can be becomingly dressed in a thousand different combinations—all stylish. There is little house painting done that is "stylish;" practically none that is "becoming." We have placed on the market for 1900 a line of entirely new and delicate tints which work with our heavier colors into the most beautiful and stylish combinations. We have also created an "Art Department" in charge of talented artists and master painters who will without cost to you guide you and your painter in the selection of a combination of our tints which will "become" your house and actually add to its cash value.

We make the following business proposition to home owners who in 1900 will use

Hammar Paint guaranteed five years

We will give you an exclusive, stylish color plan for your house FREE, (see paragraph below) furnish Hammar Paint to you at $1.25 per gallon, (when mixed) guarantee that its use will cost you less than any other paint, lead and oil, *or any other materials*, and put our $200,000 cash capital behind a guarantee that it will last five years—keep your money in trust to return to you if our claims are not proven. A glance at Dun or Bradstreet will show you whether we can do what we say or not. There is too much nonsense thrown about the paint business, and we are going to explode some of it.

Write full information about the house you mean to paint—size, location, style of architecture, proximity to other houses and foliage—on a hill or the level—(send photo, if possible), and we will send you a number of beautifully colored reproductions of houses painted with our new line of stylish tints and a copy of our guarantee. We will also inclose blanks for further information, on the receipt of which we will suggest an exclusive color plan for your house FREE OF CHARGE.

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The secret of a beautiful floor lies in its finish ::: Progressive housekeepers everywhere use JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX, because ::: It enhances the natural beauty of the wood ::: It is durable, economical and easily applied ::: It does not show scratches or heel marks ::: Is not slippery, and easily kept in beautiful condition ::: Worn spots may be refinished without refinishing the entire floor ::: Our booklet, "The Proper Treatment for Floors," contains, in condensed form, all we have learned during seventeen years of floor experience ::: Ask for it ::::::::::::::::::

Free

A SAMPLE HALF POUND CAN

Johnson's Prepared Wax

Sufficient to finish 150 square feet of floor surface, to anyone who has a floor ::: Our catalogue of Hardwood Floors shows many beautiful designs which *your* carpenter can lay over *your* floors at about the cost of a good carpet ::: Free too ::: Use JOHNSON'S POWDERED WAX for dancing floors : : :

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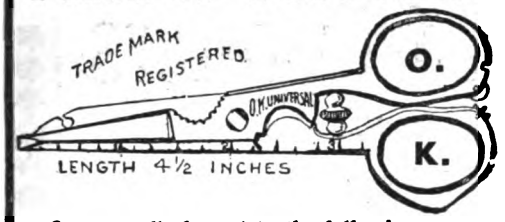

Can actually be put to the following uses:

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consisting of two bottles—enough of

"OUR FAVORITE" GOLD ENAMEL (Washable)

to gild a small frame, also a brush to apply it with, to any one mentioning this paper and enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.

As brilliant and smooth as gold leaf. Ready for use. A child can apply it. Shows no brush-marks. Can be washed without tarnishing. Gilds everything, such as chairs, frames, bric-a-brac, chandeliers, baskets, etc. Also made in **Aluminum Silver.**

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"TRADE MARK REGISTERED NOV. 24, 1896."

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ABSORB NEW LIFE.

OXYDONOR instills new life, teeming with health and vigor, gently and unconsciously, into your system while you rest. You soon feel as a new person. Literally, Oxydonor forces disease out of your body and rejuvenates you. Oxydonor gives the required vital energy to all the organs, to perform the functions for which they were made by Nature. No dangerous drugs are used. No surgical operations are required to see what is wrong, or to remove any part. The healing and repair all take place naturally, through extraordinary "vis medicatrix naturae," increased and intensified by Oxydonor, by maximum functional activity of the system. Oxydonor begets the primary energy, and as when fuel is supplied in food and drink, Nature does the rest. There is no difficulty, no pain, no sensation, no danger in using Oxydonor, and any sane person can use it successfully. Buckle the disk at one end of its cord to one ankle, and drop the vocor at the other end of its cord into cold water, and the revitalizing process begins. Oxydonor will last a life time, and serve a whole family. The purchase is the only cost. No periodical investment is required. Book of directions with each Oxydonor.

FEVER.

Mr. E. M. Smith, President Bank of Thomasville, Thomasville, Ga., writes May 26, 1899: "I tested Oxydonor thoroughly on myself for fever, and also on my little boy, with success. I would not be without it for its weight in gold."

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. James Stewart, Jr., President Peekskill Hat Mfg. Co., Peekskill, New York, writes Nov. 3, 1899: "Oxydonor as a sleep inducer and for Rheumatism is of great value to me."

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Mr. A. F. ABBOTT, 42 Bank St., Waterbury, Conn., writes May 18, 1899: "My wife, aged 65, used Oxydonor two years ago for Inflammatory Rheumatism (a severe case), and was wonderfully relieved. She has enjoyed remarkably good health since."

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CAUTION.—Imitations of Oxydonor are dangerous to use. Refuse to accept them. Dr. H. Sanche is the Inventor and Originator, and has obtained final decision in Supreme Court, in Washington, D. C., against imitators. Also on Oct. 16, 1899, the United States Court granted us an injunction restraining Agents from selling an imitation of Oxydonor.

We invite full investigation of our claims. Our book containing Grateful Reports from users of Oxydonor sent free.

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Porcelain-Lined Refrigerators

Dainty—Cleanly—Healthful—Economical—Odorless

Anybody who wants a refrigerator would have a MONROE if he knew all about it. And it is due to yourself that you know about it. You choose for a lifetime. Better spend a half hour to learn which is best. You will select the MONROE. Every food compartment is lined with white porcelain, moulded into one piece, with rounded corners. No crevices. No joints where food may lodge and decay. The whiteness throws light into every corner, so that you may see any uncleanliness. The glaze enables you to wipe it up with a cloth—about all the cleaning ever necessary.

Common porcelain put to such uses would break, crack, craze or peel. MONROE porcelain never does. It is the ideal lining—the lining that makes ours the only refrigerators that are absolutely healthful and odorless.

The MONROE costs more than common refrigerators, but that cost is economy. It isn't on account of the linings. The whole construction is so skillful, the insulation so perfect, that the MONROE saves its cost over and over in the ice that the other refrigerators waste. The cost gives you an honest refrigerator, cheaper by far than the common kind, even were the common kind free; for the main cost is the ice cost.

We save you all middlemen's profits by selling direct, freight prepaid. Dealers must pay what you pay. We sell on approval, to be returned at our expense if not satisfactory. Our new catalogue, with pictures in colors, shows how dainty they are; write direct to us for it.

These refrigerators are always sold direct from factory to user. But for convenience in showing we have exhibits in the following cities, for no one who sees a MONROE will be content with the common kind:

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Binghamton.	Innes & Demarest, Heaters, 128 State St.
Birmingham.	Hopkins Stove & Tinware Co., 2022 Second Ave.
Boston.	Abram French Co., China, 89 Franklin St.
Buffalo.	Wm. Scott, Florist, Cor. Main and Balcom Sts.
Chicago.	Jacob Retterer, Stoves, 169 Lake St., 2d floor.
Cincinnati.	Koch & Braunstein, China, 22 E. Fourth St.
Columbus.	The Hasbrook-Bargar Co., China, 87 N. High St.
Detroit.	L. B. King & Co., China, 103 Woodward Ave.
Kansas City.	T. M. James & Sons, China, 1020 Walnut St.
Louisville.	W. H. McKnight, Sons & Co., Carpets, 225 Fourth Ave. and 328 Main St.
Milwaukee.	Slater, Price & Dempsey Co., Furniture, 137 Wisconsin St.
Nashville.	Phillips & Buttorff Mfg. Co., Stoves, etc., 217 College St.
New Orleans.	E. Offner, China, 908 Canal St.
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Richmond.	The E. B. Taylor Co., China, 1011 E. Main St. and 9 E. Broad St.
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This is a very desirable outfit. Fan 8 inches in diameter, has **three blades**, and brass guard. It is portable, and will bring comfort to the bedroom, dining-room, office—in city or country. Simple; effective; cannot get out of order.

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Quarter Sawed Oak
Veneered Mantels

We are offering 200 of a special design, at the remarkable price of **$29.70** EACH, including best quality enameled tile facing, and 60 x 20 hearth, firebrick and brass plated Club House grate and frame. These Mantels are well made and the richest grain effects are used in every part. Sample of wood, showing lumber used, and illustrated catalogue free.

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which occupies but little room; is ready for use night or day; furnishes hot water **instantly** for bathing, shaving, sickness and all domestic purposes when hot water is required. Uses Gas or Gasolines. Ask your dealer for it, or **send for free catalogue.**

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Patton's Sun Proof Paints are all-weather proof

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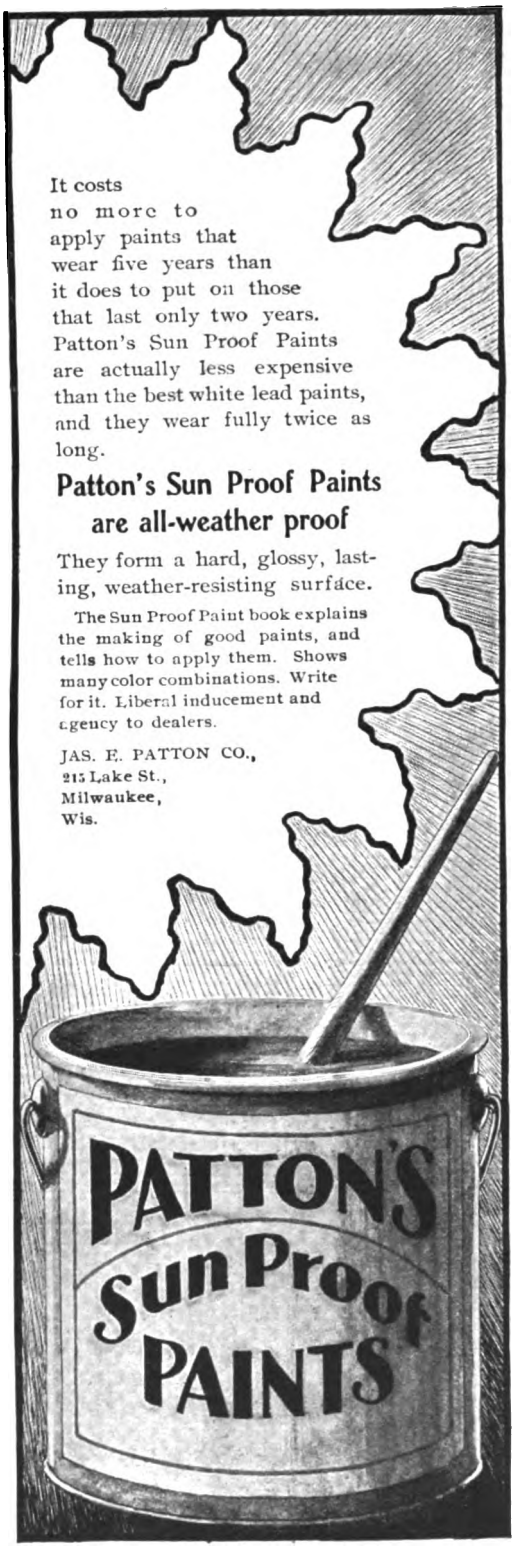

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are finished with utmost care. They are never oiled or varnished, but are waxed with

Old English Floor Wax

because it is the best finish. Easy to apply, economical to use, never marked or marred, it gives the lustrous polished surface, considered the perfect finish for hardwood floors.

For Dancing Floors use B. B. Powdered Wax.

"Waxed Floors," a booklet, tells how to treat hardwood floors—FREE."

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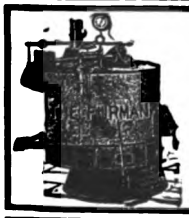

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One's reputation for taste in building depends mostly on the outside of the house—comparatively few people ever see the inside. Beautiful houses are made more beautiful, commonplace houses are redeemed, and even ugly houses become attractive, when colored with the soft, harmonious tones of

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Stained Cedar samples in 24 colors, and color-chart of combinations, sent free on request.

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Cooks a whole meal over one burner, *on gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.*

Reduces Fuel Bills One-half.

Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Whistle blows when cooker needs more water. Dinner Sets, Bicycles, Watches, and other Valuable Premiums given with order for Cookers. Send for illustrated catalogue. *We pay express.* AGENTS WANTED.

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Bought of a confectioner it is expensive and not always convenient.

Made at home it costs only the material and is no trouble at any time with a Peerless Iceland Freezer. The Peerless Iceland Freezer has only

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the can revolves around the stationary dasher. Few parts—little friction.

Runs easier and lasts longer than a many-motioned freezer. Smooth delicious ice cream in three minutes.

Dasher cleaned by simply dipping in hot water. All gearing is enclosed. Costs no more than a poor freezer and the saving of time and ice makes the Peerless Iceland the most economical ice cream freezer made.

A Four Quart Freezer and Peerless Ice Chipper Free.

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Dexter Brothers' English Shingle Stains

AND GET THE TRANSPARENT, ARTISTIC EFFECT WHICH IS ENSURED BY THEIR USE. SEND FOR SAMPLE BOARDS AND COLOR PLATES TO

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White Bronze.

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The Monumental Bronze Co.

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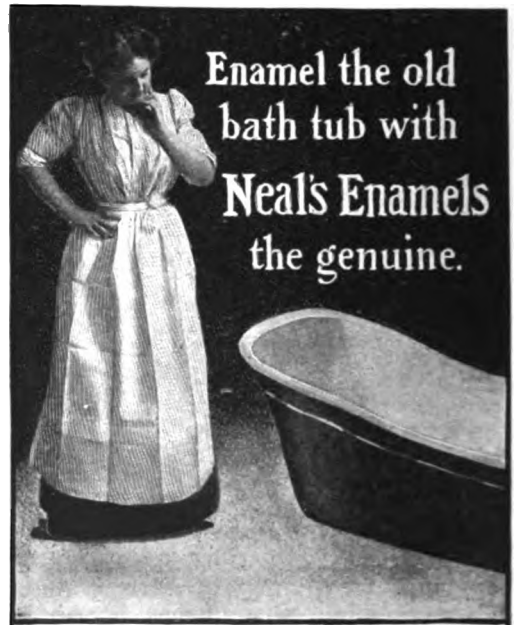

AN old bath tub can be given a solid, smooth enamel finish, which will resist wear and hot water, and at the same time you can enamel all the woodwork of the bath-room, either in pure white or any of the tints. Your dealer ought to have it. If he has not, write us, sending his name. We will see that you get it. Address **Dept. D.**

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Our booklet, "Enamels and Enameling," with samples of colors, sent free.

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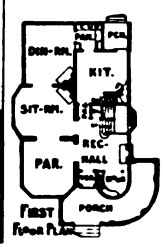
THE LADIES all **admire** this **Reception Hall** especially, and the **whole plan** is **hard to excel,** cost considered, which is now **$3800** with **hard wood** finish first floor. No heating. **If** interested **send 2c stamp** for the **figured floor** plans and **larger view** of this design. **If you have** any **ideas** of your own for **floor plans** send them in and I will place them in **practical shape** for you, giving **estimate cost** and **prices** for full plans.



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EMBODIES light, comfort, health. The same power which pumps water to supply domestic and farm uses, will inexpensively illuminate the home with electricity and by a simple adjustment also

Run the Sewing Machine

so helpful when run this way, so harmful run by treading.

An Olds Does It—

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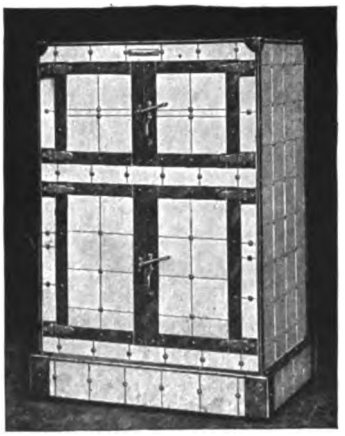

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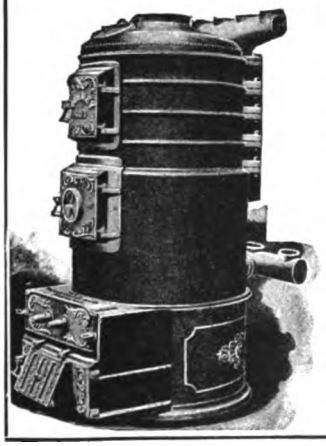

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"THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS"

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Spoons, Forks, Knives, Etc.

If you would have the good old *wearing* quality combined with the beautiful design and fine finish of modern times, it is only necessary to see that each piece bears the above trade mark. Remember "1847"—the year this brand was first made—that is your safeguard, as there are other 'Rogers.'

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Different from any other belt-buckle on the market. NO SEWING or pins are required in attaching it to belt. You merely have to insert the belt-ends through loops in the buckle, press the loops together and the belt will be secured. All of which you can do in a minute.

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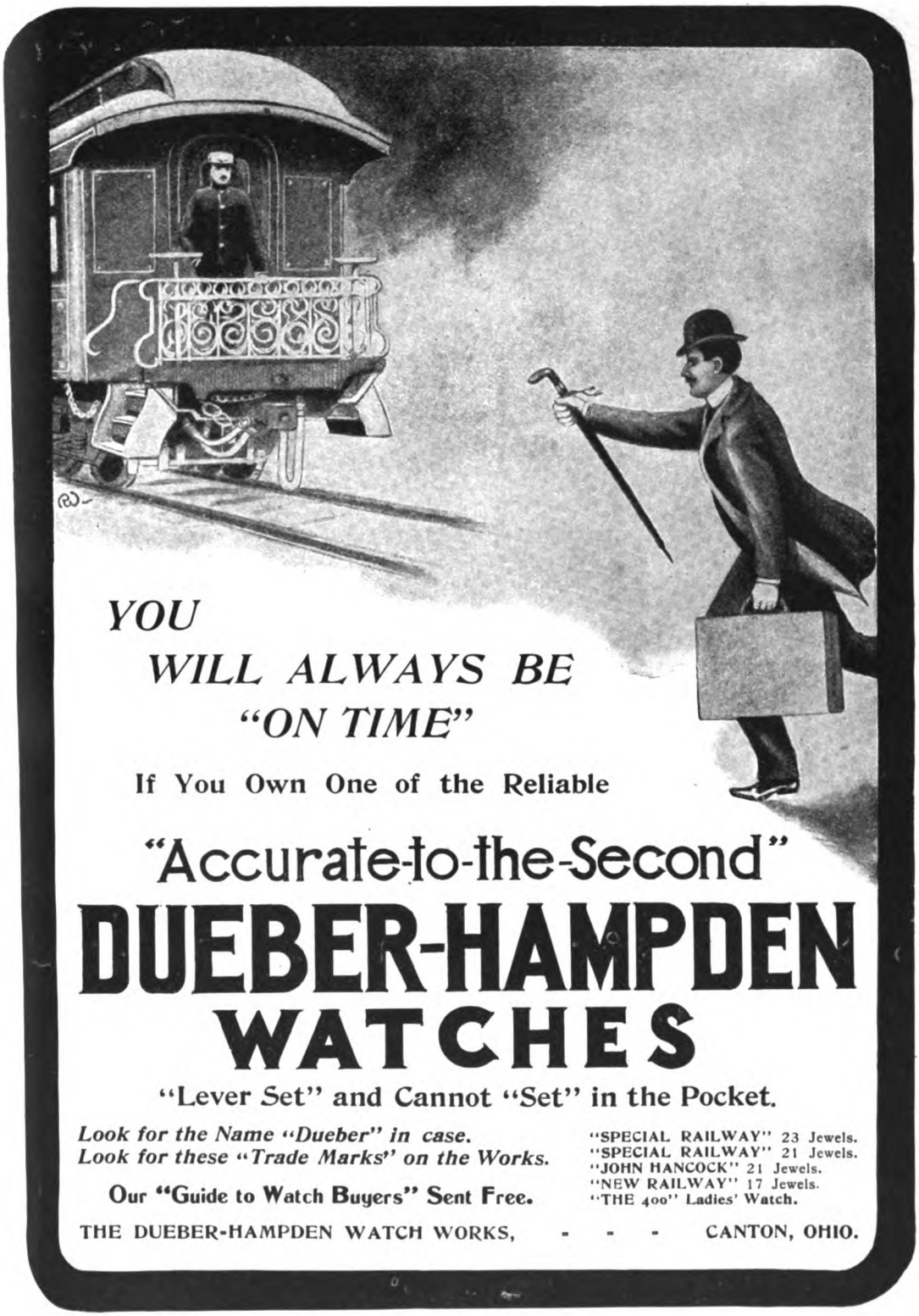

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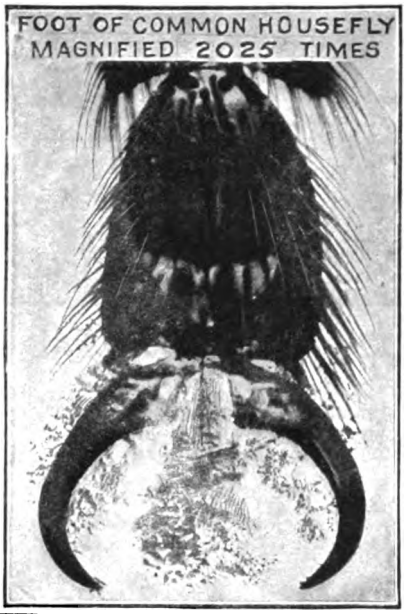

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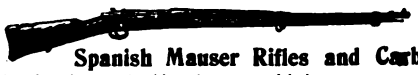

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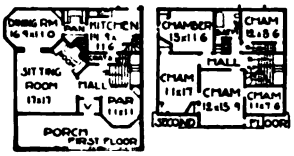

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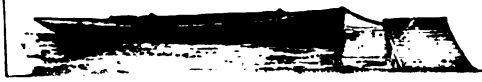

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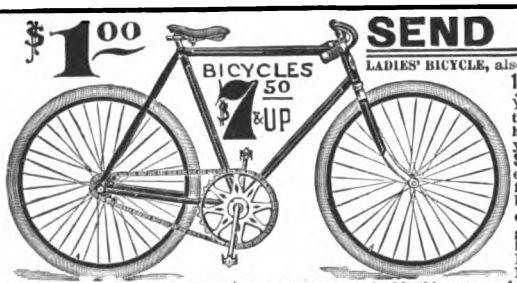

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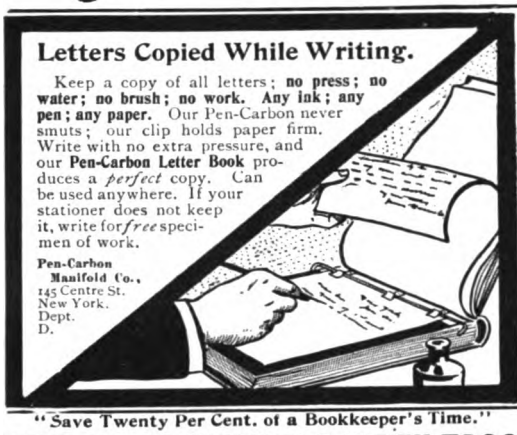

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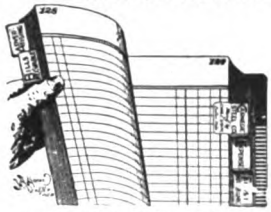

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An outdoor delight in summer on lawn or porch—an indoor pleasure all the year round, in attic, playroom or nursery. Appreciated alike by grown-ups and little ones. Safe, restful, strongly made, noiseless, adjustable to any reclining or upright positions. Supercedes the hammock. Can be occupied and operated by one to four persons. Gives the same sweep as a 10 ft. swing, yet is only 4½ feet high, 7 feet long, 3½ feet wide. Takes no more room than a couch. Will sustain a ton weight. The pressure of the foot gives the motion, as easily operated as a rocking chair. Price from $10 up, according to finish. **Free Booklet** with descriptions and prices upon request.

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WATERPROOF GREASE PROOF STAIN PROOF

Looks exactly like leather and costs half as much.

Unlike the common imitations of leather, **Pantasote** does not rot, peel, or crack, contains no rubber, cellulose, or other dangerously inflammable substances, and is not affected by heat, cold, or climate.

Tested for nine years by leading furniture makers, carriage builders, railways and steamship lines with perfect success.

Made in standard colors, plain or figured.

Enough to cover a dining-chair seat or footstool sent for 25c. in stamps.

SAMPLE FREE! 15 x 5 inches for 2c. stamp and your upholsterer's address.

CAUTION! *There are worthless and dangerous imitations. See that "Pantasote" is stamped on the goods.*

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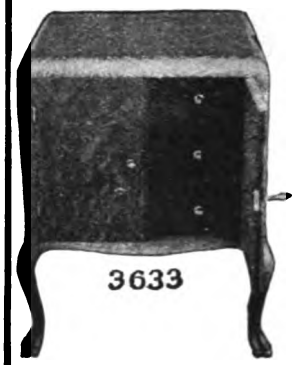
Fine Furniture from Factory to Fireside

Buy from the makers. Save retailer's and jobber's profits and cash discounts.

$25.00 for this uncommonly handsome smoking cabinet, No. 3633. It is just the thing for the man who smokes or who keeps a supply of liquors and smoking materials for his friends. It is also used by women for sewing materials, painting and drawing materials, and as a general utility cabinet. Has two doors, three drawers, and open space for cigars, bottles, etc. Has vertical veneer, French legs, and beautifully rounded corners and edges and rail. It is hand rubbed and polished.



Prices: quartered white oak, $25.00; solid mahogany, $30.00. Through a dealer it would cost from $40.00 to $55.00.

This is only a sample of our great variety of out of the ordinary furniture.

When cash accompanies order we prepay freight to points east of the Mississippi. If not found to be the best ever sold at such low prices, any of our goods may be returned at our expense and money will be refunded.

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REGINA MUSIC BOX CO. Factory, Rahway, N. J. Salesrooms, Broadway & 22d St., N. Y.

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This is One of Our Latest.

It is one of 60 styles illustrated and described in our catalogue "B" for 1900, of

Rolling and Carrying Chairs.

The case of invalidism doesn't exist for which we cannot furnish a suitable chair.

We also make the best types as well as the largest variety to be found, of

Reclining Chairs and Adjustable Couches

FOR SICK FOLKS, WELL FOLKS, AND LAZY FOLKS.

All of which are illustrated and described in our catalogue C. In writing for information, please particularize.

GEO. F. SARGENT COMPANY,

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The mechanism of every kind of machine shows some improvement in latest models, and typewriters are no exception to the rule. The old style typewriters print up-side-down, so that the operator cannot see what is written without lifting the carriage. The

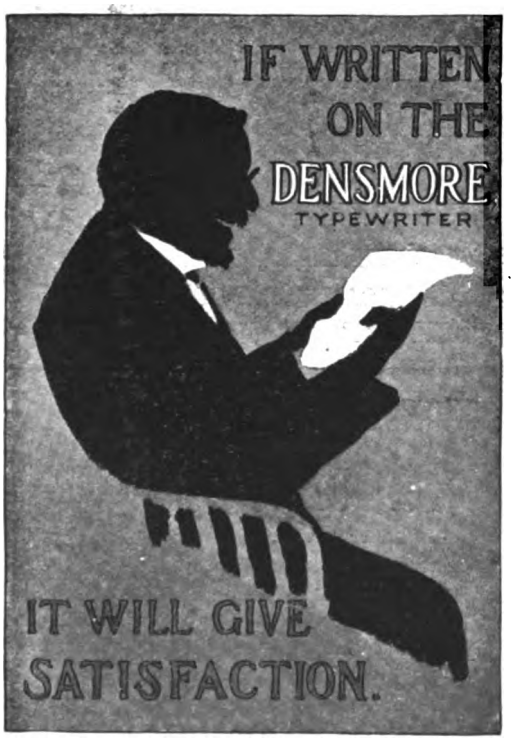
VISIBLE WRITING

OLIVER TYPEWRITER

is built right-side up, and the work is in sight. Operators who use the Oliver can correct mistakes as soon as made. Their minds are not distracted from their work by wondering whether or not the printed page is coming out correctly written. Agents wanted in towns where we have none to show and sell the Oliver.

Please write us to-day for booklet entitled "Twenty-five Reasons," giving that many points in which The Oliver Typewriter excels all others.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., 93 Dearborn Street, Chicago



Main Office, 309 Broadway, New York.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

Columbia

Bar-Lock No. 10?

This latest model has

BALL-BEARING CARRIAGE

in addition to the other well-known features of the Bar-Lock Typewriter. This gives unsurpassed

EASE OF OPERATION

Write for a descriptive catalogue

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The Jewett

Built for service in every day business. Its heavy hangers and typebars make it the most powerful manifolder. It

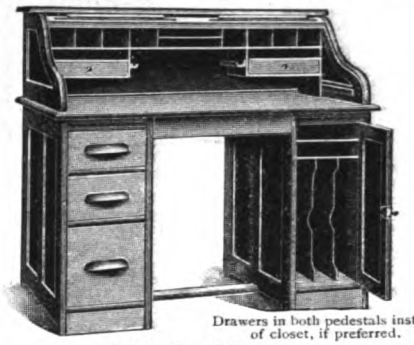
WRITES 30 COPIES AT ONCE

While being durable and ready for heavy work, the **JEWETT** also has a light, responsive touch and is easy to operate.

Write for booklet, which illustrates and explains everything.

JEWETT TYPEWRITER CO.,
604 Locust Street, Des Moines, Ia.

"Best in the World"



Drawers in both pedestals instead of closet, if preferred.

THIS STANDARD

Roll-Top Desk, $16.75

Freight prepaid to any point in the United States East of Mississippi River.

Desk is **Solid Oak** and measures 48 in. long; 30 in. deep; 45 in. high. Mounted on casters; drawers and closet below writing bed. Has 2 extension leaves. Pigeon-hole case is overhung same as all high-priced desks, and contains: 2 medium-sized drawers; 2 racks for pens, pencils, etc.; 2 memo. strips for cards, blotters, etc.

Entire Desk locks automatically without a key, when top is rolled down, by means of a spring-lock —one key unlocks entire desk.

JOSEPH L. SHOEMAKER & CO.

Salesrooms: 924 ARCH ST., Philadelphia, Penn.

Send 2-cent stamp for Catalogue M.

"Well, at last Jones has an American Typewriter. Now from this letter I can tell what he is driving at, —and what a relief from his pen-scribbled puzzles! Jones will undoubtedly do some business now."

ARE YOU LIKE JONES? If you are in business you haven't time to write well with the pen. If you do not write well you are liable to expensive errors, and an American $10 Typewriter may save its cost the very first week. It does the best of work, and is as well made as the highest priced machines, but more simple. For seven years it has held this field without a competitor. Catalogues and sample of work free if you mention McCLURE'S.

AMERICAN TYPEWRITER CO.,

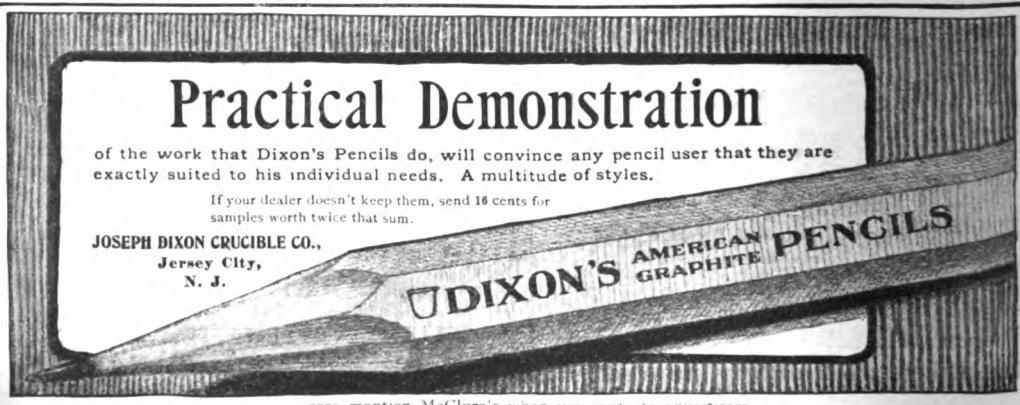
B'dway opposite Court House — **NEW YORK CITY**

Practical Demonstration

of the work that Dixon's Pencils do, will convince any pencil user that they are exactly suited to his individual needs. A multitude of styles.

If your dealer doesn't keep them, send 16 cents for samples worth twice that sum.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
Jersey City, N. J.



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The Wellington costs only $60 and does all that any $100 machine will do, besides having advantages peculiarly its own.

To prove this, we will send it to any address for trial. If not perfectly satisfactory money will be returned. What more can we do?

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THE WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Ltd.,
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The Largest Contract Ever Given for Typewriters

250 Underwood Typewriters

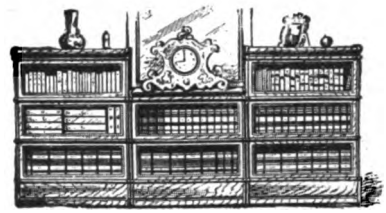
The U. S. Government buys 250 Machines.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—Secretary Long of the Navy Department has decided to accept report of special board appointed to investigate the merits of Typewriters as to advantages, speed, durability, etc., which was, that the bid of the Wagner Typewriter Co. for 200 to 250 Underwood Typewriters was the most advantageous, and the Department decided to accept it, against Remington, Densmore, Remington-Scholes, Jewett, Oliver, Hammond and others.

WAGNER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
218-220 Broadway, New York.

Wernicke Elastic Book-Case

A System of Units



A living book-case—grows with your library and always fits it. Small enough for 10 or large enough for 10,000 books. An ideal book-case for the home. Fitted with dust-proof disappearing doors, simple and perfect in operation. Furnished in grades and prices to suit all tastes and requirements. Handled by responsible dealers in all principal cities—send for list and handsome booklet describing the beauties of this case.

Wernicke pays the freight.

The Wernicke Co.

183 Bartlett St.,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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The Edison

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Mimeograph

A new style hand operating Mimeograph for the reduplication of

Type-Writing, Hand-Writing, Drawings, Maps, Music, etc.

The stencil is protected by **a fixed cloth diaphragm** insuring **better work and saving of supplies, labor and time.**

A Great Improvement. Quickly Appreciated.

Its many advantages fully set out in our booklet to be had free for the asking.

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SHORTHAND for all. Celebrated **Pernin** method. Quickly learned; no shading; no position; connective vowels; highest award World's Fair; self taught or by mail; text-book on approval Write H. M. PERNIN, Author, Detroit, Mich.

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Dealers large profits saved. No money in advance.
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Booklet—"How to Incorporate," 25c. Circulars free.
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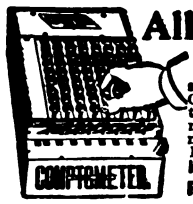

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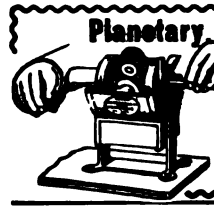

Needed in every office, school, home. Saves its cost in lead. Mechanical perfection. No toy. Free circulars.

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102 Fulton st., New York, sell **all makes under half price.** Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illus. cat. free.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
ALL THE STANDARD MACHINES FOR Sale or Rent at Half MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. EACH MACHINE FULLY GUARANTEED. SHIPPED WITH PRIVILEGE OF EXAMINATION
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Money Maker And saver. Print your own cards, circular, book, newspaper, with our $5 or $18 printing press. Type setting easy, printed rules sent. For man or boy. Send for catalog, presses, type, paper, to factory.
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A GOOD TYPEWRITER IN YOUR OFFICE
will demonstrate its advantages.

Send for samples of writing, with prices, etc.
Largest and most complete stock of second-hand Typewriters of any house in the trade. Machines shipped, privilege of inspection. **Title to every machine guaranteed.**

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Mark the initials

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Established 1761.

Here, There and Everywhere

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

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It is the one fountain pen entirely satisfactory. A trial permitted; exchanges are invited. Inquire at your local dealer's, or write for booklet.

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ANYBODY

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CARTER'S INK

is destined to be

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40 years of study and accumulative chemical knowledge accounts for the quality of Carter's Ink. Uncle Sam uses it in all departments. All of the great railroads use it and the school boards of all the large cities buy it to the exclusion of all other makes of ink.

Carter's Ink ought to meet your needs.

There are sixteen kinds to choose from — only one quality of each kind — **The Best.**

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THE "COMFORT" CHAIR

The "Comfort" Reclining Swing Chair is what you ought to have for the porch and lawn during the coming season.

It is easier and more comfortable than a hammock, takes up less room, is not in other people's way, and can be easily moved from place to place just as an ordinary chair could.

You can lie down in it, or sit up in it, or swing in it with but the slightest effort.

It instantly responds to the slightest movement of the occupant.

It is light but strong, and neat and handsome in appearance.

For shipping and storing it can be folded into a compact space of only 4½ by 31 inches.

Order at least one of these Chairs now and get the full benefit of it during the Summer months.

Ask your furniture dealer for them. If he doesn't handle them, we will send you one for $4.25, cash with order, f.o.b. Chicago, or $4.75, freight prepaid to all parts of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains and north of North Carolina and New Mexico.

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Why keep your valuable papers—Deeds, Bonds, Contracts, Mortgages, Notes, Insurance Policies, Receipts, etc.—in an old tin box or bureau drawer where they will be destroyed in case of fire, when for **$8.00** we will ship you this GUARANTEED

FIRE-PROOF BOX

which will preserve its contents perfectly in the *very hottest fire?* Write for pamphlet and our new 140-page illustrated Safe catalogue.

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10 in. long, 6 in. wide, 3 in. deep
Approximate weight, 50 lbs.

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The "HANN" Hammock $3.00

Instantly Convertible from Sitting to Reclining Position.

Holds its full width at all times. Has adjustable arms. A swinging arm chair, conforming to the body and rests one all over. Made of bright fancy striped Duck, strong enough for heavy people. Size 7 ft. by 31 in. We manufacture them and prepay express east of Rocky mountains. No. 10, with 4 in. fringe, **$3.00**; No. 20, with 5 in. fringe, **$3.25**; No. 30, with 6 in. fringe, **$3.50**; No. 40, with 8 in. fringe, **$3.75**; No. 50, with 10 in. fringe, **$4.00.**

The "MARGUERITE" SWINGING CHAIR

With Adjustable Head Rest

Instantly adjusted to any desired height of seat. Strong enough for grown people. Folds into space 6 in. by 2 ft. We manufacture them and prepay express charges east of Rocky mountains. Size 2 x 3 feet.

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THE HANN MFG. CO.

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Goldsmiths, Silversmiths and Jewelers.

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The abundance of artistic and appropriate gifts to be had at our establishment, all of assured quality, unique and exclusive in design, and at consistent prices should attract those who are interested in approaching weddings.

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Expansible, Contractible and Interchangeable.

All sizes and styles of leaves and bindings. Costs no more than a fixed leaf album of same size and quality. Your dealer can supply you. If he won't, we will by prepaid express.

Send 2-cent stamp for 40-page Amateur's Guide.

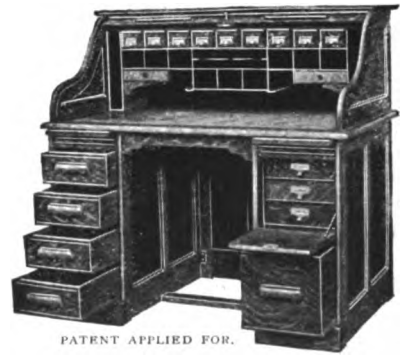
The Carter's Ink Company, BOSTON.

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY

$19.85 BUYS THIS EXCELLENT "MACEY"

Desk, No. 10-H, *direct from the* **factory**, *Freight Prepaid*, sent "On Approval," to be returned at our expense if not found positively the best roll top desk ever sold at so low a price. Worth at retail $28.00 to $35.00.

This desk is 48 in. long, 30 in. wide, 48 in. high. It has a fine quarter-sawed oak front, closed back, front base mould, 22 pigeonholes, 9 file boxes, 2 arm rests, *ball bearing* casters, and **3 complete letter files.** Beautiful polish finish.



PATENT APPLIED FOR.

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Makers of Office and Library Furniture.

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for a surrey than is actually necessary. If you buy a job as good as this from a dealer or agent he will charge you about that amount in commission. Buy direct from our factory and save it. We are the largest manufacturers of Vehicles and Harness in the world selling to the consumer exclusively.

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No. 911—Canopy-top Surrey, has long-distance axles, open rubber hand springs and Bradley quick couplers. Price, complete with curtains, storm aprons, sun shade and fine lamps $135. As good as others sell for $10 more than our price.

Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., G. B. PRATT, Sec'y. **Elkhart, Indiana.**

Cut the Cost of a Carriage

by buying it of the makers. Pay only one, instead of two or three profits. No other factory can build finer, handsomer or more substantial vehicles than those which we ship direct to buyers—instead of selling through dealers. Our great facilities and long experience enable us to secure the highest quality of material and workmanship at the lowest cost.

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We make harness as well as carriages, and sell great quantities of robes, blankets, and all horse accessories—all at prices that will save you dollars. The purchaser may return anything with which he is not satisfied, and get his money back.

Our complete catalogue—free on request—plainly pictures and fully describes our entire line. Write for it.

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SIMPLEX LAUNCH ENGINES

Burn Naphtha or Gasoline. Excel in Safety, Simplicity and Design. Most Reliable Motors for Small Boats.

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All the largest and fastest gas-propelled yachts on the Great Lakes are equipped with

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Have a Carriage, Sir?

WE MAKE THEM AND SELL DIRECT TO YOU AT LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES

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Lenses are farther apart than the eyes.

This gives *Stereoscopic Effect.*

The ordinary stereoscope makes objects in a photograph stand out in relief.

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LAUNCHES, YACHTS AND WORKING BOATS
ALSO FOR SUPPLYING AUXILIARY POWER FOR SAILING CRAFT.

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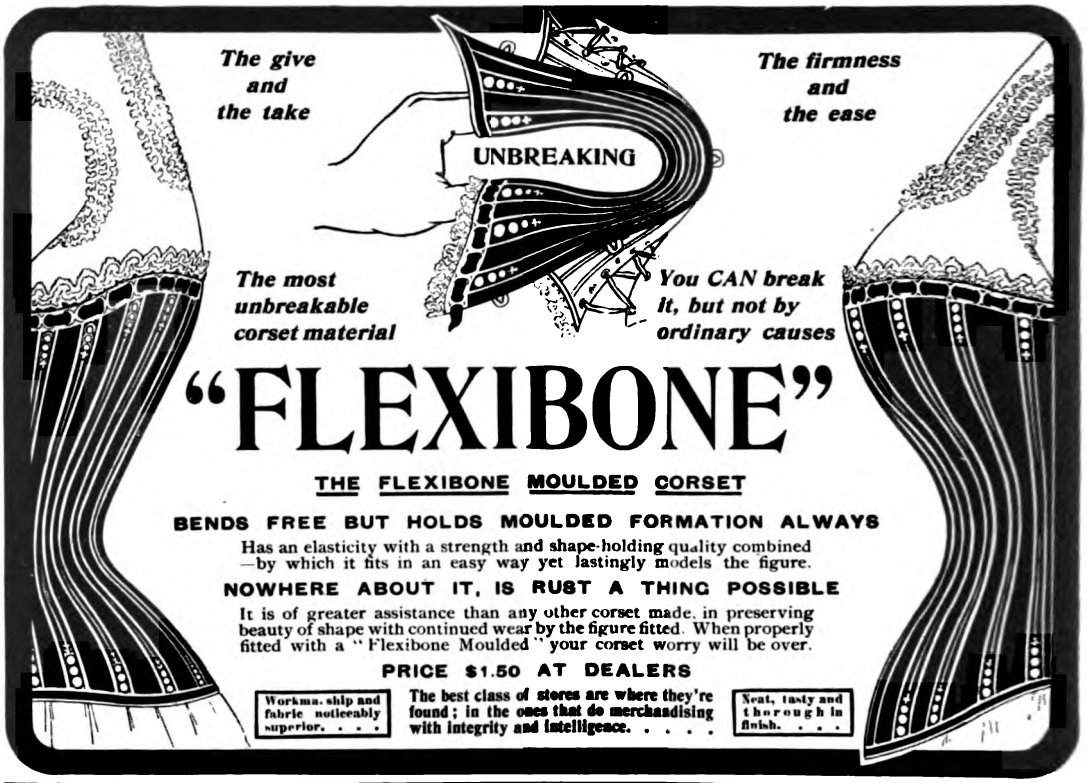

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THE FLEXIBONE MOULDED CORSET

BENDS FREE BUT HOLDS MOULDED FORMATION ALWAYS

Has an elasticity with a strength and shape-holding quality combined —by which it fits in an easy way yet lastingly models the figure.

NOWHERE ABOUT IT, IS RUST A THING POSSIBLE

It is of greater assistance than any other corset made, in preserving beauty of shape with continued wear by the figure fitted. When properly fitted with a "Flexibone Moulded" your corset worry will be over.

PRICE $1.50 AT DEALERS

Workmanship and fabric noticeably superior. . . .

The best class of stores are where they're found; in the ones that do merchandising with integrity and intelligence. . . . .

Neat, tasty and thorough in finish. . . .

THE LUCKE ROLLED CIGAR

Has by its undeniable merit won an enviable position in the regard of the American smoker. Made of tender young leaves of the most delicate Porto Rican growth, they have a flavor equal to any imported cigar on the market, ***and at one-fourth the cost.*** They supply what has long been sought for; a luxurious satisfying smoke at an economical price. It's like saving money to smoke the Lucke cigars; but it's the quality, not the price, that recommends them.

BY MAIL The Lucke Rolled Cigar, box of 50, prepaid to any address in the United States, for $1.25, or 100 Lucke Rolls (the small edition) for $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back.

J. H. LUCKE & CO.,
Lucke Block,
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An offer made by one of the largest corset concerns in the United States.

The Coronet Corset Company's plant is the most improved and complete in existence. It turns out the finest and richest class of goods made in the world. Nowhere else except in Paris, France, are goods made of equal high-class. We are throwing open our entire department of Special Orders for the benefit of allwomen who are particular about their corsets and—*at Factory Prices*—will make up*to measure* an Advertising Special build of the matchless

Flexibone Moulded Corset

sold by dealers at $1.50 to $5.00 (the latter figure when made to order). Our Department of Special Orders has operated for years in fitting special shapes at special prices for dealers under this same system of measurement. Measuring for a Corset is simple; the difficulty is to **make up** a corset and to **mould** it in its sinews and stays according to the individual measures as taken.

SEE NUMBERS IN CUT ABOVE.

1 Bust Measure; **2** Waist Measure; **3** Hip Measure; **4** Under Arm to waist line; **5** From waist line to bottom line of present corset; or higher or lower than same, if desired.

This corset will be made and forwarded to you upon the receipt of $1.00. Should you require a size in waist measure above 30, or a black lined corset, add 25 cents to your remittance. We protect you absolutely, and guarantee complete pleased satisfaction by a second fitting if necessary.

We make this remarkable offer for a purpose—not for your dollar—we do it to bring the Flexibone right home to you in a more direct way than any ordinary advertising could do and to show you why a Flexibone at $1.50 is worth three of any ordinary $1 corset sold in stores.

It is the chance of your life-time to get a corset that is a fitted, moulded exquisite garment—at cost to make.

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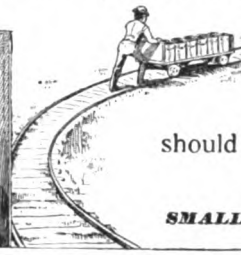

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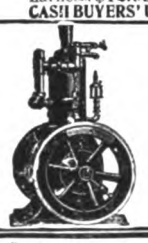

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Unless You or Your Friends Have a Vegetable Garden or a Lawn.

If you have a vegetable garden, no matter how small, we can make it easy to care for, and a source of pleasure and profit. We find that not one town-dweller or villager in ten, who has a family vegetable garden, knows the full value of the **"Planet Jr." tools.** Every large family garden imperatively needs the services of the **"Planet Jr." No. 25 Seeder and Cultivator.** Examine the cut. The **No 25** will sow all your garden seeds exactly right, either in hills or drills. It opens, sows, covers, rolls and marks the next row. Then as a hoe, plow and cultivator, it makes easy all work of the garden from spring till fall. Price only..... **$14**

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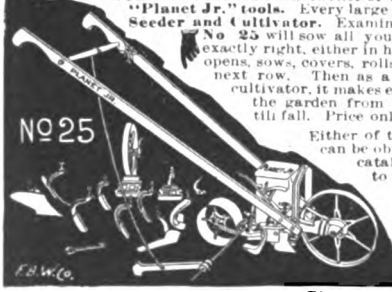
All of our implements are made of the very best material and are fully warranted.



Either of these will be sent promptly on receipt of price, or they can be obtained from your dealer, or write for full descriptive catalogue. Any advice you may want we will gladly give to the best of our ability.

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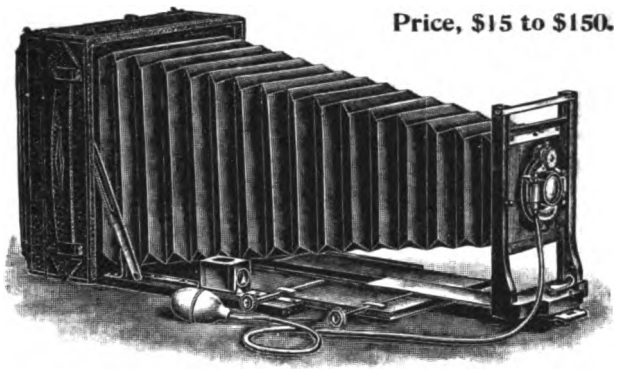

The difference between **MONTAUK CAMERAS** and others is very much as the difference between factory-made clothing and the product of the justly celebrated tailor. The latter, like the **Montauk Camera,** has quality, style, goodness and individuality. It looks different and is different from the factory-made product. Send for our 1900 Catalogue, also *Valuable Pamphlet on Hauff's Developers, Metol, Ortol, Adurol.*

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PUT UP IN A NEAT CASE CONTAINING

1 Copying and Enlarging Lens,
1 Portrait Lens,
1 Wide Angle Lens,
1 Tele Photo Lens,
1 Orthochromatic Ray Screen.

These lenses can be used with any camera made, fitted with a rectilinear or an anastigmat lens.

Price per set, containing the above lenses, 4 x 5—$5.00; 5 x 7—$6.00. The above lenses can be had singly at $2.00 each in the 4 x 5 size, and $2.25 each in the 5 x 7 size.

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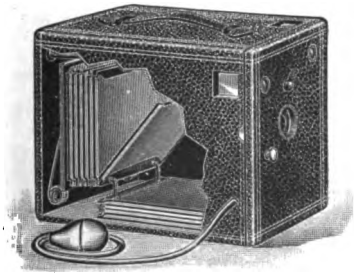

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Folding and Cycle Cameras from $5.00 to $50.00. Catalogue free

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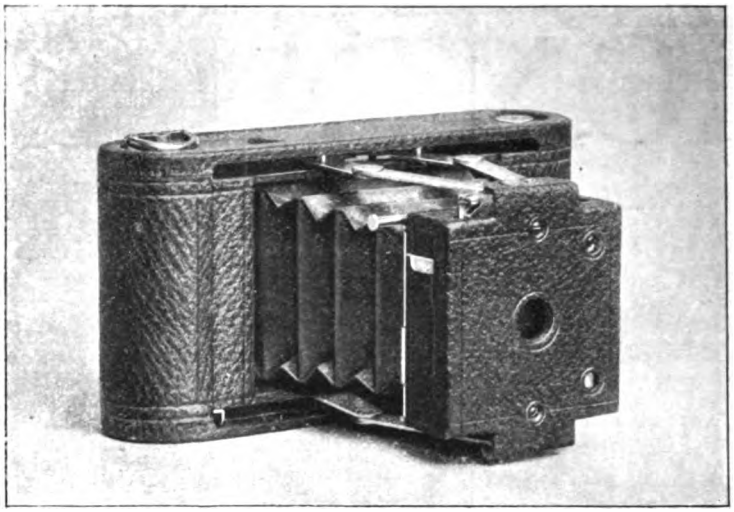

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak.

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means a full realization of the charms of photography without the drawbacks of burdensome apparatus, without bulky plate holders or heavy, fragile glass plates.

The Folding Pocket Kodaks have the finest meniscus achromatic lenses, our automatic rotary shutters, sets of three stops and accurate view finders. They are, in short, equipped for the finest photographic work, and like all Kodaks they use our film cartridges and

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exposure to gas or lamp light and a few more seconds for development makes a

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Print. Exquisitely soft matte effects.

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Uses Daylight Loading Film and is fitted with fixed focus Meniscus lens of superior quality, an adjustable speed rotary shutter, set of three stops, view finders and tripod sockets for both vertical and horizontal exposures. Has nickeled fittings and fine morocco grain covering.

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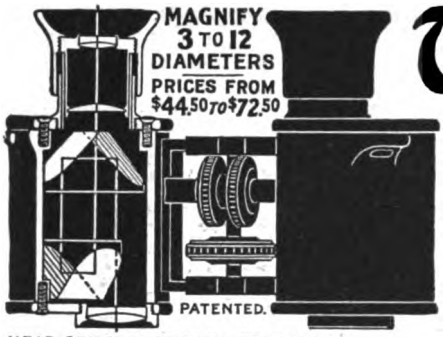

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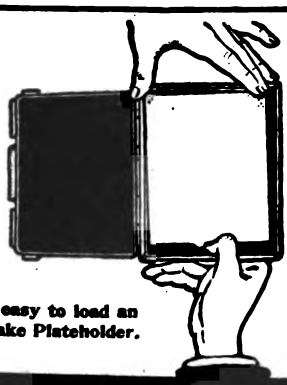

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Twelve Adlake Plateholders loaded, occupy but a fraction of an inch more than 12 glass plates. Each is a separate thin metal portfolio which shuts like a watch case—light-tight, dust proof.

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Travelers use Ray Cameras because they are reliable, compact and simple. They are never out of order. Their moderate price puts them within the reach of all. They use European sizes of plates as well as American.

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Our "1900" Catalogue is now ready.

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FIVE CAMERAS IN ONE

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Do not buy a Camera until you have examined the

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With the patent long and short negative attachment you can take a 4 x 4, 4 x 6, 4 x 8, 4 x 10 and a 4 x 12-inch picture, as desired. Consequently you have five cameras in one. And the "AL-VISTA" is made for time and snap-shot work, too. Uses the ordinary 4 x 5 daylight loading film on spools. Drop us a postal and get our 1900 catalogue.

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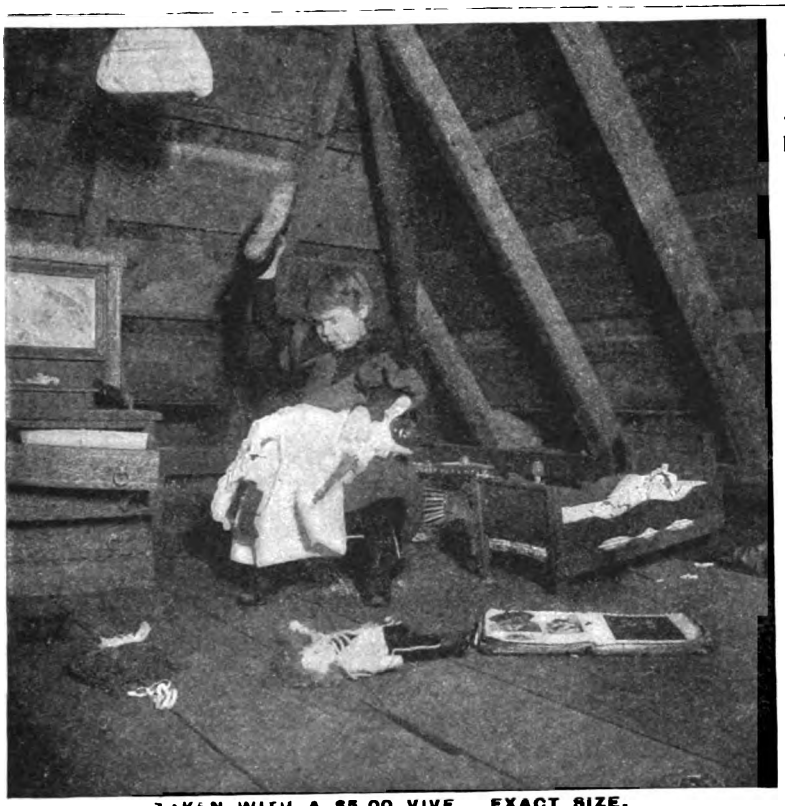

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Daylight Loading and **Mechanical** Fixed Focus and Focusing Cameras

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The BULLARD *FOLDING MAGAZINE CAMERA.*

Series B.
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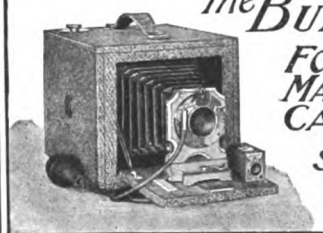

EIGHTEEN 4x5 glass plates at one loading

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Magazine Cameras from $10.00 to $40.00.
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Three Minutes

Only required to take, develop, and finish the above picture with the

NODARK CAMERA

Size of camera, 3½ in. wide, 4½ in. high, 12 in. long.
Size of pictures, 2½ in. x 3½ in.

With this camera the entire tedious and difficult science of photography is reduced to such simplicity that any child can use it.

NO DARK ROOM.
No Costly Chemicals.
No Printing Frames.
No Blurs or Hazy Results.

The process is so perfect that every plate comes out right. There is no secret about the Nodark Camera—simply a new dry-plate tintype is used instead of glass plates or films. Every Nodark Camera is complete and perfect. **Also includes 26 plates, 1 developing chamber, 2 bottles of solution, and instructions how to operate and make the pictures.**

Price $6.00.

Buy from your dealer. If he won't supply you, write us. *Free booklet sent on request.*

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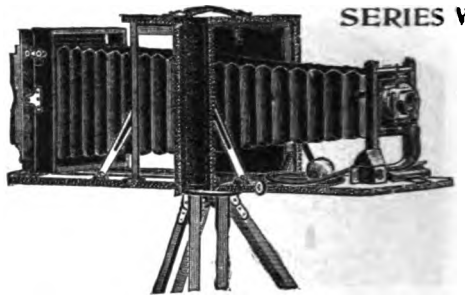
"It 's all in the Lens"

The most popular Camera of the day is the

LONG FOCUS KORONA

SERIES VI.



During the past few months the orders for this Camera have increased greatly. It appeals to both the amateur and skilled photographer, and is worthy of examination by all who care for this most interesting art.

Among Its Advantages

- It has a Double-Sliding Front Convertible Lens
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- The Back is Quickly Reversible
- Korona Shutter
- Time, Bulb and Instantaneous Exposure

Write for Catalogue and full particulars.

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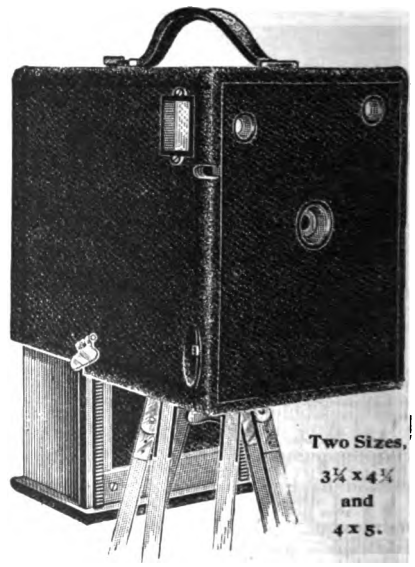
"Not in the Trust"

Chase BOX Magazine Camera



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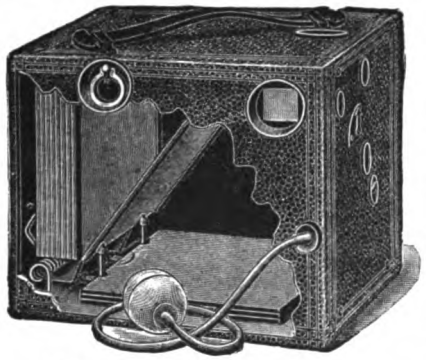

The **Cyclone** Magazine Camera

are amazed at its simplicity and the beauty of its pictures. The finest pictures can come only from glass plates. Glass plates used and carried as easily as a roll of film, but with better results, is what the Cyclone does. It's our ideal, and will be yours if you investigate its merits.

Price, $6 to $10.

Send for fine illustrated Catalogue, mailed on request.

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AMERICANS DEMAND THE BEST.

The Poco has all adjustments for hand or tripod work. Fitted with Rochester Symmetrical Lens and Unicum Shutter. **All Sizes of Foreign-Made Plates** can be used in the Poco, by means of interchangeable holders.

New Illustrated Catalogue mailed on application.

Price, $5 and upwards.

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DELIVERED FREE TO ANY PART OF THE U. S. FOR **$9.75**

UNICUM SHUTTER WITH IRIS DIAPHRAGM, RECTILINEAR LENS, RISING AND FALLING FRONT, REVERSIBLE FINDER, 2 TRIPOD SOCKETS, SOLE LEATHER CARRYING CASE, ONE DOUBLE PLATE HOLDER. EVERY ONE FULLY GUARANTEED. YOU CAN KEEP IT FOR 5 DAYS, AND IF NOT THOROUGHLY SATISFIED, RETURN IT, MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED. THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE DEALERS IN PHOTO MATERIALS IN THE U. S.

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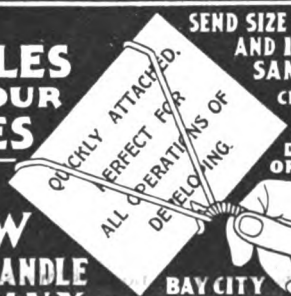
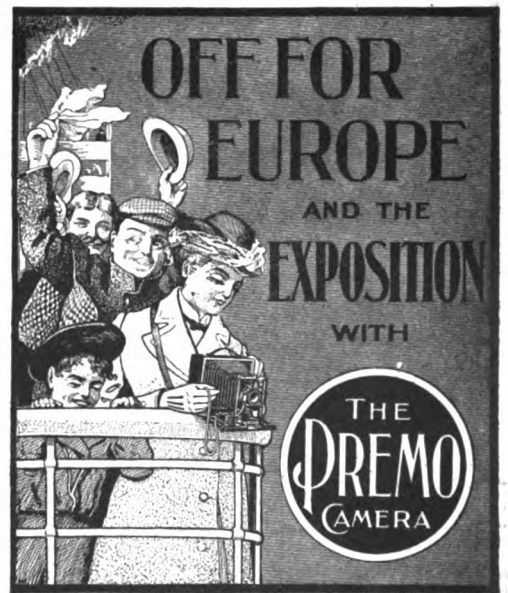


SEND SIZE OF PLATE AND 15¢ FOR SAMPLE.

CIRCULAR FREE AT YOUR DEALERS OR DIRECT.

CLAW PLATE HANDLE COMPANY BAY CITY MICH.



Uses Both Glass Plates and Daylight Loading Film.

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Travelers on the Continent are delighted to find that Premo Cameras can be fitted with holders, in which the odd European sized plates can be used. *Send for catalogue.*

Price, $10.00 and Upwards.

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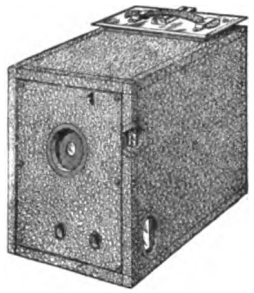
Loads, makes 12 Exposures, and unloads in 17 seconds.



Special Achromatic Lens.

THE DAYLIGHT .....LOADING Winchester CAMERAS

The only one in the world that loads 12 glass plates in daylight. Loads 12 to 36 films in daylight and permits the removal of any exposure at will. It can also be used as an ordinary magazine camera, with any make of plates.

NO DARK ROOM OR RELOADING APPARATUS REQUIRED.

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For making 3¼ x 4¼ photos $8.00. For 4 x 5 size $10.00

Our Interchangeable Magazine fits all folding cameras, transforming them into Magazine Cameras loading in daylight. Price $6.00.

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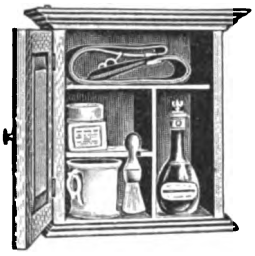


The Cardinal SHAVING CABINET

made in Golden Oak or Mahogany finish, is 14 in. high by 12 in. wide and hangs on the wall or back of door always ready for use. Bevel French Plate Mirror in front of door for use while shaving, or as a dressing mirror.

You can get the Cabinet, a Cake of Williams' Shaving Soap, Torrey Razor Strop, Hard Rubber Shaving Brush, Porcelain Shaving Mug, Witch Hazel Lavender Cologne and a Cake of Magnesia—

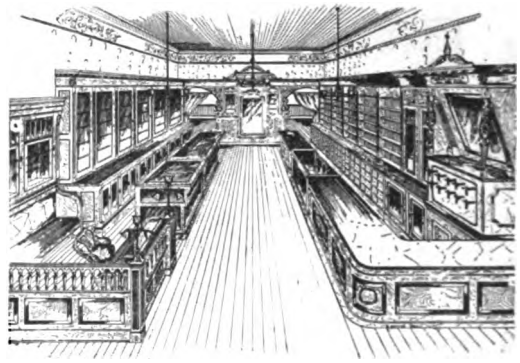
The Complete Outfit, $6.50 Express Paid.

Cabinet without Outfit, $4.50, Express Paid.

It Saves in Delays Its Cost Many Times Over.

Cabinet is made to keep everything dust proof. Think of it! Here is a new convenience you can't afford to be without. Remit or write for further particulars to

THE CARDINAL CABINET CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.



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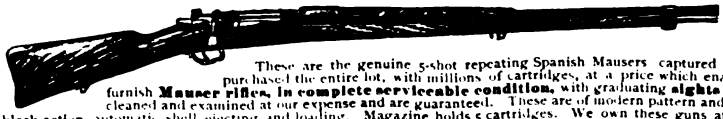
If you want something out of the ordinary in store, office or bank fixtures, write us; let us send you designs. Our designs are original, and we submit them free. We compete with anyone on prices, yet we give you a style, a uniqueness that others cannot furnish. Our designs are now found in many of the largest and finest stores in the country, East and West; yet we give to the small buyer just as careful attention as to the large buyer. Tell us what you want.

RACINE FIXTURE CO., Racine, Wis.

A $25.00 MAUSER RIFLE FOR ONLY $10.00

THE LITTLE BIG GUN.

Shoots a ball small enough for a squirrel, big enough for a bear.



These are the genuine 5-shot repeating Spanish Mausers captured from the Spanish at Santiago. Our agent has purchased the entire lot, with millions of cartridges, at a price which enables us to make this low offer. **For $10** we furnish **Mauser rifles, in complete serviceable condition,** with graduating **sights** and **cleaning** rods. These guns have all been cleaned and examined at our expense and are guaranteed. These are of modern pattern and improvements, with the popular sliding breech-block action, automatic shell ejecting and loading. Magazine holds 5 cartridges. We own these guns at the lowest possible figure, and we are offering them to the public at a price below what the Government were asking. They cannot be obtained now from any other source. The guns we offer are of the desirable 7 millimetre and 7.65 millimetre calibre, and weigh from 7 to 8 pounds; length of barrel, 28 inches. **Ammunition** for these rifles is made by the manufacturers in this country. Consequently a supply of ammunition can always be secured. We have an almost inexhaustible stock of captured ammunition which we supply at astonishing low rates. With each gun we send a supply of cartridges. The rifle is conveniently adapted to both large and small game; the ball, being small, does not tear small game; it goes with such a terrific force (2,400 feet to the second) that it pierces the skull of a bear or buffalo and traverses the entire length of his body. By the use of the improved smokeless cartridges, is more effective for large game than the old 50 calibre.

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is constructed upon an entirely new principle. The vehicle is under perfect control, it being impossible for rut or stone to change the course. A *Ride in a Riker* is the most convincing proof of its perfection, speed and beauty.

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JOYS OF THE SEASON.

They are only possible to those who can handle the lever on a high grade motor carriage. THE WINTON embodies all the virtues, and our standard product is recognized by the most enthusiastic operators as a practical success under all conditions of service.

A long list of pleased customers is the best possible recommendation. Waiting list is getting longer. *Write for catalogue.*

The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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LENGTH-31 FT. 6 IN. "REVENUE CUTTER" BEAM-6 FT. 8 IN.

SPECIAL ORDER FOR HON. FERDINAND W. PECK.
U.S. COMMISSIONER GENERAL PARIS EXPOSITION

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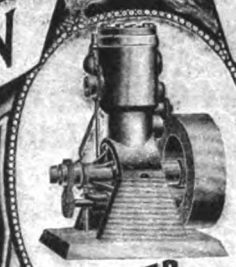

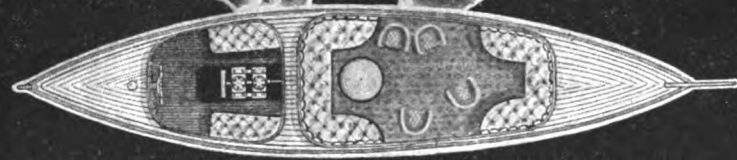

The Only Craft that Flies the Stars and Stripes at Paris Exposition.

This distinction has been awarded the **LOZIER** Launch. After careful inspection and due consideration, it was selected as the official launch of the United States Commission of the Paris Exposition on the River Seine, during the coming summer. United States is putting its best foot forward, and only the best will represent it. The River Seine has been converted into a grand canal, and one craft of each nation will be permitted to carry its own flag.

The **LOZIER** Launch will be the only craft on the Seine flying the stars and stripes.

There were reasons for the selection. A reliable power was the first requisite; an engine that was perfectly lubricated; one in which the combustion was perfect; a power that would run the same in foul as in fair weather; one that the most changeable climate would not affect; an engine that was as reliable as a steam engine. The **LOZIER** Engine, filling all these requirements, was selected.

Then the double cockpit "Revenue Cutter" also came in for its share of glory. Roomy, speedy, a work of art, it was accepted as the best this country produced. It is a creation in marine architecture.

The honor of the nation was at stake, and the **LOZIER** Engine and Launch were selected to protect it.

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MOTIVE POWER is Steam.

SAFETY is guaranteed.

ECONOMY. Less than one cent per mile to operate.

RELIABILITY. Adopted by N.Y. Fire Dept.

SPEED may be as great as desired.

HILLS are easy for the Locomobile. It climbed Mt. Washington.

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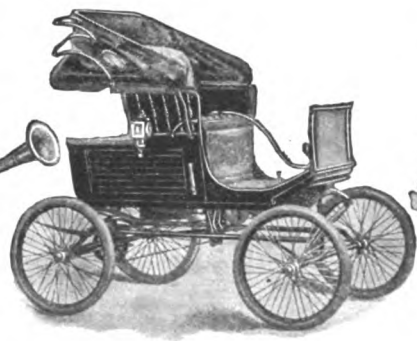

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There are reasons for this popularity.

HARTFORD SINGLE TUBE TIRES

are and have always been made regardless of any expense that could help to make them better. They cost more than other tires, but they are worth more, and they are the most economical in the end.

If you insist, you can have them on any high grade wheel without extra cost to you.

Don't be induced to accept substitutes on the statement that they are "just as good as **Hartfords.**"

If **Hartfords** were not the Standard Single Tube Tires and known to be the best, they would not be quoted in the comparison.

Remember, the better the tire, the easier the wheel will run.

$1,000 IN CASH PRIZES

will be offered by us during the season of 1900.

The competition is open to all bicyclists, both men and women.

Write for **Prize Competition Booklet,** enclosing this advertisement and one two-cent stamp.

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B.G.I.
GOLF GOODS
SPECIALTIES
FORK SPLICED CLUBS
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EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO GOLF.

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6000 new '99 model Bicycles carried over must be SACRIFICED AT ONCE. **$11.75**

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WE SHIP TO ANY ONE ON APPROVAL AND TRIAL BEFORE PAYMENT.

One **RIDER AGENT** in each town can obtain FREE USE of sample wheel to ride and exhibit. Write for ART CATALOGUE, BARGAIN LIST AND OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

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Examine the
Canfield Coaster Brake

carefully and you will find it to be the simplest, neatest, strongest and most efficient. Best inside. Best outside. Fits any hub. Anyone can apply it. Booklet free. Address

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FOREHAND "Perfection" REVOLVER

$4.50

A FOREHAND "Perfection" REVOLVER

is made of the best materials by the most skilled workmen. It's handsome and serviceable It's easily cleaned and kept in order. It will only go off when you want it to. It CAN'T before, as it has an automatic hammer block and positive cylinder stop. The price from your dealer or from us is $4.50. Our beautiful catalogue of other revolvers and guns sent on request.

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.38 HAMMERLESS SAFETY. .38 DOUBLE ACTION.

A Catalogue of Latest Models sent for a stamp.

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are made *TO KILL*

They are not only elegant in appearance and easily taken apart but they possess the superiority in sighting, the rapidity of fire, and magazine capacity that has always been characteristic of the Marlin Repeating Rifle.

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REPEATERS

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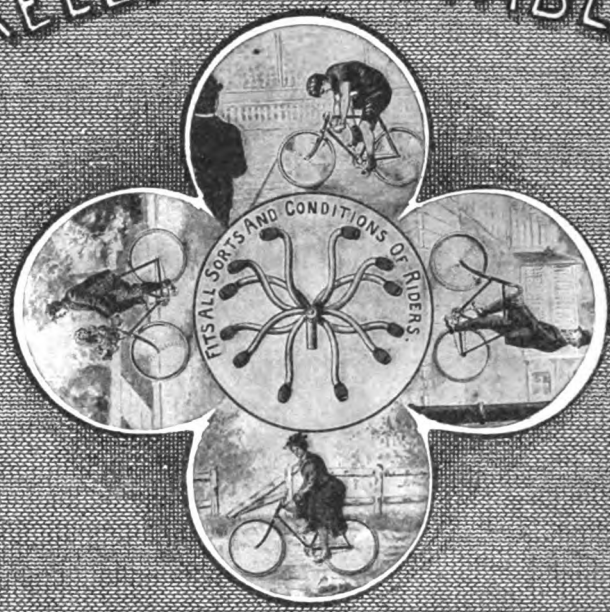

Has 25 different positions 15 inches adjustment You can't sit in a position that you can't adjust this bar to fit Perfectly made of forged parts—No castings or stampings

Insist and your dealer will put one on your 1900 Bicycle Don't have any other makeshift bar for there is only one good one and that is THE KELLY ADJUSTABLE Send for Catalogue

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The Frost Gear Case

Protects wearing parts from grit and your clothes from grease. Twenty-four hundred miles without oil or attention to chain, its record. Write for our booklet, "Bicycle Breathing," and read what professionals say of the celebrated Frost Gear Case in rain and dust. Name your wheel when writing for price of gear case.

UNIVERSAL GEAR CASE WORKS
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POCKET SEARCH LIGHT.

The most useful and durable electric light ever made. For policemen, night watchmen, at home or in business, in case of burglar it is better than a gun. Price, prepaid, **$5.00.**

We make everything electrical. Special $12.00 Belt with Suspensory, $2.50. None better made. $6.00 Bicycle Lamp, $2.75. Ajax Motor, $1.00. Send quick. Catalogue free, illustrated.

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for Bicycles
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THESE ARE THE ONLY TOOLS YOU'LL NEED.

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The American Dunlop Tire Co.,
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The New Tire

ends all tire trouble. Marks the beginning of a new era in wheeling. Cannot be punctured. Requires no inflation. Always the same. Possesses the highest degree of resiliency. Smaller than pneumatic, lighter than a solid tire, more durable and cheaper than either. Made for every kind of wheel from a bicycle to an automobile.

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LATTA & MULCONROY, 1215 Market St., Philada.

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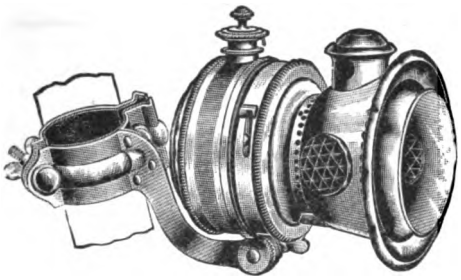

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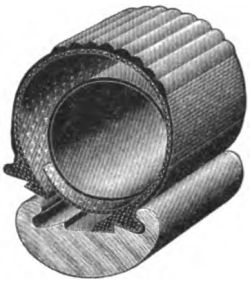

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Other Tires may cost less in the beginning and prove most expensive in the end.

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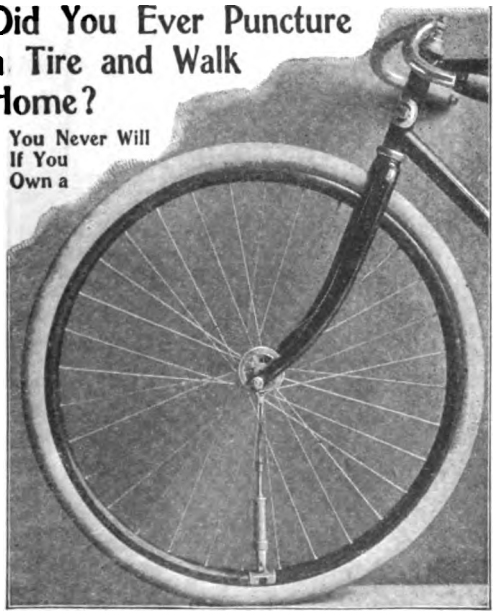

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It inflates the tire while you ride. It does not disfigure the wheel. It will fit any wheel. It makes pumping easy and is always ready. It can be thrown out of gear and left on wheel. It can be instantly detached and placed in Tool bag if desired. It weighs **six ounces** and costs but **$2.00**, delivered to any point in the U. S. Write for descriptive booklet.

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COASTER-HUB BRAKE

FITS ANY BICYCLE
WITH THIS YOU
RIDE 50 MILES
BUT PEDAL ONLY 35

Wheel Always Under Control

Thousands in use.
Coast with your feet on the pedals.
A slight back pressure applies the brake.
No continuous strain on the leg muscles after brake is applied.
You can coast down every little decline without removing your feet from the pedals.
Adds 100 per cent. to the pleasures of cycling.
Send for printed matter.

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Superior to any yet shown. Best generator made. Fool proof—Simply can't get out of order. Illustrated pamphlet giving detailed information of both the Brake and the Lamp—free on request.

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has won a leading place among bicycles because it meets every requirement of the cyclist. It is always ready to ride. The adjustment is peculiarly simple, direct and effective. There is nothing to entangle or soil the skirt. The mechanism is dirt-proof and weather-proof, and does not deteriorate with use. The transmission of power is direct, utilizing every ounce of driving force expended. It is the easiest running, the most practical and most trustworthy bicycle. Price $75.

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embody every improvement possible to the chain type. Prices: $50, $35, $30, $25.

THE COLUMBIA COASTER BRAKE is simple and sure in action and saves fully one-third of the pedaling necessary in ordinary riding. An hour's practice will bring any one to a realization of its merits as a labor-saving device. Price $5.00 when ordered with a new machine. Applicable to both Chainless and Chain Models.

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FOR THE PAST TWELVE YEARS PHOENIX BICYCLES HAVE BEEN MANUFACTURED AND THE 1900 PATTERNS ARE FAR SUPERIOR TO ANYTHING PREVIOUSLY OFFERED

THE PRICE IS

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Adapted to the Quick and Economical Delivery of Light Merchandise.
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SAVE YOUR STRENGTH

You can cover the same ground with less energy by using the

CLIPPER Bevel-Gear CHAINLESS

The secret is in the Bevel-Gear. Price, $60 and $75.

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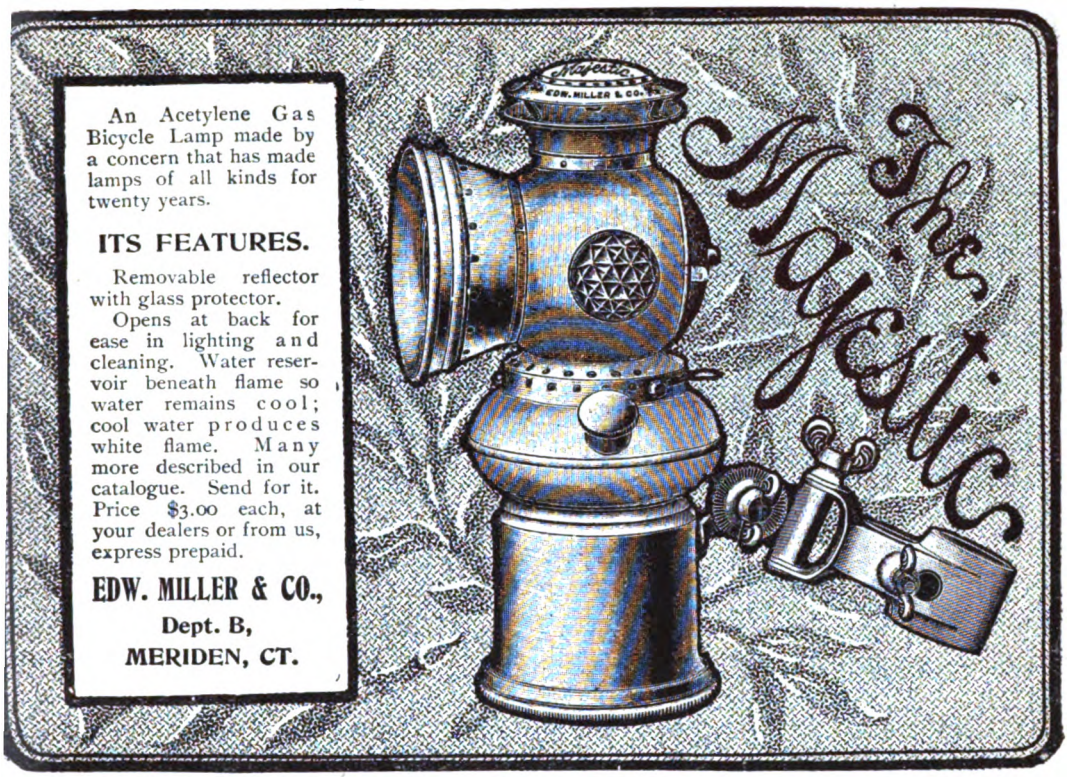

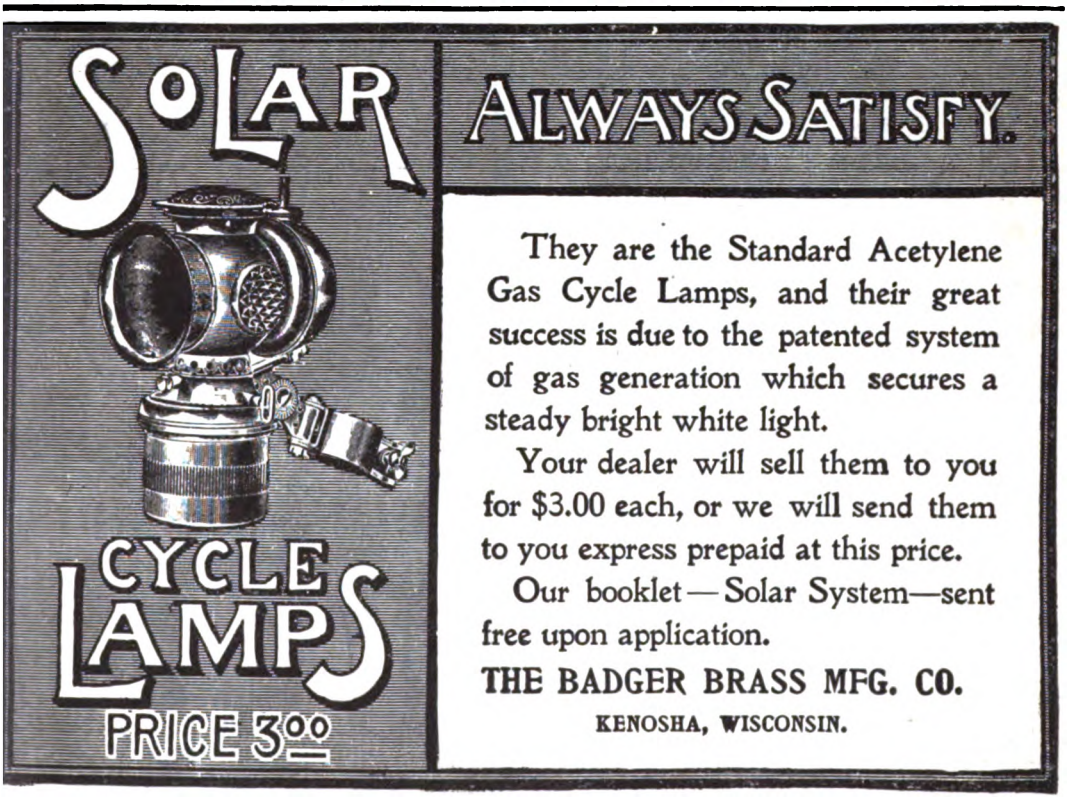

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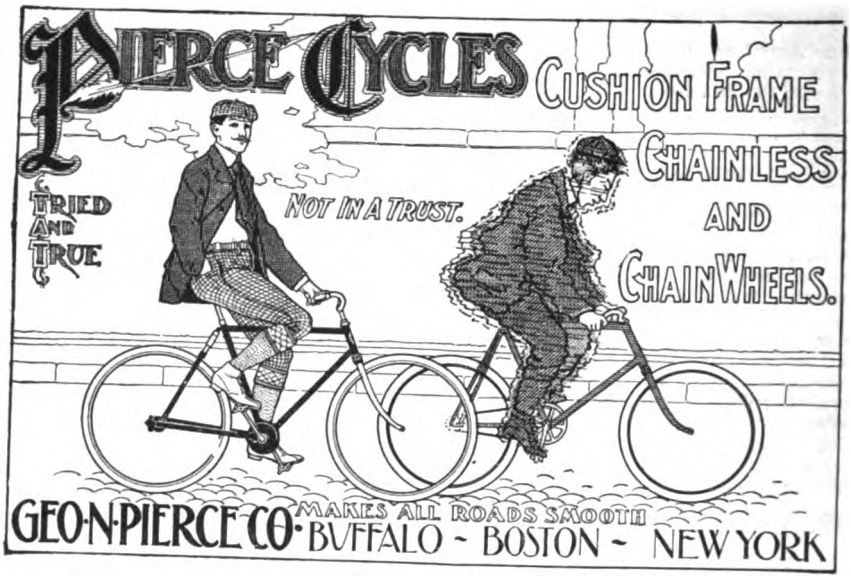

Prices { Chainless, for Men and Women, $75.00
Chain, for Men and Women, - 55.00

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will not ride without a reliable "mile-teller." Only *one* has stood the test of use

Veeder CYCLOMETERS

ORDINARY "TRIP"

are perfect instruments—dust proof, water proof, positive action—as useful as your watch. Made for 24, 26, 28, and 30-inch wheels.

Ordinary, 10,000 miles and repeat, nickeled, $1.00
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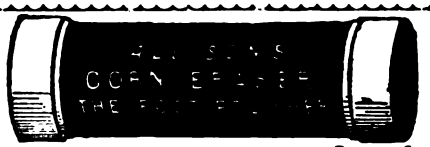

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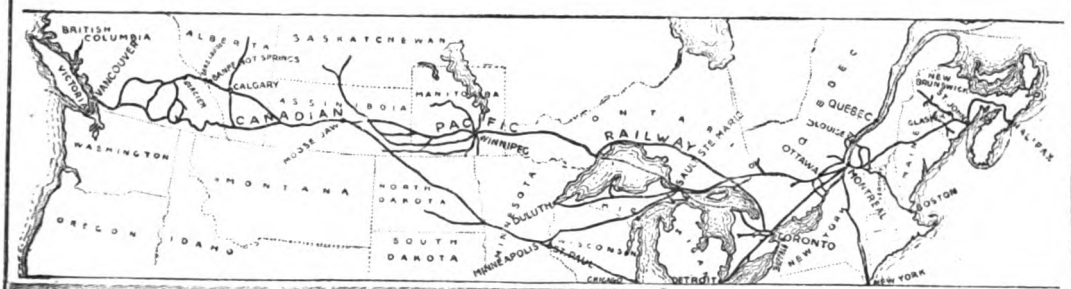

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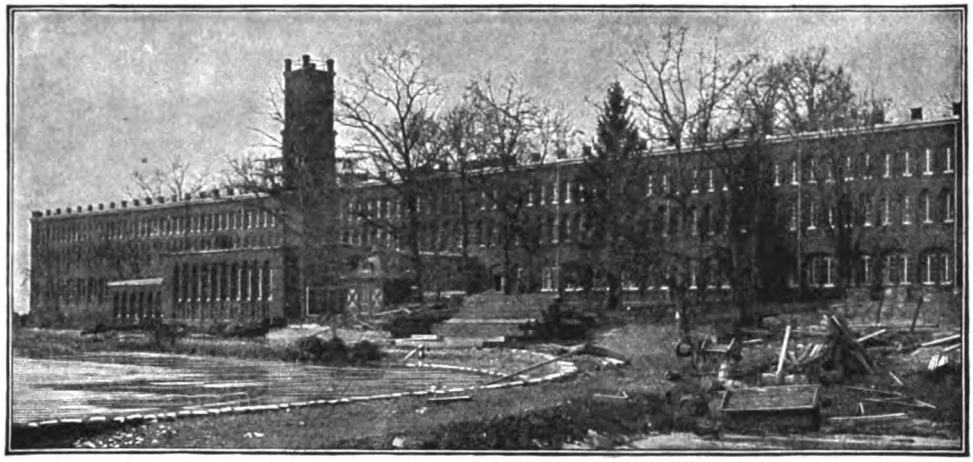

FACTORY OF THE MOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA—VIEW LOOKING SOUTH.

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THE first MOBILES were turned out at the factory of THE MOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA at Kingsland-Point-on-the-Hudson during the month of March. Nine months before, two hundred and thirty-three acres of the famous Philipse Manor property, having nearly a mile of river frontage on the Hudson and bisected by the New York Central Railway, was purchased with the idea of building there an automobile factory of such extent that the cost of production could be brought to the lowest possible figure. While the factory was in course of erection, a corps of engineers and experts under the direction of the Messrs. Francis and Freeland Stanley was engaged in strengthening and improving the carriage and perfecting methods and special tools for the manufacture of the automobile carriage invented by the Messrs. Stanley.

The carriage thus perfected is to be known as the "WESTCHESTER COUNTY MODEL" to distinguish it from the carriages of the Stanley design turned out at the works in Massachusetts. It carries the very latest improvements, and the orders for its construction have been to use only the finest quality of material and to spare no pains to turn out the best of which the most skilful workmanship is capable. It is believed that the "WESTCHESTER COUNTY MODEL," built at the factory of THE MOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA, is not excelled in strength, durability and excellence of design.

WHAT THE MOBILE IS.

The "WESTCHESTER COUNTY MODEL," built by THE MOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA, is a horseless carriage weighing less than five hundred pounds, and costing but six hundred and fifty dollars. Compactly built, with workmanship of the finest quality, capable of traveling twenty miles or more an hour or reducing its speed so that it can take its place in the slowly moving and stopping line of travel in the great cities, it is operated by steam under circumstances which render it absolutely safe. More than a thousand Stanley carriages of the Massachusetts model are now in public use, and there has never been a single boiler accident. The fuel shuts off automatically when the steam reaches one hundred and sixty pounds. There is a safety-valve which opens at one hundred and seventy pounds. Each boiler is wound with piano-wire and tested up to six hundred pounds pressure, and is calculated to withstand a strain up to thirty-five hundred pounds pressure to the square inch. Recently, as an experiment, a boiler was placed in an excavation, all valves closed, and the fire turned on full head. A gauge carried off to a distance showed a steam pressure of twelve hundred pounds. Then the steam began to drop, owing to a slight escape around the head of each of the copper tubes which compose the boiler flues, and the pressure did not rise above the twelve hundred pounds indicated, until all the water was exhausted. If the water supply should be exhausted in the boiler through oversight, the pressure drops and the boiler ceases to produce steam, and with the decreased pressure of the steam the carriage comes to a stop and the pump which supplies water ceases to work.

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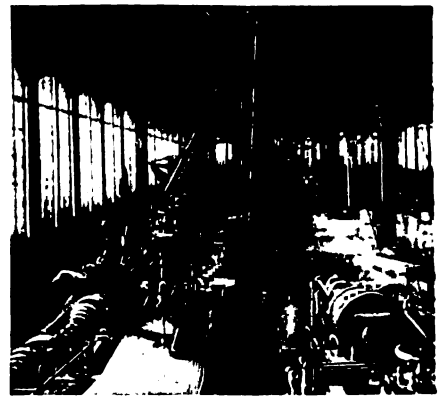
The factory of the company has been fitted up with the most perfect machinery and special tools, all new and of the latest design for manufacturing on the most extensive scale. In this way the company proposes to bring the price within the reach of every class. The charge made is SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, payable upon delivery at the Kingsland Point station of the New York Central Railway. The claim made for THE MOBILE COMPANY'S "WESTCHESTER COUNTY MODEL" is that it has no superior in the world's markets to-day.



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THE MOBILE'S RADIUS OF MOTION.

One of the improvements in the "WESTCHESTER COUNTY MODEL" is a tank made from seamless copper tubing, giving a fuel-storage capacity double that in the original Stanley carriage, and equal to one hundred miles' run on smooth, level roads. The MOBILE can travel over any class of road, rough or smooth; but it must be distinctly understood that the rougher the road the more fuel required.

THE MOBILE BUILT TO CLIMB THE STEEPEST HILL ROADS.

The question of steep grades is an annoying one for the average horseless carriage. Not so for the MOBILE. It can climb on a fairly made road up a fourteen per cent. grade (which is considered a pretty steep country road) at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. During last summer, Mr. Freeland O. Stanley and his wife ascended the long, steep road up Mount Washington in two hours and twenty minutes.

IN THE MATTER OF COMFORT.

The MOBILE is perfectly smooth in operation. It moves without jar or vibration of any kind. When in motion, the products of combustion are carried underneath the carriage, and neither heat nor odor of any kind arises. The machinery is noiseless except in climbing stiff grades, when a slight puffing is audible, but nothing in the least degree objectionable.

There are more than a dozen improvements in the present carriage over the Stanley carriage as originally put out. The first and most important of these is in the engine. The second relates to the gasoline tank which now holds double the quantity of oil formerly carried. A seamless copper tube, very strong in construction and elliptical in shape, secures this much to be desired result.

Another marked improvement is in the ball bearings of the engine, which are one-half inch instead of three-eighths inch as formerly, experience showing that the increase of strength thus obtained is an item of great importance.

The other improvements are largely in details of construction, no effort in time or money having been spared to work out the most perfect results.

The question is frequently asked, "What guarantee is given to the intending purchaser?" To this we reply that we guarantee our materials and workmanship to be the best that money can produce. Our factory, however, is open to the inspection of intending purchasers, and it only needs a visit to the various departments to satisfy an expert as to the excellence of the work being turned out.

The claims which the MOBILE makes upon the public confidence may be briefly summed up as follows:—

First. The lightest, most compact, best designed and most perfect horseless carriage now before the public.

Second. The highest class of materials and workmanship.

Third. Cost—but $650.

Fourth. Simplicity in construction, odorless when running, and almost noiseless.

Fifth. It can speed at a gait up to thirty miles per hour or follow the slowest truck.

Sixth. It is operated by steam, the standard power of the world, under perfect regulation and test.

Seventh. Its fuel is inexpensive; it carries a supply for fifty to one hundred miles, according to the character of the road, which can be procured at any drug-store at slight expense.

Eighth. It embraces all the latest improvements, and is confidently recommended as the most perfect piece of machinery now on the market.

The probabilities are ***that not one automobile carriage will be built during the coming season where ten will be required to supply the demand.*** The impression prevails that there are a great number of horseless carriage factories being erected and that the output will be large during the coming season. The fact remains that

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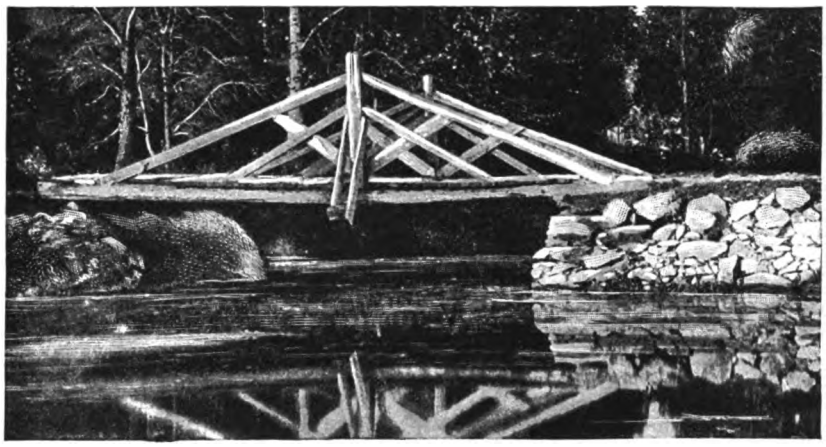
there are not in operation in the United States at this time factories capable of turning out twenty machines a day other than the Stanley carriage. After three years of experiment on the part of the Messrs. Stanley and nine months spent on the construction of a factory, we are only now in a position to turn out carriages on a considerable scale.

A carefully prepared book of instructions will be furnished with each carriage sold, and it is possible for any one with some mechanical knowledge to master the handling of the MOBILE from the instructions therein given. Unmechanical purchasers living at a distance who cannot come to the factory for instructions are advised to secure a careful and competent engineer, a man of good judgment and likely to be thorough, who can master the machine and then instruct the purchaser.

INSPECTION OF VEHICLES.

The MOBILE carriage, "WESTCHESTER COUNTY MODEL," may be found from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. in front of the New York Offices of the company, Fifth Avenue and Forty-second St., and the Times Building.



THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN'S BRIDGE AS IT WAS FORMERLY.

Intending purchasers are invited to visit the factory at Kingsland Point, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, where instruction will be given in handling the carriage.

KINGSLAND POINT WELL ADAPTED FOR TRYING AUTOMOBILES.

The Philipse Manor property contains many beautiful roadways, steep, level, good, and some bad, so that the purchaser or intending purchaser will find it admirably adapted as a place to try automobiles.

Tarrytown is a little more than half an hour's run from New York by the fast trains. Of the fifty-nine accommodation trains which stop at Tarrytown station, fourteen each day stop at Kingsland Point upon application to the conductor. Kingsland Point itself is considered to be one of the two or three most beautiful places on the Hudson. It stands well out in the Tappan Zee with Grant's Tomb visible on a clear day to the south, and a great stretch of water to the north off into the Highlands. The place is full of historic memories. The original Philipse Manor and mill, more than two hundred years old, are still standing. The "Headless Horseman's Bridge" is near by. The mansion was the center originally of the Philipse estate, which embraced two hundred square miles and reached from Spuyten Duyvel to Peekskill. It seems proper that here should be opened the manufacture of automobiles, for here were begun more than two hundred years ago manufacturing operations on the Hudson.

THE "MOBILE" COMPANY OF AMERICA

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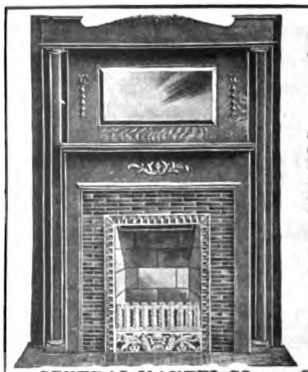

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ANNOUNCEMENT

The June and other coming numbers, besides interesting matter of various other kinds, will be especially notable in authoritative articles descriptive of the latest new devices and enterprises that are practically

Building the World Anew

The Nicaragua Canal.—The Canal is now practically assured, and it will be the greatest achievement in constructive engineering that the world has thus far seen. Mr. Charles M. Lincoln, of the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*, after making a life-long study of the general subject and spending months with the engineers in Nicaragua, has written an article telling through what kind of country the Canal will run, how the immense difficulties in its path will be surmounted, and the wonderful advantages it will give to the world of commerce. In an early number, with maps, diagrams, and pictures.

The Cape Nome Gold Fields.—These seem to be the richest gold fields ever discovered, and thousands upon thousands of people will make the long journey to them this summer. A fully illustrated article in the June number will tell how to reach them and what the traveler will find when he gets there, besides giving an account of the almost fabulous richness that the fields have thus far disclosed.

Railroad Development in China.—An article by Mr. W. B. Parsons, chief-engineer of the American-China Development Co., and author of the interesting article in the April number on "The American Invasion of China," will tell just how China is off to-day for railroads and what immense development in that respect—to the revolution of the world's trade—is now impending. The article will be fully illustrated from photographs taken by the author himself in his journeys in China.

Engineering Feats in Bridge-Building.—In no department have the engineers been more constantly beating their own best record—to the shoving of the severed quarters of the earth into each other's arms—than in bridge-building. Their feats in this have been marvelous and fairly heroic; and the story of them is more interesting than any fiction. It will be told in an early article, and fully illustrated.

New Experiments in Flying.—Mr. O. Chanute, who has been studying and experimenting to solve the problem of human flight for over forty years, will describe, in the June number, some machines of his own that seem to prepare the way toward the final flying-machine and his recent experiences and adventures with them. Illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

SINGULAR STORIES

From the Secret Diplomatic History of the United States

These are strange unpublished chapters of our own history. Each will be written by some person especially conversant with the particular matters of which it treats. In several instances, the writers have been themselves actors in the episode that they relate, and are perhaps the only persons living who could tell the story of it.

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THE 19th AND 20th CENTURIES

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PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS AND THEIR LIFE

Stories by Josiah Flynt Willard of the Men Outside the Law

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SHORT STORIES

Strong, interesting short stories, depicting usually some of the finer or stranger phases of the life of to-day, and usually illustrated by the best artists, will be a special feature of each number. We have good stories in hand by all the young writers who have lately won general recognition through the medium of McCLURE'S; and in early numbers will also appear stories by

Bret Harte	**Sarah Orne Jewett**	**Shan F. Bullock**
Robert Barr	**Hamlin Garland**	**W. A. Fraser**
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But as heretofore, fine, stirring, noble true stories, no less than fiction, will be a constant feature; and among such we may mention:

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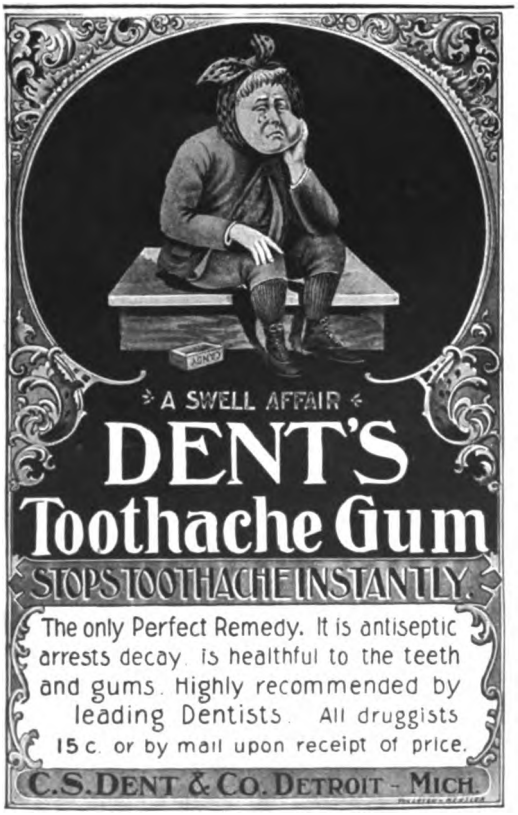

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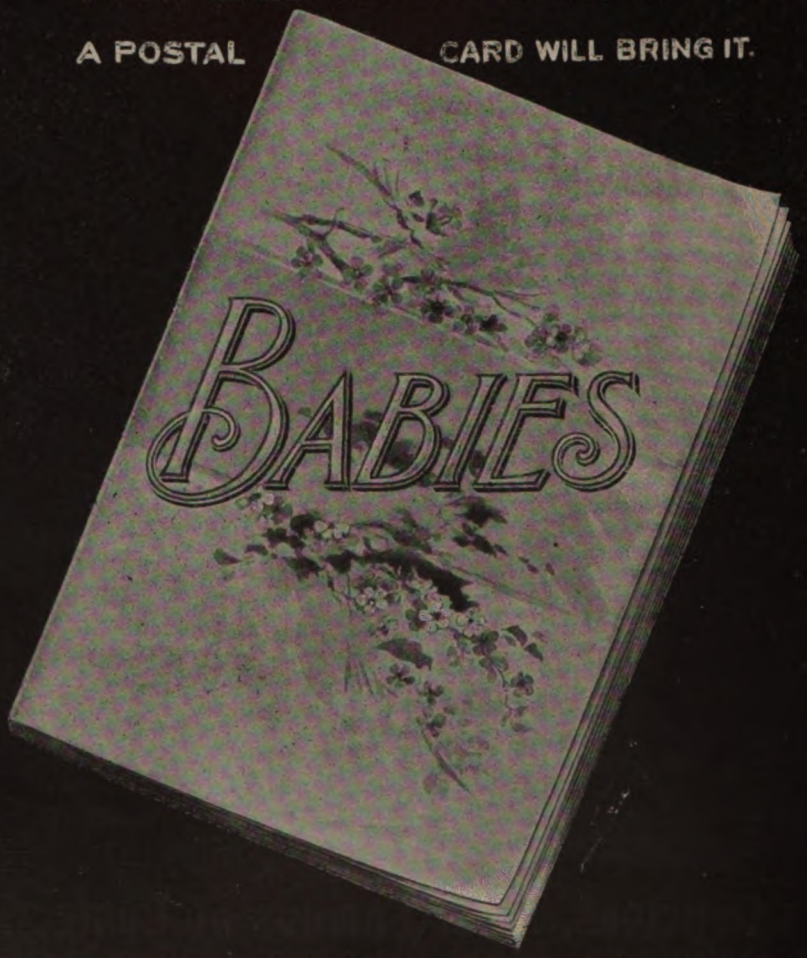

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